

Michael's Rabbit Hole

A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms



MICHAEL J. HOLSHOUSER

Michael's Rabbit Hole
Le Terrier du Lapin de Michael
A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms
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Pronunciation: Holtzhowzer

*All have the express written encouragement
To distribute this creation freely to any and all
Who have the eyes to see and the ears to hear
The mystery in which each and every one
Equally participates in so many ways.*

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<i>The Blindness of Imagination</i>	<i>Who Created This World?</i>
<i>Within Every Part and Particle</i>	<i>Discerning Self</i>
<i>Of Childish Things</i>	<i>You Are, You Are Not</i>
<i>The Primary Directive</i>	<i>The Underlying Mystery</i>
<i>The Star Trek Dilemma</i>	<i>How Much More Anything?</i>
<i>Surfing Existence</i>	<i>The Past is Streaming</i>
<i>The Struggle Ahead</i>	<i>No Other</i>
<i>Breed or Perish</i>	<i>How Many Times?</i>
<i>Star of the Show</i>	<i>You Are Self, Be Self</i>
<i>There Is Only You</i>	<i>You Do Not Really Exist</i>
<i>Dying to Little Self</i>	<i>An Infinite Cosmos</i>
<i>Organized Protoplasm</i>	<i>The Rise (and Fall?) of Imagination</i>
<i>Red Pill, Blue Pill</i>	<i>Awareness Does Not</i>
<i>Same Old Bubble</i>	<i>Eternal Nature</i>
<i>Tabula Rasa</i>	<i>Rich Man's Life on a Dime</i>
<i>Almost</i>	<i>The Genetic Lottery</i>
<i>Maybe Does Not Mean Yes</i>	<i>Every Possibility</i>
<i>he Attributes of Good Health</i>	<i>Why?</i>
<i>Be the Nothingness</i>	<i>Nothingness</i>
<i>Le Théâtre Absurde</i>	<i>The Trouble</i>
<i>No Need for Anything</i>	<i>What Good?</i>
<i>Disappear</i>	<i>Forget</i>
<i>What is an Elephant?</i>	<i>Eternity's Moment</i>
<i>No Thought About It</i>	<i>Up to You</i>

<i>The Real Virtual Reality</i>	<i>This Led to This</i>
<i>The Envy of Ancestors</i>	<i>The Last Time</i>
<i>Pure and Simple</i>	<i>Loss</i>
<i>The Dream of Time</i>	<i>The Grokking</i>
<i>Who's Dream?</i>	<i>To Discern the Mystery</i>
<i>Wake Up and Remember</i>	<i>Naught but a Dream</i>
<i>Another Magic Carpet Day</i>	<i>The Eternal Mind</i>
<i>Burn</i>	<i>Only Imagination</i>
<i>Before Time, Before Space</i>	<i>Submit or Die</i>
<i>Quantum Dancers</i>	<i>A Universe Unto Its Self</i>
<i>The Clarity of You</i>	<i>This Thing Called Life</i>
<i>The Abyss of Eternity</i>	<i>An Eye for an Eye</i>
<i>Somehow</i>	<i>You, Awareness</i>
<i>Just Be You</i>	<i>The Neither-Nors of Awareness</i>
<i>Sentience</i>	<i>Basking in Neutral</i>
<i>Farther</i>	<i>The Weight of All Things Imagined</i>
<i>Every Moment a Choice</i>	<i>The Quantum Infinity</i>
<i>Quantum</i>	<i>A Wisp of Nothingness</i>
<i>Fire and Brimstone</i>	<i>You are the Moment</i>
<i>Counting on the Moment</i>	<i>What the Fates Hath Deigned</i>
<i>Fathom Your Self</i>	<i>The Sands of Time</i>
<i>Realigning the Mind</i>	<i>An Epic Revolution</i>
<i>Kaleidoscoping Quantum</i>	<i>The Mystery of Awareness</i>
<i>A Taste for All</i>	<i>Long Gone</i>

The End to All Questions
Regarding Imagination
Eternity's Playhouse
One at a Time
The Truth of Eternity
Has There Ever Been Even One Choice?
My Mother
The Madness of Science
The You, You Are
The One and Only Truth
You Are Eternity
The Self-Absorption of Human Consciousness
The Illusion of Perception
A Solitary Wander
Vanity, Vanity, All is Vanity
The Pie of History
The Awareness Does Not Care
Six Words Down a Rabbit Hole
The Good News
No Need for Deities
You Are All of It
Entangling Briars
You, Me, He, She, They, All

Prior to All Things
Call It What You Will
The Limits of Rationality
The Abyss of Awareness
A Choiceless Existence
Naught But Awareness
The Root of All Things Human
Staring at Walls
Illusions Beyond Counting
The Abyss of Awareness
The Untouchable Awareness
The English Mutt
The Song of Mystery
What Do You Really Know?
The Mystery of Eternity
Quantum All
What More?
The Surreality! The Surreality!
The Eternity of Time
Awareness, All
The Horrors Ahead
The Fate of Authorship

Evolution of The Stillness Before Time

Just a Clarification

To Whom It May Concern

Th-Th-Th-That's All Folks!

That Said: Stay Tuned

Thucydides

Yaj Ekim ... 404

Preface

Greetings,

This is a collection of Breadcrumbs and other works that caught the attention during the editing process, that seemed to fit the rabbit-hole metaphor.

rab·bit hole
noun

1 a rabbit's burrow: a heather-covered hillside full of rabbit holes.

2 used to refer to a bizarre, confusing, or nonsensical situation or environment, typically one from which it is difficult to extricate oneself:

he'll continue fearmongering to promote his agenda no matter how far down the rabbit hole it takes him.
[with allusion to Lewis Carroll's *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (1865), which describes how Alice enters a land of magic and strange logic by falling down a rabbit hole.]

It is also blogged for online viewing:

Michael's Rabbit Hole
A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms
<https://michaelsrabbithole.blogspot.com/>

Writing has been an enjoyable process ever since I first began toying with prose; scribbling poetry, keeping journals, corresponding with friends and acquaintances during the college daze. The philosophical/mystical/whatever-you-want-to-call-them thoughts, that have been popping into mind since 1989, have always been very out-of-the-blue spontaneous. Nothing planned or forced about them. They are being shared on the off chance that others may find them of interest, though, quite frankly, it really does not matter if no one else ever even reads them, for I am, first and foremost, my own audience. I got mine, so to speak. I played my little part. I had my share of fun. And it is, as it has ever been, up to each to discern their own, on their own. There are really no followers in this Don Quixote quest; only earnest seekers, who waylay their desires and fears and dreads, enough to discern that which is the end to doubt, the end to dueling with windmills. "Yay" if it is your fate to figure it out. "Oh well" if it is not. And "so it goes" either way, really. Ecclesiastes 1:2 is always a good reminder: "Vanity of vanities," saith the Preacher, "Vanity of vanities. All is vanity." Awareness can only, with great effort, regain control, regain sovereignty, from the usurper, imagination, creator of all that is time, creator of all that is space. Creator of all that is illusion, has never has been anything more than illusion, will never be anything more than illusion. Only as real as the given moment.

"The Stillness Before Time" is the original work that came together in 1992, including mostly aphorisms, an essay, a newspaper question-and-answer, ten reflections, and lists of both movies and books. Though an early self-published version, long since edited and expanded, can be purchased at major booksellers, a downloadable copy is available, no charge, at the link below. There are also links to a variety of blogs of other creations by me, along with links to many writings of a similar nature, by thinkers and seers from across all times, across all geographies.

"The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim" is the second published book, and is both blogged and available as a PDF download.

The "Breadcrumbs" titles, published annually since 2015, all include the core chapters: Leftovers, Soundbites, Breadcrumbs. In the Breadcrumbs chapters, I unleash thoughts of a more personal nature than in the other two. All just to show I was ensconced in a living, breathing, relativity mundane, oftentimes foolish, mortal mind-body. An actor playing the hand that was dealt; same as everyone else, vain as everyone else. No need to sculpt me into more than I was. No need for myths, nor legends, nor fables, nor miracles, nor cult followings, nor any other fictions, any other absurdities, over to which the human mind, and all its imaginary history, has so often given itself. The Breadcrumbs chapters prove me again and again to be yet another Shakespearian player, as full of the limited and arbitrary as anyone else born into this dream of space and time. So please be sure not to shape me, or these many random thoughts, into some dogmatic absurdity. Use them as a launchpad, not an orbit.

"The Return to Wonder" blog is a compendium of aphorisms not included in the three other works: The Stillness Before Time, The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, and Breadcrumbs. It originally totaled 3,000 pages formatted in 300 ten-page chapters written since 1990-ish. A gradual editing that will likely never be completed, is changing that dynamic into something of a mishmash.

Please note that this sort of wordplay is very haphazard, way too much work to put into any order. Probably best read it in bits and pieces in the here and there. One of those open-to-any-page works. Especially well-suited for coffee shops, coffee tables, and porcelain thrones.

Also note that all writings are always subject to updates and editing, so if you are interested in the most current version – before this house of cards comes tumbling down, and the world grows large again – downloading PDF copies every once and a while might be a reasonable discipline. This applies especially to the current year of Breadcrumbs, which could well be an annual project until the last wheezing breath, though frankly, the temptation to stop writing entirely is not off the table. It is a pleasant way to pass some of the countdown remaining, but it is unlikely there is much ground that has not been wandered by this frame of reference far more than enough already. No matter how many times Sisyphus rolls the boulder up the mountain, it is more than a little doubtful that the blind men and their true-believer followers, will ever discern, ever realize, ever embrace, the elephant in the middle of the room, without fabricating some new form of absurdity. It is the way we roll, it is the way we have always rolled, it is the way we will, far more than probably, always roll. Every species has its limitations, and we have in this mind's eye, far-exceeded ours.

That said, if you do find these many thoughts at all worth preserving, for whatever times are ahead for this world and all its life forms, please feel free to share them with others who might also appreciate them. Else they may well swiftly slip back into the timeless oblivion from whence they came.

So it goes, either way. I played my part, I said my piece, I had my fun.

All the best,

M

P.S. For best viewing online, using the largest screen you have available to explore my little theme park, is suggested. Scrolling down and down on a phone screen is just not going to give you the same entrée.

P.P.S. Regarding the name Yaj Ekim ... It is just a reverse spelling of the first and middle names ... Michael Jay Holshouser ... Mike Jay ... Yaj Ekim.

P.P.P.S. Coincidentally, make of it whatever you will, or will not, Yaj is an Indian boy's name meaning worshipper, sacrifice, another name for Shiva, a sage. And Ekim is a Turkish name for October meaning "sowing" (of seeds). All kinds of absurdity can be read into that by the many so-inclined – none of which was in mind when I came up with the idea to reverse the letters to my name. See P.P.S. for details.

P.P.P.P.S. Yes, I am Shiva. And so are You. No, I am not Shiva. And neither are you. Irony and paradox rule.

The Stillness Before Time Website

The Stillness Before Time
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner
<http://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/>

There is really only one Way.
It is without division or boundary.
It is without name or theology.
Awareness is its scripture.
Here now, its venue.
You, its witness.
Your life, the journey.

A PDF is available at:
<http://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf>

Main Blogs

The Stillness Before Time
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner
<http://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com/>

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim
<http://theponderingsofyajekim.blogspot.com/>

Breadcrumbs 2015
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
<https://breadcrumbs2015.blogspot.com/>

Breadcrumbs 2018
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
<https://breadcrumbs2018.blogspot.com/>

Breadcrumbs 2019
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
<https://breadcrumbs2019.blogspot.com/>

Breadcrumbs 2020
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
<https://breadcrumbs2020yajekim.blogspot.com/>

Breadcrumbs 2021
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
<https://breadcrumbs2021.blogspot.com/>

Breadcrumbs 2022
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
<https://breadcrumbs2022.blogspot.com/>

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
<https://breadcrumbs2023.blogspot.com/>

The Return to Wonder
Field Notes From the Unknown
<http://thereturntowonder.blogspot.com/>

Breadcrumbs: The Original Blog

Breadcrumbs: The Original Blog
https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_28.html

Other Blogs by Michael

The Call of the Eternal
A Conversation With My Self
<https://thecalloftheeternal.blogspot.com/>

Michael's Rabbit Hole
A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms
<https://michaelsrabbithole.blogspot.com/>

Imagination: The Great Usurper
<https://imaginationthegreatusurper.blogspot.com/>

Lost in Translation
The Human Paradigm's Linguistic Muddle
<https://lostintranslationyajekim.blogspot.com>

Mystery, Mystery & More Mystery
<https://mysterymysteryandmoremystery.blogspot.com/>

Imagination, Imagination & More Imagination
<https://imaginationandmoreimagination.blogspot.com/>

Doubt, Doubt & More Doubt
<https://doubtdoubtandmoredoubt.blogspot.com/>

Science, Science & More Science
<https://yajekimscienceandmorescience.blogspot.com>

History, History & More History
<https://historyhistoryandmorehistory.blogspot.com/>

Patterns, Patterns & More Patterns

<https://evenmorepatterns.blogspot.com/>

Reincarnation, Reincarnation & More Reincarnation

<https://reincarnationandmorereincarnation.blogspot.com/>

Standouts From “The Return to Wonder” Edit

Selections From the First Sixteen Chapters

<https://standoutsfromthereturntowonderedit.blogspot.com/>

Of the Human Journey

Along with Got God? And Ten Reflections

<https://ofthehumanjourney.blogspot.com/>

To Be, or Not to Be

<https://thetobeornottobeseries.blogspot.com/>

The Mystery of the Mystery

<https://themysteryofthemysteryseries.blogspot.com/>

Who Was the First?

<https://thewhowasthefirstseries.blogspot.com/>

The Real is Discovering

<https://therealisdiscoveringseries.blogspot.com/>

59 Moments to The Way It Is (And Is Not)

The Scribe's Guide to the Great Whatthe#\$*!?

<https://59momentstothewayitisandisnot.blogspot.com/>

Definitions

An Incomplete Selection of Contemplative Definitions

<https://definitionsyajekim.blogspot.com/>

Conversations

A Variety of Letters, Emails, Texts, & Sundry Odd 'n Ends

<https://conversationsyajekim.blogspot.com/2021/>

Titles, Titles & More Titles

<https://evenmoretitles.blogspot.com/>

Even More

<https://theevenmoreseries.blogspot.com/>

Sketches of the Once Upon a Time

A Few Epiphanies and Other Hallmark Moments

<https://sketchesoftheonceuponatime.blogspot.com/>

The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim

<https://corollariesyajekim.blogspot.com/>

Possible Last Words & Epitaphs

<https://possiblelastwordsandepitaphs.blogspot.com/>

The Standard Ripostes

The Scribe's Go-to Responses to This and That in the Day-To-Day

<https://thestandardripostes.blogspot.com/>

My (Not Quite) Haiku

<https://mynotquitehaiku.blogspot.com/>

Once Upon a Christmas

<https://onceuponchristmas.blogspot.com/>

Ditties for the Bluegrass Pyre

<https://dittiesforthebluegrasspyre.blogspot.com/>

A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming

Some Written Works That May Help Get the Young up to Speed

<https://listofbooksfortheupandcoming.blogspot.com/>

Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)

<https://spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.blogspot.com/>

What is Written Here

What is written here
Has been spoken, written, and lived
By many in many times and places in human history.
Ever disguised by innumerable masks, costumes, concepts, and technologies,
Its mysterious nature has timelessly confused and frightened
Those unable to discern beneath the surface.

This aphoristic vision is simply another attempt,
Using contemporary masks, costumes, concepts, and technologies,
To illustrate in thought something as old as old is,
That which has ever yet never been.

It is for those who desire nothing from this manifest dream
But that it be a journey into freedom.

Best wishes.

The Stillness Before Time 1996

A Poem for Michael

His goals are few,
with no worries to pursue.
A life well-stirred,
as variety is to stew.
Branching from his native view,
He's learned a thing or two:
How to handle a machine that spews,
Managing a newspaper crew,
How a lens can capture you,
Writing philosophy of the zoo,
Even joined a staff or two,
To teach others what to do.
Now he speaks with a clue,
Of how he's gained his world-view.
There's nothing left to misconstrue,
He's living life impromptu!

**Rhonda Allen
Chico, California, 2002**

Of the Human Journey

Mortal existence is not easy. It never has been, and never will be, for any creature sown of this garden orb, this smidgeon of quantum dust, floating in the vast, immeasurable unknown. What follows are thoughts about the human journey, its theatrical paradigm and the fare existence offers, and the choices all must resolve very much alone in the sojourn through the veiled maze of space-time, of consciousness with all its dualistic notions. It is a journey of ecstasy and agony, courage and fear, love and hate, absurdity and insanity, irony and paradox, life and death. It is the ineffable, insoluble mystery born of the passionate mind, and the ever-flowing array of perceptions, of patterns, every human being faces in the movement though birth, sickness, injury, aging, dying, and death.

These reflections are written to help promote a larger vision of where we as a species are heading; one that attempts to look beyond humanity's many seemingly irreconcilable divisions, one that values insight and wisdom, one that elevates rather than detracts, one that seeks to foster a sense of guardianship, rather than destruction and manipulation, of our little dust ball and the many life forms it has spawned.

We live in a time period similar, yet increasingly unique among the many eras come and gone before. Excessive population, coupled with unprecedented, unrestrained industries and technologies, and the consumption frenzy they feed, are driving our petri dish experiment of so-called free will toward a rather bleak outcome. All the absurdities, all the insanities, we have so carelessly, foolishly, needlessly wreaked upon the earth's magnificent diversity, are huge rebounding tsunamis awaiting our arrival in time. The rules of the manifest game are simple and uncompromising, and those who bend and break them must eventually pay the price that Mother Nature, chief arbiter of all things dreamtime, is more than capable of exacting.

As long as we human beings battle over pride-filled, tribal differences, we inevitably embrace a fate of our own synergistic, instinctual, self-absorbed design. The monopolistic win-lose divisiveness wrought since history's invention, since our egocentric, competitive, voluntary secession from the garden, spirals us down a path of annihilation. What we have done in all our arrogance has created a time already nightmarish for many, and will only exponentially accelerate for those to whom we are now ancestors. And we are nowhere close to discerning a common vision, a truly cooperative paradigm that might sidestep it.

We leave it to future generations to create solutions to problems all have aided in forging. We vainly hope that political, economic, and religious leaders will shepherd us to salvation, but they cannot, because the collective vision is too full of limitation and polarity. Despite all our canny attributes, we as a species have not yet fully fathomed our interconnectedness, our inherent kinship, to the indivisible totality. We have not grasped that time and space do not exist as any more than a play of consciousness, a collusion of imagination. Nowness is the only ephemeral, eternal reality, and the decisions each of us make in this moment-to-moment flowing of this ever-changing theater, create the dreamtime future.

So many of the leaders we have chosen to follow with all their insecure, parasitic ambitions for power, glory, and wealth, only wax the slide with empty promises and compromising, shortsighted decisions. Though many are highly intelligent in many clever ways, too few have the wisdom and integrity to truly serve those they pretend to lead. The result is, that along with there being no political or economic solution to the dilemma now unfolding, our dysfunctional paradigm has created a spiritual crisis well beyond all the vain pretensions so many call religion.

No one has ever, will ever, can ever, see the world exactly the same as anyone else. We are like snowflakes and fingerprints, patterns woven of a mystery, to which all creation is witness in one form or another. Time and space are magical illusions, and each and every one of us is an equal participant in a vast theater of consciousness, spontaneously playing itself out in seemingly every possible way. All our knowledge, all our histories, all our schools of thought, the countless frames of reference we imagine individually and collectively, dreamily overlap and merge like ripples crisscrossing to and fro upon the same sea of relativity.

Words, whatever the language, are conceptual icebergs each and every one of us envision, translate differently. Thoughts of god or gods, love, morality, money, tradition, politics, ad infinitum, inspire a myriad of responses, often conflicting because of rigid, dogmatic attachments to time. Yet, at the origin of all consciousness, that quantum field from which this grand three-dimensional mirage has come to pass, is very much the same indivisible oneness, the same universal, eternal truth, despite all our sophomoric, meaningless arguments over the endless permutations of knowledge, we ourselves have contrived.

All differences are fabrication, fantasy, make-believe, delusion, born of imagination. All polarizations, whether cultural, racial, sexual, geographic, economic, political, religious, mythological, and on and on, are illusive deceptions born of the play of matter, of light and sound, and the theater they together weave. Each of us imagines a personal universe in which all travel very much alone, despite all the sensory evidence to the contrary. Until one can see past the attachments to an individual life, the many differences seem real, but ultimately, they are not, never have been, and never will be. It is a dance too vast for any mind to more than intuitively discern, and perchance fathom, they are lead dancer in their chronicle.

We are passing through a holographic epoch of time in which the seemingly countless dramas of human existence are available for all who have capacity and means to explore. What evolved of geographical isolation can now be witnessed in whatever fashion predisposition allows. There is a tendency, due to the aberration of pride and the quest for false glory, to argue one mythology's supremacy over another, yet is any collusion more than a conceptual adaptation to time and circumstance? Is any one version, any one dream of consciousness, any one play of imagination, from the ultimate-reality perspective, really, truly, in any way, superior, to any other? Might may make right, but it does not make truth.

No one gets out of this manifest existence alive, and every human being ever born comes to grips with that truth in whatever way capacity and limitation allow. Some create hells for themselves, while others discern within, a quality, a virtue, a harmony, that has been given countless names across the world. Most of us, of course, wander the purgatory between. In the journey of life, each of us swims an ebb and flow, in which the individual mind plays out incalculable variations of the passion born of desire and fear.

The life any of us creates, with all its perceptions and interpretations, is a blend of voluntary and involuntary choosing. Traditions are creations every cultural grouping, every societal mindset fabricates in order to maintain continuity in those the genetic lottery casts into its geographic realm. No one is bound to continue believing anything but through the conditioned choices of imagination that some call free will. Those who discern their own law see this manifest play far differently than those who, for whatever reason, cannot see past their attachments to the narrow propagandas of history, whatever the scale.

The gist of these reflections is to encourage those who see their immeasurable nature to become that to which they aspire; intuitively, spontaneously free to meet the moment as it unfolds, whether or not it fits the vision of any other individual or group. In the statistical bell curve of any rise and fall, of any creation

and destruction, there are always the initiators, and those who tag along well after. Those who entertain the greatest vision are already among the many who do not. Whether the reader sees it as a fact or not, we are all that which is the same indivisible upwelling, the same inexplicable mystery. Eternity is very much present within every part and particle, every quantum of the drama to which all are witness. It is a vision so infinite as to include each and every one of us, along with all the other myriad life forms across the planet, as its source.

Is the human species, with all its competitive predispositions, capable of comprehending and responding to a larger vision of itself? With all that is facing us, do we have the luxury of time? Probably not. Though the transformation of consciousness is an instantaneous matter, we are caught in the juggernauting wave of collective delusional ignorance, and countless attachments to choices made in times long before our brief little window. We may agree the problems ahead are nearly insurmountable, but a paradigm shift into a cooperative, balanced, intuitive, holistic, realistic mindset, is too much of a change for most to even begin to fathom, much less enact, at this point in time.

Despite the countless lessons offered by history, we are too attached to building mountains of false gold, practicing divisive religion, maintaining rigid traditions, following insincere leaders, promoting the idolatry of personality, supporting destructive institutions, fabricating egocentric class structures, producing adverse technologies, consuming insatiably in every conceivable way, destroying irreplaceable diversity, and killing one another because our ancestors could not get along any better than we, for all the same myopic, greedy, time-bound, evolutionary, imaginary reasons.

Recognize it or not, the human species is fast-approaching a tailspin of its own design. It is inevitable that this garden planet, and all life that dwells on it, will someday return to its origin. That is the nature of the vast changing, the creation-destruction of each passing moment in which we all choicelessly, spontaneously participate. The indivisible, impersonal totality; that which relatively few fully discern, much less quest total surrender.

The question is, will we go out with nobility, humility, integrity, and discipline as true human beings, harmoniously realigned with the source of our origin, guardians of what is left of the garden that birthed us all? Or will we exit like fruit flies churning feverishly for the last dollop of honey in the bell jar; like rats vying savagely for the last crumbs at the bottom of the cage?

Each of us makes that decision in every step, in every breath, in every deed, every word, every thought. We individually create our own unique, imaginary versions of the universe, and how we work it out together in the impromptu theater of consciousness, only time will tell. The essential quantum reality is not about contrived differences. It is not about futile, conceited pursuits, meaningless paths to glory. Life is an opportunity to perceive within and without, a vision of an integrated relationship with that which is infinitely, infinitesimally greater than its many parts.

It is the true discernment that each and every one of us, including every angel and every demon, including all creatures great and small, including every infinitesimal, absolute speck of quantum dust swirling within, to the furthest indivisible reaches of the unknown, is equally That I Am to which mystics across the world throughout time point. There is no other.

Each and every one of us is the same indivisible eternal oneness, the same absolute, immeasurable, timeless genesis, playing out the relativity of dreamtime. We are all connected, inseparable, no matter the exterior, no matter the capacity, no matter the frame of reference. No religious middlemen, no stairways

to heaven, are necessary. This indelible insight is absolutely free to all discerning enough to see that ethereal thing called truth is the momentary, intangible, undeniable birthright of the timeless awareness equally within all quantum creations. This intuitive vision of the clarity beyond form, and the exploration of right living it brings about, is the only true revolution.

This inexplicable mystery we call life, this beyond-boggling organization of matter, is an opportunity to witness the vast unfathomable diversity of this manifest theater, this grand play of creation and destruction, of known and unknown, in whatever way each individually imagines. It is the potential within all to see that every form born of space-time is merely one of a ceaseless kaleidoscoping of shapes, of facades, of masks, of patterns, all veiling the same source, the same awareness, the same witness; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

The singularity of totality is beyond the scope of the mind, beyond the irrational concoctions of superstition, beyond the rational explorations of science. It is beyond the wordplay of any belief system, beyond the egocentric weavings of individual persona, and the countless delusions spawned of ignorance. We are all alone, together, and how we as a species finally choose to dance the dance, sing the song, walk the walk, and talk the talk, is ultimately, in this mind's eye, the true legacy of the human journey.

Best wishes.

M

The Stillness Before Time, 1996

Got God?

Do you believe in God? If so, describe what you mean by that?

Godness is the “I am That I Am” within each of us. It is the everything and the nothing. It is the smallest particle to the greatest whole. It is the isness, the nowness, the awareness, the timeless indivisible, unborn, undying source of this infinite, unknowable mystery. It is the creation, preservation, and destruction of every part and particle playing out the grand theater, the eternal kaleidoscoping holograph of space-time. That spark of divinity, of the Self within all selves, is the witness acting out every drama imaginable.

Each and every life form is the immortal totality splintered into mortal fare. The source of life, of creation, is more than any measurement can ever explain or define. All attempts to grasp it, all the traditions, symbols, rituals and concepts, all the speculations ever devised in this garden world, or any other, are equally limited as anything but intuitive reflections. They are all merely a means to an end, not an end in themselves.

Time is a fabrication of consciousness. It is the virtual reality of the mind, the cotton candy of imagination. The ephemeral, momentary nowness is the only reality. Every life form, no matter who, what, where, when, why, or how, is very much of the same evolving creation, the same source, the same light, the same dreamer, the same witness, the same amness, the same uniqueness, the same absolute oneness. No matter how you slice and label it, we are all holographs of the same essence.

If you were raised in a religious environment, has that had a positive or negative impact on your life?

Organized religions across the world clutch vainly to beliefs founded upon geographic assumptions whose foundations have all become brittle and stale in this shrinking world. Groups throughout time have again and again claimed to be the standard-bearers of truth, but have all too often created far more conflict than community in their ethnocentricity. The net result is that the many propagandas of history are weighing us down with clashing notions. Notions that no longer hold water when examined closely.

The fact is that we are all the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and those blind to this most simple, obvious understanding, those attached to literal translations and dogmatic collusions, cannot help but perpetuate unnecessary confusion and disintegration.

Religious traditions, with all their customs, folklore, symbols, rituals, and concepts are products of time and its inevitable limitations. Their value is that they remind us of our relationship with the mystery of our existence. But to vainly cling to any as more than temporal tools, to battle over them in any way, to use them as anything but maps home, presents a narrow vision of the eternal quest. The word is only sound, and no sound can more than echo though the expanses of eternity.

Organizing the spiritual quest tends to box godness into a concept. And in the journey beyond concepts, into that which is immeasurable, there are no boundaries, no assumptions that withstand that which creates, preserves, and destroys all illusions. The source of time is bound to no form, and inevitably harvests all.

Do you believe in heaven, hell, and judgment day?

Heaven and hell are states of mind, plays of consciousness, that only seem real where the now of time meets the road. Heaven is a sense of intuitive unity, an understanding, a clear harmony, a serene contentment. Hell is its divisive counterpart filled with unending prejudice, complexity, and contention. It is the passionate mind playing out the dualistic weavings of desire and fear, and the suffering they endlessly bring to fruition. Every day is judgment day for those confined by the illusory, dualistic play of the senses. In separation we are demons, in unity we are angels. Who has not tasted every potential to some degree?

Can prayer heal the sick?

If you really have faith, do you need to pray? Sickness, injury, aging, and dying are inevitable in this mortal theater. Oblivion of personal identity is the undeniable fate of all forms. Yet that quantum essence each of us truly is, is immortal, and this very simple realization creates a far different view of life than most seem destined to entertain at any given time. What each of us really is, is far greater than birth and death, and the limitations of any manifest theater. And praying to imagination for mortal immortality is rooted deeply in the quicksand of ignorance.

Are your religious/spiritual beliefs separate from your political ones?

Every action ripples. Every cause creates effect, and every effect becomes cause to the next effect. Those aware of this tend to walk more attentively in their day-to-day actions. Separative choices lead to disintegration; holistic ones to integration. Through interactions with others we show what we value. Are religion and politics separate? All division is the play of the time-bound mind. As long as we as a species value power, fame, and fortune more than we value right relationship, as long as we are in the grips of worldly attachment, as long as we worship mammon and idolize form, we journey toward an inevitable, synergistic fate of our own creation. The paradigm from which we spawned is no longer functional, and the bell is daily tolling louder.

Describe a spiritual experience you have had recently.

Is there any moment that is not spiritual, magical, mysterious? Whether sitting on the porcelain throne, or caught up in an inexplicable vision, every moment's unfolding is ultimately very much the same. We may or may not be tuned in, we may prefer some moments to others, but in reality, the ungraspable is source to all creations of consciousness, wherever or however they unfold. Pay attention to the vastness within, or meander through every sensory, dualistic diversion the world offers, it is all the same ephemeral virtual reality. Life is an opportunity to reflect upon the oneness within and without, and to take it as any more than a three-dimensional, quickly passing mirage, misses its greatest potential.

What is the soul?

What is not the That I Am? What is not the ground of all creation, preservation, and destruction? What is not the indivisible, immortal, absolute reality that permeates all seen and unseen? What is not the same quantum mystery residing in everything from the smallest particle of an atom to the farthest galaxies of all creation? Godness, as seen through consciousness, is as expansive or limited as any given personal vision, yet cannot be confined by any. Ultimately, there is no other. The ocean of godness is all, including the drop of awareness reading this. The proof of it is that no one, no creature ever birthed upon this spinning garden has ever, will ever, or can ever discern more than a reflection of its own face. All forms are

splinters of the same witness, the same oneness, the same faceless unknown. All attributes, all measurements are born of the illusion of space-time, and to be bound by any reverie is the delusion of ignorance.

"Got God?" was a response to a seven-question survey of Chico News & Review readers published in April 1996.

The Stillness Before Time, 1996

Ten Reflections

I

Become a conscious, sovereign human being, awakened to the intuitive wisdom of awareness, of Self, witness to the reality and unreality, the irony and paradox of this timeless-spaceless mystery of time and space.

II

Respect this diverse garden world and the inherent rights of all creatures small to great. They are all masks of the same creation. There is no other.

III

Treat others at least as well as you would prefer they treat you. Do not expect them to return the favor, or to learn from your example. No one will ever be you.

IV

Live and let live; live and let die; grasp and release; give and take; win and lose; forgive and forget; inhale and exhale; fly and land; swim and drift; rise and fall; open and close; lock and unlock; come and go; start and stop; begin and end; flow and resist; tense and relax; be and allow; create, preserve, destroy.

V

Moderation in all things. Gluttony, greed, sloth, envy, wrath, lust, and pride are the roots of limitation, the source of suffering. The axis of evil is nepotism and cronyism and favoritism. Take delight virtue, in integrity and simplicity.

VI

Share what you have to share. But not in such a manner that it is degrading or disempowering to those you serve. Giving to get is not sharing.

VII

Play win-win whenever practical. Unmitigated competition is ultimately a dysfunctional paradigm. Avoid unnecessary conflict. No one really wins a fight. There are plenty of cooperative, egalitarian opportunities for those seeking the inherent ground.

VIII

Bring children into this world only if you intend to truly care for them. There are far too many human beings already. Life is arduous enough without a harsh, imbalanced beginning.

IX

Do not put false wealth above real relationship. Learn to listen to the many voices of nature. Learn to see with its many eyes. Mountains of gold do not compare with a child's joy in a mound of sand, a bird's, in the morning sun, or a dolphin's, in the passing wave.

X

Creation and preservation and destruction are equal partners in this kaleidoscoping light and sound show, playing out in the infinitesimally infinite aloneness of this dreamtime quantum theater. Deeply understanding this, may lessen the suffering of your relatively brief, more than a little absurd existence. Try not to take it all so seriously that you cannot laugh, at least occasionally, at this temporary mind-body, at this transient identity, this ephemeral, ever-changing, three-dimensional illusion, to which you are so attached.

The Stillness Before Time, 1998

The Matrix

Another aphoristic journey
For those who see, hear, feel, and breathe
A mystery which can never be but what it has ever been.
An array of thoughts on what is known and what will ever be unknown.
Reflections from a mirror given over to the sojourn of sages and the fools they become.
For the dancers and singers who chuckle at the theater of imagination,
Those who seek to tread immortal waters, fearless.

The Stillness Before Time Website, 2000

Embracing Your Totality

You can only observe the theater of manifestation,
And intuit its ultimate, absolute nature.
There is nothing to be changed.
Nothing to be done.
Nothing which can be done,
Except to freely embrace your totality.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, One

Birth

Male and female merge in the pinnacle of sexual ecstasy.
In the quiet tempest of goo, two fertile eggs unite.
In the mystery of the woman's fertile womb,
In the eternal absoluteness before time,
The seed grows, forms into life.
Out comes an organism,
Wired for a fate yet unknown,
Into a universe of its own conception.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, One

The Immutability of Awareness

The senses tease and taunt you.
They are lies of the illusional mind.
You must ascertain the witness within,
Discriminate the freedom that they cannot,
And discern with every particle of your beingness,
That only in the immutability of awareness,
Are you as real as real allows.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, II

The Burden of Consciousness

The kaleidoscoping play of dreamtime illusion
Offers an infinity of pleasures and pains.
Fearing the loss of all you cling to,
All that you believe you know,
You choose the continuity of identity,
And thus suffer the burden of consciousness.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, III

The Choiceless You

When you truly discern none of it ultimately real,
You will find desire and fear no longer govern the day to day.
That the reality of the awareness in consciousness is timeless, changeless.
The you immersed in myriad limitations born of conditioning,
Becomes the indivisible, unborn, choiceless You,
That which is prior to all creation.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, IV

False Expectations

If you expect someone who abides in a boundless state,
To behave in some prescribed manner, some ordained fashion,
That is your own assumption, your own projection, your own delusion,
And you may well be disappointed, frustrated, annoyed, seething, even enraged,
Or worse yet, succumb to yet another mesmerizing groupthink,
Another meaningless bottleneck born of imagination.
Is it any wonder some of use end up in caves,
Very much alone, very much at home.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, V

The Ocean Within

As you awaken, it becomes increasingly apparent
That your existence is not really yours to own.
Fabrications begin to gradually fall away.
That once self-absorbed persona dissipates,
Giving way as impenetrable mist does to the sun.
Eventually it becomes apparent that nothing can persevere,
Except this ungraspable sense of abiding awareness,
Which pervades every element of your being,
As drops of indivisibility do the ocean.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, VI

Formlessness

Is there anything not made stronger
When fashioned by a certain amount of challenge,
A certain amount of adversity, a certain amount of pain and suffering.
Of the qualities needed for survival in this manifest world,
Formlessness is likely only rarely included.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, VI

Have You Ever Seen Your Face?

What might it have been like to have never seen your face, or even thought of it?
To have never gazed at your reflection in a puddle of water, or a mirror.
To have never had an illustration painted, or a photograph taken.
To have abided only in the many reflections of others,
As you wandered about your perceived world.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, VIII

Hard Paths

Assumptions can take one down many hard paths.
Be careful to choose as shrewdly as possible,
In whatever impetuous spirals you take.
Else the wind will be only too happy,
To cast you willy-nilly, this way, and that.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, VIII

Why So Gullible?

Humanity has devised every sort of mythology
To explain that which is indivisibly, indelibly ineffable,
Yet pain and suffering and angst continue unabated in every venue.
Organized religions, priests, sages, shamans, channelers, shysters, and charlatans,
Have failed to bring about any lucid, elemental commonality.
Why do you continue to be so gullible?

The Return to Wonder, 2009, IX

Human Vanity

Dump whatever we will into the ground,
Spew clouds of venom into the air,
Pour rivers of toxic waste into the water,
Torment any given life form any way imaginable,
And then annihilate whatever still survives any way possible.
If that is what it takes for human vanity to awaken,
To what is really running the show here,
So it goes, with a shrug.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXXV

The Source

The source is momentary, inscrutable, unfathomable, incomprehensible,
Inexplicable, mysterious, impenetrable, imperceptible, paradoxical,
Primal, potential, dynamic, untraceable, amoral, intractable,
Infinite, infinitesimal, unbound, integrated, transient,
Detached, indecipherable, vexing, imperturbable,
Undiscoverable, ironic, ethereal, anonymous,
Seamless, puzzling, immaculate, cryptic,
Unaccountable, dynamic, holistic, holographic,
Unknowable, iconoclastic, indefinable, intractable,
Intricate, incongruous, coincidental, abstract, universal,
Inexhaustible, concealed, ambiguous, enigmatic, intangible,
Implausible, unexplainable, arbitrary, esoteric, literal, figurative,
Indistinguishable, polymorphous, serendipitous, unblemished, arcane,
Capricious, vaporous, indivisible, unassailable, total, complete,
Absolute, inextinguishable, sovereign, immortal, eternal,
And, of course ... all, some, and none of the above.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXV

Here You Are

Here You are ...
Sitting, standing, walking, running,
Drinking, chewing, watching, thinking, speaking, sleeping,
Ever the indivisible, indelible, ineffable mystery within and without ... here You are ...
Timelessly witnessing a kaleidoscoping, three-dimensional theater in time.
From one instant to the next ... to the next ... to the next ...
... to the next ... to the next ... to the next ...
Ever You are, right here, right now.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXV

Questions of a Thousand Dreams

Who's the who whose who-ing?
What's the what that's what-ing?
Where's the where that's where-ing?
When's the when that's when-ing?
Why's the why that's why-ing?
How's the how that's how-ing?
Questions, never to be answered,
Asked over and over, ever over again.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXV

Prior To All

Are you this earthly, temporal, finite, mortal body?
Are you that of which this body is made?
Or are you that which is prior to all form and context,
Prior to consciousness and its innumerable channels of speculation.
Prior even to that inexplicable awareness by which all dreams of time are perceived.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXVI

An Ineffable Mystery

Everything is indivisibly connected at the quantum level,
And it is in that very still, momentary awareness,
That those rare few who earnestly quest,
Will discern that essence, which many call God,
Or Brahman, or Tao, or Yahweh, or Allah, or Great Spirit,
Or whatever other sound it has been given, or will someday be given.
In truth, it is an ineffable mystery, to which all names are meaningless and absurd.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXVII

The Mortal Game

The collusion of continuity maintains the human condition.
Everyone pretends they are the same person they were way back when.
How challenging to discern everything dies every moment,
And it is only the concoctions of consciousness,
That keep the mortal game afoot.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXVII

Original Sin

It is through the sensory weaving,
Of the given heredity, the given environment,
That the untarnished consciousness of any given newborn,
Is channeled into the movement of dualistic notion.
Call it original sin, or whatever else you will,
But, in truth, it is merely the beginning
Of a lifelong, time-bound struggle,
Through the relentless blend,
Of one pleasure or pain,
One agony or ecstasy, or another.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXVII

But, But, But, But, But ...

We can kill and maim and destroy all we please.
There is nothing that really matters on the ultimate scale.
But, but, but, but, but ...
Would it not be kind of a pleasant change of pace,
If we could really truly put aside all our differences, and ... perchance get along?
Do a little more healing, a little more creating, a little more preserving.
We can squander away this magical garden as we like.
Mother Nature does not care one iota,
Whether or not this planet is layered with human beings,
Or dinosaurs or insects or vegetation ... or by complete and utter desolation.
That is The Way, and we as a species can either figure it out,
Or continue driving on madly toward extinction.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXXVI

What Will We Do With Ourselves?

What on earth will we do with ourselves,
After all there is to undo has been undone?
After all there is to pillage has been pillaged?
After all there is to ravished has been ravished?
After all there is to annihilated has been annihilated?

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXXIX

Ever You

Sometimes you sleeps, sometimes you wakes,
Sometimes you sits, sometimes you wanders.
Sometime you attends, sometimes you ponders.
And the ever-present moment, ever You,
However imagination frolics.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXXXIII

The Questions

Who is who?
What is what?
Where is where?
When is when?
Why is why?
How is how?

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXXXVI

No Sanction Required

Why would you ever need another to tell you that you are remarkable?
Why would you ever need another to tell you they valued you?
Why would you ever need another to tell you anything,
When what you really are requires no sanction.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCII

Eternal Salvation

Are you weary of this world?
Are you so awash in experience,
You sometimes feel like exploding?
Have you yet discerned a point,
A purpose, worthy your time?
Does this field of dreams
Offer you the home you seek?
Or are you serene beyond all knowing?
Have you discerned the source all veils hide?
Only you know the answers to these and other questions,
Only you hold the key to eternal salvation.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCII

The Motionless Witness

Experiences stream by,
Thoughts whizz to and fro,
And all the while, the witness,
The one and only observer,
Motionless in their midst.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVI

The Foundation of Creation

As endlessly challenging as it is to discern,
You are not the container, nor are you the mind.
You are the flawless, absolute space of awareness,
Upon which, in which, all creation is founded.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVII

Of Order and Confusion

In the topsy-turvy of all things vainly absurd,
One topsys, the other turvys; one turvys, the other topsys.
One man's confusion is another's order; one's order, another's confusion.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVII

True Self

How could That which is immortal and meaningless and insignificant,
Ever even more than momentarily imagine its true Self,
Mortal and meaningful and significant?

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVII

Of Enlightenment and Liberation

Enlightenment is merely
A mind that has gone irrational,
Finally discerning the riddle of existence.
But even more challenging is achieving liberation,
Within the clarity of eternal awareness,
In the momentary nowness,
Of the day-to-day.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVII

The Space of Awareness

As endlessly challenging as it is to discern,
You are not the container, nor are you the mind.
You are the flawless, absolute space of awareness,
Upon which, in which, all creation is founded.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVII

Food for Worms

You are not the body; it is but a temporary vehicle,
Ultimately no more than food for worms,
Or kindling for a funeral pyre.
Dust waiting to happen.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVII

The Winds of Time

Any given personality,
Is no more than a survival strategy,
Fashioned to cope with the post-traumatic stress,
That the winds of nature and nurture,
Inflict upon the mind-body.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVII

Mere Persuasion, Mere Belief

How can you ever convince others,
That what is inside is outside, and outside, inside,
And that the truth of reality is not subject,
To mere persuasion or belief.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVIII

There is No Other

There is nothing upon which to hold, to cling, to stick, to attach, to hang.
The clear, immaculate space of awareness, is without bounds.
Space and time is without meaning, without purpose.
There is no other, never was, will never be.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVIII

What You Truly Are

What you are, truly, is awareness.
Life is but a temporal, dreamy mirage,
The fleeting enchantment of imagination.
Only imaginary consciousness is born.
Only imaginary consciousness dies.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVIII

A Kaleidoscoping Illusion

There is no other, you are totally alone.
The world offers every form of distraction,
But it is no more than a kaleidoscoping illusion,
No matter how much you wish to believe it otherwise.
Face the fact, detach from imagination, dive into eternal life.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVIII

Truth

Any belief about truth,
Pales in the light of experiencing truth.
That which is true is neither attached to, nor bound by,
Any thought, concocted by any mind.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCIX

An Eternal Infinity

The corporeal container,
Is but a temporary means,
To witness a flowing theater,
Full to the brim with distraction,
To one inescapable end or another,
All played out within an eternal infinity,
That discerns neither beginning nor end.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCIX

The First Page

We are all created of the same source,
By whatever name you might wish to call it.
Our sense of individuality is merely a fleeting illusion,
Born of the attachment of consciousness to mind-body-spirit.
In reality, we are all equally the same awareness permeating all things.
All dualistic notions are vain delusion fabricated by imagination.
Yes, it all seems real and true enough at any given moment,
But if you fully contemplate the ever-present now,
You will discern that this state we call life,
Is really nothing more than a very temporary,
Touchy-feely, three-dimensional, sensory reverie.
The indivisible, absolute mystery, pretending existence.

* * * *

Everything comes and goes, appears and disappears,
Changes in each and every inexplicable moment.
A magical mystery tour of bewildering origin.
And to those many so full of themselves,
Unable to perceive the unfathomable,
That every moment beckons their attention,
How did the mindboggling become so mundane?

* * * *

Discern the indivisible awareness prior to all attributes,
All genders, all languages, all ideologies, all creeds, all geographies,
All families, all friends, all acquaintances, all antagonists,
All anything, all everything, under any given sun.
Discern that which is solely awareness,
Unblemished by any perception,
Born of conscious design,
Mortal or otherwise.

* * * *

Every existence is entirely unique,
In this grand, magical theater of time and space.
The unfolding of the song of mystery is a creation extraordinaire,
In every way, shape and form into which the mystery,
Has spontaneously, choicelessly unfolded.
You are one of countless dreams,
All witness to the totality,
That which is prior to all perception,
That which is absolute, both within and without,
That which is real, that which is true, that which is ever You.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, The First Page

Prior to All

That source, that origin, that fount, that nucleus, which is called by many names,
Is prior to any sensory theater, prior to all forms small to great,
Prior to any whimsical certitudes of imagination,
Prior to any notion of this or that,
Prior to all dualities,
Prior to every definition,
Inspired by the myriad other.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 3

Ever Unchanging

Strolling the infinity within,
Does not require anything special.
Wear anything, or nothing, if you prefer.
Sit, lay, stand, walk, or sprint anywhere you please.
Name it whatever comes to mind, if you must.
It is always the same, ever unchanging,
Ever here now, to delve or dive into,
The source prior to all dreams.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 7

A Contemplation

What would it be like to never see anybody, anything, ever again?
To retire forever into the abyss, and never re-emerge into consciousness.
No more desire, no more fear, no more dread, no more worry, no more sickness,
No more injury, no more caring, no more bother, no more death or taxes.
And, of course, no more beer, wine, drugs, sex, or rock and roll.
To die for all eternity, or come back for another round,
Will that yay or nay decision be the last box,
On some Pearly Gate questionnaire?
Or do you just sign in or out as you please?

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 8

What Is There to Learn?

What there is to learn, what there is to impart,
Is prior to all the volumes ever written,
All the institutions ever concocted,
All the idolatry ever asserted,
All the rituals ever established,
All the temples ever constructed,
All the incalculable inanities, insanities,
Ever carried out in some imaginary god's name.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 8

Same Soul

A different day,
A different life,
A different form,
A different world,
A different universe,
Same Soul.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 16

Creation is the Creator

The drop is within the ocean, and the ocean within the drop.
The writing is within the writer, and the writer within the writing.
The painting is within the painter, and the painter within the painting.
The sculpture is within the sculptor, and the sculptor within the sculpture.
The garden is within the gardener, and the gardener within the garden.
All creation is within its creator, and the creator within all creation.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 18

An Ephemeral Dwelling

The mind-body is but a transitory dwelling; chaff,
From which the kernel drops into the ground,
From which the drop returns to the ocean,
From which the self merges into Self,
From which the persona dissolves,
Into that which is timelessly absolute.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 22

Perceptions

What sights would there be, if there were no eyes?
What smells would there be, if there were no nose?
What sounds would there be, if there were no ears?
What tastes would there be, if there were no tongue?
What sensations would there be, if there were no skin?
And how many other perceptions might there be,
Had we crawled out of a different puddle?

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 25

All Too Predictable

Any given religion was once a cult.
And every cult was a fabrication,
Founded on a pack of assumptions,
Likely concocted by a charismatic persona,
Willingly accepted by a small group prone to following,
Who conditioned their progeny to believe with little or no question.
And voilà, yet another organized religion is born,
To brew what havoc it surely does.
All too predictable.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 40

Wonder

Who is the who, who wonders who is who?
What is the what, what wonders what is what?
Where is the where, where wonders where is where?
When is the when, when wonders when is when?
Why is the why, why wonders why is why?
How is the how, how wonders how is how?

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 46

Of Capricious Minds

Truth is not the Yahweh of Moses,
The Allah of Muhammad,
The God of Jesus,
The Tao of Lao Tzu,
The Brahman of Krishna,
Nor the Buddha of Siddhartha.
It is That, which has neither name nor face.
It is the source prior to all assertions,
Born of the capricious mind.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 48

The One and Only Reality

The one thing of which You can be very certain, across all time, across all space.
Is that You are not at all separate from anything, in any way, at any moment.
How do You discern this? Because You are the dreamer dreaming it all.
You are the seamless, singular awareness, the one and only reality.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 50

Cradle and Coffin

The body is not You; You are not the body.
You have no body, you never have, and you never will.
The mortal container is merely a fleeting means to one end or another.
A formless, indivisible infinity, without foundation,
Without beginning, without conclusion.
Awareness is the cradle,
From which all things rise into being;
The coffin to which all things are one day laid to rest.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 52

Oblivion

Oblivion is the end to all lies, all fabrications, all self-deceptions.
It is the vital source, the essence prior to all becoming.
It is the experiencing prior to all experience,
The intangible prior to all that is tangible,
The awareness prior to consciousness,
The actuality prior to all that is imagined,
The substantial prior to all that is insubstantial,
That which is prior to all context, prior to all manifest dreams.

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The Great Game

“Let us play a game of irony and paradox,” suggested one quantum.
“With every agony and ecstasy imaginable,” added another.
“And a slathering of absurdity,” suggested a third.
“But why bother?” moaned a fourth.
“Why not?” said yet another.
“Indeed,” agreed all the others.

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Live and Learn, Die Anyway

The knowledge and insights and skills,
You sponge in the early part of your existence,
Will be finely-honed by its middle,
And forgotten by its end.
Live and learn; die anyway.

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Freedom's Irony

To catch the hungry monkey,
The coconut is baited for desire.
The searching hand goes so easily in,
But will not come out with the fisted delight.
The treat will quickly bring about death,
Unless the frantic creature discerns,
The paradigm of the open hand,
Is freedom's curious irony.

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Senseless Absurdity

What a thing to spend an existence,
Locked in dogmas and idolatries;
Bound up in traditions, superstitions;
In fear of some god or gods or demons;
Concerned about heavens or hells or karma.
Why allow imagination to have such free reign?
Why give your Self over to such senseless absurdity?

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Neither New nor Old

All great seers of the ultimate reality,
Are simply incisive knowers of themselves.
Anyone can apprehend it, if they have the insight,
And an unrelenting, unwavering, blade of discernment.
This is yet another conscious articulation of an age-old inquiry.
Indeed, there is nothing either new or old, under this or any other star.

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Liberation

Find a space where you can sit quietly, alone.
Ignore the ever-churning sensory theater.
Allow the thoughts to pass without interference.
Observe completely the beingness throughout the passing.
That simple awareness, that nowness, is the eternal, original nature.
To abide in the essential ever-fleeting moment, the mind still,
Is liberation from the fabrications of false identity.

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The Functioning

Without skin, what could you feel?
Without eyes, what could you see?
Without ears, what could you hear?
Without nose, what could you smell?
Without tongue, what could you taste?
Without all functioning simultaneously,
How could your dreamtime universe be?

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Realization of the Indivisible

If this orb was considered a small lifeboat upon an infinite sea,
The prophets, the mystics, the seers, are those who dive over the side,
Explore the unseen depths, and climb back aboard to share their discoveries,
With those clinging passionately to the vain, illusory safety of their berth.
Many, perhaps most, will very quickly turn away and refuse to listen.
Some will quarrel, scoff, or curse, praising imaginary clay gods.
Some will avidly listen, and then label themselves followers.
Some will timidly test the unknown and find it too cold,
Or, worse yet, misguidedly think they, too, have it.
Some, seeing what needs be done, will dive in,
Perhaps to one day also return awakened,
Emptied by the realization of the indivisible.

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Irony and Paradox Rule

You are the body; you are not the body.
You are the world; you are not the world.
You are the universe; you are not the universe.
You are the dream; you are not the dream.
You are everything; you are nothing.
Change is the way of all things.
Irony and paradox rule.

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Eternal Life

Eternal life is simply living in the awareness of the ever-streaming moment,
Oblivious to the space and time in which the manifest mind abides.
The state of being when the allure of the many attributes,
The countless fabrications of imagined identity,
Lose all meaning, all purpose, all concern,
When the magnitude of the singular present is all.

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Arbitrary Spins

How deep is deep? How shallow, shallow?
How wide is wide? How narrow, narrow?
How infinite is infinite? How finite, finite?
The definitions inspired by any eye, any mind,
Are but endless, arbitrary spins of me, myself, and I.

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Proof Enough

If you are genuinely earnest in your inquiry into Self,
The unadorned fact that you have never seen,
Nor will you ever see, your own face,
Is surely evidence enough.

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A Still Mind

When the mind is still, where is the yearning for continuity?
Where is the notion of duality that harbors passion?
Where is the player, the actor, the identity?
Where is the witness woven of time?
What is there but the awareness of emptiness?
What is there but that birthless-deathless creation of all?
What is there but eternal life, eternal oblivion, eternal redemption?

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Speculation and Hearsay

God as projected by the dogmatic mind is patently, woefully absurd.
That which is eternally omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient,
Cannot be confined in any way, any shape, any form.
The mystery is ever unknown, ever insoluble.
All assertions are but vain speculation and hearsay.

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All of Page 100

Imagine, if from your beginning,
You were among a modest, wise people,
Who clearly imparted that You were the mystery.
That You were the epicenter of your individual universe.
A guardian of this garden, and that the entire universe about You,
Was filled with teachers, each valued for their gift, whatever it might be.
And that You were also one of their teachers, likewise valued, likewise ordained.
Imagine that You were brought up with the certainty, that each and every fellow life form,
From the very smallest to the very largest, are all kin in the highest sense,
And that You are a solitary witness to the eternal song of mystery,
Never to doubt, even once, that You are truly of the One.

* * * *

We are all of the same awareness,
Etched by the diversity of consciousness,
Into untold assumptions of self-absorbed pretense.
It is only at the source that you will discern,
The vast, indivisible commonality.
There truly is no other.
Thou art God.

* * * *

It appears that You are ensnared for yet another day,
In this mortal frame, so profoundly temporal.
Yet You are not a body, You are not a mind.
You are not, have never been, nor will ever be,
Bound by any manifest container, that any creation,
No matter how inexplicable, has ever, or can ever, muster.

* * * *

You are that which is brick and mortar, to all spaces, to all times.
That which is witness to every dimension, to every dream.
That which is awake, even during the deepest sleep.
That which is asleep, in even the most alert vigil.
That which is the tiniest, infinitesimal point.
That which is the most infinite expanse.
That which none can either claim to be,
Nor feign, except in delusion, not to be.
That which is, ever was, and will ever be.
That which is not, never was, and will never be.
The quantum matrix, prior to all imaginings born of mind.
The eternal nature, prior to all attributes formed of consciousness.
Indivisible, unblemished, singular, supreme, sovereign, absolute, without peer.

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Forget It All

Forget what your eyes have seen,
Your ears have heard, your nose has smelled,
Your tongue has tasted, your hands and body have felt.
Forget everything the indivisible weavings of earth, water, air, and fire,
Have ever concocted in this temporary mortal container.
Allow the mind to become utterly still,
Timelessly present, completely anonymous.
You will, in those moments of absolute awareness,
Be what you truly are, have always been, and will ever be.

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The Relativity of Perception

The ever-morphing universe, every moment,
Appears and disappears before the mind-body receptors.
What is existence but a few breaths, an assortment of experiences,
A succession of conversations, a collection of minutiae,
And the vaporous perception of relativity.

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Of Quantum Design

You are not your body, your mind, your relationships, your things.
You are not your likes and dislikes, nor the perceptions of all your memories.
You are not your world, you are not your universe, you are not anything under any sun.
You are naught but the awareness of totality, witnessing a magical mystery tour of quantum design.

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The Planet of the Apes

We are all merely monkeys here, an entire planet covered with monkeys.
Jesus was a monkey, and so were Buddha, Muhammad, Lao Tzu, and Nietzsche.
Your father and mother are monkeys, and your brothers, your sisters, your grandparents,
And your uncles and aunts and cousins and friends and acquaintances and strangers and enemies,
And even you, are all just two-legged tree-swingers, who one day climbed down,
And wandered out into the plains, and across the pale blue dot.

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Sovereign Witness

Your world, your universe, expands in consciousness,
Until you at long last, realize fully, that it never really existed,
As anything more than an indivisible, ephemeral dream,
To which eternal awareness, is sovereign witness.

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The Price

The price of good is evil.
The price of right is wrong.
The price of wealth is poverty.
The price of pleasure is pain.
The price of white is black.
The price of life is death.

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The Abiding Witness

The senses are ripples away from the awareness where You abide.
The eyes, the ears, the tongue, the nose, the flesh, all feeding into the mind;
How can they ever be the one and only You, but through attachment to assumptions?
How can they ever be more than distant devices, to be witnessed however nature-nurture allows?

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Slap Your Self

If your concept of a deity does not incorporate you as more than a sheep,
To be herded to and fro, in some groupthink-follower-collective,
Then perhaps you need to incite some serious doubting,
For a very up-the-ante-worldview-change-up.
Slap your Self, so to speak, very hard.

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The Daily Slog

To turn it off, you can either become very still, very detached,
Or you can, through a variety of means, off the body.
Suicide is the greatest philosophical question.
So, embrace the absurdity of it all,
Moniker yourself Sisyphus,
Abandon all hope,
Get ye shoulder to ye boulder,
And whistle while ye daily slog it up the hill.

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Just Imagination

It is all just imagination's attachment to this or that.
A sensory dream in the matrix of eternity.
You are untainted awareness,
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Just putting in your time in whatever way the dream calls.

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Every Mind's Eye

So much of everything within any given cosmos.
Nothing new, nothing old, everything the same, nothing the same.
On and on, the unknowable conundrum churns, ever creating, preserving, destroying.
The timeless in every mind's eye, witness to a kaleidoscoping sensory mirage.
The awareness has awakened in so many dreams, in so many universes,
In so many paroxysms, in so many reflections of consciousness.
To the eternal, in which all small to great equally abide.
You are it, it is You, there is ultimately no other.

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Never Once

The truth of it, is, that not even one atom,
Across an entire cosmos indivisibly full of them,
Can for even one iota of an eternal moment, still itself.
And yet, the awareness within and without its ever-churning all,
Has never once, across all time and space, even stirred.

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A Temporal Window

For what, exactly, are you hoping?
Power? Fame? Fortune? Security? ... Immortality?
You already have so much: sentience, health, food, water, air, space, time.
As austere as it may well sound, things so often taken for granted, are truly the greatest treasure.
After all, you only dream this manifest play for as long as mortal destiny allows.
Try not to squander the temporal window of beingness too lightly.

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Where Is the Gap?

How intelligent does one have to be, to not be stupid?
How beautiful, to not be ugly? How good, to not be bad?
How correct, to not be wrong? How wise, to not be foolish?
Where is the line between any yay, any nay, any this, any that,
But some inflated, arbitrary formulation, of the given mind.

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Pfft

Why should you be a sheep to some shepherd?
Why should you kowtow or pray to what you are?
Why should you fear that which you have ever been?
Pfft on all dogmas devised by minds embedded in time.

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Quantum Breathing

Breathe in the universe, breathe out the universe,
Breathe in the universe, breathe out the universe,
Breathe in the universe, breathe out the universe.
Breathe in the universe ...

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Be a Human ... Being

Reality is ceaseless and carefree, indivisible and inexplicable.
Only imagination ebbs and flows, starts and stops.
In reality, you are the You that You are,
Not the you that you imagine.
The soul of mystery exists, not in time,
But in the timeless nowness of eternal beingness.
To achieve full potential as human being, be a human ... being.

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Only You

What are we but portions of quanta playing out a three-dimensional theater,
Immortal at the essential level, yet mortal in whatever form played.
Birth, death, and the life between, are but an illusory dream.
In the ultimate eternal reality, prior to all creation,
There is no existence, there is no other, there is only You.

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Humility

We are all of the same mystery, the same awareness,
But the character, the personality, the identity,
Wears the cloak of whatever illusory dream,
The given nature-nurture has spawned.
Nothing about which to be inflated, really.

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What Else Would Any Mystery Be?

It is all You,
Terribly, wonderfully, absolutely alone,
A vast stillness without measure, without rhyme or reason, without cause or effect,
Without purpose or meaning, without beginning or end,
What else would any mystery be?

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Born Again

What is it to be born again,
But to be the awareness of a newborn.
As still and silent and attentively timeless as the cosmos,
From whence all phenomena small to great have been immaculately woven.

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The Disharmony of Duality

It is only in human consciousness,
That the disharmony of dualistic notion takes place.
In whatever way you might observe this infinite, indivisible matrix of a dream,
Whether physics or chemistry or biology, everything is connected,
Without any separation, any otherness, whatsoever.

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The Eternal Freedom of Awareness

You were never really born,
You have never existed,
You have no future,
You have no past.
You are the I in I,
The Am in Am,
The That in That.
You are That I Am.
The Truth, the Life, the Way.
Awareness, pure, simple, eternally free.

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What Would It Have Been Like?

What would it have been like to have witnessed this world,
Before the indelible ascendance of humankind,
With all its fences and roads and tracks,
Its countless inventions of every size and variety,
Its boxes of every shape and purpose, strewn across the land.

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Outside Your Mummy's Tummy

Your first lesson that existence was going to be somewhat harsh,
May have been the exit-from-the-womb whack, that inspired your first breath,
A defining wake-up call, into what all that puzzling commotion,
Outside your mummy's tummy, was all about.

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The Dystopian Pit

The worldwide winds, to which all humankind have synergistically contributed,
Are daily growing far too strong for any to find a truly safe harbor.
The imminent is a cavernous, exacting, dystopian pit,
Into which all but the most resilient,
Must inevitably fall.

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Once Upon a Time

Once upon a time, it all seemed as real as real could be,
And then, the one and only reality, awakened your eternal mind.
It is a solitary, less traveled, winding yellow brick road,
Down which many are called, and few inclined.

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More Than Enough

You really do not know anything, and no one else does, either.
There is no need to be afraid; there is no need to worship false idols.
There is no need to make some meaningless, absurd, bad-theater game of it.
Wonder, ponder, speculate all you please, do with your existence whatever you will;
But the source that you and all things are, is an insoluble enigma,
In which merely being here now, fearless and free,
Is, indeed, more than enough.

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The Infinite Ocean

The infinite ocean of totality, is in no way, no shape, no form,
Interested or concerned or involved, with any illusory fabrication of consciousness.
It is solitary witness, within and without, all phenomena small to great,
But untouched by any dream bound to space and time.

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The Quest for Truth

True science is not a religion.
It is a quality of mind, solely intent, on rational,
Dispassionate, impersonal, accurate, lucid, measurable observation,
To whatever conclusion the quest for truth may bring.

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Of Awareness and Consciousness

How can awareness be thought to have either beginning or end,
When its momentary nature, is so ever-present, as to be unequivocally eternal.
Consciousness, however, is an entirely different bag of worms.
For all practical purposes, it is unable to hold still,
And is insatiably able and willing,
To distract itself and over and over,
With every antic it can possibly conceive.

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Earth, Water, Wind, Fire

Earth is earth, wind is wind, water is water, fire is fire.
Once you, without doubt, without equivocation, fully understand this,
And that these forces interact in every way imaginable,
And that you are eternal witness to it all,
What else is there to know?

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Seven Plots

Some who specialize in the study of literature,
Claim it can be distilled down to as few as seven plots:
The yearning for justice, love, order, pleasure, and validation;
The challenge of morality when choices have to be made;
And the fear of the unknown/unknowable and death.
A few basic narratives told over and over and over,
In different times, in different places, in different tongues,
With a likely never-ending array of nuances, for every inclination,
Yet permeating all, the human craving for life's telling, so much the same.

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Fate Is as Fate Does

There your parents were one night or day, messing around, all hot and heavy,
And suddenly, through no fault of your own, no choice of your own,
You were in the oven, baking your way into consciousness.
When exactly does fate begin its wayward trail?

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Madhouse Contenders

Every religion started off as a cult,
Until its followers put down enough spare change,
To construct impressive, daunting, holier-than-thou sanctuaries,
Filled with enough middlemen, to shield the sheeples from their crazed delusion,
And muster the potency to be a contender in the madhouse.

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The Delusion of Time Travel

Regarding time travel,
How can that which does not exist,
Ever be journeyed, except through imagination?
This streaming instant, born of senses and mind, is all there is.
To pretend otherwise, is just one delusion or another.

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The Alimentary Canal

The critical difference,
Between a mouth,
And an asshole,
Is one end has fangs,
Earthworms must crunch,
At a much more moderate pace.

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The True Voice

The true voice is in all small to great.
To discern it, one must merely, with intention,
Observe prior to the passion, the fear, the false identity,
And surrender courageously, to the sovereignty of the timeless now.

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The Source

The greatest view of the history of all manifestation,
Would be the synthesis of every universe born of conscious design.
It would include a seamless wander through the matrix, through every nook and cranny,
To which the mystery of imagination, is witness in every way possible.
All within the infinite, indivisible, timeless stillness,
Of that source prior to all naming,
That source prior, even,
To that which many call god.

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The Immortal Mind

The mortal mind is transfixed
By the ceaseless permutations of limitation.
As for that which is immortal, well, find even one boundary, if you can.
After all, the indivisible is indivisible, much farther,
Than any eye will ever see.

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There is No Other

What is so arduous about realizing the truth,
That the awareness within all, that the witness within all,
Is completely detached, objectively indifferent, benignly disengaged,
To the countless dreamtimes of consciousness, in all its pursuits, in all its passions.
It is the ether, the mysterious spirit of totality; name it if you must.
Duality is but the splintering of imaginary perception.
You are it, it is You, there is no other.

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The Nectar of Awareness

What else do you possibly need,
Once simple awareness,
Is nectar enough?

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The Odyssey Within

As doubt seeps through the many cracks of the dike You have in mind erected,
You can run, but You cannot hide; like it or no, You are embarked upon an odyssey within.
You have the potential to be a Buddha, a Christ, a whatever-You-want-to-call-it,
If You can just get past the countless limitations of idolatry and dogma.

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No Greater Truth

What words can more than vaguely describe,
That which is prior to consciousness,
That which is prior to perception,
That which is prior to sound,
That which is prior,
To all illusions,
Inspired by the senses.
Be still, be absolute, be totality.
What greater truth can You possibly be?

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All Equal Players

In the grand scheme of consciousness.
It is really not your awareness,
Nor mine, nor his, nor hers, nor its.
All living forms exhibit this sentience,
In whatever way nature and nurture allow.
None are truly greater, nor lesser, to any other.
All are equal players in totality's quantum play within.

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The Indelible Awareness

Any given seed, any given kernel, any given spore, any given stone, is merely a temporal blueprint,
Through which the omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent, indelible awareness,
Witnesses all creation, all things from small to great,
Playing out their patterning,
As the matrix of manifest time dictates.

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Over and Done

Still looking for some shiny new knick-knack, some exciting new distraction, are we?
More than a little chaffing to be unknown inwardly for very long.
Must indeed be very over and done with the world,
To give yourself over to your Self.

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An Agnostic Stance

Regarding the question of so many unconfirmed, unsubstantiated mysteries,
Mysteries that may even be asserted by prominent groups or individuals,
(e.g., God, ghosts, unidentified flying objects, abominable snowmen,
Vast conspiracies by unseen organizations, et cetera ad infinitum);
Any assertion that is, as yet, unproven in your own experience,
That you have yet to discern as being in any way authentic;
An agnostic stance is the only aboveboard state of mind.

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What Next?

You have climbed the mountain,
You have flown to the sun and fallen to the earth,
You have wandered the cosmos, you have witnessed all creation,
And you have discerned clearly the eternal absolute within each and every particle.
So, Pilgrim, what next?

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A Fleeting Piece of Jewelry

Mother Nature only allows each of us,
To play out this little reverie for the briefest of whiles,
And then one-by-one melts all down for another generation's ascension.
To think of oneself as more than a fleeting piece of jewelry,
Is to miss discerning the essence you really are,
In this indivisible matrix of a theater.

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The One and Only

Just say no to scriptures, dogmas, idolatry, crystal basilicas, dress codes,
All the absurd belief systems born of the conditioned mind.
You are it, it is You, plain and simple, absolute.
The one and only house of mystery,
Is the awareness within,
Sovereign, indivisible, complete.

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What Will Be Left?

In ten years, one hundred years,
One thousand years, ten thousand years,
One hundred thousand years, one million years,
What etchings will be left of this dream of consciousness?

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Describe Your Face

Without a mirror, a photograph, a drawing, or any other reflection or memory,
Describe your face as the awareness sees it from within, right now.
Eyes, nose, ears, mouth, chin, hair, teeth, skin, eyebrows,
And what of your neck, shoulders and back?
Cannot do it? Well, why is that?

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Just Another Shuffle

How does it feel to fathom,
That you are just another shuffle,
In the random genetic lottery of eternity?
Do you choose your dance, or merely succumb,
To whatever paradigm the given nature has thrown you?
A speculative venture from the get-go.

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The Time Machine Imagination Built

If this thing we call time really existed, would not you be able to halt it?
Or at least wander to and fro, in the manifest here and there?
As it is, imagination is the only time machine,
And all it has going, is the ethereal filament of perception,
Only as good as the wiring, and only for long as the gray matter holds fast.

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Beyond Belief

Unassailably amazing what the mind-body,
Has been programmed through evolution's long meander,
To see, to hear, to taste, to smell, to touch, and perchance to contemplate.
And every other life form from small to great across the theater,
Perceiving its sensory dream in its own unique way.
The vast singularity of it all is immutable,
And ineffable, beyond belief.

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The Same Indelibly Ineffable Intelligence

Despite the miasma of consciousness, and its ceaseless portfolio of divisiveness,
You are ultimately neither superior nor inferior, to anyone or anything.
All creation is as indivisibly equal, as equal can indivisibly be.
The same indelibly ineffable intelligence, resides in all.

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Follow Your Nature

Fight fire with fire, meet peace with peace.
Turn the other cheek if you can,
But it is not required,
That you submit to tyranny,
To know That which you truly are.
Follow your nature, wherever it may lead.

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Awareness, the Timeless Now

Being mindful of the source of consciousness, That which You truly are,
Is not a belief system, nor anything about which to be unbending.
It is simply an experiential awareness of the timeless now,
The observer inherent in all things small to great.

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Dare to Be Free

Go back, back, back,
To the beginning of existence,
To the awareness prior to the universe,
To the newborn's eternal filled-with-wonder mind,
Before the patterning began sculpting itself,
Into the consciousness, You call you.
Dare again, to be completely,
And unutterably free.

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Everything and Nothing

Everything is real, nothing is real.
Everything is good, nothing is good.
Everything is special, nothing is special.
Everything is mystery, nothing is mystery.
Everything is sacred, nothing is sacred.
Everything is god, nothing is god.

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Everything the Same

The same magic,
The same mystery,
The same miracle,
The same wonder,
The same source,
Is in everything.

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The Maze of Delusion

To be concerned what posterity thinks of you is meaningless.
It is absurd enough spending this temporal existence,
Endlessly mired in the muddle of the other,
Without projecting your narcissism,
Into the maze of delusion,
Long after your exit.

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What is There to Fear?

Once you are no longer attached to pleasure or pain,
Once you are detached even from death,
What is there to fear?

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Nothing to Salvage

Regarding some messiah,
Coming back to save anyone,
What, pray tell, is there to salvage,
But a mortal vat full of narcissistic notion,
And a world well afoot into its dystopian calamity.
Far too ludicrous, too insane, too late, to even bother about.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 197

Physics 101

No superstitious notion has ever, or can ever, even for one moment,
Change, alter, or modify the fundamental laws of physics,
That have been established since time began.
Anyone who pretends otherwise,
Needs to wake up,
And pay closer attention,
To what is going on around them.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 198

An Infinite Field

Awareness is an infinite field.
It cannot be contained by any dogma,
Any creed, any belief, any faith, any philosophy,
Any ideology, any principle, any law,
Any thought, whatsoever.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 198

One Thing or Another

If it is not one thing, it will surely be another.
So, you may as well face whatever is coming, the best you can,
With whatever resources and gumption, you are in the moment able to command.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 198

False Gold and Delusion

Unless you put aside everything you have been told,
And examine the mystery for your Self,
You will likely just become,
Another meme,
Smugly complacent,
With false gold and delusion.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 199

Neither Mine nor Yours

It is not your awareness, my awareness,
Nor any other's awareness.
It is simply awareness,
And all are equally sentient.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 199

The Molding of Mind

The seers, the mystics, the prophets, the philosophers,
Have always dealt out their many thoughts,
Strategically, tactically,
Shifting, shaping consciousness,
Attempting to mold it more manageable,
Within the milieu of the given time, the given space,
The given collective, the given mythology, the given potential.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 199

Rises and Falls

It is the nature of all civilizations to rise and fall.
To transform from lean, agile, fruitful, to obese, inept, barren.
From a foundation of gumption to one of absurdity,
From one motivated, to one entitled.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 200

The Boundless Immeasurable

Dimensions are merely different arrangements;
Gradations in the mystery's dream.
Ho-hum, yawn, stretch.
How many layers before You discern,
That totality which is immeasurable, utterly boundless?

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 200

An Indescribable Immensity

There is an indescribable, eternal immensity,
In the innermost sanctum, to which you alone have access,
To which words cannot help but be caught, by the limitations of translation,
By the capacity for discernment, of any given listener's ear.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 200

The Challenge

The challenge is to discern the passing dream of consciousness,
The here and now, as it is; fresh, without preconception.
To detach the filter of the mind caught in time,
To see reality, not how you think it is,
But clearly, from the stillness of attentiveness,
Without concept, feeling, motive, stereotype, prejudice.
To fathom the mystery of Youness from oblivion's point of view.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 201

Will Ever Be

Where were You before sperm and egg
Randomly merged within your mother's womb?
Who is your mother, who is your father,
Who were all your ancestors
Since life's beginning,
But the same You that truly is,
That has always been, and will ever be.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 202

The Facades of Dust

The oceans, sometimes deeper than mountains are high,
Are merely a thin ever-moving facade upon a spinning orb of dust,
Which is but a teeny particle in the vast infinity of a universe,
Which is truly nothing more than a speck in your eye.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 202

Same Old Story

Only faces, names, places and details change.
All the stories conceived throughout the human epoch
Are essentially the same narratives, repeated over and over,
In every culture across the world, across all time.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 202

The Monkey-Mind Spectrum

No one can aid anyone else, being truly happy or content.
Each is entirely on their own in discerning that which is eternal,
And it is more than a little unlikely, that anyone can ever truly manage,
The given monkey-mind, unperturbed, every single moment.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 202

A Blink of Eternity

In a mere blink of eternity, a life,
A figment of imagination, of vain notion,
A flurry of smoke in a gusty wind,
All the pleasure, all the pain,
All the understanding,
All the experience,
Perhaps even wisdom,
So quickly come and gone.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 203

Ungraspable, Undefinable, Unsolvable, Unknown

There is an awareness, but it cannot be grasped.
There is an absolute, but it cannot be defined.
There is a mystery, but it cannot be solved.
There is a truth, but it cannot be known.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 204

The Eternal Mirage

A conceited little theater,
On a tiny spinning sphere,
In a mere speck of a universe,
Floating in the bottommost corner,
Of an eternal eye, that is but a mirage.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 205

Only Imagination

The quantum essence has no divisions,
No partitions, no boundaries, no borders, no restrictions, no limits.
It is indivisible, inseparable, undividable, blended, united, conjoined, indissoluble, inextricable.
There is no time, there is no space, there is only imagination feigning itself real.

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From Dust to Dust

... dust ... creation, preservation, destruction ... dust ...

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Learning for Learning's Sake

What good fortune it is to enjoy learning for learning's sake,
Without having to endure the bother of regurgitation or testing.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 206

Where You Are

And if there were no other to engage You, no other to distract You, confound You,
Where would You, could You be, but where You are, have always been, will ever be.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 206

No Matter the Eye or Ear

Mystic, seer, hierophant, minister, priest, sanyasi, sage, prophet, priest, vicar,
Spiritualist, wizard, monk, soothsayer, clairvoyant, prescient, fortuneteller, forecaster, oracle,
Sorcerer, diviner, sibyl, augur, prognosticator, crystal-gazer, medium, herald, psychic,
Telepathist, mind reader, cleric, preacher, rector, parson, reverend, holy man.
All descriptions of those inquiring into that which is genuine and true;
That mystery which is the ever same, no matter the eye or ear.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 206

The Same Ineffable Origin

Human beings are in reality, very much the same as every other life form on this planet.
We may be able to create and preserve and destroy in every imaginable way,
But all sentience is of the same mysterious, ineffable origin.
Absolutely, indivisibly, immeasurably equal,
Despite countless pride-filled,
Self-absorbed claims to the contrary.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 207

No Saving Anyone

One might aid in easing another's existence,
But in this mortal theater of toil and woe and agony,
Laced with ceaseless narcissism and never-ending absurdity,
No one has ever, or will ever, save anyone else, much less themselves.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 207

No Escape

In the times that are quickly advancing from the horizon toward us all,
Things across the globe will deteriorate and renew in every imaginable way,
From chaos to cooperation, from absurdity to sensibility, from agony to ecstasy,
As this world, fragmented by human pride, downshifts into a paradigm of a lesser way.
No one born into it can evade it, no one born into it, can do anything but abide it.

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Some Call It Evolution

Being around religious true believers of any rhyme or reason,
Is like listening to children go on and on and on about Santa Claus,
And all the presents and treats they will be getting on Christmas morning.
What an absurd species we have managed to become.
And some call it, evolution.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 208

Figurative vs. Literal

In the regards to the spiritual quest,
All words, all narratives, are merely analogies,
Metaphors, concepts, symbols, ciphers, allegories, parables.
They are meant to be taken figuratively, not literally.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 208

You Can Run, But You Cannot Hide

You can attempt to run in any and every direction imaginable,
But no matter the way, the shape, the form, in which you are cloaked,
You can never ever, even for one single moment, hide from the witness within.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 209

Sometimes

Sometimes you live and let live.
Sometimes you live and let die.
Sometimes you die and let live.
Sometimes you die and let die.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 209

Self-Love

True Self-love is not narcissistic in the mortal sense.
It is the immersion into the incorruptible within,
And that is the ultimate goal of existence,
For those for whom consciousness,
And dreams of time and space,
No longer entice or delude.

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Your Inherent Nature

Perfection is your inherent nature.
Duality, the original flaw.
Your perfection was misplaced,
When the time born of consciousness,
Took root in the tabula rasa of your innocence.

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Ever a Challenge

It is much easier to leave behind a long string of bodies,
Than it is to forgive those who take advantage, or seek to hurt us.
To forgive and forget, to do no harm, to be and allow, is ever a challenge.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 210

The Truth, the Life, the Way

There is the imaginary existence of consciousness: worldly, temporal, secular, profane, mundane.
Naught but a brief illusion, a brief collusion, a brief delusion of time and space.
But the real and only You, the real existence, the real eternal life,
Is the indelibly, indivisibly, absolute awareness.
You are the truth, the life, the way.
There is no other.

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Same Gold

There is only one source, one creation,
And you are but one of its countless manifestations,
Absolutely the same essence, the same gold,
But entirely matchless all the while.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 231

Pawns of the Quantum Twinkle

We are all but pawns of the genetic lottery,
And the winds of consciousness into which we are cast.
Call it what you will: fate, destiny, kismet, fortune, providence, karma:
In the grand matrix of it all, you are but a quantum twinkle.

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Malthus: Not Wrong, Just Delayed

“The power of population is indefinitely greater,
Than the power in the earth to produce subsistence for man.”
Robert Thomas Malthus was only off by a few centuries.
Technology cannot forever save us from our inanity.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 232

Adapting to Change

A re-alignment of the human paradigm is unavoidable.
The only important questions are where you, your progeny,
Your friends, and your community, will be,
When the inevitable comes about.
As Charles Darwin wrote:
It is not the strongest
of the species that survives,
nor the most intelligent that survives.
It is the one that is the most adaptable to change.

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All in a Dream

Who, what, where, when, why, how, am I?
Who, what, where, when, why, how, are you?
Who, what, where, when, why, how, is anyone?
Same source, same awareness, all dreams.
All dreaming themselves autonomous.
All dreaming themselves distinct.
All dreaming themselves real.

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The Void Is the Void Is the Void

The void is the void is the void, and, try as hard as you might,
The grand emptiness can never even for a moment be filled.

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So Amazingly Simple

You are that which is god, I am that which is god.
Just playing out different perspectives.
It is that amazingly simple.

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A Day in the Life

The embodiment of nonchalance
Is standing in a crowded line of urinals,
A dose of magic and a few shots of gin and tonic,
Morphing happily through your veins,
An iPod with Chopin playing,
The tile wall in your eyes dancing,
All as if it was just another day in the life.

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Dark Age Coming

A dark age is on the horizon.
As dark as anything humankind has ever seen.
And, despite the good intentions of many, there is, alas, no stopping it.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 239

Statistical Certitude

Humankind cannot grow, grow, grow,
Without there some harsh day being a huge collapse,
Of our own making, of our own synergistic dearth of accountability.
Follow any given Pied Piper, to whatever cliff you will;
There will at some point in time come a fall.
Whatever goes up will come down.
It is a statistical certitude,
Of the highest order.

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The Indivisible Way

Every context is unique.
Every situation constantly changes.
No one's rendering of the universe is ever the same,
Yet prior to the myriad imaginary concoctions,
Every version is very much the same,
In the most indivisible Way.

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The Ninth Day

And the eighth day passed.
The garden had been thoroughly trashed.
Humankind – lost, dazed, confused – blind to its fate,
Wandered about the dystopian wasteland of its bittersweet handiwork.
Into the dawn of the ninth day, the day of the inevitable reckoning, what would transpire?
Complete and utter chaos and destruction? Oblivion of consciousness?
Or the reformation of the monkey-mind paradigm?
Would that there were a time machine,
To witness the play's inevitable conclusion.

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So Many Ways

Every sage across the world, across time,
Integrates the language, the geographic assumptions,
The frame of reference, from which s/he hails.
So many ways to say the same thing.

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The Sands of Imagination

Every destiny happens of its own mysterious accord.
All are written in the sands of imagination.
Some stay a while, maybe longer.
Some slip into oblivion,
Never to be seen,
Or heard from again.
C'est la vie and so it goes.

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A Book Without Conclusion

You cannot stop fate; it is already written.
You just need to reach the last page,
In a book without conclusion.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 249

And So Are You

If the Jesus so many idolize did not say,
“I am the truth, the life, and the way ... and so are you,”
Then he was just another self-absorbed fraud,
Another charismatic cult leader,
Whom true believers,
Always place on pedestals,
And without question, blindly follow.

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Go Tell It to the Ocean

Go lecture, harangue, curse, or worship the ocean,
And see if it cares about anything you think or do.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 250

Piles and Piles

Well, at least we will leave piles and piles,
Of photographs and videos of the blue marble,
And all our fellow earthlings small to great,
For the progeny to see what they missed.

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Ever Inexplicable

No matter how deeply you delve,
It ever remains an inexplicable mystery.
All conclusions are no more than idle speculation.
It is meaningless to do more than give the passing moment,
Your complete, unvarnished, constant attention.

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Forget Everything

Forget the world, forget the universe,
Forget everything you imagine you really are,
Everything you are not, have never been, will never be.

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Where Art Thou?

Pray tell, where is this supreme being outside the Self?
This great creator, this absentee landlord,
This driver asleep at the wheel,
That so many are so convinced exists.
Where art thou, oh noble lord of heaven and earth?
Do you exist anywhere, but in so many vain plays of imagination?

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Study for Your Self

Study for your Self the original writings, the genuine insights,
Not the religions (a.k.a., cults), and all the dogmas they have inspired.
Within them will perhaps be discerned the clarity, you at the core within seek.

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Curious

Curious that anyone could ever even for the briefest of moments,
Believe they were somehow distinct from that which created them.

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Only One Truth

There is really only one truth,
And it is the core of all that is, and all that is not.
No one possesses any greater truth, and it is for each to alone discover.

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Ignorance is the Cancer

Whatever is left of this passion play,
Is really just the scratchy record of history,
Repeating the same predictable song over and over.
Many would happily re-shape the garden into a kinder place,
But, alas, the biological imperative will out.
Ignorance is the cancer.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 255

The Speculations of Vanity

Call it religion, call it spirituality, call it mysticism, call it philosophy,
Or call it whatever else the incessantly restless mind concocts,
All conclusions are ever but the speculations of vanity.

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Gauging the Intent

Into every account, every chronicle, every memoir, every history,
The motive, the agenda, the intention, of the writer,
Should be very carefully gauged.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 256

The Groundlessness of Dogma

All dogma is artificial and arbitrary.
Attempts to mold into reality,
That which is prior,
To all manifest dreams,
Is a sojourn filled with every variety,
Of groundless, pride-filled absurdity and delusion.

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Something More Attuned

Is it not all more than a little passé at this point?
Do we have to continue regurgitating the same absurdity?
Are we not ready to evolve into something more attuned to reality?

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Doubt v. Belief

Endlessly fascinating how some cannot help but doubt,
While others are, even to the point of savagery, entirely incapable of it:
“What!? Make me think!? Make me question!? How dare you!! Infidel!! I will kill you!!”

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 256

Beyond-All-Pales Amazing

Every part and particle throughout the entire cosmos, ineffably synchronized,
Spontaneous, impromptu, unplanned, unarranged, unpremeditated, unprepared, unrehearsed,
Extemporaneous, improvised, makeshift, spur-of-the-moment, off-the-cuff,
Ad-libbed, ad hocked, played by ear, on the fly, on cue.
What an amazing beyond-all-pales thing,
This quantum singularity.
And You are it, and it is You, there is no other.

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The Sovereignty of All

We are all sovereign players in each other's dreams.
Whether key roles, or merely shadows in a crowd,
It is the same for all, whatever the stage or play.

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The Dread of Anticipation

Dread is the worry of time,
Of what may yet come,
Of what may yet be endured,
All born of the ramblings of imagination.
Anticipation only creates unnecessary pain in advance,
Over things that may never even happen.
Best just to jump in a cold stream,
Without thinking about it.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 257

An Unknowable Abyss

The sciences can only peer into the hypothetical-theoretical for so long,
Before it all becomes, for-all-practical-purposes, an unknowable abyss,
Which is the word-filled domain of philosophers and mystics and fools.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 257

The Transience of Knowledge

The nature of knowledge is that it must ever be re-kindled anew,
Or be quickly lost in the ephemerality of Eden's inexplicable enterprise.
Minds fade, clay tablets break, books dissolve, and the digital world,
Is but a flick of a switch away from the black hole of oblivion.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 258

The Courage to Wander Alone

So many ways this vain dream can be played out.
No need to follow, no need to imitate, no need to duplicate,
For those who have the courage to wander alone.

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Even Shit is Sacred

We are all kin of the same quantum creation.
We are all born of the same oblivion.
We are all pure awareness.
Even shit is sacred.
Without its golden reality,
Neither flowers nor you would be.

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Synergy

The behavior of any individual,
The synergy of any group,
Can cultivate both boon and bane,
Advantage and detriment, fortune and blight,
Benefit and bother, blessing and horror.
For every action, consequence,
For every cause, effect.

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The Differences Between Star Dust

What are any of us but a few handfuls of star dust,
Temporarily organized to partake a relatively few breaths,
Until the quantum abyss of oblivion resumes its formless nature.
The only difference between existence and non-existence,
Is in the whimsical narration of the sensory mind.

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Players All

The same awareness, the same consciousness, permeates every imaginable difference:
Different bodies, different languages, different times, different spaces,
In order to play out a very-much-the-same mystery.
All the universe is a stage,
And all life forms, merely players.

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Right Now, Wherever

Eternal life is right now, wherever You are.
The only real question is, do You exist as a mere mortal,
Or as an eye of eternity, a timeless witness,
To the unfolding mystery.

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The Point of Philosophy

Why would anyone ever participate in any religion,
That advocates disharmony and conflict?
What sort of philosophy is it,
That does not bring deep, lasting peace,
Contentment, serenity, grace, perchance even joy?

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 259

The Right to Departure

Since that which You truly are, was never born and never dies,
Technically, no one can really kill themselves.
So, suicide is really just about,
Being done with all the pain and suffering,
With all the pretense, with all the games, with all the bothers.
Not everyone wants to be here anymore, and why should that bother anyone else?

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Returning to the Natural State

The infant begins with no knowledge,
Of what it is seeing, hearing, touching, tasting, or smelling.
Over time, the collusion into which it has been cast, will sculpt it to its own ends.
Few will likely ever doubt with enough abide-alone courage,
To decline and return to the natural state.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 260

Only as Real as Imagination Pretends

How can you expect another to see the real you,
When you, your Self, have never, can never see it, either?
It is naught but reflections, smoke and mirrors,
Only as real as imagination pretends.

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The Sea of Grace

You are immersed within the sea of grace,
But are too blind to quench your thirst.

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You are That I Am

None of this is really happening.
You are not a body,
Nor a world,
Nor a universe.
You are That I Am,
Prior to all boundaries,
Concocted by consciousness.

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Ever the Same Nothingness

It is ever the same nothingness,
The same mystery, the same unknown,
The same quantum-hologram-matrix-ether,
Into which the given sensors extend their probes,
And generate universes of every variety and dimension.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 260

The Witness of All

You can see, hear, taste, smell, and touch,
Everything having to do with the play of consciousness,
But it is awareness – unknowable, indiscernible, indivisible, enigmatic,
Mysterious, impenetrable, inexplicable, inscrutable, incomprehensible, indecipherable –
That is the source, the fountain, the ground, the essence, the witness, of all.

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An Idol Ponder

Let us idly speculate for a few moments, that God really is a he,
And that he looks something like the Michelangelo Sistine Chapel rendition.
And that Jesus really is the fundamentalist, M-16 toting, bad hair, very vengeful Son of God.
And like Santa Claus, God is keeping a naughty list, and you are near the top of it,
No more than two or three demerits away from eternal damnation.
Who really cares? No, seriously, who cares, really?
Why would anyone even for a moment,
Think of worshipping such a preposterous creator,
Or of idolizing a son, whose testament to the world was so absurd.

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Normal

Who decides what is normal, anyway?
And is what is normal here, normal over there?
And is what is normal now, what was normal back then,
Or what will be normal in some future when?
More than a little arbitrary, indeed.

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From Their Graves

It is a regrettably curious thing, the destructive grip that ignorance has upon the world.
Modern sciences obviously tender more accurate, verifiable observations and measurements,
Than the ancients across the planet ever could, in their geocentric, ethnocentric domains.
And yet they, from their graves, rule current times as absurdly as they did their own.

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On Debating True Believers

Ignorance, being its own distorted, corrupt end;
There is really very little point in debating with any true believer.
If someone is seething dogma about anything fashioned of this manifest dreamtime,
Then it is no doubt much less bothersome to put them behind you,
And just walkabout some other direction.

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How Could It Be Anything Less?

It is all just theater.
The actor within each of us,
The same witness, playing every form,
In a boundless matrix, beyond all comprehension.
How could it be anything less?

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 262

Smart Phones v. Belly Buttons

Probably almost everyone has many, many other,
Much, much more, important things to do,
Than mull over their inner mystery.
Who can disagree, that it is much more intriguing,
To stare deeply into the screen of a state-of-the-art smart phone,
Than it is the infinite void of an exceedingly lackluster, lint-infested belly button?

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 262

Blue Marble Voyeurs

Others make it possible to explore, to sightsee mindsets,
Outside your limitations, beyond your boundaries.
From the security of your couch, so to speak.
We are all really just voyeurs, onlookers,
Rubber-necking every which way.
Some consciously, some not.

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The Limitations of Imagination

A question for the sciences: How small is small? How big is big?
What exactly is ever being measured but the limitations of imagination?

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The Way is Simple

The way is simple.
No priesthood, no followers, no doctrine,
No edifices, no dress codes, no symbols, no tithing, no groupthink,
No oppression, no burden, no bondage, no encumbrance, no annoyance, no yoke whatsoever.

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Hotel California

Everyone is a fabrication here.
Hotel California of the quantum blend:
“We are all just prisoners here, of our own device.
‘Relax,’ said the night man, ‘We are programmed to receive.
You can check-out any time you like,
But you can never leave.’”

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A Dream With No History

No bird has ever written down even one chirp.
Nor a dog a bark, nor a cat a meow, nor a badger a growl.
This dreamtime would be without even one history,
Had humankind not imagined otherwise.

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The Goldilocks Syndrome

Too hot, too cold, too this, too that,
So many minds wallowing in discontent.

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Gumption

Gumption: shrewd or spirited initiative and resourcefulness.
Initiative, resourcefulness, enterprise, ingenuity, imagination, astuteness,
Shrewdness, acumen, sense, common sense, wit, mother wit, practicality, spirit, pluck,
Backbone, mettle, nerve, courage, wherewithal, get-up-and-go, spunk,
Oomph, moxie, savvy, horse sense, street smarts.
Concepts to bear in mind and heart in the coming storm.

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More Discipline, Not Less

As far as maintaining health of mind and body go,
It is wiser to get more disciplined as you get older, not less.
Ultimately, you cannot hold onto anything in this manifest playhouse,
But it will not hurt to take care of what you have been given,
During the relatively brief interval you have it.

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Impetuous Fire

What impetuous fire there is in youth.
The exuberance, the innocence, the arrogance, the folly.
Curious how life's passing gradually tempers, even dampens, the many passions,
As the uncarved block, the a priori, is gradually whittled into destiny.

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Stay Free

Just more inane dogma in a world,
Already seething with endless monkey-mind blather.
So many telling others what they should believe, how they should exist.
Just walk away from it; put behind you all those who would limit,
Your every thought, your every step, your every breath.
Live bold; be the freedom you were born to be.

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Don't Know, Don't Care

What happens after death? ... Don't know ... Don't care.
Didn't ask to be here, ain't prayin' to be stayin'.
Seen and done enough to be ready,
For some eternal rest in the land of oblivion.

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Stand Aloof

Political correctness has always been played out,
By those many who fear standing alone.
Many sheep have only two legs.
Muster the courage;
Stand aloof from the herd.

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The Benevolent God

If there was anything benevolent about God,
Why would it have ever created the human species,
To trample, manipulate, torment, and destroy this garden,
And all its myriad creatures, from small to great?

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True Believers

If someone over age five declared that they believed in Santa Claus,
The Tooth Fairy, the Easter Bunny, Harvey the Pooka, vampires, or any other imaginary friends,
The true believers of any given creed would laugh, and think him but an idiot and fool.
Well, mirror that vain notion for a moment, and know what a fair number,
Think of any and all dogmatic, holier-than-thou assertions.

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No Going Back

The world will be scarred,
With the ruins born of mind,
For a long, long time to come.
There is no going back.

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Keeping the Flame

The doubt of your doubt by others,
Can be an undermining, infecting snare.
The quest for certainty is a solitary pursuit.
You may spark others, but must ever be vigilant,
Lest the flame be inadvertently damped by ignorance.

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Carrying On

If the strategies and tactics,
You have established to survive, are failing,
Do you have the intelligence, the gumption, the grit in the belly,
To adapt to new ones, to shape new ones, in order to carry on, in order to survive the day?

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What difference could it possibly make,
What others might think of You, or anything else,
When it is really all You anyway, utterly, indivisibly alone.
When it is all nothing more than imaginary notion stirred by the senses.
Pure, unadulterated, insatiable fabrication from the get-go.

* * * *

To be imbued with certainty, to be without even a smidgeon of doubt,
How is that even vaguely, remotely, figuratively, tenuously possible?

* * * *

Gaia, such a wondrous, magical gift, a garden extraordinaire.
Yet, given everything, the monkey-minds still wanted more.

* * * *

To really not care about anything, even existence itself,
How far, how deep, how alone, will you dare journey?

* * * *

It is by the light of awareness within, that all is seen.

* * * *

What is the universe but the same quantum dust,
Spinning ceaseless patterns of every magnitude.

* * * *

Nothing is long once you have seen the short of it.
Nothing is short once you have seen the long of it.

* * * *

The road to contentment is an arduous, rocky journey,
Long and winding, full of every imaginable distraction.

* * * *

The ever-present, timeless nowness of this garden cosmos,
Is ever right here, right now, ready to take you back into its fold,
Back into the ceaseless kaleidoscoping of its ever-dreamy matrix reality.

* * * *

The mind is a forest of words, in which most wander bewildered.
To see the forest though the trees, the mountain upon which the forest stands,
The sky beneath which the forest rests, and the upwelling within all,
Is a daily challenge to which few rise, much less achieve.

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All of Page 271

Adrift in formlessness, wandering a dream you mistakenly call your own.

* * * *

So many assert heart superior to mind, but how could heart be discerned without it?

* * * *

Ever-changing dream that it is, best never to take anything for granted.

* * * *

We are all the longing of quantum stardust feigning existence.

* * * *

Nobody is just a student; nobody is just a teacher.

* * * *

Any idea is only as strong as its intention.

* * * *

Freedom is yours for the beingness.

* * * *

A-dreamin' in the streamin'.

* * * *

Who can free you, but you?

* * * *

What flame can any moth resist?

* * * *

The monkey-mind; a never-ending jungle.

* * * *

All dogma is the spew of one middleman or another.

* * * *

What seam can there be in that which is indivisibly formless?

* * * *

From nothingness to nothingness, and the pretense of somethingness between.

* * * *

And how they do quibble over the seed of yet another dogma.

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Same Mystery

Different jewelry, same gold.
Different stars, same universe.
Different waves, same ocean.
Different eyes, same mystery.

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The Dualities Born of Light

You are the original source, the light that creates,
All form and shadow, all meaning and purpose,
All duality, in every imaginary way possible.

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Differences That Never Mattered

Existence is a mystery.
It is not a Christian mystery,
A Buddhist mystery, a Hindu mystery,
An Islamic mystery, or anyone else's mystery.
It is equally the same mystery for all.
Any given belief system,
Is merely vanity,
Promoting differences,
That have never once mattered.

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The Time of Consequences

Yet another perceptive observation,
Another witty thought, another clever story,
And not much more to show for it but a fallen garden,
Covered with cement, asphalt, garbage, technology, and conflict.
It is far, far too obvious, there will be no halting our kind,
Until we slam into the mountain of consequence,
Towards which we every moment race.

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A One-Time Design

Nobody has ever seen what you have seen.
Ever thought what You have thought.
Ever done what You have done.
You are a one-time design.
The once-and-only You,
In the once-upon-a-time of it.

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The Existential Moment

Eternal life is merely playing out the existential moment.
The very same moment in which every other creature on the planet,
Is instinctually, seamlessly, effortlessly, simultaneously, selflessly functioning.

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The Ultimate Potential

The ultimate potential of any given mind,
Is not merely to wander and abide the manifest dream,
But to discover the portal, to that which is called god, by many names.
That which each must ultimately explore, completely alone.

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The Timeless Mystery

From the ether of nothing, burst quantum, which formed itself into many earth-wind-water-fire elements,
That created a vast universe, sprinkled with countless stars, around which many worlds twirled,
Upon which, on at least one whirling marble, volcanoes spewed and oceans roared,
And life upwelled into existence, and mutated into biological streams,
One of which gradually, irrevocably, evolved into you,
Mortal witness to the timeless mystery,
To which there are but questions without answer.

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You Are It, It Is You

You are yet another flowering of nature.
How can you even for a moment consider yourself separate,
Or in any way lesser or greater than anything else?
You are it, it is you, there is no other.

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Ignoring the Siren's Song

Through the other, you gradually discern your Self,
Until you perhaps fully drink of the grand elixir of singularity.
Absolutely alone within the peace of the inner sanctum,
Irrespective of whatever songs the sirens sing,
To entice you to crash into the rocks,
Of the ever-tumultuous mind.

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All and None

Ascend the mountain, you are the mountain.
Wander in the valley, you are the valley.
Walk in the forest, you are the forest.
Swim in the sea, you are the sea.
Stroll upon the plain, you are the plain.
You are your world, you are your universe,
And yet through it all, you are none of it, as well.

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Snowflakes of Our Own Device

Why would you ever even contemplate,
Much less expect, any other to be like you?
To see or do anything, exactly the way you do?
We are all just snowflakes here, of our own device,
Forever alone in our individual shard of the singularity.

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Living, Breathing, Being

Why does there always need to be a point? A meaning? A purpose? A value?
What is so wrong with just living, just breathing, just being in the beingness?

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The Lack of Imagination

Some things you do for years; some things for months.
Some for days, some for hours, some for minutes, some for moments.
And some, you just scarcely even need to imagine,
And that is more than enough.
Illusion is for those who lack imagination.

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Where is the Line?

What is close? What is far? What is here? What is there?
Where is the dividing line between you and anything?

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A Solitary Dream

How can it be anything more than streaming sensation?
The eyes, the ears, the nose, the tongue, the skin,
Are nothing more than nerve endings, channeling into the brain,
Which every moment imagines a conditioned translation of what is called a universe.
A solitary dream of consciousness, awareness playing its Self real,
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

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Eternal Presence

The entire religious-spiritual game is just that, a game,
Artificial diversions fabricated by others,
For monkey-minded purpose.
There is only You,
And no other is necessary,
To fully apprehend, to fully appreciate,
The ineffable mystery of every moment's eternal presence.

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Childhood's End

When you are a child,
You speak and think and reason as a child.
But when you grow up, you put away all those childish notions.
What does that mean, really?

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The Great Disconnect

The great disconnect between humankind, and that called god by many names,
Is entirely fashioned of consciousness and the inherent limitations,
Of all concepts lodged in the dualistic temporal vision.
Only those who transcend the false belief,
That they are the mind and body,
Realize what they truly are,
Have ever been, and will ever be.

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You, The Source of All Creation

You are That I Am.
You have ever been That I Am.
You will ever be That I Am.
Utter it however you will,
You can never not be,
The source of all creation.

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Who Created Who?

Was it God that created man in his own image,
Or man that created god in his?
 Seriously folks,
Is it not more than obvious?

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Teaching the Unknowable

You cannot teach what you do not know,
And you cannot teach something well, until you know it very, very well.
And you cannot teach that which can never be known,
 Until you have very, very clearly discerned,
 That you are the unknown.

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A Smidgeon of Crust

Probably 99.99 percent of all life on this garden world,
 Exists between the heights of Mount Everest,
 And the depths of the Mariana Trench.
That is only just a smidgen over twelve miles,
Which is where to where, in your dream of a world?

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The One Teacher

How can there be just one teacher,
When your universe has been laying the foundation,
With every sort of instruction, since long before you were conceived.
Awakening is a timeless process, not any particular mask, not any particular point in time.

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Center Stage

We must all play to the given audience on the given stage.
And no matter how many stages You may,
In any given life wander,
In your own dream,
You are ever lead character,
Immortal protagonist in the grand theater.

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Predator & Prey

Megalomaniacs, narcissists, sociopaths, psychopaths and other predators,
Have always manipulated the course of the human drama,
Because in the natural order of things,
Prey rarely do well,
At more than hiding or dodging or running.
Evasion and subjugation are the hallmarks of so-called civilization.

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The Maze of Existence

You cannot open a door that will not open,
No matter your deepest yearning that it would be so.
Nor can You help but wander through one that seamlessly yawns.
Fate is as fate does; ever drawing You forward to its unknowable conclusion.

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Eternity's Poker Game

You believe you have the power to make things happen.
Well, Pilgrim, only if it is in the cards You were shuffled,
Only if it is the part assigned long before You were born.

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Onc Voice

Some of your finest friends have been dust,
For hundreds, even thousands of years.
But they bequeathed many thoughts,
Which ever speak the same truth,
The same voice, in many guises.

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Serenity

From fear, fearlessness.
From desire, desirelessness.
From passion, passionlessness.
From conflict and struggle, serenity.

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Sodom and Gomorrah

Sodom and Gomorrah arise anew in every epoch, in every geography.
It is the outcome of the monkey-mind's hedonistic nature.
Few move beyond the biological imperative,
And those who do not discern,
Succumb to one consequence or another.

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The Nature of Existence

What is existence but a relatively few breaths,
A relatively few pleasures, a relatively few pains,
A relatively few successes, a relatively few failures.
A relatively few comrades, a relatively few adversaries,
A relatively few anything of everything,
And everything of anything.

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The Idolatry of Middlemen

Idolatry, laced with dogma, has never,
Nor will ever, have anything to do with truth.
Put any middleman who claims otherwise behind you.

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From Knowledge, Eternal Life

What is the point of all this knowledge,
If it does not transmute from trivia into intelligence,
From intelligence into wisdom, and from wisdom into eternal life.

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Waiting for the Mother Ship

Still waiting for the Mother Ship,
To pick you up and return you home, are we?
Well, alas, bad news, amigo, it was long ago sucked into a black hole,
And you – tinker, tailor, soldier, spy – are marooned,
Amid this inexplicable alien species,
For the rest of time.
Best not to scream too loud.

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The Pool of Serenity

Suspend craving, disregard fear, ignore dread,
And what remains but the essential You?
Unwind your weary mind and body,
Dive into the pool of serenity,
That is the source of all.

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The Faceless Unknown

The unknown is faceless.
Put away all the photographs.
Forget the reflection in the mirror.
Shelve all the knowledge of this and that.
You are the immeasurable; You are the mystery.
As pure, as simple, as free, as you allow your Self to be.

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The Malthusian Reality

The first billion population mark was breached by humankind in 1804-ish.
The second in 1927-ish, the third in 1960-ish, the fourth in 1974-ish, the fifth in 1987-ish,
The sixth in 1999-ish, the seventh in 2011-ish, the eight projected in 2023-ish,
The ninth for 2040-ish, and the tenth and beyond whenever-ish.
Seven billion in a little over two hundred years.
To what beyond the pale will Gaia allow us to take it,
Before the Malthusian reality finally kicks us down the line?

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The Courage to Stand Free

The malarkey of fear and superstition and ignorance,
Would have you bow and scrape and pay homage for all eternity.
But in truth, there is nothing to which you are in any way required to submit,
If you have the courage to stand free of all claims, utterly alone,
In the elemental winds of your quantum dream.

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As Sky Is to Clouds

You are not the body, nor the mind; You are not the left hand, nor the right.
You are not the eyes, the ears, the nose, the tongue, nor the layers of nerve-ridden flesh.
You are not the heart or any other organ, nor are You the tip of the biggest toe.
You are naught but awareness, as ethereal as the sky is to clouds.

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Who Are the Blasphemers?

What courage it takes to stand alone, and be that which You truly are.
Do not abide the many true believers who say it cannot be,
For who are the blasphemers, but those who deny,
The truth, that is within and without all.

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Absurdity is Absurdity

Neither supernatural storylines, nor daunting deities,
Nor ornate edifices, nor imposing statues, nor gold-trimmed regalia,
Nor grand paintings, nor elaborate décor, nor great multitudes, do for truth make.
Hokum is hokum, twaddle is twaddle, bunkum is bunkum, claptrap is claptrap, drivel is drivel,
Hoey is hoey, gibberish is gibberish, absurdity is absurdity, no matter the pretense.

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You, Quantum

You, Quantum.
Quantum field.
Quantum infinity.
Quantum freedom.
Quantum tranquility.
Quantum indelibility.
Quantum sovereignty.
Quantum absoluteness.
Quantum indivisibility.
Quantum timelessness.
Quantum singularity.
Quantum totality.
Quantum truth.
Quantum joy.
You, Quantum.

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The Artificiality of History

Why be bound by any historical notion?
Why be crimped by any mythology or tradition?
Why not be entirely free in the sovereignty of awareness?
It is only fear that ordains you acquiesce to any artificial limitation.

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Fathoming Awareness

Now, now, now, now, now, now, now ...
Eternity is right here now, the mystery is right here now,
Prior to all attributes, prior to all assumptions, prior to all identification,
Prior to all movement of consciousness, of imagination.
You are it, and it is You; there is no other.
What is so difficult to fathom,
About the stillness of the ineffable awareness,
Which as simple as simple can be?

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Starting All Over Again

What would you do,
If you were able to begin again,
With a shiny new, completely healthy body,
And all you have gleaned from this brief life, entirely intact?
Would you wander down the same trail,
Or break new ground?

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The Innocence of Childhood

The labor of children is timeless play.
The labor of adults, all too often time-bound drudgery;
A state of mind to which none need succumb.
To retain the innocence of a child,
Is a wondrous talent.

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The Rarest of the Rare

A Self-reflective inclination,
Is obviously not calling,
To every one across the board.
The abyss within, is perhaps too large,
Perhaps too frightening, perhaps too unenticing,
For all but the rarest, to want to peer into at any given time.
The old 'many are called, few are chosen' theme,
Played out in any given solar flare.

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By Gosh and By Golly

You are only fooling yourself, if you think you will be back.
You are only fooling your Self, if you think You will not be back.
You can check out, Pilgrim, but, gosh and by golly, you can never leave.

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The Greatest Doubt

Few are inflicted with the great doubt,
That eventually conveys them all the way back,
To the ephemeral awareness prior to all consciousness.
So many temptations, so many distractions, so many delusions,
On the long and winding ever here now road home.

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All Done?

Are you prepared to leave everything behind?
To be totally, absolutely free, of all manifest claims?
Are you prepared to be, You, absolutely alone, dreamless?
Naught but pure awareness; formless, for all eternity?
Or will you do all this to your Self, yet again?

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A Vast Difference

What a vast difference between
Thinking you are infinity
And being infinity.
One the product of thought,
The other simply mystery its Self.

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Wallowing

And what point is there, really,
In wallowing in all this sentiment,
This passion, this imaginary pretense,
Of such an obviously impermanent nature?

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The Eternal Life of True Nature

Let go all the struggle.
Be completely, unequivocally effortless.
Give yourself over to the beingness, the nowness, the stillness,
Of the absolute awareness prior to consciousness.
It is your true nature; it is the eternal life.

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Absolute Aloneness

No matter how many ways you may find to distract yourself,
No matter how large a family you might propagate,
No matter how many people you may know,
Or the size of crowds you may daily stride through,
You are ever, have ever been, will ever be, absolutely alone.

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All of Page 323

Your dream of existence is a mystery,
That time will never long attest really happened.
Truly not at all different than any tree falling alone in a forest.

* * * *

Creation is an ever-unfolding, ever-evolving transmutation of energy.
Of the stardust, the elements, the quantum, the singularity,
Playing at existence in every way imaginable.

* * * *

When did you under every moment's were this mind-body?
That it belonged to you like all the other possessions,
With which emptiness continually shrouds itself.
What point is there, really, in being attached,
To its ever-changing corporeal nature,
For even one iota of a singular moment?

* * * *

There is no formula in rearing children.
Everyone has their own approach to parenting,
Some for good, some for ill.
And from it all,
Human history unfolds.

* * * *

Group dynamics include in their synergy,
The individual attributes of isolation and fear,
And thus, are often shrouded with irrational notions,
Of self-serving, self-righteous, self-promoting, persecution.

* * * *

When you are merely awareness, you are free.
When you are a mind attached to a body, you are bound.
So guileless, as to be yet another, of the greatest stories never told.

* * * *

Arrogance accumulates many an opportunity for one just reward or another.
Pity they are not always bestowed at all, or as quickly, as might be deserved.

* * * *

What ego could exist without attachment to the body-mind,
And all the perceptions that have been but imagined,
In the streaming dream of absolute awareness.

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Muddied Thinking

You may be the indelible, indivisible, unborn-undying mystery,
But you are still cousin to a hodgepodge of monkeys,
Chimpanzees, gorillas, and sundry primates.
In other words, you are but a beast,
An evolutionary invention,
Of puddle magic,
And muddied thinking.

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Politically Incorrect

It is likely not politically correct to say it,
But is it not obvious there is an array of differences,
Within the human species, the same as every other life form.
Whether insects, plants, fish, birds, reptiles, amphibians or mammals,
There are countless variations across the board, within each and every grouping.
Rottweilers and Toy Poodles are dogs, Persians and Siamese are cats.
And every human being across the world, may walk on two legs,
But in the evolutionary choices made in every geography,
Distinctions in capacity and limitation, are clear as day.
It is not a right or wrong thing, nor a good or bad thing,
Nor any other variety of things, about which to self-absorb.
It is just the way it is; the way it has always been, will ever be.

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Eternal Salvation

Eternal salvation is not about the body or mind or soul being saved.
It is the purging of the fabricated identity, of the ceaseless inventions of the mind,
And timelessly being what You truly are; that which is mystery.
You are the Truth, the Life and the Way.
Be That I Am,
The Self of all selves.

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Every Mind-Body a Destiny

Though there is absolutely no requisite,
For any moment to be played out in any particular way,
Everyone performs their destiny according to the given nature-nurture.
Though someone could perhaps do anything conceivable in the quantum-matrix sense,
Free will is an illusion, and all will journey through whatever destiny their form,
Their capacity and limitation, their amalgamation of desire and fear allows.
For anyone to do something entirely out of mind-body character,
Really just means it was in their character from the get-go.

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Pain Is the Teacher

Pain, whether physical or psychological, is a cruel, unkind, foul,
Nasty, brutal, pitiless, malicious, spiteful, vindictive,
Merciless, vicious, heartless, ruthless,
Harsh and callous meanie.
And ... more than a little likely,
The only way more than a handful of us,
Would probably ever actually learn some things.

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The Awareness Within All

Think you cannot at all get along without someone or something?
Oh, you will, my fine friend, rest assured, you will, indeed.
Whether voluntarily, or from your cold, lifeless hands,
Absolutely everyone and everything will cease to exist when you do.
When this magical mystery tour of a dream reaches its most certain conclusion.
Consciousness is but a temporal state, requiring a vessel of some sort, in which to play out.
The promises of everlasting life, of access to one deity or another, will always prove but empty and vain.
And of what is called rebirth; it is not some individual persona, but the mystery that all things are.
And that quantum “You-ness” born anew, will blow in the nature-nurture winds of its time.
Experiencing many things; always with very much the same awareness within all.

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Cosmic Child

Seriously, who really cares about this mundane universe, or any other?
Set them all down, wander the infinity, blissfully carefree.
Be the cosmic child you have always been.

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One Seed for All

This pale blue dot is but an infinitesimal iota of dust,
In an immense ocean of ineffable mystery.
Who truthfully knows if or when,
You will ever exist again?
But, tell me, Pilgrim, have you ever seen,
Any seed being given a second chance, much less a third?

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Extinction is Nothing New

It is likely inevitable in this vast mystery of a cosmos,
That any given garden world will allow life forms to evolve,
Which will sooner or later potentially threaten their very existence,
Creation is destruction, destruction is creation, extinction is nothing new.

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A Slice of Imagination

Everything simultaneously streaming, unfolding one moment to the next,
In this immeasurable quantum matrix of a holograph universe.
Only your little slice of imagination is about you.

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All of Page 337

How marvelous, for those who were born in the magical land, of the one true religion.

* * * *

There is no such thing as theology, just mythology starting with the twentieth of twenty-six letters.

* * * *

Seriously, what is so great about you, that any supreme being would want to save?

* * * *

How can there be character flaws, when the character is the original flaw?

* * * *

The challenge, is not confusing idolatry and dogma, with truth.

* * * *

Identity is merely awareness, temporarily usurped.

* * * *

The seed you plant is the harvest you get.

* * * *

Every moment erased by the next.

* * * *

In solitude, the peace of transcendence.

* * * *

The tyranny of absurdity is beyond reckoning.

* * * *

Let political correctness be someone else's problem.

* * * *

The ever-accelerating exponential of all things humankind.

* * * *

Curious how our idols become exactly what we dogma them to be.

* * * *

All there is to learn ultimately boils down to how little there really is to know.

* * * *

Yet another vague memory spinning its way toward oblivion.

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The Primary Directive

Any given container is at most,
Only concerned about its biological survival,
And the reproduction of its genetic material in manifest time.
Anything beyond that primary directive is but the recreation of consciousness,
And its seemingly boundless, delusional predisposition,
For bad theater in every venue.

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Vanity's God

Created of the infinite unknown, a mystery beyond all reckoning,
You encapsulate it with your finite vanity,
And call it God.

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The Harbor of All Solutions

To discern a question fully, is to fathom its answer.
Any given problem is harbor to its own solution.

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Grasping Nothing

Once upon a time, you knew so much.
You were a sponge for knowledge,
For every sort of experience,
Until you saw how little,
It all really meant.
And now you grasp,
So much less, so little,
That it is all but laughable,
Perhaps slightly embarrassing,
To recall the conceit and arrogance,
Of that self-assured, youthful innocence,
You so effortlessly consumed not so long ago.

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To Know God

If you would know God,
Then look within, friend, look within.
Look within, so deeply, that it all becomes so indivisible,
That the entire cosmos instantly dissolves,
Into this very moment.

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Who is Content?

What is this thing called hope? What is it for which so many are always hoping?
More fortune? More fame? More power? More pleasure? More respect? More love?
More friends? More health? More harmony? More time? More this? More that?
Who is content with the who-what-where-when-why-how they are right now?

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Stories of the Monkey-Mind

Do not all stories have a certain predictability about them?
Same old monkey-mind plots drawn up with different characters and sets,
Different languages and costumes, different this, different that.
All ultimately merely tributaries of consciousness,
Racing in time back into the eternal,
From which all arise.

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Ever the Same Mystery

The ancients called the elements,
Earth, air, water, fire, ether.
Scientists in these times,
Call it the periodic table.
Intuit it, name it, label it, describe it,
Measure it, organize it, in whatever way you will,
It is, has ever been, will ever be, must ever be, the same mystery.

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The Male and Female Dynamic

Every sexually reproductive species has its evolutionary partnership between genders.
In the human paradigm, males hunted and fished and farmed, protected the perimeter, provided the seed.
Females attended the village, bore and nurtured the young, passed on the culture.
Adapting these ancient relationships, so long in the making,
To a world seething in disassociation,
Is the challenge for the future ever-now unfolding.

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The God Prior to Conception

There is no god in the way you or anyone else across time or space has ever conceived.
That which is supreme is so indivisibly, formlessly prior to consciousness,
That all human concoctions are absurd by any comparison.
And you are it, it is you, there is no other.

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The Internment of Obligation

Such internment this obligation to others can so often be.
For their desire for so much You no longer desire.
For their fear of so much You no longer fear.
For their attachment to so much You no longer cling.
For their passion toward so much for which You feel nothing.

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Figuratively v. Literally

The universe born of consciousness is awash in metaphors.
Though the literal often transcends in many subtle ways into the figurative,
Every sort of confusion and havoc can arise when anything figurative is taken too literally.

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The Relativity of All Things

How white is black? How black is white?
How right is wrong? How wrong is right?
How heavy is light? How light is heavy?
How all is nothing? How nothing is all?
How true is false? How false is true?
How high is low? How low is high?
How far is near? How near is far?
How hot is cold? How cold is hot?
How huge is tiny? How tiny is huge?
How light is dark? How dark is light?
How large is small? How small is large?
How strong is weak? How weak is strong?

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The Rutted Mind

The rutted mind begins taking shape,
As soon as nature and nurture,
Begin meshing in the theater of time.
By the age of grayness and weariness and rigidity,
Ruts run so deep, that new ground is only by the rarest traveled.

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The Way It Is

No matter the effort any mind has ever made,
None have ever changed or altered,
Even one tiny hair on truth's chinny-chin-chin.
The play of consciousness has absolutely no say in the matter.
The way it is, is the way it is, the way it has always been, the way it will ever be.

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To Believe, or Not to Believe

To believe, or not to believe; therein lies the answer.

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So Much Absurdity

So much ambition, so much vanity, so much absurdity,
To be what you already are, have ever been, will ever be,
In this right here, right now, indivisible quantum mystery.

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A Matrix of Quantum Design

Is the fish separate from the water?
The worm from the ground?
The bird from the air?
The sun from the flame?
'Tis a matrix of quantum design,
Pure, simple, nothing more, nothing less.

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The Calling

If it is your calling to discern that which is mystery,
That which is within all, small to great,
You must let go everything.
Yes, everything.
The you, you pretend,
Fabricated by imagination,
Must become so inwardly quiet,
That you divine the awareness You are,
That which is boundless prior to all conception.

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The Illusion of Duality

Duality is nothing more than an arbitrary, meaningless concept,
Born of the sensory illusion that you are separate.
It has no ultimate reality whatsoever.
You are the primal essence that is indivisibly singular,
Unfathomable, absolute, prior to all imaginings born of consciousness.

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The Fickleness of Opinions

Today you have one opinion, tomorrow another, and the day after still another.
How fickle these opinions, and yet how attached we are to each and every one.

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Science v. Superstition

Though we peer across world, and into the far reaches of the universe,
Though we see into the infinitesimal of which all is created,
Still we cling to all the traditions and superstitions,
Of one geographic assumption or another.
How absolutely amazing is that?

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The Boundless Awareness

The boundless awareness is, without any movement of me or myself or I.
It cannot be altered, claimed, manipulated, possessed, or usurped.
It is the untapped spring, the uncarved block, the tabula rasa.
It is the primal source of all; partial or beholden to none.
It is prior to all manifestation, equally present in all;
And ever carries on after the dissolution of all.

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Do Unto Others

The many others across all eternity are no different than you,
And the Golden Rule says it as clearly as it can be said:
Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.
What need for any further suggestions, principles,
Guidelines, rules, decrees, edicts, amendments,
Or commandments or regulations or laws?

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From Beginning to End

Why should you be concerned,
With what others think,
When it is really,
Your own creation,
From beginning to end.

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The Artless Program

Absolute awareness is the underlying operating system,
Upon which all consciousness is artlessly programmed.

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Quantum Everything

Quantum earth, quantum water, quantum fire, quantum wind, quantum sky.
Everything ultimately of the same quantum indivisibility,
No matter how mind slices or dices it.

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The Shifting Sands of Time

All things that arise from the shifting sands of time,
Must inevitably fade and fall and dissolve back into it.

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Under the Sun

Nothing new under the sun, everything new under the sun.
So predictably unpredictable, so unpredictably predictable,
Every unfolding, eternally streaming, matrix of a moment.

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Eight Philosophical Questions

Eight philosophical questions that will never be solved:
Why is there something rather than nothing?
Does God exist? Is our universe real? What are numbers?
Do we have free will? Is there life after death? What is the best moral system?
Can you really experience anything objectively?

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No Choice About It

Life, there is just no choice about it.
Every seed is cast into one fate or another.
Every seed must play out whatever hand is dealt,
Or else conceive a means to fall on one sword or another.

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The Tyranny of Tradition

The past had its momentary window.
You need not allow it to dominate, to control, yours.
The tyranny of tradition has no power, but through your acquiescence.

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All is You

Who knows what incredible mysteries may reside,
On other worlds, in other dimensions, of this vast quantum matrix?
You must rely on your own frame of reference, to hypothesize all possibilities possible,
Yet how can any ever be anything but You, whatever the guise?

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Many chatter away about truth, but none have ever, or will ever own it.

* * * *

Idolatry is idolatry, no matter the myth, no matter the image, no matter the figurine.

* * * *

Who is who? What is what? Where is where? When is when? Why is why? How is how?

* * * *

The Memedom of God: Memeism practiced by memeists seeking memehood.

* * * *

Where would your universe be without you to create and witness it?

* * * *

Psst, Don Quixote, they are just the windmills of your mind.

* * * *

To what new limitation will the body aspire today?

* * * *

The internet: the library of consciousness.

* * * *

You are an audience of one.

* * * *

What effort is woven into a web of lies.

* * * *

Only the eye of the monkey sees itself any different.

* * * *

The hoity-toity rule a silly little world of their own absurd design.

* * * *

Best not to judge other points of history merely through the reflection of your own.

* * * *

For the mind that discerns totality, what matter what is done or undone?

* * * *

A universe without, a universe within, you are That I Am.

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Believers and atheists, all playing their little game, dancing their little dance.
Pretending to know what they cannot, never have, and never will.
To know you know nothing is the only honest stance.
Make-believe may offer some solace,
But no assumption can ever touch what is real.

* * * *

The parochial mind is incapable of discerning its Self.
To explore the farthest reaches and beyond,
One cannot be bound by anything.

* * * *

The journey may begin with the first step,
But the pace along the winding trail,
Is set by the slowest trekker.

* * * *

It is whatever you think it is.
It is not whatever you think it is.

* * * *

More words, ever more words.
More differences, more confusion,
For the witch's brew to simmer and stew.

* * * *

This momentary nowness,
Is all that is really happening.
The dream is just that ... a dream.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Depending on the color of your skin,
The depth of your wallet,
Or the witnesses lined up against you,
Probably best never to assume you will get a fair trial.

* * * *

Curious how so many mystics,
Across time and space,
Give over a portion of their existence,
Attempting to help others discern their inherent freedom,
Often inspiring dogmatic absurdities of every hue in their well-intentioned wake.

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The Only Anecdote

How beyond all pales absurd it at some point becomes.
We prattle endlessly about the silence, the serenity, the austerity, of a still mind,
But to remain in that state every moment, is for most, if not all, very challenging, very unlikely, indeed.
The monkey-mind is ever an absorbing thunder and lightning show,
To which death is really the only antidote.

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The Ineffable Unknown

Call it That I Am, call it Brahman, call it Tao, call it God, call it Self, call it whatever you will.
It is all the unnamable awareness that is prior to all dreams of consciousness.
Absolute, indivisible, complete, supreme, without peer.
And You and everything else, it as well.
There is nothing that is not this ineffable mystery.
Despite all imaginary inventions, it is ever the indelible unknown.

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The Huff and Puff of Imagination

All translation must be observed with a dubious, discerning eye;
Especially the interpreter, the sorter, the filter, in your own inured mind.
Everything you perceive, translates through the biases of your frame of reference;
Entirely subjective, entirely slanted, entirely unique, entirely idiosyncratic, entirely alone.
Step back from your conditioning, and realize, from the dispassionate view of the quantum matrix,
That your entire existence, from womb to grave, is all nothing more than the huff and puff of imagination.

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Eyes That See, Ears That Hear

Dogma is the worldly vision,
Of those who, for whatever reason,
Lack the eyes to see, and the ears to hear,
The infinite mystery, in which each and every one,
Equally participates in so many ways.

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Intelligence v. Ignorance

For memes to let loose their rigid grip,
Would require a revolutionary paradigm shift,
Seemingly well beyond the monkey-mind's capacity.
In the eternal struggle between intelligence and ignorance,
It is not rocket science to predict which mindset will rule the future.

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No Limits for Truth

Who cares who said it?
Or what was said, where it was said,
When it was said, why it was said, or how it was said.
If it is true, it is true, and that which is true,
Can never be bound or captured,
By the limits of mind.

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The Enthusiastic Teacher

If you will not learn something,
Out of some sort of inherent common sense,
Then, rest assured, pain is always an enthusiastic teacher;
In the wings, ever alert, patient, fully armed.

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An Unnatural Relationship

Those who dominate the world have no relationship with nature or themselves.
Therefore, alas, Mother Gaia and all her creatures small to great,
Are condemned to enslavement and destruction,
For whatever coin can be fashioned from their demise.

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Where is the Me, the Myself, the I?

Where is this vain, resolute, notorious “I” we so readily assume real?
Is it the ever-changing body, the ever-changing identity?
Is it the rambling compendium of perceptions?
Can it even be the timeless awareness,
Common to all things living?
How can there truly be,
“Me, myself, and I”
In that infinity which is prior,
To all forms fashioned of quantum vibration?
That which is ageless, formless, indivisible, sovereign, absolute.
That which has never even once suffered mortal birth,
Much less the pangs of imagined death.

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An Ever-Burning Fuse

Every streaming moment, so fleeting, like an ever-burning fuse.
Every point of nowness, gone as swiftly as it arrives.
Everything, but figments of imagination.
Merely a dream of the senses.
A magical, mystery theater of illusion.

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The Nature of Caring

Throughout your life,
You have cared about this or that,
For lengthy, moderate, or brief slices of time.
And yet, sooner or later, care’s capricious nature, inevitably,
For whatever raison d’être, draws to a close.
So, the question becomes:
Why do you care about anything?

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A Momentary Flurry

This garden world has been spinning round and round for several billion years,
And the universe billions more than that, as it will be for eons more.
How can anyone seriously believe their imaginary notions,
Are anything more than a momentary flurry,
In the grand totality of it all?

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The Essential Requirement

What is required to awaken,
Is to inwardly pay very close attention,
In a non-intellectual, prior-to-consciousness way,
Until you very logically, without doubt, discern for your Self,
That you, the witness, the observer, are the observed.
All duality is the concoction of imagination.

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The Pricelessness of Truth

In all its pricelessness,
The irony and paradox of Truth,
Is how little profit it offers those who mine it.

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One Law

There is ultimately only one law in this world,
And it is enforced with complete equanimity by Mother Nature.
Those who ignore or transgress this simple reality,
Inevitably pay one price or another.

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If You Want Peace, Prepare for War

You have an absolute right to protect yourself,
Against any and all who would harm you and yours.
As much as many a heart would choose to see it otherwise,
In this shades-of-gray garden, if you want peace, prepare for war.

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The Mystery of All Mysteries

It is a mystery.
It is the mystery of all mysteries.
It is not a Christian mystery, it is not a Jewish mystery.
It is not a Muslim mystery, it is not a Hindu mystery, it is not Taoist a mystery.
It is a mystery that does not belong to, or favor, any -ist, or any -ism.
It is not subject to any idolatry, it is not subject to any dogma.
It is a mystery free and clear from any and all claims,
By any individual or group across all eternity.

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Forgetting Everything

Forget the body,
Forget the mind,
Forget the world,
Forget the universe,
Forget everything.

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Ever Alone

From infinite to infinitesimal, everything to nothing, known to unknown,
Top to bottom, small to great, here to there, this to that, that to this,
You are indivisibly, infinitely, perfectly, absolutely connected,
Yet completely, irrevocably, forever alone all the while.

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The Reflections of Otherness

There is no existence in any creation, no matter the dimensions, that will not be but temporal illusion,
Because, no matter how hard it tries, Self, the grand witness in all things small to great,
Can never discern its true reality but through the reflections of otherness.
So, delude yourself in any and every way for all eternity,
It is ever the same dreamer dreaming;
Ever You, in one imaginary holograph or another.

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The Nature of Relationships

Family is a given,
Friends, a pleasure,
Acquaintances, tolerable,
Adversaries, a bother,
Enemies, a hazard.

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Groupthink Kool-Aid

The curious thing about most-if-not-all organized religions,
Is they truly believe theirs is the only true religion,
And that their true god will favor only them,
And will cast everyone else into hell.
Groupthink is ever groupthink,
No matter the flavor of the Kool-Aid.

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The Clarity of Now

Sometimes the mind become so clear,
That it seems You have finally awakened for all eternity.
But then the murkiness of consciousness resumes its conditioned grooves,
And You must once again stumble about the convoluted labyrinth of your very vivid imagination,
Until the eternity of every moment breaks through the mists anew.
Perhaps one day You will stay here.

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A Moment of Reflection

“The way of humankind is harsh,” God said wistfully.
“But was it not a splendid creation?” Mother Nature sighed.

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The Immaculate Spirit

Your spirit has never known anything but well-being and good fortune.
It is impervious to the vagaries of any form, any existence.
It is pure, immaculate, untainted, innocent,
To the most indivisible, sovereign, absolute degree.

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One Life to Live

If you yearn a relatively simple, candid, serene, anonymous, streets-lined-with-gold existence;
Better to be born a peasant than a king; better to be a nobody than a somebody.
For there are far fewer constrictions imposed by the many others,
And it is much easier to walk the path you choose.

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Another Fine Day

What hath science and industry and technology and commerce,
Wrought upon this ever-spinning garden world,
And all its innocent residents,
This fine day?

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The Winds of Illusion

History is written by winners, losers, survivors, abiders,
Or whoever makes the effort to set down one version or another.
But sooner or later, all eyes grow dim, and all ears, deaf,
And all chronicles are lost to the winds of illusion.

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Delusion and Absurdity

It is attachment to the mind-body,
That is the source of all this angst and suffering,
All this delusion, all this absurdity.

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No Middlemen Required

True religion, true spirituality, true grace, true faith,
Is a grass roots, solo kind of endeavor.
No middlemen required.

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Of Beginning and Endings

At which beginning,
Do you stop calling it a beginning?
At which ending, do you stop calling it an ending?

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That You Exist

That you exist is not mystery enough?
That you exist is not eternal enough?
That you exist is not time enough?
That you exist is not gold enough?
That you exist is not real enough?
That you exist is not true enough?
That you exist is not holy enough?
That you exist is not sacred enough?
That you exist is not magical enough?
That you exist is not spiritual enough?
That you exist is not purgatory enough?
That you exist is not heaven or hell enough?

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A One-Time-Only Show

When the given existence gives way to inevitable departure of the container,
The vast cosmos that mind and senses have into dreamtime spun,
Will dissolve back into the indivisible quantum mystery,
The given mind-body is a one-time-only show,
Never really “yours” from the get-go.
This is the only imaginary you,
That is, has ever been, will ever be.

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The Unborn-Undying Reality

Why would the moment after the last wheezing breath,
Be any different than the one just before it?
Or the one just before birth,
Be any different,
Than the one just out of the womb?
The totality that is unborn-undying, is without attributes.

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Sometimes

Sometimes you wander,
Sometimes you sit,
Sometimes you eat,
Sometimes you sleep.
Sometimes you are busy.
Sometimes you do nothing at all.
Sometimes you just are, and call it enough.

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Regarding Progeny

If you want to save your children,
From sickness, injury, aging and death,
And the countless forms of torment throughout,
Probably best not to bring them here in the first place.

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Freedom

Free of past, of future, of desire, of fear.
Free of birth, existence, identity, hope, dread, death.
Free of the sensory theater, of the world, of the cosmos, of any deity.
Free of anything and everything, free even of nothing.
Simply awareness, eternally alone.

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Pay Attention

Pay attention.
That moment is gone,
And another who knows how many,
Just streamed by, too.

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The Smokey Reality

Are you really any more,
Than the smokiness of any flame?
That ghostly trail wafting evenly from a pipe,
Is truly as real as your meager role in this ineffable dream.

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The One and Only Truth

You want to know the one and only truth?
It is all You, nothing but You, and You absolutely alone.
Now, Pilgrim, sally forth against the many windmills of space and time,
And discern yet again, You are the source, You are the mystery,
If such dreamtime fate be yours in some future telling.

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Either You Got It, or You Do Not

Either you have the incisive intelligence to discriminate it, or you do not.

No waffling, no babbling, no playing-the-middle-maybes.

No ifting, no anding, no butting about it.

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Nothing to Do, Nothing to Undo

Nothing to grasp, nothing to spurn.

Nothing to say, nothing to take back.

Nothing to know, nothing to not know.

Nothing to establish, nothing to dissolve.

Nothing to hold on to, nothing to let go of.

Nothing to embrace, nothing to relinquish.

Nothing to borrow, nothing to pay back.

Nothing to retain, nothing to renounce.

Nothing to accept, nothing to reject.

Nothing to do, nothing to undo.

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The End of Karma

Discerning the infinite truth of your Self,

Erases all karma, erases all consequences,

And aligns your dreamtime fate with eternity.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 385

What Need for Religion?

Why does anyone need any religion to be kind?

Why does anyone need any doctrine to be considerate?

Why does anyone need any scripture to live a pious existence?

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The Confabulations of Mind

It is through language that all conscious distinctions are made.
Prior to the articulation of imaginary self through personal pronouns,
Prior to the fabrication of knowledge, Eden was free of any dualistic notion.
There is no god, there is no devil, there is no heaven, there is no hell,
But through the ceaselessly absurd confabulations of mind.

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Things, Things, Things

Shopping, shopping, shopping, until you be dropping,
Looking for the next thing you just cannot possibly exist without,
But will very likely forget as soon as it is stowed away in one closet or another.

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When the Curtain Falls

You need not keep rehearsing, you need not continue practicing.
You have your little character down, you have it figured out.
The big challenge now is enduring getting off the stage,
Taking off the costume, and departing the theater.

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All the Same

Hot or cold, hard or soft,
Awake or asleep, engaged or unengaged,
Honest or dishonest, clothed or naked, seen or unseen,
Clean or dirty, comfortable or uncomfortable,
Self-absorbed or self-absorbed,
It is all the same.

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What is Anything?

What is freedom?
What is truth?
What is real?
What is not real?
What is aloneness?
What is indifference?
What is absoluteness?
What is contentment?
What is detachment?
What is equanimity?
What is happiness?
What is serenity?
What is bliss?
What is totality?
What is the Way?
What is That I Am?

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An Ocean's Dream

One man's babble is another man's song; one man's pleasure, another's pain.
No one sees, hears, tastes, smells, feels, anything the same.
We all sail alone within an ocean's dream.

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From Where Did Nothing Come?

The origin had to be nothing; else something could not be.
But where oh where did nothing come from?
The ultimate unanswerable question.

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Sounding the Depths

Going further than a couple zeros on either side of the decimal point,
Is the abstract realm of theoreticians of one focus or another.
Scientific abstractions, as accurate as they may well be,
Jump through cerebral gymnastics all but meaningless to daily existence,
Wherein consciousness must every moment sound the depths of its own imaginary invention.

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Traces of Perception

Traces of perception,
Harvested by the senses,
Warehoused on a neuron trail,
For imagination to fashion,
Into another bit of time.

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From First Breath to Last

From the first breath to the last,
What is the sensory mind really about,
But hedonistic consumption of its universe,
And a narcissistic fixation with an imaginary self.

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Mystery's Expression

Nature is the mystery's expression,
And humankind but one of its myriad creations.
Separate only in consciousness, dualistic only in the mind,
In no way any less indivisible than all creation can be from its creator.

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Intelligent Design

What is this inexplicable universe, but an immense aquarium, filled to the brim with quantum essence;
Playing out every conceivable permutation consciousness might project, and physics allow.
Intelligent design, indeed: indivisible, total, sovereign, real prior to any perception.
The everything and the nothing, indelible, well prior to anything imaginable.
And you, sovereign witness, born of the same enigmatic source.

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Put Up or Shut Up

If Jesus and his omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent Daddy,
Really want/need to be believed in, as much as so many seem to assume,
Well, then let him reappear and prove two thousand-plus years,
Of idolatrous absurdity were worth the wait.
Put up or shut up, so to speak.

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Cutting Loose

That baggage you daily carry about in your mind,
Jam-packed with knowledge, likes, dislikes, fears, desires, worries,
Hopes, beliefs, regrets, all the this's and that's, that formulate your dreamtime universe;
You could just put it down for a bit, perhaps even never pick it up again.
But no, cutting loose of all your imaginary renditions,
That would be beyond all pales.

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Misinterpretations of the Literal Mind

Mystical writings across the world,
Are figurative how-to manuals for budding mystics,
All too often misinterpreted by minds spun in the unwavering literal.

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The Preciousness of Innocence

One of the many challenges of growing older,
Is reminiscing one's youth, and the yearning for all the things,
Queuing up to be seen and heard and tasted and smelled and touched and understood.
The preciousness of innocence can only be lost once.

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The Audacity to Stand Alone

The play of imagination requires collusion for the world of mind to abide.
As Shakespeare through Hamlet spoke: To be, or not to be, that is the question.
You need not give over to any of it, if you have the wit, the audacity, to stand alone.

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The Raison D'être of Absurdity

What hope can there possibly be, when the bar,
Is set at meaningless, irrational absurdities, across the board.
When nature is usurped, ravaged, squandered, in every way, in every corner.
When the absurdity of trivia and distraction, carnivals and clowns, power and fame and fortune,
Become the mainstay, the lifeblood, the prime directive, the raison d'être.

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The Gaping Abyss

The sages say, look within,
And when you do, you find zilch, nada, zip, nil.
And so, you begin looking everywhere else for something, anything,
Because a still, gaping abyss could not be all there is.
It just has to be more than naught,
But, alas, it is not.

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No Need for Belief

What nonsense, this need to believe in anyone or anything,
Much less have anyone or anything believe in You.
Here You are: unknown, indefinable, timeless.
Nothing to believe in, nothing to prove,
Once the beingness of awareness
Has reclaimed its primacy.

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Gazillions and Beyond

What will the dreamtime you now witness,
Be in 10 or 100 or 1,000 or 10,000
Or 100,000 or 1,000,000
Or gazillions beyond counting.

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Imagination Askew

Why would you need for anybody,
To know you, or know of you,
Once you discern your absolute nature?
Vanity is nothing more than imagination gone askew.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 400

What Will Happen?

What will happen to your world, your cosmos, after the body disincorporates?
What will happen to everyone and everything after you are no longer present to witness it?
Imagine the dissolution of consciousness, of letting go of everything,
As everything is simultaneously letting go of you.

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All of Page 401

Your raison d'être is what you think about alone in the darkness.

* * * *

The nothingness offers little into which imagination can bite, ergo, much ado about it.

* * * *

Every birth the creation of a new universe; every death the destruction of one.

* * * *

You have never been anywhere, but this ever-present, eternal now.

* * * *

What petty gods that needs incessant worship and praise.

* * * *

Creator and creation are always one in the same.

* * * *

It is a quantum-eat-quantum universe.

* * * *

So many carnivals, so little time.

* * * *

Lost in time, found in time.

* * * *

A collusion of imaginary proportion.

* * * *

The senses and mind timelessly creating time.

* * * *

It is not how or where you begin, but how and where you end.

* * * *

The senses are the veil that words sew with the robust thread of imagination.

* * * *

Identity is something of a trespasser, a squatter, upon the indivisible indelibility of awareness.

* * * *

Life is a string of momentary decisions, choices, to which the only end is death.

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Forget Everything

Forget everything.
Dismantle the conditioning;
The attachment to any conceptual weavings.
Become that which has no boundaries.
That which discerns no duality.
No within, no without.
No inner, no outer.
No this, no that.

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What Cannot Be Known

See what cannot be seen,
Hear what cannot be heard,
Smell what cannot be smelled,
Taste what cannot be tasted,
Feel what cannot be felt.
Be what cannot be known.

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Regurgitating Illusion

How draining it can so often be,
To daily regurgitate and play out,
This imaginary edifice of perception,
That has no ultimate reality, whatsoever.

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The Sands of Illusion

You are but one of a universe chock-full of every sort of pattern,
Playing out its programming, for as long as the given design abides,
Its written-in-the-sand destiny, in its transitory slice of time and space.

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Front and Center Stage

Every mind, front and center stage, in an entirely different play.
Each and every one, the leading star of their own show,
All costumed up to reveal the inner reflection.

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The Futility of Persuasion

The literal-minded will never comprehend truth,
No matter how adroitly it is articulated.
It requires a figurative awareness,
To ascertain the ultimate.

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The Unreality of Consciousness

As fascinating and absorbing as history,
And all things intellectual are,
They are all imagined,
And therefore, ultimately, unreal.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 404

Call of the Siren

Born again into yet another manifest form,
And through her innumerable sirens, the primordial mother,
Beckons you with every imaginable enticement,
To one rocky shoal or another.

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A Stitch of Time

Somewhere along the line,
You realize it just does not matter anymore,
But carry on as if it did, just to play out the character designed,
The pattern being woven in your little stitch of time.

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Hold Fast to Rationality

The Jesus-walking-on-water allusion is obviously figurative from a quantum perspective.
And he probably brought the wine and bread, and Lazarus was more than likely not really dead.
Accepting anything literally that you have not for your Self scientifically observed and/or experienced,
Is generally a dubious misstep into the ceaselessly precarious absurdities of any and all delusion.
Hold fast to the rational, the sensible, the balanced, the coherent, the logical, the realistic

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Awareness is Awareness

Awareness is awareness.
Neither light nor dark, right nor wrong, strong nor weak, vibrant nor passive,
Kind nor cruel, sweet nor bitter, great nor small, good nor evil.
Absolutely indifferent in every way imaginable.

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Save the World?

Save the world? What, pray tell, is there to save?
How can that which was never spent, ever be depleted?
That which was never something, ever be nothing?
That which was never one thing, ever be two?
That which was never light, ever be dark?
That which was never born, ever die?

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The Spring of Eternal Life

The newborn is pure awareness.
In the infant and child,
The seeds of consciousness,
Begin gradually sprouting in the mind,
In whatever direction the winds of time may blow.
But it is in the awareness, that all truly are,
Have always been, will ever be.
It is from the source of all,
That eternal life ever springs.

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Peace on Earth

Peace on earth,
Requires peace of mind,
And good will towards each and all.
What are endings but outcomes of beginnings.

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Therapy for the Seer

Therapy for the blind is vision;
For the deaf, hearing; for the hungry, sustenance;
For the numb, feeling; for the artist, creativity; for the gluttonous, more;
For the seer, the mysterious unknown.

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All I Can Tell You

You ask me who ... I tell you I do not know.
You ask me what ... I tell you I do not know.
You ask me where ... I tell you I do not know.
You ask me when ... I tell you I do not know.
You ask me why ... I tell you I do not know.
You ask me how ... I tell you I do not know.
All I can tell you is ... I am That I Am.
All I can tell you is ... you are, too.

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All of Page 410

How seriously to take this kaleidoscoping dreamtime, depends on your nature.
To be light and breezy all the time, well, few can truly manage to be that free.

* * * *

Where is the exact demarcation between this so-called good and evil?
A line or two in the sand of an ever-shifting consciousness, indeed.

* * * *

Any given universe offers an all but infinite set of experiences,
But no lesson is ever learned until you teach it to your Self.

* * * *

Wisdom is wisdom across all time, across all space.
None can ever possess what is discernable by all.

* * * *

Barefoot in the remnants of an ocean wave;
What is that sand rushing between your toes,
But You in yet another of the myriad forms.

* * * *

Any given mind is an ever-fluctuating wander-fest,
No matter the landscape or horizon or pale beyond.

* * * *

The garden world you might have happily preserved,
Were such a thing even possible, was long ago undone.

* * * *

Feel the craving of worms for your sack of juicy, tasty flesh,
As you wander above ground for only but a little while longer.

* * * *

Are you looking at things with fresh eyes, with an alert, serene mind;
Unfiltered, uncompromised, untethered, by the mirage of imagination?

* * * *

Unless their actions force you to pay attention to their ceaseless absurdities,
Why should you care even one iota, what all the other monkeys think and do?

* * * *

Amazing as it is, in its function as a portal, into this touchy-feely sensory dreamtime,
What a revolting piece of work, the human body, once you yellow-brick-road it closely.

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Too Small a Vision

Contending that there is no god, does not necessarily make someone an atheist.
It may simply be asserting that one refuses to subscribe to a limiting definition.

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Earnest v. Discerning

God is prattled about in consciousness; merged into, in awareness.
Always a case of earnest conviction versus discerning equanimity.

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Good Fortune

Count the boulder fortunate that it need not collude itself a boulder,
And can merely sit alongside the river, watching its dream stream by.

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The Forever Unknowable

Any earnest scientist inevitably discerns that the observer is the observed.
Measurement can only go so far, before it evaporates in the limits of imagination,
The pale beyond which, the eternal immeasurability, is forever unknowable.

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The Only You

Your entire universe,
Is but a speck of dust,
At the tip of a fingernail,
At the edge of the infinity,
That is all, the only You,
You have ever been.

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All the Differences

A different time, a different existence.
A different appearance, a different dream.
A different world, a different universe.
All the differences; same mystery.x

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Why Believe in Anything?

And why do you need to believe in anything concocted by mind?
Is not just being enough, without all the babble born of imagination?

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Life Eternal

All the attachments,
To all the things,
To all the memories,
To all the relationships,
To all the this's, all the that's;
What weights chaining the free spirit.
Distractions from the ever-present awareness,
In which life is eternal, in which the real You, ever are.

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A Case of the Munchies

It is a god-eat-god world; chew well.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 419

It Is What It Is

It is what it is.
Nothing anyone anywhere has ever said or done,
Is saying or doing, or will ever say or do,
Will ever change it even one iota.

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Scientific Method

Scientific Method ... noun ... a method of procedure,
That has characterized natural science since the 17th century,
Consisting in systematic observation, measurement, and experiment,
And the formulation, testing, and modification of hypotheses.

- 1) Define the question
- 2) Gather information and resources (observe)
- 3) Form hypothesis
- 4) Perform experiment and collect data
- 5) Analyze data
- 6) Interpret data and draw conclusions that serve as a starting point for new hypothesis
- 7) Publish results
- 8) Retest (frequently done by other scientists)

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The Given Ear

Whether words imprison or free, depends upon the ear.

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The Ephemerality

I have given you conscious reality.
Through this mind, you exist.
Had we never met, or had I never heard of you,
You would not be, but through the wide-ranging intuition of all things possible.
Outside this awareness, this consciousness,
You do not exist.

You have given me conscious reality.
Through your mind, I exist.
Had we never met, or had you never heard of me,
I would not be, but through the wide-ranging intuition of all things possible.
Outside your awareness, your consciousness,
I do not exist.

What is the world but a brief ephemeral dream for all.

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What Did He Really Mean?

Included in the relatively few quotes attributed to or about Jesus in Christian mythology,
And largely misinterpreted by those many inclined to idolatry and dogma:

Know thy Self; Love thy Self; Physician, heal thy Self;
You shall love your neighbor as your Self;
To thine own Self be true;
Husbands, love your wives as your Selves;
Have this mind in your Selves, which was also in Christ Jesus.

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The Illusion of Free Will

You really believe you have free will?
Only if you are in denial of all that has transpired,
In the eons long before you were born.
What will play out will play out,
As if choreographed,
With unimaginable precision.

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The Way

Sometimes you create.
Sometimes you preserve.
Sometimes you destroy.
That is the way of it.

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The Sandbox of Eternity

It is a god-eat-god cosmos.
Everything in one pattern or another,
Because that is how this mystery matrix works,
For as far, for as wide, for as deep, for as long,
As the quantum sandbox of eternity plays out.

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The Instinctual Roots of Groupthink

Group, herd, gaggle, flock, swarm, mass, crowd, throng, rabble, drove, multitude, company,
Host, army, pack, troop, gang, troupe, party, band, bevy, knot, cluster, bunch,
Posse, crew, surge, stream, huddle, school, horde, hive, mob.

So many words describing groupthink.
An instinctual thing; functional until it is not.

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Time's Illusion

If yesterday and tomorrow were real,
Why cannot you see and hear and touch and taste and feel them?
Even this moment is forever done and undone.

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So It Goes, Deal With It, Get Over It, Move On

The natural laws govern all creatures, all things, from small to great.
Gibberish is not what makes the universe spin round and round.
There is not some deity tracking demerits on a naughty list.
Heaven, hell, is the world you every moment imagine.
You are ultimately on your own, completely alone.
Even your mother cannot shield you for long,
From the long and winding road ahead,
On which the many agonies and ecstasies,
Will reveal the lessons to which you subscribe.
So it goes ... deal with it ... get over it ... move on

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The Essential You

All the sensations, all the passions,
All the concoctions of mind and body,
None are the essential, real You,
The sovereign, immaculate,
Absolute witness,
The heart of awareness,
The oneness prior to all dreams.

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The Earnest Seeker

If it is your fate to discern a larger perspective,
Than the given geography allows,
You must exit the cave,
And leave no stone unturned,
In the hologram your mind perceives.
And in reality, it may not be at all that necessary,
To leave the squalor of the cave, or turn over even one stone.
The only real question is whether or not you seek to be free of all constraints.

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On Your Own

Truth is not something for which you must petition permission to discern, to realize.
You are on your own, ever alone in an odyssey of Self-discovery,
Within the infinite essence of the quantum sea.

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The Long and the Short of It

Life, long no matter how short, short no matter how long.

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The Immortal Presence

The course humankind has taken is not all that inspiring anymore.
The petri dish is getting too trashed, too crowded,
Too predictable, too absurd.
It is all vanity and greed,
And there is really no way out,
But for the rarest, most astutely discerning,
Who can, in the face of any temporal sensory temptation,
Maintain a steadfast immortal presence in the eternal “so it goes” of it all.

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Free Will Looking Forward, Fate Looking Back

It may all be written in the sands of time,
But it is you who must live it out, one moment at a time.
Free will, such as it is, looking forward,
Fate looking back.

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The Delusion of the True Believer

Even when their dream is afire,
Human beings have the delusional capacity,
To believe that a deity is looking over them, protecting them,
And that he/she/it, will help them somehow continue on, as they always have.

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Interest v. Boredom

The ongoing interest in anything, is in the comfortable appreciation,
Of its fathomable aspects, of its layered subtleties,
Of its unfolding nuances.
And boredom, too much of the same.

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The Cosmic Mind

The cosmos is an eggshell; the mind a beak.
Eternal salvation is the sovereignty of every given moment.
It is the ineffable timelessness of awareness, that the perpetual now ever offers.

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Nothing Undone

From the ultimate perspective, there is likely not anything,
You have not done or said or thought, or at some point will.

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The Edge of the Petri Dish

Is the human species really that much different,
Than any bacteria consuming its way,
To the edge of a petri dish?

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Wandering the Eternal Life

To wander the eternal life,
You must be both in and out of life,
In each and every breath, each and every step.

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Strolling the Mountain

Discerning the one and only truth within and without;
As arduous as a long, winding climb to the highest mount;
As effortless and agreeably simple as a stroll in an idyllic park.

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So Many Sounds, So Many Concepts, Same Mystery

All these sounds are but interchangeable concepts describing the same unfathomable reality:
God, Brahman, Buddha, Jesus, Allah, Soul, matrix, unicity, oneness, stillness,
Indivisible, sovereign, absolute, awareness, consciousness, bliss,
Serenity, divinity, nothingness, totality, ether, dream,
Universe, quantum ... mystery ...

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Moderation in All Things

Best to take ecstasies in small measure,
Agonies with a whopping dollop of stoicism,
And moderation as regularly as possible.

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Are You? Are You Not?

Who are you? Who are you not?
What are you? What are you not?
Where are you? Where are you not?
When are you? When are you not?
Why are you? Why are you not?
How are you? How are you not?

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The Tit for Tat of Quid Pro Quo

This world is your home.
You were born here,
You will live and die here.
There is no other viable alternative.
If you do not cherish her, if do not nurture her,
She will tit for tat you, she will quid pro quo you, in spades.

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No Need for Religion

All religion is unnecessary, pointless, superfluous, gratuitous.
Whether one deity or many, not one is real, not one is true.
All are imaginary inventions, collusions, lies, of the monkey-mind.
What dogma, what idolatry, can there be, in the indivisible formlessness?

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Reality

The dream births you,
Attends you,
Feeds and clothes you,
Gives you pleasure, inflicts pain,
With every intention of someday killing you.
And you, in return, accept your destiny, and believe it all real.

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The Synchronized Moment

It is the same awareness in all,
Dreaming eternally in one simultaneous here now,
Witness to all genesis, in every way, in one synchronized, indivisible instant.
I, Quantum ... You, Quantum ... He, Quantum ... She, Quantum ... Us, Quantum ... All, Quantum.

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The Limitations of Mythology

Have we not seen enough cults to know that every group creates its own mythology,
To sustain its groupthink vision, its groupthink vanity, its groupthink raison d'être.
No need to believe, no need to follow, no need to subscribe to any limited notion.

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Another

Another place, another time, another sunny day, another stormy night,
Another conversation, another meal, another cup of coffee, another shot of whiskey,
Another book, another movie, another television show, another play, another song, another photo,
Another workday, another vacation, another holiday, another anthropological event,
Another journey to the privy, another shower, another preening moment,
Another war, another accident, another birth, another death,
Another creative moment, another amusement,
Another ... another ... another ...
Another so it goes.

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Why So You?

Why so sad?
Why so angry?
Why so fearful?
Why so serious?
Why so zealous?
Why so rushed?
Why so lonely?
Why so needy?
Why so you?

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Save! Change! Become!

What urgency is there in this universe,
Once you recognize it for the dream it is.
What is there to save, to change, to become,
But what you are, have ever been, will ever be,
What you are not, have never been, will never be.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 445

What Need to Believe Anything?

Why would you really need to believe the mythology,
The folklore, the legends, the customs, the traditions, the history,
All the many perceptions, of any given culture, ultimately real and important,
Including the dreamy sliver of space and time that you call your own?

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Too Hot, Too Cold

The dilemma with too much is that it is just too much,
The dilemma with too little is that it is too little,
And the amazing thing about almost right,
Is how few seem satisfied with it.

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The Tabula Rasa Mind

What is any given childhood but an empty mind, an innocent mind, a tabula rasa mind;
Not yet filled with a lifetime of perceptions, of desires, of fears, of dreads,
That future agonies and ecstasies, will over time imagine real.
Forget everything; be reborn into the timelessness.
Into what you were before all beginnings.

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An Imaginary Reverie

Ultimately, this reverie is nothing more than a passage of imagination.
Ever-kaleidoscoping perceptions to which you are so attached.
The key to freedom is in the stilling of the busy mind,
And a clear, discerning, fearless detachment,
Toward the infinity of sensory hooks,
Playing out within and without.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 450

The Rise and Fall of Consciousness

On a small spinning pale blue dot, in an outback of a brief manifestation,
Vanity arose in a noisy flurry, for barely a whisper of the space-time it imagined real,
Before relatively quickly dissolving back into the indivisibility of its fundamental quantum nature.
Such is the outcome of all imaginary forays inspired by the theater of consciousness,
In the likely very rare moments that it manages to evolve into being.

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The Wonder of It All

There is nothing everlasting about any form, about any dynamic.
Nature is a chaotic divinity; illusion an anchorless dream.
And through it all, is an indivisibility, so cosmic,
Only in wonder can it be comprehended.

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A Curious Fact

Curious how many find it so unfathomable,
That every other life form small to great,
Is born of the same intelligence as we.

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The Sea of Relativity

All these traditions,
All these geographic assumptions;
Vainly vying for supremacy in a world of dreams,
Where all patterns small to great orbit in a vast sea of relativity.

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All In

Everyone is dealt a different hand,
In this poker game of time and space.
Each plays it out as the given cards allow,
But it is nothing more than smoke and mirrors.
And someday, no matter how well any player bluffs,
Every stack of chips inevitably topples in the last wager.
Masks and players ever change, but the game goes on and on,
For as long as the house has the cards to shuffle and chips to play.

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Stop Pretending

Stop pretending you know anything.

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How Brief It Is

... eternity ... birth ... an imagined existence ... death ... eternity ...

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Repeat After Me

The real You is indivisible, unchanging, sovereign, absolute.
Repeat after me: I am the Way, I am the Truth, I am the Life.

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Pure Awareness

True meditation is not at all forced,
And no tradition, no scripture, no posture, no symbol,
No dogma, no mantra, no status, no garb, no diet, no gender, no vernacular,
No attribute contrived by the monkey-mind is in any way required to abet its momentary process.
Pure awareness is the source, the baseline, the witness, of all quantum creation.

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Poof!

You are born now, you live now, you die now.
Time is just a temporary state of imagination.

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Regarding Advice

If someone was really going to take your advice,
Would they have even needed it in the first place?

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True Believers All

You are so caught up in the sensory dream,
So hypnotized, so conditioned, so brainwashed,
That you believe it all real, you believe it all important.
You believe everything thought, you believe everything felt.
All is vanity, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but,
And it the key to the mind in which you reside.

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The Courage to Stand Alone

Find your own voice, free of all the conditioning.
Free of the misinformation and disinformation of propaganda.
Free of the indoctrination and habituation of any brain-washing, whatsoever.
It is in there if you have the courage to stand alone against all tides.

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The Story of History

There are those who create history, those who regurgitate it, and those who ignore it.

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Regarding Speculation

The challenge is to never believe any speculation to be more than speculation.

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Settling for Mystery

How can anyone ever even begin to settle,
For any infinitesimal egocentric-ethnocentric-geocentric-solarcentric vision,
Of this beyond-all-pales enigma of a mystery?

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The Truest Anything

The true scientist, the true historian, the true anything,
Never gives up questing as accurate a rendering,
As their swirl of consciousness can muster.

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Cousins of the Same Puddle

All life is born of the same origin, the same source.
Despite our attachment to genetic bloodlines,
We are all cousins of the same puddle.

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A Singular Serenity

Across the universe, throughout eternity,
There are an inestimable number of perceptions,
Within each and every imaginary moment,
From each and every imaginary angle.
So boggling as to make any mind,
Singularly serene in wonder.

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The Medicine Bag

The great number of hallucinogens,
That Gaia across her orb offers,
Take those open to inner exploration,
Down many trails, across many borders.
For those who would pursue a grander vision,
It a journey to be taken as dauntlessly as will allows.

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Bwahahahahaha ...

From the bliss of the womb,
Through the birth canal, into hell.
Thank you, Mother, thank you, Father,
For an excursion surely no one of sound mind,
Would ever even more than fleetingly fantasize taking.
And the real nightmare is you know what:
That it might well happen again.
Bwahahahahaha ...

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The Deepest Furrow

Each and every mind falls prey,
To whatever prompts the paramount delusion,
To whatever carves the deepest furrow in the patterned mind.

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The Tribal Mind

Group dynamics are group dynamics, no matter the size or nature.
Really nothing more than tribalistic notions founded in the jungle long ago.
The common denominator of all religions, nation states, families, and high schools.
Just the monkey-mind over and over in different levels of self-absorption.
Egocentricity, ethnocentricity, geocentricity, heliocentricity,
Were written into the original DNA source code,
Long before the will born of mind,
Began plying Darwinian truth to its own ends.

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Quantum Matrix

Quantum light.
Quantum sound.
Quantum vibration.
Quantum consciousness.
Quantum awareness.
Quantum mystery.
Quantum home.
I, Quantum.

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Suicide is Not Cheating

Suicide is not cheating death;
Only taking a hand in how it will happen,
Rather than lingering for a more tedious, painful finale.
Charon still earns his obol for yet another voyage across the river Styx.

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Specialization v. Generalization

Specialists often tend to be blind to many things outside their sliver of interest,
And generalists too wide-ranging to cultivate much depth in the immensity of theirs.
It can be a cannot-see-the-forest-through-the-trees, trees-despite-the-forest, chasm thing.

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Hell and Damnation

So many spending their existence trying to be good, trying to stay out of trouble,
Based on the contrived belief in an extremely jealous, vengeful deity,
That will see that they are eternally judged and punished,
If they fall short of the dogmatic mark.

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Many Called, Few Inclined

Much easier to worship idols,
Much easier to follow someone else's law,
Than it is to perceive the timeless within for your Self.
Many are called; few are inclined.
So it goes.

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The Indivisible Truth

Despite the muddle humanity has in every way imaginable made of it,
How can it possibly be that all creation is not fashioned of the same source?
All the creeds ever devised across all eternity cannot negate this one indelible truth:
That the quantum in one is the quantum in all, and the quantum in all is the quantum in one.
No one possesses the ultimate indivisibility any more than anyone or anything else,
Regardless of the incalculable machinations of the undiscerning multitudes,
Given over to every imaginable paradigm under any given sun.
Do not be drawn into delusion by the fog of words.
Monkey-see-monkey-do is not bona fide.

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That Which is Prior to Consciousness

That which is prior to consciousness is awareness.
Awareness is timeless; consciousness, time.
Awareness is still; consciousness, movement.
Awareness is reality; consciousness, imagination.
It is what it is; nothing less, nothing more, nothing but.

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All You Are

All you are, all anyone or anything else is,
Is the timeless awareness playing out a pattern,
A blueprint, a design, an archetype, a genetic construct.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

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Of a Philosophical Nature

Philosophers, students of existence that they are, ponder anything and everything.
No stone is left unturned as many times as are needed to learn,
Whatever it is he/she is born to discern.
We are all seekers seeking out one fate or another.

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What Are You?

What are you, but,
A historical collage,
An economic statistic,
An anthropological result,
A psychological adaptation,
A sociological paradigm,
A scientific curiosity.

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Pandora in a Bottle

Consciousness is an evolutionary mutation of instinct.
The fruit of this garden world is knowledge.
Once it was plucked from the vine,
Once Pandora's Box was opened,
Once the Genie was out of the bottle,
All the cards followed suit, all the dominos fell.
Much less about original sin than it is original separation.
The rub is reattaching the fruit, closing the box, corking the bottle,
Shuffling the cards, and somehow putting Humpty-Dumpty back together again.

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Perceiving the Mystery

Why would anyone be unable to see this mystery as anything but a spontaneous creation?

Why would anyone embrace any make-believe dogma, when none are essential?

Why would anyone adhere to a deity limited by any vain confabulation?

Why would anyone debate the fact that they are whatever it is?

Why would anyone ever feel the need to be anything,

But very much present, very much right here, right now.

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Labels, Labels, and More Labels

What is this monkey-mind need to identify with things,

To always be describing ourselves in so many ways,

Tagging ourselves as so many this's and that's?

As if all the labels have ever meant anything.

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Why Others Are Required

Bother that it is for those who must endure the mortal aspect,

The quantum essence cannot know its Self but through creation of the other,

In as many ways as possible as often as possible, to better reflect upon all things imaginable.

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The Upshot of Patterns

Wisdom is the upshot of a great deal of pleasure, a great deal of pain, in every way imaginable.

It is the outcome of having witnessed patterns over and over enough,

To well anticipate their inevitability.

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Differences and Similarities

How similar we are in our differences; how different we are in our similarities.

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Law of the Club

Call it justice, call it revenge,
But some form of law will be kept,
By whoever possesses the fiercest club,
In whatever way the pendulum of time swings.

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Si Vis Pacem, Para Bellum

This world is filled with great violence and chaos.
Most cannot afford a bodyguard, much less an escort,
So it is prudent to always be at the ready should need arise.
Si vis pacem, para bellum: If you want peace, prepare for war.

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The Evolution of Warfare

A fist is a stone is a club is a sword is a spear is an arrow is a bullet is a bomb is a missile.
In warfare born in the jungles, in the rivalries of long ago, the relativity of tool-making is all.

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The Unknowable Unknown

Every life form is of a seed line,
An eternal thread of life sowing new life,
All evolving from life's origin, however it began,
To which speculation and conjecture proffer every answer.
That the unknown is forever unknowable does not seem to register.

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Science, the Student of Nature

Physics is physics, chemistry is chemistry, biology is biology.
Nature is what it is; the rubrics of the game are set.
Play well, or suffer the consequences.

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Zeroes, Zeroes & More Zeroes

How big is big? How small is small?
Scientists, mathematicians, and other bean counters,
Always adding zeroes to every end,
To what end?

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True Science

Science that does not flow with nature is not science.
Science that manipulates nature to unnatural ends is not science.
Science that generates mayhem and destruction upon the garden is not science.

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The Final Chapter

From the neurology of the primal brainstem, the dawn of consciousness,
Gradually evolved into the imaginary perception of a separate self.
The inherent collusion of a species on its journey of survival.
In the nothing more, nothing less, nothing but of it all,
The challenge is to move on to the final chapter,
To discern the unconditional singularity,
The origin of all things quantum.
Whether or not that will ever happen,
Will be in some far-future-stay-tuned telling.

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Why Not Every Day?

And why should not every day be rife with contemplation of the unknown?
Why should not every day, even in the tempest of great activity, be a day of rest?
What is it so many are striving to be, to prove, in this most astounding dream of time?

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The Nature of Genius

A writer is precise with words,
A mathematician, with numbers,
An artist, with shape and color,
An athlete, with movement,
A musician, with notes.
Each its own genius.

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The Eye of Mystery

The eye of mystery is within all,
But it is the rare who seek and discern it,
And the rarer still, who become it.

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A Citizen of the Cosmos

Ultimately, the task is to move beyond flag-waving for some mind-made outcome,
And discern that you are really a resident, a citizen, of the cosmos, across all eternity.

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All for Nothing

You work so hard to become something in this world, in this manifest dream.
Challenging to realize, challenging to accept, that it was all for nothing.
The winds of vanity ... nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

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Where Differences Dissolve

The quantum clayness plays out any given genetic function,
Without judgment, without qualification, without rhyme or reason.
Consciousness is witness to the innumerable differences,
Awareness, to the indivisibility of the all.

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Who Can Out-Do Anyone?

Who can out-Wittgenstein Wittgenstein?
Who can out-Schopenhauer Schopenhauer?
Who can out-Aristotle Aristotle?
Who can out-Lao Tzu Lao Tzu?
Who can out-Heraclitus Heraclitus?
Who can out-Kafka Kafka?
Who can out-Buddha Buddha?
Who can out-Plato Plato?
Who can out-Yogananda Yogananda?
Who can out-Aristotle Aristotle?
Who can out-James James?
Who can out-Ram Dass Ram Dass?
Who can out-Ashtavakra Ashtavakra?
Who can out-Watts Watts?
Who can out-Marx Marx?
Who can out-Descartes Descartes?
Who can out-Patanjali Patanjali?
Who can out-Arendt Arendt?
Who can out-Nietzsche Nietzsche?
Who can out-Sartre Sartre?
Who can out-Locke Locke?
Who can out-Thoreau Thoreau?
Who can out-Emerson Emerson?
Who can out-Bacon Bacon?
Who can out-Descartes Descartes?
Who can out-Vonnegut Vonnegut?
Who can out-Krishna Krishna?
Who can out-Hume Hume?
Who can out-Ikkyū Ikkyū?
Who can out-Machiavelli Machiavelli?
Who can out-Comte Comte?
Who can out-Whitman Whitman?
Who can out-Rousseau Rousseau?
Who can out-Russell Russell?
Who can out-Hobbes Hobbes?

Who can out-Foucault Foucault?
 Who can out-Kierkegaard Kierkegaard?
 Who can out-Mill Mill?
 Who can out-Confucius Confucius?
 Who can out-Osho Osho?
 Who can out-de Beauvoir de Beauvoir?
 Who can out-Aquinas Aquinas?
 Who can out-Carneades Carneades?
 Who can out-Hess Hess?
 Who can out-Diogenes Diogenes?
 Who can out-Smith Smith?
 Who can out-Parmenides Parmenides?
 Who can out-Pascal Pascal?
 Who can out-Chomsky Chomsky?
 Who can out-Thales Thales?
 Who can out-Wollstonecraft Wollstonecraft?
 Who can out-Muhammad Muhammad?
 Who can out-Shankara Shankara?
 Who can out-Sina Sina?
 Who can out-Derrida Derrida?
 Who can out-Epicurus Epicurus?
 Who can out-Kant Kant?
 Who can out-Aurelius Aurelius?
 Who can out-Socrates Socrates?
 Who can out-Dewey Dewey?
 Who can out-Aristotle Aristotle?
 Who can out-Voltaire Voltaire?
 Who can out-Hegel Hegel?
 Who can out-Holshouser Holshouser?
 Who can out-Plato Plato?
 Who can out-Socrates Socrates?
 Who can out-Heidegger Heidegger?
 Who can out-Arendt Arendt?
 Who can out-Zoroaster Zoroaster?
 Who can out-Jesus Jesus?
 Who can out-Camus Camus?
 Who can out-Spinoza Spinoza?
 Who can out-Krishnamurti Krishnamurti?
 Who can out-philosophize the weight of history?
 Hemmed in by the sages of the ages, we are, we are.

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(Revised and Expanded 2022)

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Once the life course has been set, once the world view has been molded,
A fair number of monkey-minds do not do well with too many choices, too many options.
Many feel the need to change, even destroy anyone, anything that is too different,
Which for some means almost everyone and everything on the planet.
What a thing to be so confined, so narrowed, so limited,
So incapable of embracing the great all of it.

* * * *

Why maintain any sense of fabricated self, any sense of imaginary identity, at all?
To pretend you are other than the awareness of the eternal moment,
That which is real, that which is true, that which is all,
Why would you want to do such a thing?

* * * *

So many artists, so many inventors, so late in the game, looking for a novel niche,
Something no one has, under the given sun, ever done.
Good luck with that.

* * * *

Krishna, Buddha, Lao Tzu, Zoroaster, Moses, Jesus,
Socrates, Aristotle, Muhammad, Confucius,
And on and on and yawn and yawn.
All clichés, all stereotypes,
All two-dimensional souvenirs,
Afflictions of time upon the timeless.

* * * *

You fell into the dark pool, the primal abyss of vanity.
To what narcissistic delusion will you submit this day?

* * * *

In the statistical relativity of it all,
Things likely could be far worse or far better.
Gratitude is an attitude, a mindset well worth cultivating,
If the hand you have been dealt in this game of life is at all equitable.
Count your blessings if you are so fortunate as to have some.

* * * *

Here you are: eating, drinking, sitting, walking, running;
Living out each and every day, sleeping through each and every night.
Here you are, witnessing the sensory dream playing out every moment in your mind.
Here you are, seeking meaning and purpose, in a vista that offers none,
But through imaginary intercourse with perception.

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What is humankind but an assortment of strands of evolving-devolving chromosomes,
Rushing about in every way imaginable, often pretending all the while,
That its little play of consciousness is somehow important,
To a cosmos likely indifferent to its existence.

* * * *

Insight into the unknown has never been a group thing, and never will be.
Groupthink only muddles the truth of it into one absurdity or another.

* * * *

True religion, true belief, true faith, true conviction,
Is surrender to the beingness, the aloneness of the eternal moment.
There is no deity, no creed, no dogma, no groupthink.
It is for you, and you alone, to discover.
So simple, as to be discerned, in each and every breath.

* * * *

And to those who abide in the biblical framework,
What is the length of a day, what is the length of a night?
What is anything having to do with space-time,
To those harboring the eternal eye?

* * * *

Why would anyone ever be in denial about the good news,
That they were the quantum creator experiencing its creation?

* * * *

Dissolve back into the quantum womb of your origin.
Free of all desire for existence, free of all fear of existence,
Discern the unicity, be the unicity, prior to all born of imagination.

* * * *

Your body and mind are riddled with every sort of fear and worry,
The post-traumatic stress of the synergy of life's ever-streaming currents,
Some soft, some harsh, but all sculpting you, as the winds of time do all things.

* * * *

Challenging, perhaps all but impossible,
Not to discern the sensory present through the countless filters,
The mind-body's tree rings from a lifetime of abiding the dreamtime of the given universe.
Only the newborn perceives it for the kaleidoscoping unknown that it ever is,
And none for long as the mind steadily puts order to the chaos
Into which it has from oblivion been cast.,

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Pardon Me

Pardon me for inquiring, but why do some humans ...
Seem to loathe nature and her many creations?
Become so determined to control others?
Go to such extremes to feel happy?
Believe gold so important?
Seem to delight in hurting others?
Partake in so many preposterous notions?
Corrupt the world with so many unproven creations?
Despise so many others simply because they abide by different values?
Become so vain about their bodies that they cloak them with every imaginable costume?
Focus on so many differences when there is so much more in common?
Acquire so much more than they could ever need or use?
Bear children in whom they have little interest?
Create a world so indigent and forlorn?
Learn so little from history,
And are so blind to its reckoning?

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The Buddha Mind

What is the Buddha mind, the eternal mind,
But the mind that thinks without thinking, sees without seeing,
Hears without hearing, smells without smelling, tastes without tasting, feels without feeling.
The sensory theater is but an ephemeral, ever-kaleidoscoping dream.
A quantum play, nothing more, nothing less.

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What Would It Have Been Like?

What would it have been like to only know a tiny slice of this garden world?
To have lived among a small group in forest, a valley, a prairie, a mountain, an island, a desert.
Communicating orally using a unique language spawned by the given geography.
Scratching out an arduous existence with nascent tools and weapons.
Wearing simple attire, living in caves or modest shelters.
Hunting, fishing, gathering, harvesting.
Consuming whatever the niche about you offered.
Gazing up at the boundless unknown in wonder, perhaps in dread.
Weaving stories, establishing traditions, rituals, customs; creating myths, legends, gods.
The prehistoric etchings of what we vainly call the modern, civilized world,
All in the same eternal moment it has always been, will ever be.

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An Eternal Game of Hide-and-Seek

We spend so much of our existence spouting over and over and over:
I am this ... I am that ... I am not this ... I am not that ... I am ... I am ... I am ...
When in truth it has all along been the indivisible quantum nothingness,
Playing a timeless game of hide-and-seek with its Self.

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A Dystopian Nightmare to Extinction

How did we evolve into playing it out in such discordant fashion?
What is this monkey-mind need to believe in anything?
What is this insatiable craving for power, for fame, for fortune?
Here we are, somewhere near or past the summit of our brief history of time,
And where can it possibly go, but into some dystopian nightmare, on a sure road to extinction.

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A Solitary Existence

What would existence be like if you were completely alone for the rest of your life?
Whether in a valley, a forest, a mountain, a desert, a tundra, or an island,
What would it be like to never see another human being again?

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No Authority in the Here Now

No set of writings, no persona, no group,
Should ever be accepted thoughtlessly as some authority.
Everything should be approached vigilantly, rationally, with a critical eye.
You are captain of the given mind-body to which You are witness.
Take command of your helm, navigate your own course.
History has its station, but You are here now.

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What Is to Believe?

Breathe in the cosmos ... breathe out the cosmos ...
Breathe in the cosmos ... breathe out the cosmos ...
Breathe in the cosmos ... breathe out the cosmos ...
What is to believe?

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Immortal Aloneness

The mystery, the unknowable you truly are, is utterly anonymous.
Identity is but the temporal fabrication of consciousness,
Of imagination, and its secular attachment to form.
The source, the awareness, is prior to time, prior to mind,
And the rare who fully discern it, abide in the unassuming solitude,
The sovereign, unconditional, indivisible, immortal aloneness of eternal life.

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Blind Acceptance v. Rational Doubt

To accept blindly is foolish; to doubt rationally is prudent.
Why should you accept anything you have not discerned for your Self?
Why accept any fable, any myth, any legend, any folktale, any fairytale, any invention,
Without some reservation, some critical inquiry, some judicious oversight?

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What is the Point?

All religion, all science, all technology, are proving to be ultimately nonsensical.
What is the point, the raison d'être of all this knowledge, really,
If it only ends up in mayhem and annihilation?

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The Bounds of Natural Law

Why would you believe, beyond-the-pale-more-than-unlikely events, happened thousands of years ago,
When you have never once, witnessed anything outside the bounds of natural law?
All are folklore born in the forges of one groupthink or another,
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

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The Blade of Discernment

Within the unfathomable immensity of the quantum matrix, endless fallacies flourish:
Mirages, hallucinations, illusions, visions, delusions, fantasies, figments.
Where the unreal is made real, form after kaleidoscoping form.
Where every Kansas is an Oz, and every rope a snake,
Until with a sharpened blade of discernment,
The Gordian Knot is cut, and all again real become.

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Death by Ennui

If you break down existence into its many parts, sub-parts, and sub-sub-parts:
Food, sex, work, play, cutting the nails, trimming the verge, agony and ecstasy, ad infinitum,
Going round and round in the same groove, doing the same old thing over and over,
What would really be so enticing about existing in some imaginary forever?
The manifest dream must renew its Self, else it will die of ennui.

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Regurgitating Absurdity

You really – despite a mind chock-full of so-called religious knowledge,
To which you cleave with such self-absorbed tenacity – do not know anything of the great unknown.
All you are doing is regurgitating the countless absurdities of universes forever undone,
Instead of fully living in the given right-here-right-now, free of all claims.

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The Nature of a Philosopher

As with any organism small to great born into this whirling garden world,
Human consciousness seeks out similar wavelengths within the spectrum of possibilities,
Thus preserving, spreading whatever perceptions, whatever memes, are harbored in the given mindset.
To discern one's conditioning, and perchance to be free of it, or at least attentive to it,
Requires a skeptical, introspective nature of the highest order.

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The Wind of Mind

Those who know of you, shall remember both the good and bad about you,
But gradually, they will cease thinking about you, except in rarer and rarer moments,
Until all traces of you wash away, and you are forgotten completely,
As all things finite eventually are, and must ever be.
Vanity is but the wind of mind.

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The Consequences of Actions

How many things will you steal before you discern the meaning of honesty?
How many deceptions will you spawn before you discern the meaning of integrity?
How many people will you harm or destroy before you discern the meaning of compassion?
How much life will you live before you realize every act ripples out far and wide?

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A Labyrinth With No Operator's Manual

For any newborn, fresh from the womb, a whole agony-ecstasy existence underway,
And no operator's manual to aid in the long and winding labyrinth.
Just a world chock-full of memes striving diligently,
To absorb them in endless absurdity.

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The Sculpting of Fate

What is birth but the beginning of a story, and death its end.
It is in the manifestation, the consciousness, that all creation unfolds.
For the newborn, not a care in the world – chaste awareness,
Witnessing the senses buzz away, slowly sculpting,
The chronicle, the legend, the fate ahead.

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Just Another Cancer

With all our so-called astuteness and aptitude,
To ultimately comport as mindlessly as any cancer,
Is irony and absurdity intertwined well beyond measure.

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Widgets of the Ordinary Sort

An examined existence is an unlikely probability,
In those whose thoughts been prompted by a dreary education,
Bent on shaping the given mind into a mundane widget of the ordinary sort.

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What Is the Point of Education?

What is the point of an education that does not inspire critical thinking?
What is the point of an education that does not inspire the mettle to inquire fully?
What is the point of an education that does not inspire the capacity to question everything?

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A Sensory Weaving

What are the sensory organs – eyes, ears, tongue, nose, flesh – of any mortal vessel,
But readers of the ever-streaming colors, flavors, tastes, smells, and textures.
What is any universe, but awareness witnessing the creative handiwork,
Of the mind's rendering of the data, the nervous system weaves?

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Entirely Up to You

All the words and symbols, all the theories and speculations, mean diddly-squat.
It is up to you to perceive, on your own, all alone, for your Self,
The one and only You, prior to consciousness

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To Simply Be

What is it, to be completely vulnerable, spontaneous, without artifice?
To bear no vain notion, to merely exist, without concern or motive?

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The True Enemy

The mind caught in the web of friend and foe,
Will find the true enemy is the division within.

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No Bounds

Truth is truth, reality is reality,
Bound by neither light nor sound,
By neither form nor concept,
Bound by nothing in all.

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A Voice From the Wilderness

You may speak the truth clear as day,
But only those hungry for what is real,
Can hear a voice from the wilderness.

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The Blend of Contraries

Right begets wrong; wrong begets right.
Love begets hate; hate begets love.
Yes begets no; no begets yes.
Good begets bad; bad begets good.
White begets black; black begets white.
In everything, its contrary, waiting to bloom.

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Grasping an Enigma

The great tombs only show how fearful some can become,
In their vain attempts to grasp that which is but an enigma.

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Soon Enough

Enjoy your quickly fleeting youth as best ye may, for as long ye may,
For you will, if you manage to survive, be geezer or hag soon enough.

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On Playing the Game

Temporal existence is a game of sorts,
In which by being born you must in one way or another play a part.
A game in which you must somehow learn the written rules, as well as those never once uttered.
A game you must endeavor to play as well as your capacity and limitation allows,
For as long as the mind-body endures the agony and ecstasy of it,
Or at least for as long as it manages to interest you.

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Whimsicalities

The one-percenters and their minions will always find a way,
To make a dime on the whimsicalities of the bottom-feeders.

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Ever the Same Inexplicable Mystery

How attentive are you the garden world about you?
The birth, the death, and all the exquisite dancing between.
And all the befores, all the durings, all the afters,
Ever the same inexplicable mystery.

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What Is v. What Should Be

Like it or not, examining what is, is far more real,
Than spouting an endless array of what-should-be's.

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Prior and Beyond

Look prior and beyond all religion,
And recognize for your Self the one and only Truth,
That you are That I Am; the source, the ground, the essence, its Self.
You are eternal, singular, sovereign, absolute.
There is no other.

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The Same Deity in All

Why would you believe some deity
Would be more interested in you than everything else?
You really think being a tree, an insect, a fish, or a bird, is any less absorbing,
Than all the inflated silliness, you are ever-managing to concoct?

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Witness to Everything

What agony, what ecstasy, it is to exist; every possible delight, every possible torment.
Each and every life form – across all space, across all time – experiencing a unique rendering.
And the awareness, prior to the quantum play, witnessing it all – right here, right now – in every way.

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If you were that which is mystery, and wanted to experience each and every one-of-a-kind creation,
How else to do it but by casting your Self center stage in each and every role?
It is, indeed, a god-eat-god, beyond-all-pales mystery.
And you are the mystery, in just one of its incalculable forms.

* * * *

No one is truly free in this mortal human paradigm.
Ultimately, all are bound by one frame of reference or another.
Bound by geography, culture, religion, language, gender, conditioning, events,
Capacities and limitations, ambition, opportunities, ad infinitum.
Like it or no, that is how the genetic lottery rolls.

* * * *

Timelines within timelines within timelines,
An indivisible quantum sea playing out a space-time relativity.
Everything written in the sands of ever-timeless time,
For you to discern as mind and heart allow,
In this very mortal walkabout.

* * * *

Who, what, why, when, where, how are you,
But imagination attached to its manifest dream.
Still the many thoughts the senses inspire,
And be the anonymous, faceless one.

* * * *

Someone spins a parable; the future calls it scripture.
And if enough join the cult, it may even become a religion.
Dogma and idolatry and persecution and mayhem, sure to follow.

* * * *

What is memory, but electrical impulses whizzing down neural trails?
What is emotion, but biochemical secretions oozing through membranes?
It is imagination's translation of sensation, that navigates any given existence.

* * * *

So many families with unhappy, wretched sagas.
What is that worn adage about blood being thicker than water?
What might that mean, if twists of irony and paradox were to tinge the brew?
Is it thicker than the water of the womb? Is it thicker than the milk of the mother's breast?
Or is it perhaps the blood bond, the mutual covenant between the truest of friends?
Are alliances we choose, more robust than the one into which we are born?
Is the blood-bond of friendship thicker than that of water and milk?

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All the so-called scriptures were written by seers and sages,
Really no different than anyone who has pondered existence before or since.
We are all cousins of the same puddle, responding to the life and times into which we are cast.
The geography, culture, language, technology, and on and on, are inevitably different,
But guaranteed, beyond all doubt, we are all very much the same monkey-mind,
And prior to that, very much the same quantum stardust of all creation.
It is but a veiled, temporal play, in which the myriad players,
Are, in the ultimate eternal reality, one in the same.

* * * *

Discerning eternal life takes a little more insight than mere belief teamed up with hope.
It is always right here, right now, but you must have the astuteness, the wit,
To realize, to perceive, that time is but a notion of consciousness,
Masking the eternal here-now, the majestic theater,
Within which all manifestation dances.

* * * *

How many books have been written since the advent of the printed word,
Most of which have been long lost, many likely all but unread.
So much thought, so much effort, and for what?

* * * *

What is this herd instinct to follow, to imitate, to duplicate?
Why would you ever need or want to mimic anyone else's vanity,
When your own recital is surely more than absurd enough?

* * * *

Every mind imagines a world to which its nature-nurture,
Its capacities and limitations, its frame of reference, subscribes.
No one can be more or less than what the genetic lottery has allotted.
Any rubber band, no matter how elastic, can only stretch so far.

* * * *

Eternal life is the instinctual default for all life forms,
And though many creatures may exist with some sort of sense of time,
Humankind is so immersed in it, as to need religion and every other form of distraction,
To offset the pain and suffering that a mind, chock-full of memories, inspires.

* * * *

The extraterrestrials will have a great time exploring our relics, watching our movies,
And perusing all the bookstores and libraries that managed to stay open until the pithy end.
We will be big hit in some galaxy far, far away: the little green scholars and twelve-legged bards,
Will cast nets far and wide in every sort of speculation about humankind's rise and fall.

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How would it be possible that You are not ultimately the same Me as Me, and Me the same You as You?
The same He as He, the same She as She, the same We as We, the same It as It, the same All as All
Identification with the mind-body is the pretense, the façade, the charade, of consciousness.
At the quantum fount, how can it be anything, but same all in one, the same one in all?

* * * *

Have you really, ever thought, said, or done anything all that different,
Than anything thought, said, or done countless dreamtimes before and since?
Perhaps, but likely ever so rarely, and really, naught but minor tweaks,
In the eternally evolving patterning spun of quantum stardust,
In the puddles and jungles of the unfolding long ago.

* * * *

What is the smallest small, what is the largest large,
And what are you if not the awareness, the nothingness,
The indivisibility, that weaves within and without all.

* * * *

How can there be happy endings,
When there is no conclusion to anything?
Perhaps happy process, but beginning and endings,
Are but the punctuation points of consciousness,
Caught in the filament of unfounded notion.

* * * *

How interesting it would be to know the stories,
Of all the things you have lost or sold or given away.
To know whether they are still being used and cherished,
Buried in some landfill, or a part of some collector's potpourri.

* * * *

Human existence, as it is known,
Is about the accumulation of imaginary conceptions.
To release the mind that attains, is to relinquish all, to the eternal nowness,
The timelessness that is as near to the one and only ultimate reality,
As awareness, through mindfulness, is capable of realizing.
Only in a very serene mind, only in that awareness,
Can the mystery you truly are, be realized.

* * * *

You may believe all this the intentional working of some supreme-on-high deity,
But even if that is true, it must certainly be subject to the same force underwriting all.
Subject to the same evolutionary process, the same pool in which all attributes ebb and flow.

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That the cosmos, that You, exist at all, is beyond the scope of all rationality, all sensibility.
And yet why should the ultimate truth, not be forever impenetrable, unfathomable, inscrutable?
Why should it, how could it, ever be required or obligated, to make any sense whatsoever,
To any but the relatively rare few, inexplicably called to witness its indelible way.

* * * *

And in that oblivion, that obscurity, that emptiness, that gap, that space,
That abyss, that vacuum, that void, that nothingness,
That nada of awareness, You are.

* * * *

Unhook the engine, let loose all the baggage cars.
Be that sharp-cutting-edge, up-front-and-center awareness,
That which was never born, that which never dies,
That which You truly are and are not.

* * * *

Even if there is some on-high deity,
What need to constantly bow and scrape?
What need to tarry in guilt and self-loathing?
What need to again and again pray for forgiveness?
What need to beg for what is not freely given?
What need to give thanks even once?
What point projecting vanity,
Upon that which should have none?

* * * *

Real spirituality is a solitary endeavor.
If You are following some beguiling personality,
Or participating in some strain of intoxicating groupthink,
Rest assured that You need to push the reset button.

* * * *

What You do or say today,
In no way makes you duty-bound,
To play it the same in any given tomorrow.
It is nothing more than vanity that strikes a bargain,
That You incarnate the same persona from one day to the next.

* * * *

Be the world, the cosmos, everything You imagine it might contain.
Do not be held back by the innumerable limits of your given conditioning.
Stand alone, absolute, indivisible, inscrutable, the zenith of your panoramic view.

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At some point on some day after some tomorrow,
Consciousness, as humankind has portrayed it, will simply disappear.
And on and on the abiding earth will whirl, until the cosmic dominos fall, however they will.
And more likely than not, despite all science fiction to the contrary,
No alien species will ever come across all the residue,
Of our relatively transitory tenure.

* * * *

Of all the knowledge gleaned since the fruit of the garden was figuratively picked,
Your little set is but a speck of a bit of a tad of a drop of a crumb,
Of a trace of a fragment of a morsel of a smidgen,
And yet all of the all, all the while.

* * * *

You can likely carry on, despite what others think of you.
Unless, of course, they are willing to beat you up, enslave you, or even kill you,
In which case, you should probably tread lightly, or even run.

* * * *

Identity is a charade born of the monkey-mind in some long ago,
A mortal game that you are forced to play to one degree or another,
If you wish to survive for at least a modicum of mind's potential.

* * * *

The only way any teacher ever becomes truly inspiring,
Is if he/she has at least one student earnestly seeking to learn.
For them to happen into each other, well, that, my friend, is the rub.

* * * *

We all have an individual worldview, a unique universe of our own making.
All are equally authentic in their own indelible, imaginary way.
And yet, all are created equally of the same origin,
The same inexplicable mystery.
There is no way it can ever be truly changed.
It may gradually evolve into something somewhat dissimilar,
But its roots will always harbor the conditioning of its nature-nurture beginnings.

* * * *

You see and hear and taste and smell and feel,
Through the mind-body filter, to which you are so attached.
The memes of dreamtime have molded you into a pattern you think you.
Only by discerning the indivisible awareness prior to the nature-nurture programming,
Can the essential, intrinsic freedom, of that which is timeless, that which is eternal life, be truly won.

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Witnessing the Mystery

The human paradigm, perhaps the paradigm of all manifest, conscious existence, created of awareness,
Is about consumption of the given sensory feed: sights, sounds, tastes, smells, textures.
Experiences of every imaginary scope, filling every conceivable moment.
Meditation is a state of beingness, less about consuming,
Than it is riding the kaleidoscoping wave,
Impassively witnessing the inexplicably timeless mystery,
That which has neither beginning nor end, cause nor purpose, rhyme nor reason.

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An Imaginary Veil

To discern the awareness prior to consciousness,
You must look prior to all the perceptions, all the memories,
Prior to all the thoughts drifting willy-nilly in the smoke of imagination.
Consciousness is but an imaginary veil, behind which is ever the essence You truly are.

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How Could It Be Anything Less?

As limited as any given manifestation must be to dream any existence,
The ultimate You – omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent –
Is within all creation and the space between.
Why would anyone imagine it to be anything less?

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The Web of Life

You very likely, are not at all concerned what happens to some seemingly insignificant life form,
In a tide pool or stream or valley or desert or mountain or ice sheet, in another corner of the world.
But, comprehend it or not, that web of life, of which absolutely everything is part, is why you exist.

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Every religion began as a sect, a cult, of supporters, of enthusiasts, of followers, of groupies,
Who worked very diligently to persuade others they were gatekeepers of the truth,
And should be acknowledged, venerated, and compensated accordingly.

* * * *

To all those who class themselves higher, greater, more substantial,
Know that behind your back, or after you have left the room,
There are many who snigger at your inflated absurdity.

* * * *

Are you really this form, this mind-body?
Or is it merely a vehicle for consciousness to play out its dream,
And you nothing more than a passenger, a witness;
Awareness, timelessly observing it all.

* * * *

Until you left the tranquility of the womb, there was no other.
And once you moved out into the roar of the world,
Consciousness began its sculpting,
And here you are.

* * * *

Why would it possibly matter what anyone thinks of you?
Be your sovereign universe, and allow others the same.

* * * *

To which modern time might we be referring?
All modernity has its moment in each and every mind,
And all are forever lost, the very instant they become memory.

* * * *

Humankind reached its first billion in 1804.
Its second billion in 1927.
The eighth was up and about by 2023.
Eight billion two-leggeds in just over two hundred years.
The total number who have ever lived is estimated to be a 100 billion or more.
How can any paradise ever hold up to such a feeding frenzy?

* * * *

Attitude is all.
With the flip-flop of a thought, sorrow becomes joy;
Bad, good; bitter, cordial; anger, calm; violent, gentle; arrogant, humble; sour, sweet; dark, light.
The remedy to a dualistic world, is the within that is within all withouts.

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We humans are all animals here,
Mammals with consciousness enough, with imagination enough,
To perceive the sensory play in such a way as to fabricate the notion, the absurdity, of individuality.
Animals with a beyond-the-pale aptitude for communication and tool-making.
But animals, nonetheless, animals, nonethemore.

* * * *

If you were in a jungle, and had not learned the means, the tools, necessary for your survival,
How long do you think others would share the boon of their skill in the hunt?
Every bird must abandon the nest, flying upon its own wing.
Anything less is not the Way of Eden.

* * * *

Why is every man not respected, venerated, as one would,
A grandfather, a father, an uncle, a brother, a husband, or a son?
Why is every woman not treated, respected, venerated, as one would,
A grandmother, a mother, an aunt, a sister, a wife, or a daughter?
What is it that makes our kind so callous toward strangers?
Why are we so caught up in the squalor of differences,
Rather than the common thread weaving all?

* * * *

This brief dream is likely just a one-shot dog and pony show,
In your mind-body's, so very vain sliver of forever,
So, enjoy it as best ye may, while ye may,
For it will all be over sooner than soon enough.

* * * *

Even the most vile foe, is teacher to you, and you to s/he.
There is no occurrence that has not played its part,
In your reaching this moment in dreamtime.
You may not much care to offer heartfelt thanks,
But the truth of it, best be acknowledged for what it is.

* * * *

There are always subtleties within subtleties within subtleties.
No one ever achieves excellence any first time,
Nor does anyone ever truly know everything about anything.
Attaining mastery always takes practice; the beginner is always a beginner.

* * * *

Go back to the You before the mortal body, and forward to the You after it has fallen away.
Of what importance is this ever-changing vessel, this vague set of imaginary notions, really?

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The addictive mind is an insatiable mind, a consuming force, obsessed with every possible extreme:
Food, sex, alcohol, drugs, religion, power, fame, fortune, materialism, greed ad infinitum.
A habitual, undisciplined, pride-filled mind, driven to debilitating dependency,
By what is really nothing more than a kaleidoscoping sensory theater.
Ever running from the aloneness, the stillness, the essence,
Of the indelible mystery permeating everything.

* * * *

Here You are – awareness, consciousness, imagination – timeless, right here, right now.
And really no answers to the questions: who, what, where, when, why, how.
Agnostically faking it the best you can, the modus operandi.

* * * *

Desire and fear and dread saturate the primordial roots of every human endeavor.
From the dark jungles, obscure and ominous, passion burned across the world.

* * * *

What is any history but what some storyteller's imaginary frame of reference,
Coupled with the translation of your frame of reference.
Very dubious from the get-go.

* * * *

Who are you to argue with somebody who wants to believe in a deity,
That is as real as the Tooth Fairy or the Easter Bunny or Santa Claus?

* * * *

What is the body but a bag of perceptions,
Of memories, of desire, of fears, of ecstasies, of agonies,
All cavorting in eternity's indivisible stillness, in every way imaginable.

* * * *

Why investigate and corroborate anything and everything to your satisfaction?
Because you are a scientist, and resolute, exacting reflection, is first and foremost.

* * * *

The future of Eden – relentlessly corrupted by the mind of humankind – daily unfolds.
The purity of its Darwinistic origin, forever tainted by the cancer it before time fostered.

* * * *

Nothingness is the timeless constant, within which, every imaginable variable –
Each and every one fashioned of the quantum essence and its ever-shifting nature –
Ever condenses and evaporates, like clouds in the sky, in its unborn-undying here now.
The mystery has been labeled by many names, to which, it has never even once answered.

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Pretend you are already dead.
Die to time, literally be here now, right here, right now.
As still as the morning dew, totally alone, eternally present, not a care in the world.
All knowledge vaporized, no family, no friends, no enemies, no problems.
No attachment to the agonies and ecstasies of the sensory feed.
Unequivocal negation of any and all assumptions.
No body, no identity, no possessions.
Just attentive awareness.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

The awareness, the spirit, the soul, the essence, the mystery;
How can it be said to belong to anybody, if not everybody and everything?
In the raging sea of metaphors, it is all very much the same.

* * * *

What is any given mind but a set, a bag, an array, of programming.
A circulating loop of habituation, conditioning, brainwashing.
A frame of reference believing its thoughts real and true,
Its manufactured identity sacrosanct and enduring.

* * * *

How ludicrous to imagine that we really know anything,
That all our speculations mean diddly-squat,
That all our ceaseless wordplay,
Is any more than another form of wind.

* * * *

What are the shades of gray between black and white,
Good and bad, right and wrong, right and left, bitter or sweet,
Or any other dualistic notion born of the monkey-mind's play of time?

* * * *

The difference between any you and any me, is all in our heads, is all in our minds.
Our perceptions, our imagination, our relentless emphasis on the ever-kaleidoscoping universe,
Playing out every timeless moment, bewildering us all with its inexplicable veil.
And who has the unshakable witness behind the curtain ever been,
But the same You that is Me, the same Me that is You.

* * * *

And if it is perchance in your cards to figure out this mystery of mysteries,
How far will you glean it? What will you say? What will you do?
How will you play this, what might be called, fate of fates?

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The Last Page

Every one the same quantum indivisibility playing the manifest theater real.
Every one the immortal essence peering through mortal eyes, feigning a mortal game.
Every one as free, as aware, as their shard of spirit demands, and mind allows.

* * * *

Those whose destiny it is to become seers ponder many things
Until they gradually become aware of the foundation of consciousness itself,
And in that observant attentiveness to the awareness that never sleeps,
Their minds discern that from whence all things come and go,
And in that awareness merge back into the indivisibility
Of the eternity that is, has ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Is there any creature, any form, fashioned in this vast universe,
That does not journey to the conclusion of its paradigm?
All nature is naught but patterns within patterns,
All functions of the same choicelessness,
All programming of quantum design,
Indivisible within one and all for all eternity.

* * * *

The quantum indivisibility is sightless,
Soundless, senseless, odorless, and tasteless.
Only in consciousness does any universe appear real.

* * * *

If the world, if the universe, was truly real,
How could it, would it, every instant be changing?
Only you do not change, only you have ever been the same,
Only you have ever been the one and only you,
Awareness, witnessing a dream.

* * * *

The Tao, by whatever sound you call it, is always the same.
The same as when you were born, the same as when you die,
The same as before you were born, the same as after you die.
Life is a brief opportunity to view it the same while you exist.

* * * *

That quantum essence that you truly are cannot die, for it was never born.
You are eternity, the stuff of stars, come to life in a dreaming of time.
There is no who, no what, no where, no when, no why, no how.
You are the nothing more, the nothing less, the nothing but.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, The Last Page

The Mystery You Are

There is no middleman between you and the mystery you are.
There is no need to endlessly agonize over questions that have no answer.
There is no need to believe, to worship, to follow, to pray, to grovel, to tithe, to dogmatize,
To dread judgments from an on-high, to quake over imaginary heavens and hells.
You are That I Am, you are that which is unborn, enduring, undying,
As untainted and free as you allow the state of mind to be.

* * * *

You are the mystery of you, the wonder of you, the eternity of you.
Only sensory perception, imaginary notion, separate you
From that most inescapably authentic reality.
Realize it, grapple it, know it, be it.

* * * *

How can the here-now, the ever-present moment, ever be born, destined to one day die?
How can that which is without attributes, that which is indivisible, ever exist?
How can there be light or dark? Sound or silence? Right or wrong?
How can there be any this, any that, in an indelible mystery,
In which space and time are not, have never been, will never be?

* * * *

Despite all assertions to the contrary, humankind is not the be-all-end-all of this manifest mystery theater.
We have certainly played out a remarkable reverie in our trifling fragment of space-time,
One possibly not replicated anywhere else across the starry-starry cosmos,
But our egocentric, ethnocentric, geocentric hullabaloo,
From whatever prelude to whatever finale,
Has never really been more
Than vanity-vanity-all-is-vanity on steroids.
At best a negligible undulation in the electromagnetic spectrum.

* * * *

Being domesticated, being cultivated, being trained, as a human being,
Does not make you any closer to godness than any other life form.
Every single beast has evolved from the same quantum origin.
The only difference between you and any other organism
Is an inexorable egocentricity born entirely of imaginary notion.
The entire human drama is nothing more than a collusion of consciousness,
Made possible by the evolutionary happenstance of an ingenious, group-oriented mind,
Two arms, two legs, a larynx, opposable thumbs, and high-capacity lungs.
No critter ever born into this mystery ever stood a chance.
And, being far too clever for our own good,
Neither, ultimately, do we.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Who Does Anything?

Who contemplates?
Who perceives?
Who knows?
Who cares?
Who feels?
Who loves?
Who hates?
Who hopes?
Who believes?
Who does anything?

Breadcrumbs 2015

In Every

In every yes, a no; in every no, a yes.
In every truth, a lie; in every lie, a truth.
In every good; a bad; in every bad; a good.
In every vague, an exact; in every exact, a vague.
In every blessing, a curse; in every curse, a blessing.
In every unknown, a known; in every known, an unknown.
In every intangible, a tangible; in every tangible, an intangible.
In every abundance, a shortage; in every shortage, an abundance.
In every superiority, an inferiority; in every inferiority, a superiority.
In every inexplicable, an explicable; in every explicable, an inexplicable.
In every immeasurable, a measurable; in every measurable, an immeasurable.
In every intelligible, an inscrutable; in every inscrutable, an intelligible.
In every open hand, a closed fist; in every closed fist, an open hand.
In every creation, a destruction; in every destruction, a creation.
In every brilliance, a dullness; in every dullness, a brilliance.
In every positive, a negative; in every negative, a positive.
In every logic, an absurdity; in every absurdity, a logic.
In every infinite, a finite; in every finite, an infinite.
In every deep, a shallow; in every shallow, a deep.
In every right, a wrong; in every wrong, a right.
In every large, a small; in every small, a large.
In every whole, a part; in every part, a whole.
In every plus, a minus; in every minus, a plus.
In every savant, a fool; in every fool, a savant.
In every gray, a gray; in every gray, more gray.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Are You?

Who are you?
What are you?
Where are you?
When are you?
Why are you?
How are you?
... Are you? ...

Breadcrumbs 2015

The Sound of One Hand Clapping

The sound of one hand clapping is the sound of ...
The big bang five trillion big bangs ago,
The moment just before a sneeze,
The other hand clapping,
A dust ball swirling,
An atom splitting,
A minnow winking,
A wave's furthest reach,
The wiggle of a loose tooth,
Dust settling upon a dewdrop,
The moment before a door slams,
Wind wafting along the edge of a rock,
Time changing on the face of a digital clock,
A water balloon bursting through a chain link fence,
The brush of a butterfly's wing upon the surface of the moon,
A paper plane gliding through the stillness of a room,
The ground falling toward a descending plane,
Sunlight reflecting off a beetle's back,
A wheel bouncing above the road,
A mosquito's needle piercing,
A gnat flapping one wing,
The space between the eyes,
A crippled cockroach dancing,
A tear tugged downward by gravity,
A spit wad just before smacking its target,
Angels dancing madly on the proverbial pinhead.
The pause between breaths, the breath between pauses.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Awareness Is

Neither one nor two,
Neither single nor double,
Neither solid nor ephemeral,
Neither everything nor nothing,
Neither what is nor what is not,
Neither living nor nonliving,
Neither right nor wrong,
Neither time nor space,
Neither here nor now,
Neither good nor evil,
Neither true nor false,
Neither judge nor jury,
Awareness is.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Groupthink

The groupthink creates.
The groupthink conducts.
The groupthink influences.
The groupthink manipulates.
The groupthink persuades.
The groupthink controls.
The groupthink harvests.
The groupthink destroys.
The groupthink perseveres.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Who? What? Where? When? Why? How?

Who is there to become?
What is there to realize?
Where is there to arrive?
When is it going to happen?
Why is there no end to questions?
How will you ever be free?

Breadcrumbs 2015

Turtles-All-The-Way-Down-All-The-Way-Up

How many star-filled universes may have come and gone before the so-called Big Bang
Or Creation or Genesis or Turtles-All-The-Way-Down-All-The-Way-Up,
Or whatever other metaphors mind may have conjured up.
And how many will come and go after this rendering,
And how many are simultaneously happening right now,
And what was and will be before and after any or all of them,
As if there could ever be any before or after any timeless fabrication,
Before or after what may well have never really happened in the first place.
Anything and everything, is on the table in the indivisibleness of all things quantum.

Breadcrumbs 2015

What Do You Your Self Intuit?

What is it little old you discerns in this theater into which you have without choice been cast?
Without all the countless devices we toolmakers have devised to measure our universe,
Without all the sciences, without all the mathematics, without all the technologies,
Without all the things the monkey-mind will do to quantify to the nth degree,
What is it you for your Self alone intuit, you for your Self alone deduct,
What is it you for your Self, without any influence from any other,
Discern real and true in this immeasurable enigma beyond all pales?

Breadcrumbs 2015

Who is the Who?

Who is the who, who desires? Who is the who, who fears?
Who is the who, who plays out any action, plays out any passion,
But the indivisible awareness cloaked by the attachment of consciousness
To the mind-body presenting itself, pretending itself, colluding itself, real and true.

Breadcrumbs 2015

A Quantum Reverie

The entire human spectacle, and all its countless histories,
Is nothing more than ever-changing, temporal, imaginary perception.
A make-it-up-as-we-go, spontaneous kind of thing, that really is not any thing at all.
A holographic dream, which all are genetically programmed, culturally conditioned, to play along.
An enigmatic quantum reverie: nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Very bemusing to all concerned, indeed, indeed.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Catching the Drift

Time to get another trim, cut another nail.
Time to eat another steak, drink another bottle of wine.
Time to take another jaunt, another walk, another shit, another piss.
Time to fill another form, smog another car, pay another bill, lace up another shoe.
Time to abide another debate, cast another stone, suffer another injury, endure another death.
How many times does one need to do something to catch the drift?

Breadcrumbs 2015

Nature's Dogma

Nature's dogma is the unwritten law determined and enforced by quantum mechanics:
Irrevocable, irreversible, unalterable, unchangeable, immutable, undeniable,
Incontrovertible, indisputable, permanent, binding, absolute, final.

Breadcrumbs 2015

You Are All

It does not matter how you are.
It does not matter why you are.
It does not matter who you are.
It does not matter what you are.
It does not matter when you are.
It does not matter where you are.
You are all the same consciousness.
You are all the same awareness.
You are all the same dream.
You are all the same now.
You are all the same me.
You are all the same you.
You are all the same quantum.
Call it God, call it Buddha, call it Tao,
Call it Allah, call it Brahman, call it whatever,
You are all the same prior-to-consciousness mystery.
If truth does not bring you the harmony of peace, nothing will.

Breadcrumbs 2015

The Infinity of Hells

The details, the details.
The nuances, the nuances.
The minutiae, the minutiae.
The particulars, the particulars.
The elements, the elements.
The niceties, the niceties.
The facets, the facets.
The facts, the facts.
The parts, the parts.
The aspects, the aspects.
The specifics, the specifics.
The finer points, the finer points.
The infinity of hells that havoc the mind.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Seemingly

Seemingly mortal, yet not all the time.
Seemingly carefree, yet not all the time.
Seemingly arrogant, yet not all the time.
Seemingly egocentric, yet not all the time.
Seemingly narcissistic, yet not all the time.
Seemingly sociopathic, yet not all the time.
Seemingly psychopathic, yet not all the time.
Seemingly courageous, yet not all the time.
Seemingly intelligent, yet not all the time.
Seemingly attached, yet not all the time.
Seemingly relaxed, yet not all the time.
Seemingly intense, yet not all the time.
Seemingly foolish, yet not all the time.
Seemingly this or that, yet not all the time.
Seemingly so many things, yet not all the time.

Breadcrumbs 2015

What Will You Do?

T-Shirt Karma,
Coffee Mug Dharma:
What Would Jesus Do?
What Would Lao Tzu Do?
What Would Nietzsche Do?
What Would Siddhartha Do?
What Would Muhammad Do?
What Would Zoroaster Do?
What Would Krishna Do?
What Would Waldo Do?
What Will You Do?

Breadcrumbs 2015

Forever Inexplicable

Awareness, the source of all creation, knows nothing.
Self-knowledge is but the imaginary fabrication of consciousness.
Without the matrix of quantum indivisibility, without the dream of otherness,
There would be no reflection, there would be no inquiry into the mystery of all mysteries.
And even in that reflection, as expansive or focused as it might be,
The inexplicable remains forever inexplicable.

Breadcrumbs 2015

The Passions

The passions can be a heady mix of emotions, often impetuous, barely controllable.
From Wikipedia, a list of the A-to-W ways it can play out in any of us: affection, anger,
Angst, anguish, annoyance, anticipation, anxiety, apathy, arousal, awe, boredom, confidence,
Contempt, contentment, courage, curiosity, depression, desire, despair, disappointment, disgust,
Distrust, ecstasy, embarrassment, empathy, envy, euphoria, fear, frustration, gratitude, grief,
Guilt, happiness, hatred, hope, horror, hostility, humiliation, interest, jealousy, joy,
Loneliness, love, lust, outrage, panic, passion, pity, pleasure, pride, rage, regret,
Remorse, resentment, sadness, saudade, schadenfreude, self-confidence,
Shame, shock, shyness, sorrow, suffering, surprise, trust, wonder,
Worry, and who knows how many honorable mentions
In the hard-wiring of the jungles of long ago.
We are the Planet of the Apes, indeed.

Breadcrumbs 2015

You, Scientist

Trust your Self.
Trust your own mind.
Trust your own awareness.
Trust your own perception.
Trust your own intuition.
Find your own way,
You, scientist.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Ebb and Flow

Ebb and flow,
Yield and resist,
Listen and speak,
Receive and impart,
Retreat and attack,
Maneuver and fire,
Block and strike,
Give and take,
Yin and yang.

Breadcrumbs 2015

What You Cannot Know

You cannot feel that which cannot be felt.
You cannot see that which cannot be seen.
You cannot hear that which cannot be heard.
You cannot taste that which cannot be tasted.
You cannot smell that which cannot be smelt.
You cannot know that which cannot be known.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Who, What, Where, When, Why, How

Who, what, where, when, why, how ... am I?
Who, what, where, when, why, how ... are you?
Who, what, where, when, why, how ... is anyone?
Who, what, where, when, why, how is anything?
But the same indivisible upwelling permeating everything.
Call it by whatever vibration you choose, it is the same clayness,
The same omniscience, the same omnipotence, the same omnipresence,
The same unborn-undying awareness, ever creating its Self anew.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Be the Light

See the light,
Hear the light,
Touch the light,
Taste the light,
Feel the light.
Be the light.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Mystery, I Calls It

Some call it God.
Some call it Allah.
Some call it Yahweh.
Some call it Brahman.
Some call it Quantum.
Some call it Jehovah.
Some call it Shiva.
Some call it Tao.
I call it Mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Liar, Cheat, Thief, Murderer

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief,
And I daily plot murder and rape and pillage and mayhem,
But I am only a hypocrite when bored out of my mind, and just can't help my Self.

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief,
And I daily plot murder and rape and pillage and mayhem,
But I ain't no gol-durned hypocrite, unless of course, the truth don't bear telling.

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief, and I plot murder and mayhem daily.
But I am only a hypocrite when given moments of vanity force my hand.

I may be a liar, I may be a cheat, I may be a thief,
And I may daily conspire every variety of murder and mayhem,
But at least I ain't no Jesus-loving-god-forsaken-double-dealing hypocrite.

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief, and I plot murder and mayhem daily.
That said, hypocrisy and pretentiousness are not strangers at the table, either.

I am a liar, a cheat, a thief, and daily plot murder and mayhem
Between bouts of excessive debauchery and inordinate treachery.
But at least I am not a hypocrite more often than vain notion calls.

I am a liar, a cheat, a thief, and plot murder and mayhem daily.
And whatever that does not deal with makes me a hypocrite, too.

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief, and I plot murder and mayhem daily,
And sometimes, when the mood strikes, I even go rogue and dip into hypocrisy.

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief, and I plot murder and mayhem daily,
And let us not leave out all the hypocrisy that dallies between the cracks.

How many worship some imaginary deity, praying for blessings, for forgiveness,
And then spend every other moment possible in one pursuit or another,
Lying, cheating, thieving, even plotting murder and mayhem,
Never discerning their hypocrisy and self-deceit.

You are a liar, a cheat, a thief, and daily plot murder and mayhem
Between stretches of excessive debauchery and inordinate treachery.
But at least you are not a hypocrite, more often than vain notion calls.

Do not even for a second believe that I did not more than a few times play the demon.
I am a liar, a cheat, a thief, and plot murder and mayhem daily.
And I am guardian serving and protecting all.
I am consciousness,
Every facet unfurled as the given time called.

Breadcrumbs 2015

59 Moments to the Way It Is (And Is Not)

The Scribe's Guide to the Great Whatthe#\$*!?

- 59 Moments to Me, My Self, and I
- 59 Moments to Truth or Consequences
 - 59 Moments to Diddly-Squat
 - 59 Moments to Okey-Dokey
 - 59 Moments to Eternity
 - 59 Moments to Oblivion
- 59 Moments to Laissez-Faire
 - 59 Moments to So It Goes
- 59 Moments to Fearlessness
- 59 Moments to Timelessness
 - 59 Moments to Truth
- 59 Moments to Born Anew
 - 59 Moments to Nirvana
 - 59 Moments to Passé
- 59 Moments to Godlessness
 - 59 Moments to God
- 59 Moments to Rationalism
- 59 Moments to Existentialism
 - 59 Moments to Annihilation
- 59 Moments to Common Sense
 - 59 Moments to Discernment
- 59 Moments to Critical Thinking
 - 59 Moments to Gumption
 - 59 Moments to Grit
- 59 Moments to Resourcefulness
 - 59 Moments to Imagination
- 59 Moments to Inventiveness
 - 59 Moments to Creativity
 - 59 Moments to Wit
- 59 Moments to Born Again
 - 59 Moments to Ingenuity
 - 59 Moments to Enterprise
 - 59 Moments to Reality
 - 59 Moments to Absurdity
 - 59 Moments to Humility
- 59 Moments to Hopelessness
- 59 Moments to Minimalism
 - 59 Moments to Evermore
 - 59 Moments to Hedonism
 - 59 Moments to Discipline
- 59 Moments to Narcissism
 - 59 Moments to Ecstasy
 - 59 Moments to Heaven
 - 59 Moments to Hell

59 Moments to Buddha
59 Moments to Null and Void
59 Moments to Emptiness
59 Moments to Nothingness
59 Moments to Now
59 Moments to Here
59 Moments to Here Now
59 Moments to Negation
59 Moments to Anarchy
59 Moments to Skepticism
59 Moments to Cynicism
59 Moments to Pessimism
59 Moments to Doubt
59 Moments to Nihilism
59 Moments to Bullshit
59 Moments to Om
59 Moments to Quantum
59 Moments to Abyss
59 Moments to Agnostic
59 Moments to Atheism
59 Moments to Freethinking
59 Moments to Belief
59 Moments to Death
59 Moments to Eternal Life
59 Moments to Nonbelief
59 Moments to Illusion
59 Moments to Delusion
59 Moments to Matrix
59 Moments to Craving
59 Moments to Satisfaction
59 Moments to Contentment
59 Moments to Immortality
59 Moments to Solitude
59 Moments to No Other
59 Moments to Detachment
59 Moments to Singularity
59 Moments to Totality
59 Moments to Absoluteness
59 Moments to Indivisibility
59 Moments to Success
59 Moments to Failure
59 Moments to Happiness
59 Moments to Sorrow
59 Moments to Joy
59 Moments to Oneness
59 Moments to Ecstasy
59 Moments to Infinity
59 Moments to Infinitesimalibility

59 Moments to Peace
59 Moments to Freedom
59 Moments to the Beyond the Pale
59 Moments to Perfection
59 Moments to Imperfection
59 Moments to Tranquility
59 Moments to Bliss
59 Moments to Meditation
59 Moments to Contemplation
59 Moments to Acuteness
59 Moments to Obtuseness
59 Moments to Heaven
59 Moments to Hell
59 Moments to Perdition
59 Moments to Brahman
59 Moments to Samadhi
59 Moments to the End of Time
59 Moments to the Beginning of Time
59 Moments to the Success in Failure
59 Moments to the Failure in Success
59 Moments to Future-Past
59 Moments to Serendipity
59 Moments to Dharma
59 Moments to Artha
59 Moments to Karma
59 Moments to Moksha
59 Moments to Go
59 Moments to Dreamtime
59 Moments to Pause
59 Moments to Stop
59 Moments to Separation
59 Moments to Unity
59 Moments to By Golly
59 Moments to the Great Pfft!
59 Moments to Manifest Destiny
59 Moments to Unmanifest Destiny
59 Moments to the End Before All Beginnings
59 Moments to the Beginning After all Ends
59 Moments ... To Be Continued

Breadcrumbs 2018

Be What You Gotta Be

Be what you gotta be.
Do what you gotta do.
See what you gotta see.
Feel what you gotta feel.
Shit what you gotta shit.
Like what you gotta like.
Love what you gotta love.
Play what you gotta play.
Hate what you gotta hate.
Hear what you gotta hear.
Taste what you gotta taste.
Think what you gotta think.
Sweat what you gotta sweat.
Dream what you gotta dream.
Breathe what you gotta breathe.
Consume what you gotta consume.
Believe what you gotta believe.
Smell what you gotta smell.
Own what you gotta own.
Toss what you gotta toss.
Kill what you gotta kill.
Die what you gotta die.

Breadcrumbs 2018

Monarchs of the Mind

Pride, more pride, even more pride.
Envy, more envy, even more envy.
Lust, more lust, even more lust.
Sloth, more sloth, even more sloth.
Greed, more greed, even more greed.
Wrath, more wrath, even more wrath.
Gluttony, more gluttony, even more gluttony.
The Seven Deadly Sins: Monarchs of the human mind.

Breadcrumbs 2018

Why Should There Be? How Can There Be?

Why should there be, how can there be, any who?
Why should there be, how can there be, any what?
Why should there be, how can there be, any where?
Why should there be, how can there be, any when?
Why should there be, how can there be, any why?
Why should there be, how can there be, any how?

Breadcrumbs 2018

You Are, You Are Not

You are this set of biological functions; you are not this set of biological functions.
You are this set of bodily networks; you are not this set of bodily networks.
You are this set of perceptions; you are not this set of perceptions.
You are this set of memories; you are not this set of memories.
You are this set of truths; you are not this set of truths.
You are this set of falsehoods; you are not this set of falsehoods.
You are this set of likes; you are not this set of likes.
You are this set of dislikes; you are not this set of dislikes.
You are this set of successes; you are not this set of successes.
You are this set of failures; you are not this set of failures.
You are this set of references; you are not this set of references.
You are this set of preferences; you are not this set of preferences.
You are this set of intentions; you are not this set of intentions.
You are this set of desires; you are not this set of desires.
You are this set of fears; you are not this set of fears.
You are this set of reflections; you are not this set of reflections.
You are this set of pleasures; you are not this set of pleasures.
You are this set of pains; you are not this set of pains.
You are this set of vanities; you are not this set of vanities.
You are this set of sensations; you are not this set of sensations.
You are this set of connections; you are not this set of connections.
Your story, your tale, your narrative, your history, your sense of self,
Is but a temporal play of imagination in eternity's misty mystery,
And is, for all practical purpose, forgotten as soon as it began.

Breadcrumbs 2018

Titles on Consciousness

The Hedonist's Guide to Higher Consciousness
The Depths of Consciousness
The Cloud of Consciousness
The Conscious Eye
The Parameters of Consciousness
The Nuances of Consciousness
The Miasma of Human Consciousness
The Maelstrom of Human Consciousness
Paradigms of Consciousness
The Conscious Breath
The Conscious Witness
The Matrix of Consciousness
The Sands of Consciousness
The Bounds of Consciousness
The Theater of Consciousness
The Big Bang of Consciousness
The Sphere of Consciousness
Consciousness is Smoke; Awareness, Fire
Self Consciousness
The Spectrum of Consciousness
The Living Death of Consciousness
The Collusion of Consciousness
The Winds of Consciousness
The Relativity of Consciousness
Consciousness or Awareness, Your Choice
Ethereal Awareness, Ephemeral Consciousness
Consciousness Measures, Awareness Streams
The Ebb and Flow of Consciousness
Faces of Consciousness
Harbors of Consciousness
Windows of Consciousness
Streaming Consciousness
Consciousness is the Flaw
The Fog of Consciousness
The Dance of Consciousness
The Bane of Consciousness
Instinct Slathered with Consciousness
The Absurdity of Consciousness
A Collusion of Consciousness
The Schizophrenia of Consciousness
The Mystery of Consciousness
Prior to Consciousness
Prior to Consciousness, Prior to Quantum
The Motley Winds of Consciousness
The Netherworld of Consciousness
The Hubris of Consciousness

The Bravado of Consciousness
Wandering the Relativity of Consciousness
The Narcissist's Guide to Higher Consciousness
The Web of Consciousness
The Contractions of Consciousness
The Awareness Prior to Consciousness
The Oppression of Consciousness
The Intelligence Prior to Consciousness
Consciousness, the Usurper
The Gordian Knot of Consciousness
Consciousness (a.k.a., Imagination)
The Trilogy of Consciousness
The Whims of Consciousness
The Shallows of Consciousness
The Ebb and Flow of Consciousness
The Pleasure of Consciousness
The Pain of Consciousness

The Trilogy of Consciousness:
Power, Fame, Fortune

The Ever-Changing Consciousness:
Remembering and Forgetting Its Imaginary Creation.

Titles, Titles & More Titles 2018

The First and Last Freedom

In the pure nihilistic mind,
The mind that doubts everything,
The mind that no longer seeks meaning,
The mind that no longer necessitates purpose,
The mind that no longer acknowledges dogma,
The mind that no longer maintains principles,
The mind that no longer asserts knowledge,
The mind that literally believes nothing,
The first and last freedom reigns.

Breadcrumbs 2018

Even More

Effing the ineffable, more effing the ineffable, even more effing the ineffable.
Gobbledygook, more gobbledygook, even more gobbledygook.
Human drivel, more human drivel, even more human drivel.
Mind gorp, more mind gorp, even more mind gorp.
Much ado about nothing, more much ado about nothing, even more much ado about nothing.
Dogma, more dogma, even more dogma.
Glory, more glory, even more glory.
Vanity, more vanity, even more vanity.
Chaos, more chaos, even more chaos.
Absurdity, more absurdity, even more absurdity.
Rules, more rules, even more rules.
Laws, more laws, even more laws.
Power, more power, even more power.
Fame, more fame, even more fame.
Fortune, more fortune, even more fortune.
Concepts, more concepts, even more concepts.
Done, more done, even more done.
Scourge, more scourge, even more scourge.
Mind doodles, more mind doodles, even more mind doodles.
Déjà vu, more déjà vu, even more déjà vu.
Metaphors, more metaphors, even more metaphors.
Consequences, more consequences, even more consequences.
Meaninglessness, more meaninglessness, even more meaninglessness.
Purposelessness, more purposelessness, even more purposelessness.
Me, myself, and I, more me, myself, and I, even more me, myself, and I.
Cute, more cute, even more cute.
Entitlement, more entitlement, even more entitlement.
Duh, more duh, even more duh.
Doh, more doh, even more doh.
Future-past, more future-past, even more future-past.
Say whaaaat?!!, more say whaaaat?!!, even more say whaaaat?!!
Tool-making, more tool-making, even more tool-making.
Home invasion, more home invasion, even more home invasion.
Deception, more deception, even more deception.
Civilization, more civilization, even more civilization.
Savagery, more savagery, even more savagery.
Delusion, more delusion, even more delusion.
Confusion, more confusion, even more confusion.
Revenge, more revenge, even more revenge.
Forgiveness, more forgiveness, even more forgiveness.
Folderol, more folderol, even more folderol.
Be here now, more be here now, even more be here now.
Be there now, more be there now, even more be there now.
Nowhere now, more nowhere now, even more nowhere now.
Life of moi, more life of moi, even more life of moi.

End is nigh, more end is nigh, even more end is nigh.
 Nowhere, more nowhere, even more nowhere.
 Bragging, more bragging, even more bragging.
 Dramas, more dramas, even more dramas.
 Soap operas, more soap operas, even more soap operas.
 Insoluble problems, more insoluble problems, even more insoluble problems.
 Empowerment, more empowerment, even more empowerment.
 Disempowerment, more disempowerment, even more disempowerment.
 Self-absorption, more self-absorption, even more self-absorption.
 Self-aggrandizement, more self-aggrandizement, even more self-aggrandizement.
 Opening game, more opening game, even more opening game.
 Middle game, more middle game, even more middle game.
 End game, more end game, even more end game.
 Projects, more projects, even more projects.
 Conundrums, more conundrums, even more conundrums.
 Play the gray, more play the gray, even more play the gray.
 No-others, more no-others, even more no-others.
 Intelligencia, more intelligencia, even more intelligencia.
 Aristocracy, more aristocracy, even more aristocracy.
 Plutocracy, more plutocracy, even more plutocracy.
 Oligarchy, more oligarchy, even more oligarchy.
 Tyranny, more tyranny, even more tyranny.
 Bourgeois, more bourgeois, even more bourgeois.
 Proletariat, more proletariat, even more proletariat.
 Deplorables, more deplorables, even more deplorables.
 Legalisms, more legalisms, even more legalisms.
 Number-crunchers, more number-crunchers, even more number-crunchers.
 Politicians, more politicians, even more politicians.
 Lawyers, more lawyers, even more legalists.
 Bureaucrats, more bureaucrats, even more bureaucrats.
 Technocrats, more technocrats, even more technocrats.
 Political intrigue, more political intrigue, even more political intrigue.
 Philosophical babble, more philosophical babble, even more philosophical babble.
 Lone ranger, more lone ranger, even more lone ranger.
 Pleasure, more pleasure, even more pleasure.
 Pain, more pain, even more pain.
 Death, more death, even more death.
 Killing, more killing, even more killing.
 Desperation, more desperation, even more desperation.
 Problems, more problems, even more problems.
 Solutions, more solutions, even more solutions.
 Answers, more answers, even more answers.
 Questions, more questions, even more questions.
 Punctuation, more punctuation, even more punctuation.
 Words, more words, even more words.
 Food, more food, even more food.
 Sustenance, more sustenance, even more sustenance.
 Pathos, more pathos, even more pathos.

Anguish, more anguish, even more anguish.
 Tragedy, more tragedy, even more tragedy.
 Joy, more joy, even more joy.
 Sorrow, more sorrow, even more sorrow.
 Misery, more misery, even more misery.
 Grief, more grief, even more grief.
 Drugs, more drugs, even more drugs.
 Sickness, more sickness, even more sickness.
 Technology, more technology, even more technology.
 Engineering, more engineering, even more engineering.
 Science, more science, even more science.
 Buzz, more buzz, even more buzz.
 Noise, more noise, even more noise.
 Knowledge, more knowledge, even more knowledge.
 Plagiarism, more plagiarism, even more plagiarism.
 Civility, more civility, even more civility.
 Vulgarity, more vulgarity, even more vulgarity.
 Boorishness, more boorishness, even more boorishness.
 Incivility, more incivility, even more incivility.
 Coarseness, more coarseness, even more coarseness.
 Bullying, more bullying, even more bullying.
 War, more war, even more war.
 Revolution, more revolution, even more revolution.
 Unrest, more unrest, even more unrest.
 Strife, more strife, even more strife.
 Hunger, more hunger, even more hunger.
 Hoitytoityville, more Hoitytoityville, even more Hoitytoityville.
 Craving, more craving, even more craving.
 Contentment, more contentment, even more contentment.
 Planet of the Apes, more Planet of the Apes, even More Planet of the Apes.
 Something happened, more something happened, even more something happened.
 Serenity, more serenity, even more serenity.
 Human balderdash, more human balderdash, even more human balderdash.
 Eclectic, more eclectic, even more eclectic.
 Mystery, more mystery, even more mystery.
 Birth, more birth, even more birth.
 Paths to glory, more paths to glory, even more paths to glory.
 Whining, more whining, even more whining.
 Pap, more pap, even more pap.
 Space cadet, more space cadet, even more space cadet.
 Being, more being, even more being.
 Becoming, more becoming, even more becoming.
 Thinking, more thinking, even more thinking.
 Quietude, more quietude, even more quietude.
 Desire, ore desire, even more desire.
 Fear, more fear, even more fear.
 Dread, more dread, even more dread.
 Abyss, more abyss, even more abyss.

Serendipity, more serendipity, even more serendipity.
 Illusion, more illusion, even more illusion.
 Non sequitur, more non sequitur, even more non sequitur.
 Endorphins, more endorphins, even more endorphins.
 More, more more, even more more.
 Soma, more soma, even more soma.
 Babbleon, more babbleon, even more babbleon.
 Twitteron, more twitteron, even more twitteron.
 Dittoheads, more dittoheads, even more dittoheads.
 Twitterheads, more twitterheads, even more twitterheads.
 So it goes, more so it goes, even more so it goes.
 Food for words, more food for words, even more food for words.
 Ineffable, more ineffable, even more ineffable.
 Trees falling, more trees falling, even more trees falling.
 No-mind, more no-mind, even more no-mind.
 Mindless perception, more mindless perception, even more mindless perception.
 Wisdom, more wisdom, even more wisdom.
 Foolishness, more foolishness, even more foolishness.
 Weariness, more weariness, even more weariness.
 Game face, more game face, even more game face.
 Practice, more practice, even more practice.
 Quackery, more quackery, even more quackery.
 Bittersweet, more bittersweet, even more bittersweet.
 Caring, more caring, even more caring.
 Non-Caring, more non-caring, even more non-caring.
 Sweet, more sweet, even more sweet.
 Bitter, more bitter, even more bitter.
 Sour, more sour, even more sour.
 Smorgasbord, more smorgasbord, even more smorgasbord.
 Consumption, more consumption, even more consumption.
 Parochial, more parochial, even more parochial.
 Cosmopolitan, more cosmopolitan, even more cosmopolitan.
 Cruelty, more cruelty, even more cruelty.
 Kindness, more kindness, even more kindness.
 Nothing, more nothing, even more nothing.
 Something, more something, even more something.
 Meditation, more meditation, even more meditation.
 Contemplation, more contemplation, even more contemplation.
 Existence, more existence, even more existence.
 Creation, more creation, even more creation.
 Void, more void, even more void.
 Nil, more nil, even more nil.
 Naught, more naught, even more naught.
 Brazen, more brazen, even more brazen.
 Gold, more gold, even more gold.
 Real gold, more real gold, even more real gold.
 False gold, more false gold, even more false gold.
 Scorn, more scorn, even more scorn.

Desolation, more desolation, even more desolation.
 Things, more things, even more things.
 Sounds, more sounds, even more sounds.
 Sights, more sights, even more sights.
 Flavors, more flavors, even more flavors.
 Tastes, more tastes, even more tastes.
 Smells, more smells, even more smells.
 People, more people, even more people.
 Nada, more nada, even more nada.
 Mindful, more mindful, even more mindful.
 Mindless, more mindless, even more mindless.
 Wordplay, more wordplay, even more wordplay.
 Numbers, more numbers, even more numbers.
 Symbols, more symbols, even more symbols.
 Images, more images, even more images.
 Colors, more colors, even more colors.
 Shades of gray, more shades of gray, even more shades of gray.
 Forms, more forms, even more forms.
 Formless, more formless, even more formless.
 Art, more art, even more art.
 History, more history, even more history.
 Ivory Tower, more Ivory Tower, even more Ivory Tower.
 Creativity, more creativity, even more creativity.
 Preservation, more preservation, even more preservation.
 Destruction, more destruction, even more destruction.
 Anthropological events, more anthropological events, even more anthropological events.
 Crapola, more crapola, even more crapola.
 Yoke, more yoke, even more yoke.
 Conversations, more conversations, even more conversations.
 Habit, more habit, even more habit.
 Rut, more rut, even more rut.
 Patterns, more patterns, even more patterns.
 Human bullshit, more human bullshit, even more human bullshit.
 Human babble, more human babble, even more human babble.
 Definitions, more definitions, even more definitions.
 Grace, more grace, even more grace.
 Perfection, more perfection, even more perfection.
 Quantum consumption, more quantum consumption, even more quantum consumption.
 Futility, more futility, even more futility.
 Whodunit, more whodunit, even more whodunit.
 Beeps, more beeps, even more beeps.
 Gorging, more gorging, even more gorging.
 Herd games, more herd games, even more herd games.
 Berserko, more berserko, even more berserko.
 Calamity, more calamity, even more calamity.
 Hobbies, more hobbies, even more hobbies.
 Whatchamacallits, more whatchamacallits, even more whatchamacallits.
 Wallahoo, more wallahoo, even more wallahoo.

Human chatter, more human chatter, even more human chatter.
 Digestion, more digestion, even more digestion.
 Indigestion, more indigestion, even more indigestion.
 Lies, more lies, even more lies.
 Extinction, more extinction, even more extinction.
 Migration, more migration, even more migration.
 Yabba-dabba-doo, more Yabba-dabba-doo, even more yabba-dabba-doo.
 Cleverness, more cleverness, even more cleverness.
 Doubt, more doubt, even more doubt.
 Quibbling, more quibbling, even more quibbling.
 Contrarianism, more contrarianism, even more contrarianism.
 Eternity, more eternity, even more eternity.
 Indivisibility, more indivisibility, even more indivisibility.
 Silly as it is, more silly as it is, even more silly as it is.
 Never mind, more never mind, even more never mind.
 Wandering on empty, more wandering on empty, even more wandering on empty.
 Obviousness, more obviousness, even more obviousness.
 Translation, more translation, even more translation.
 Virtue, more virtue, even more virtue.
 Excellence, more excellence, even more excellence.
 Areté, more arête, even more areté.
 Possibilities, more possibilities, even more possibilities.
 Similarities, more similarities, even more similarities.
 Differences, more differences, even more differences.
 Edifices, more edifices, even more edifices.
 Corruption, more corruption, even more corruption.
 Charades, more charades, even more charades.
 Bonkers, more bonkers, even more bonkers.
 Trivial pursuit, more trivial pursuit, even more trivial pursuit.
 Wankers, more wankers, even more wankers.
 Pedal to the metal, more pedal to the metal, even more pedal to the metal.
 Aphrodisiac, more aphrodisiac, even more aphrodisiac.
 Compromise, more compromise, even more compromise.
 Half-baked, more half-baked, even more half-baked.
 Indifference, more indifference, even more indifference.
 Like, more like, even more like.
 Dislike, more dislike, even more dislike.
 Values, more values, even more values.
 Quality, more quality, even more quality.
 Shapes, more shapes, even more shapes.
 Calculations, more calculations, even more calculations.
 Manipulations, more manipulations, even more manipulations.
 Truths, more truths, even more truths.
 Order, more order, even more order.
 Formlessness, more formlessness, even more formlessness.
 Awareness, more awareness, even more awareness.
 Small talk, more small talk, even more small talk.
 Idle chatter, more idle chatter, even more idle chatter.

Great thoughts, more great thoughts, even more great thoughts.
 Quackery, more quackery, even more quackery.
 Dangerous toys, more dangerous toys, even more dangerous toys.
 Contradiction, more contradiction, even more contradiction.
 Psychosis, more psychosis, even more psychosis.
 Imaginary friends, more imaginary friends, even more imaginary friends.
 Decadence, more decadence, even more decadence.
 Hogwash, more hogwash, even more hogwash.
 Shenanigans, more shenanigans, even more shenanigans.
 Babble-izing, more babble-izing, even more babble-izing.
 Sentimentalizing, more sentimentalizing, even more sentimentalizing.
 Gaia disrupted, more gaia disrupted, even more gaia disrupted.
 Mutuality, more mutuality, even more mutuality.
 Human ordeal, more human ordeal, even more human ordeal.
 Figurative love, more figurative love, even more figurative love.
 Literal love, more literal love, even more literal love.
 Witnessing, more witnessing, even more witnessing.
 Gibberish, more gibberish, even more gibberish.
 Quantum mirage, more quantum mirage, even more quantum mirage.
 Quantum dust, more quantum dust, even more quantum dust.
 Quantum dust storm, more quantum dust storm, even more quantum dust storm.
 Busy, busy, busy; more busy, busy, busy; even more busy, busy, busy.
 Tangible, more tangible, even more tangible.
 Intangible, more intangible, even more intangible.
 Ground, more ground, even more ground.
 Essence, more essence, even more essence.
 Reality, more reality, even more reality.
 Deceit, more deceit, even more deceit.
 Past, more past, even more past.
 Future, more future, even more future.
 Now, more now, even more now.
 Clutter, more clutter, even more clutter.
 Afterthoughts, more afterthoughts, even more afterthoughts.
 Dribble, more dribble, even more dribble.
 Naysaying, more naysaying, even more naysaying.
 Stuff, more stuff, even more stuff.
 Broken, more broken, even more broken.
 Strange, more strange, even more strange.
 Future-past, more future-past, even more future-past.
 Quantum moi, more quantum moi, even more quantum moi.
 Middlemen bullshit, more middlemen bullshit, even more middlemen bullshit.
 Yes, more yes, even more yes.
 No, more no, even more no.
 Maybe, more maybe, even more maybe.
 Yes-no-maybe, more yes-no-maybe, even more yes-no-maybe.
 Jeopardy, more jeopardy, even more jeopardy.
 Drivel, more drivel, even more drivel.
 Consumeracracy, more consumeracracy, even more consumeracracy.

Grumpy, more grumpy, even more grumpy.
 Mayhem, more mayhem, even more mayhem.
 Domestication, more domestication, even more domestication.
 Untamable, more untamable, even more untamable.
 Repentance, more repentance, even more repentance.
 Et cetera, more et cetera, even more et cetera.
 Ad infinitum, more ad infinitum, even more ad infinitum.
 Ibidem, more ibidem, even more ibidem.
 Holding on, more holding on, even more holding on.
 Letting go, more letting go, even more letting go.
 Dreams of glory, more dreams of glory, even more dreams of glory.
 Choices, more choices, even more choices.
 Round and round, more round and round, even more round and round.
 Quantum dreaming, more quantum dreaming, even more quantum dreaming.
 Negation, more negation, even more negation.
 Evolution, more evolution, even more evolution.
 Carved block, more carved block, even more carved block.
 Uncarved block, more uncarved block, even more uncarved block.
 Moth and flame, more moth and flame, even more moth and flame.
 Unmasking, more unmasking, even more unmasking,
 Zoo, more zoo, even more zoo.
 Modern daze, more modern daze, even more modern daze.
 Rhetoric, more rhetoric, even more rhetoric.
 Attributes, more attributes, even more attributes.
 Passè, more passé, even more passé.
 Wear and tear, more wear and tear, even more wear and tear.
 Pain and suffering, more pain and suffering, even more pain and suffering.
 Tabula rasa, more tabula rasa, even more tabula rasa.
 Beauty, more beauty, even more beauty.
 Plain, more plain, even more plain.
 Ugly, more ugly, even more ugly.
 In-spades, more in-spades, even more in-spades.
 Toying with history, more toying with history, even more toying with history.
 Change, more change, even more change.
 Changeless, more changeless, even more changeless.
 Babblespeak, more babblespeak, even more babblespeak.
 Nadaville, more nadaville, even more nadaville.
 Breathless absurdity, more breathless absurdity, even more breathless absurdity.
 Introspection, more introspection, even more introspection.
 Extrapolation, more extrapolation, even more extrapolation.
 Nuances, more nuances, even more nuances.
 Unborn-undy, more unborn-undy, even more unborn-undying.
 Endeavor, more endeavor, even more endeavor.
 Now and then, more now and then, even more now and then.
 Good news, more good news, even more good news.
 Bad news, more bad news, even more bad news.
 Ugly news, more ugly news, even more ugly news.
 Enough, more than enough, even more than enough.

Enough already, more enough already, even more enough already.
 Undone again, more undone again, even more undone again.
 Quantum fare, more quantum fare, even more quantum fare.
 Quantum faire, more quantum faire, even more quantum faire.
 World weariness, more world weariness, even more world weariness.
 Cheerleading, more cheerleading, even more cheerleading.
 Laziness, more laziness, even more laziness.
 Humility, more humility, even more humility.
 False humility, more false humility, even more false humility.
 Life, more life, even more life.
 Tribalism, more tribalism, even more tribalism.
 Buddhaspeak, more buddhaspeak, even more buddhaspeak.
 Passionate mind, more passionate mind, even more passionate mind.
 Leftovers, more leftovers, even more leftovers.
 One-liners, more one-liners, even more one-liners.
 Soundbites, more soundbites, even more soundbites.
 Assumptions, more assumptions, even more assumptions.
 Sensations, more sensations, even more sensations.
 Perceptions, more perceptions, even more perceptions.
 Debacles, more debacles, even more debacles.
 Connections, more connections, even more connections.
 Effort, more effort, even more effort.
 Gerrymandering, more gerrymandering, even more gerrymandering.
 Accumulation, more accumulation, even more accumulation.
 Discarding, more discarding, even more discarding.
 Dittoheads, more dittoheads, even more dittoheads.
 Absurdity and horror, more absurdity and horror, even more absurdity and horror.
 Might makes right, more might makes right, even more might makes right.
 Peter Pan, more Peter Pan, even more Peter Pan.
 Pitter-patter, more pitter-patter, even more pitter-patter.
 Meaningless chatter, more meaningless chatter, even more meaningless chatter.
 Complacency, more complacency, even more complacency.
 Hoarding, more hoarding, even more hoarding.
 Travels, more travels, even more travels.
 Adventures, more adventures, even more adventures.
 Journeys, more journeys, even more journeys.
 Rumination, more rumination, even more rumination.
 Samsara, more samsara, even more samsara.
 Smoke, more smoke, even more smoke.
 Soundless, more soundless, even more soundless.
 Other, more other, even more other.
 Bullshit, more bullshit, even more bullshit.
 Smoke and mirrors, more smoke and mirrors, even more smoke and mirrors.
 Double entendre, more double entendre, even more double entendre.
 Surrender, more surrender, even more surrender.
 Herd shit, more herd shit, even more herd shit.
 Dabbling, more dabbling, even more dabbling.
 Whatthe#\$*!, more whatthe#\$*!, even more whatthe#\$*!

Research needed, more research needed, even more research needed.
 Squawking, more squawking, even more squawking.
 Charades, more charades, even more charades.
 Habitual thinking, more habitual thinking, even more habitual thinking.
 Games, more games, even more games.
 Surrender, more surrender, even more surrender.
 Go, more go, even more go.
 Hubris, more hubris, even more hubris.
 Stop, more stop, even more stop.
 Yield, more yield, even more yield.
 Social distancing, more social distancing, even more social distancing.
 Breeding, more breeding, even more breeding.
 Aimlessness, more aimlessness, even more aimlessness.
 Diminishment, more diminishment, even more diminishment.
 Bleak ends, more bleak ends, even more bleak ends.
 Regurgitation, more regurgitation, even more regurgitation.
 Grand theater, more grand theater, even more grand theater.
 Embracing oblivion, more embracing oblivion, even more embracing oblivion.
 Chatter, more chatter, even more chatter.
 Lists, more lists, even more lists.
 Roshambo, more roshambo, even more roshambo.
 Finicky, more finicky, even more finicky.
 Names and faces, more names and faces, even more names and faces.
 Myths and legends, more myths and legends, even more myths and legends.
 Progress, more progress, even more progress.
 Bottom-feeders, more bottom-feeders, even more bottom-feeders.
 Suffering, more suffering, even more suffering.
 Moronic, more moronic, even more moronic.
 Natural selection, more natural selection, even more natural selection.
 Unnatural selection, more unnatural selection, even more unnatural selection.
 Capitulation, more capitulation, even more capitulation.
 Inner dialogue, more inner dialogue, even more inner dialogue.
 Plagiarization, more plagiarization, even more plagiarization.
 Duplication, more duplication, even more duplication.
 Observation, more observation, even more observation.
 Bitter brew, more bitter brew, even more bitter brew.
 Mumbo-jumbo, more mumbo-jumbo, even more mumbo-jumbo.
 Foul purpose, more foul purpose, even more foul purpose.
 Pandora, more pandora, even more pandora.
 Storytelling, more storytelling, even more storytelling.
 Human concoction, more human concoction, even more human concoction.
 Conceptual fray, more conceptual fray, even more conceptual fray.
 God-eat-god, more god-eat-god, even more god-eat-god.
 Nothing less, more nothing less, even more nothing less.
 Nothing more, more nothing more, even more nothing more.
 Nothing but, more nothing but, even more nothing but.
 Splinters, more splinters, even more splinters.
 Selfie madness, more selfie madness, even more selfie madness.

Watching, more watching, even more watching.
 Hysteria, more hysteria, even more hysteria.
 Perspectives, more perspectives, even more perspectives.
 Holy shit, more holy shit, even more holy shit.
 Trial and error, more trial and error, even more trial and error.
 Inner narration, more inner narration, even more inner narration.
 Genomic sequencing, more genomic sequencing, even more genomic sequencing.
 Human poppycock, more human poppycock, even more human poppycock.
 Subtlety, more subtlety, even more subtlety.
 Titles, more titles, even more titles.
 Travesty, more travesty, even more travesty.
 Irrationality, more irrationality, even more irrationality.
 Banality, more banality, even more banality.
 Naps, more naps, even more naps.
 Processing, more processing, even more processing.
 Dittymaking, more dittymaking, even more dittymaking.
 Mirages, more mirages, even more mirages.
 Dreamtime, more dreamtime, even more dreamtime.
 Discord, more discord, even more discord.
 Dissipation, more dissipation, even more dissipation.
 Distrust, more distrust, even more distrust.
 Disgust, more disgust, even more disgust.
 Development, more development, even more development.
 Distraction, more distraction, even more distraction.
 Terror, more terror, even more terror.
 Gossip, more gossip, even more gossip.
 Nagging, more nagging, even more nagging.
 Already forgotten, more already forgotten, even more already forgotten.
 Torture, more torture, even more torture.
 Just being, more just being, even more just being.
 Doofus, more doofus, even more doofus.
 Stepping back, more stepping back, even more stepping back.
 Sweet surrender, more sweet surrender, even more sweet surrender.
 Celebration, more celebration, even more celebration.
 Boogaloo, more boogaloo, even more boogaloo.
 Nostalgia, more nostalgia, even more nostalgia.
 Empty chatter, more empty chatter, even more empty chatter.
 Phases, more phases, even more phases.
 Hurt, more hurt, even more hurt.
 Zip, more zip, even more zip.
 Moving on, more moving on, even more moving on.
 Pollyanna, more pollyanna, even more pollyanna.
 Hidden treasure, more hidden treasure, even more hidden treasure.
 Yada yada, more yada yada, even more yada yada.
 Intensity, more intensity, even more intensity.
 Revelations, more revelations, even more revelations.
 Preening, more preening, even more preening.
 Chaff, more chaff, even more chaff.

Hooey balooey, more hooey balooey, even more hooey balooey.
Tales of woe, more tales of woe, even more tales of woe.
Middlemen, more middlemen, even more middlemen.
Menus, more menus, even more menus.
Puny thinking, more puny thinking, even more puny thinking.
Fluff, more fluff, even more fluff.
Sisyphus, more Sisyphus, even more Sisyphus.
Joyful curmudgeon, more joyful curmudgeon, even more joyful curmudgeon.
Memories, more memories, even more memories.
Wordsmithing, more wordsmithing, even more wordsmithing.
Reflections, more reflections, even more reflections.
Magical thinking, more magical thinking, even more magical thinking.
Gods, more gods, even more gods.
Deities, more deities, even more deities.
Impressions, more impressions, even more impressions.
Th-th-th-that's all folks, more th-th-th-that's all folks, even more th-th-th-that's all folks.

Breadcrumbs 2018

The Real is Discovering

The real light is discovering there is no light.
The real gray is discovering there is no gray.
The real dark is discovering there is no dark.
The real point is discovering there is no point.
The real before is discovering there is no before.
The real journey is discovering there is no journey.
The real creation is discovering there is no creation.
The real universe is discovering there is no universe.
The real quantum is discovering there is no quantum.
The real judgment is discovering there is no judgment.
The real and-so-on is discovering there is no and-so-on.
The real destruction is discovering there is no destruction.
The real awareness is discovering there is no awareness.
The real beginning is discovering there is no beginning.
The real unknown is discovering there is no unknown.
The real existence is discovering there is no existence.
The real beautiful is discovering there is no beautiful.
The real meaning is discovering there is no meaning.
The real formless is discovering there is no formless.
The real mystery is discovering there is no mystery.
The real purpose is discovering there is no purpose.
The real religion is discovering there is no religion.
The real nirvana is discovering there is no nirvana.
The real eternity is discovering there is no eternity.
The real process is discovering there is no process.
The real ecstasy is discovering there is no ecstasy.
The real known is discovering there is no known.
The real wealth is discovering there is no wealth.
The real source is discovering there is no source.
The real karma is discovering there is no karma.
The real power is discovering there is no power.
The real vanity is discovering there is no vanity.
The real agony is discovering there is no agony.
The real death is discovering there is no death.
The real belief is discovering there is no belief.
The real mind is discovering there is no mind.
The real space is discovering there is no space.
The real other is discovering there is no other.
The real fame is discovering there is no fame.
The real form is discovering there is no form.
The real good is discovering there is no good.
The real right is discovering there is no right.
The real after is discovering there is no after.
The real faith is discovering there is no faith.
The real path is discovering there is no path.
The real here is discovering there is no here.

The real view is discovering there is no view.
The real goal is discovering there is no goal.
The real time is discovering there is no time.
The real ugly is discovering there is no ugly.
The real now is discovering there is no now.
The real end is discovering there is no end.
The real evil is discovering there is no evil.
The real life is discovering there is no life.
The real you is discovering there is no you.
The real why is discovering there is no why.
The real who is discovering there is no who.
The real what is discovering there is no what.
The real when is discovering there is no when.
The real where is discovering there is no where.
The real how is discovering there is no how.

Breadcrumbs 2019

What is the Eternal Mind?

What is the eternal mind?
A mind that is awareness.
A mind that is perpetual.
A mind that is quantum.
A mind that is timeless.
A mind that is infinite.
A mind that is unborn.
A mind that is undying.
A mind that is absolute.
A mind that is immortal.
A mind that is indivisible.
A mind that is ever-present.
A mind that is ever-tranquil.
A mind that knows nothing.
A mind that is immaculate.
A mind that is everlasting.
A mind that is unbound.
A mind that is at rest.
A mind that is clear.
A mind that is solitary.
A mind that is sovereign.
A mind that is no mind at all.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Here and Gone

Sounds are here and gone, ever-changing.
Visions are here and gone, ever-changing.
Tastes are here and gone, ever-changing.
Smells are here and gone, ever-changing.
Touching is here and gone, ever-changing.
All things are here and gone, ever-changing.
Only in indivisible awareness does change still.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Dance of Duality

Without life, is there death?
Without good, is there evil?
Without light, is there dark?
Without white, is there black?
Without ecstasy, is there agony?
Without right, is there wrong?
Without love, is there hate?
Without yes, is there no?
Without either, is there or?
What is duality but a menagerie
Of an all but infinite array of possibilities
In which all dreams of consciousness dance their dance.

Breadcrumbs 2019

No Rewind, No Excuses

Coulda, shoulda, woulda.
Coulda, woulda, shoulda.
Shoulda, coulda, woulda.
Shoulda, woulda, coulda.
Woulda, shoulda, coulda.
Woulda, coulda, shoulda.
However you might choose to say it,
Essentially the same no-rewind-no-excuses meaning.
Essentially the same oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

Breadcrumbs 2019

More or Less

You may be more intellectual than someone else, or they may be more intellectual than you.

You may be more attractive than someone else, or they may be more attractive than you.

You may be more powerful than someone else, or they may be more powerful than you.

You may be more affluent than someone else, or they may be more affluent than you.

You may be more famous than someone else, or they may be more famous than you.

What does it matter, really, all the superficial differences, all the superficial judgments,
The human mind inexorably, with only rare respite, contrives in this absurd little dreamtime?

Breadcrumbs 2019

What Do You Do?

Do you give? Do you take?

Do you heal? Do you injure?

Do you create? Do you destroy?

Do you nourish? Do you consume?

Do you think? Do you regurgitate?

Do you dance? Do you march?

Do you live? Do you die?

Were you ever born?

Breadcrumbs 2019

You Imagine

You imagine you were born.

You imagine you were a child.

You imagine you were an adolescent.

You imagine you spent life as an adult.

You imagine so many things along the way,

Including the mortal end yet to come.

Has any of it really been real?

Breadcrumbs 2019

All Across the World

All across the world, the same conversation.
No matter the geography, no matter the time, no matter the culture,
No matter the tradition, no matter the politic, no matter the economics, no matter the technology,
No matter the religion, no matter the philosophy, no matter the language, no matter the dress,
No matter the gender, no matter the family, no matter the education, no matter the work,
No matter the war, no matter the sport, no matter the pastimes, no matter anything;
Each and every human being, males and females of all ages and persuasions,
Are in every way imaginable, essentially having the same conversation.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Every Life Form

Every life form ever born is of the same source.
Biological organisms sculpted of the same quantum essence.
No matter how large, no matter how small, none are really different at all.
For humankind to assert itself distinct or superior in any way, in any shape, in any form,
Is nothing more than consciousness imagining a collusion of delusion.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Without Judgment?

Awareness is pristine and immaculate and clear of any blemish or stain,
But is it at all possible for consciousness to be without judgment?
Is not everything thought one form of judgment or another?
Opinions, assumptions, stereotypes, conventions, ideals,
Ethics, principles, labels, laws, pigeonholes, beliefs,
Conclusions, notions, expectations, values, norms,
Any patterns, any definitions, any attitudes, whatsoever.
The roots of pride, of vanity, are saturated with all of the above.

Breadcrumbs 2019

The Roots of All Things Human

All this was set in motion millions of years ago back in the jungles of Africa.
We are all born of a natural selection process that runs through the core of our DNA.
No point getting upset about the fact that men do what men do, and women do what women do.
The contemporary world may make the tango of our species absurdly complex,
But the fundamental patterning is ever very much the same.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Whose Version Are We Talking About?

Whose version of Schopenhauer are we talking about?
Whose version of Wittgenstein are we talking about?
Whose version of Lao Tzu are we talking about?
Whose version of Buddha are we talking about?
Whose version of Comte are we talking about?
Whose version of Bacon are we talking about?
Whose version of Heraclitus are we talking about?
Whose version of Kafka are we talking about?
Whose version of Hume are we talking about?
Whose version of Ikkyū are we talking about?
Whose version of Rousseau are we talking about?
Whose version of Russell are we talking about?
Whose version of Hobbes are we talking about?
Whose version of Machiavelli are we talking about?
Whose version of Foucault are we talking about?
Whose version of Plato are we talking about?
Whose version of Kierkegaard are we talking about?
Whose version of Krishna are we talking about?
Whose version of Mill are we talking about?
Whose version of de Beauvoir are we talking about?
Whose version of Hess are we talking about?
Whose version of Aquinas are we talking about?
Whose version of Carneades are we talking about?
Whose version of Diogenes are we talking about?
Whose version of Smith are we talking about?
Whose version of Confucius are we talking about?
Whose version of Arendt are we talking about?
Whose version of James are we talking about?
Whose version of Parmenides are we talking about?
Whose version of Pascal are we talking about?
Whose version of Chomsky are we talking about?
Whose version of Thales are we talking about?
Whose version of Patanjali are we talking about?
Whose version of Watts are we talking about?
Whose version of Ram Dass are we talking about?
Whose version of Osho are we talking about?
Whose version of Derrida are we talking about?
Whose version of Marx are we talking about?
Whose version of Vonnegut are we talking about?
Whose version of Wollstonecraft are we talking about?
Whose version of Descartes are we talking about?
Whose version of Sartre are we talking about?
Whose version of Muhammad are we talking about?
Whose version of Locke are we talking about?
Whose version of Emerson are we talking about?
Whose version of Nietzsche are we talking about?

Whose version of Arendt are we talking about?
 Whose version of Dewey are we talking about?
 Whose version of Zoroaster are we talking about?
 Whose version of Whitman are we talking about?
 Whose version of Kant are we talking about?
 Whose version of Shankara are we talking about?
 Whose version of Plato are we talking about?
 Whose version of Epicurus are we talking about?
 Whose version of Ashtavakra are we talking about?
 Whose version of Aurelius are we talking about?
 Whose version of Socrates are we talking about?
 Whose version of Jesus are we talking about?
 Whose version of Yogananda are we talking about?
 Whose version of Aristotle are we talking about?
 Whose version of Camus are we talking about?
 Whose version of Voltaire are we talking about?
 Whose version of Spinoza are we talking about?
 Whose version of Thoreau are we talking about?
 Whose version of Hegel are we talking about?
 Whose version of Socrates are we talking about?
 Whose version of Heidegger are we talking about?
 Whose version of Krishnamurti are we talking about?
 Whose version of (fill in the blank) are we talking about?

Breadcrumbs 2019

One in the Same

Awareness is all.
 A moment ago, is forever expired,
 And the next more ungraspable than the farthest star.
 Space and time are the weavers of an inexplicable, imaginary dream,
 Given illusionary reality by the temporal sensory-mind.
 Creation and creator are one in the same.

Breadcrumbs 2019

That Is the Question

The immaculate awareness you truly are, is ever absolutely alone,
 Unbound in the indivisible, indelible, unborn-undying solitude of eternity.
 Your illusory universe will distract the mind you occupy in every way imaginable.
 Fashion every possible hook to every moment, draw you out into its kaleidoscoping theater.
 And as challenging as it may be to realize, to accept, it is ever your choice whether to give in, or not.
 And in every moment, you do acquiesce, in every moment, you do sip the quantum elixir,
 You become but a marionette playing out an ultimately inconsequential dream.
 To believe or not believe, to slumber or awaken, that is the question.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Awareness is Awareness

Awareness is awareness.
What is to intellectualize?
What is to mythologize?
What is to dogmatize?
What is to illuminate?
What is to symbolize?
What is to systemize?
What is to idolatry?
What is to translate?
What is to elucidate?
What is to canonize?
What is to ritualize?
What is to worship?
What is to convert?
What is to believe?
What is to imagine?
What is to venerate?
What is to persuade?
What is to interpret?
What is to formalize?
What is to evangelize?
What is to proselytize?
What is to propagandize?
What is to institutionalize?
What is to traditionalize?
What is to anything?

Breadcrumbs 2020

The Genesis of Choice

There are no teachers, no coaches, no masters.
It is you who chooses to school yourself.
It is you who chooses to learn, or not to learn.
It is you who chooses to study, to observe, to realize.
It is you who chooses to put together an imaginary cosmos.
It is you who creates the frame of reference in which you will abide.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Illusion and Delusion

From nothingness, awareness.
From awareness, quantum.
From quantum, chemistry.
From chemistry, biology.
From biology, medium.
From medium, consciousness,
From consciousness, imagination.
From imagination, Me and Myself and I.
From Me and Myself and I, illusion and delusion.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Nothing

There is nothing more.
Nothing to achieve.
Nothing to grasp.
Nothing to do.
Nothing to be.
All but a dream.

Breadcrumbs 2020

All Things Imaginable

Time is a creation of the human mind.
The timeless moment is all there is.
All meaning and purpose is illusion.
Only the mind moves the clock's hands.
Only the mind travels the calendar's pages.
Only the mind measures all things imaginable.
Only the mind imagines its world, its universe, real.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Who Was the First?

Who was the first to come down from the trees?
Who was the first to walk out into the plain?
Who was the first to gaze up into the skies?
Who was the first to use a hand signal?
Who was the first to utter a word?
Who was the first to stand?
Who was the first to walk?
Who was the first to run?
Who was the first to pursue?
Who was the first to build a fire?
Who was the first to throw a stone?
Who was the first to make a spear?
Who was the first to make a bowl?
Who was the first to make a basket?
Who was the first to tame a wolf?
Who was the first to tame a cat?
Who was the first to cook a meal?
Who was the first to use fire as a weapon?
Who was the first to write a word?
Who was the first to build a tool?
Who was the first to make a bowl?
Who was the first to make a spoon?
Who was the first to make a fork?
Who was the first to make a cup?
Who was the first to plant a seed?
Who was the first to create many gods?
Who was the first to create one god?
Who was the first to make a canoe?
Who was the first to dig a canal?
Who was the first to make an awl?
Who was the first to make ink?
Who was the first to make a knife?
Who was the first to use a club?
Who was the first to make a needle?
Who was the first to make cloth?
Who was the first to color clothing?
Who was the first to make a sword?
Who was the first to make a slingshot?
Who was the first to solve a math problem?
Who was the first to devise a geometric shape?
Who was the first to draw a line?
Who was the first to draw a square?
Who was the first to draw a triangle?
Who was the first to draw a circle?
Who was the first to make paper?
Who was the first to do a string figure?

Who was the first to make music?
 Who was the first to make a flute?
 Who was the first to make a drum?
 Who was the first to make a harp?
 Who was the first to make a harpoon?
 Who was the first to make a fishing pole?
 Who was the first to build a shield?
 Who was the first to devise a currency?
 Who was the first to make a bed?
 Who was the first to enter a cave?
 Who was the first to build a hut?
 Who was the first to make a tent?
 Who was the first to make a sling?
 Who was the first to make a bow?
 Who was the first to ride a horse?
 Who was the first to form a hunting party?
 Who was the first to make a mirror?
 Who was the first to make a comb?
 Who was the first to make a brush?
 Who was the first to use build a home?
 Who was the first to build a boat?
 Who was the first to name a star?
 Who was the first to make first painting?
 Who was the first to design first symbol?
 Who was the first to create a deity?
 Who was the first to conceive good and evil?
 Who was the first to create paint?
 Who was the first to use a stylus?
 Who was the first to make pottery?
 Who was the first to devise cuneiform?
 Who was the first to conceive numbers?
 Who was the first to conceive letters?
 Who was the first to conceive language?
 Who was the first to awaken to Self?
 Who was the first to conceive love?
 Who was the first to conceive romance?
 Who was the first to kill a beast?
 Who was the first to wear clothes?
 Who was the first to make a wheel?
 Who was the first to make a cart?
 Who was the first to make a boat?
 Who was the first to make a sail?
 Who was the first to barter?
 Who was the first to create money?
 Who was the first to make paper?
 Who was the first to create a business?
 Who was the first to chip a stone?
 Who was the first to make an awl?

Who was the first to wear jewelry?
 Who was the first to dig for metal?
 Who was the first to make a forge?
 Who was the first to create an explosive?
 Who was the first to make a shield?
 Who was the first to make a rope?
 Who was the first to sew?
 Who was the first to make clothes?
 Who was the first to write graffiti?
 Who was the first to wear a tattoo?
 Who was the first to domesticate an animal?
 Who was the first to swaddle an infant?
 Who was the first to bury a body?
 Who was the first to eat fruit?
 Who was the first to take a hallucinogen?
 Who was the first to make alcohol?
 Who was the first to create a currency?
 Who was the first to smoke tobacco?
 Who was the first to kill another?
 Who was the first to use a pillow?
 Who was the first to float on a log?
 Who was the first to swim across a river?
 Who was the first to make sugar?
 Who was the first to harvest honey?
 Who was the first to kill a tiger?
 Who was the first to ride an elephant?
 Who was the first to make a saddle?
 Who was the first to make a stirrup?
 Who was the first to milk a goat?
 Who was the first to sow a seed?
 Who was the first to create a herd?
 Who was the first to make a blanket?
 Who was the first to make a coat?
 Who was the first to dig a well?
 Who were the first to hunt as a band?
 Who was the first to dam a river?
 Who was the first to discover gold?
 Who was the first to walk a beach?
 Who was the first to milk a cow?
 Who was the first to climb a mountain?
 Who was the first to sail on the ocean?
 Who was the first to wear a dress?
 Who was the first to wear pants?
 Who was the first to make a belt?
 Who was the first to make glass?
 Who was the first to wear underwear?
 Who was the first to milk a horse?
 Who was the first to make a candle?

Who was the first to make a stairway?
Who was the first to build a house?
Who was the first to make a hammock?
Who was the first to make a tent?
Who was the first to catch a fish?
Who was the first to make a net?
Who was the first to trap an animal?
Who was the first to sing a song?
Who was the first to wear makeup?
Who was the first to get a haircut?
Who was the first to tie a knot?
Who was the first to trim his beard?
Who was the first to breed an animal?
Who was the first to harvest a crop?
Who was the first to rape another?
Who was the first to steal from another?
Who was the first to hoard wealth?
Who was the first to torture another?
Who was the first to fight a battle?
Who was the first to bake bread?
Who was the first to build a castle?
Who was the first to make up a story?
Who was the first to see a reflection of their face?
Who was the first to imagine a sense of self?

And who will be the last?

Breadcrumbs 2021

In the Stillness of Awareness

In the stillness of awareness, there is no self.
In the stillness of awareness, there is no birth.
In the stillness of awareness, there is no death.
In the stillness of awareness, there is no vanity.
In the stillness of awareness, there is no duality.
In the stillness of awareness, there is only here.
In the stillness of awareness, there is only now.
In the stillness of awareness, there is only Self.
In the stillness of awareness, there is only you.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Home, Sweet Home

Home, sweet home.
Peace, sweet peace.
Silence, sweet silence.
Solitude, sweet solitude.
Obscurity, sweet obscurity.
Awareness, sweet awareness.
Anonymity, sweet anonymity.
Realization, sweet realization.
Emptiness, sweet emptiness.
Rightness, sweet rightness.
Serenity, sweet serenity.
Home, sweet home.

Breadcrumbs 2021

All the Problems

All the problems, the mistakes, the bungles, the panics, the boo-boos, the miscalculations,
The complications, the faults, the errors, the catches, the slip-ups, the bruises, the oversights,
The inaccuracies, the disquiets, the bloopers, the gaffes, the muddles, the obstacles, the dilemmas,
The cuts, the lapses, the tears, the rips, the strains, the riddles, the missteps, the pains, the questions,
The dreads, the delays, the hitches, the lengths, the tortures, the glitches, the strivings, the nightmares,
The struggles, the stings, the distresses, the cruelties, the twinges, the anguishes, the slips, the concerns,
The inconveniences, the setbacks, the drawbacks, the stains, the hiccups, the stoppages, the intricacies,
The exertions, the adversities, the indiscretions, the horrors, the fears, the fretfulnesses, the nuisances,
The conundrums, the challenges, the posers, the enigmas, the cautions, the sufferings, the calamities,
The errors, the bloomers, the misprints, the faux pas, the howlers, the hurts, the aches, the sweats,
The worries, the anxieties, the strains, the griefs, the predicaments, the quandaries, the frights,
The phobias, the toils, the alarms, the brainteasers, the angsts, the troubles, the tribulations,
The apprehensions, the punishments, the afflictions, the snags, the troubles, the blights,
The obstructions, the difficulties, the blindsides, the bottlenecks, the hindrances,
The anomalies, the efforts, the trips, the oopsies, the oh-my-gods, the snafus,
The doubts, the blunders, the botch-ups, the cockups, the fuckups ...
You just have to wrap your head around living with them.

Breadcrumbs 2021

More, More, More

More creation, oh boy.
More waking, oh boy.
More laundry, oh boy.
More cleaning, oh boy.
More preening, oh boy.
More car washing, oh boy.
More exercising, oh boy.
More working, oh boy.
More errands, oh boy.
More chores, oh boy.
More sleeping, oh boy.
More shopping, oh boy.
More pleasure, oh boy.
More reading, oh boy.
More movies, oh boy.
More games, oh boy.
More wine, oh boy.
More song, oh boy.
More sex, oh boy.
More eating, oh boy.
More drinking, oh boy.
More wandering, oh boy.
More mindfulness, oh boy.
More preservation, oh boy.
More destruction, oh boy.
More breathing, oh boy.
More bother, oh boy.
More pain, oh boy.
More bills, oh boy.
More taxes, oh boy.
More peeing, oh boy.
More pooping, oh boy.
More indigestion, oh boy.
More Hallmark Holiday, oh boy.
More anthropological events, oh boy.
More, more, more, more, more, more, more ...

Breadcrumbs 2021

To Be, or Not to Be

To be, or not to be.
To become, or not to become.
To doubt, or not to doubt.
To see, or not to see.
To share, or not to share.
To love, or not to love.
To serenity, or not to serenity.
To taste, or not to taste.
To think, or not to think.
To imbibe, or not to imbibe.
To give, or not to give.
To inquire, or not to inquire.
To hate, or not to hate.
To eat, or not to eat.
To still, or not to still.
To protect, or not to protect.
To smell, or not to smell.
To coexist, or not to coexist.
To kill, or not to kill.
To tranquil, or not to tranquil.
To battle, or not to battle.
To embrace, or not to embrace.
To know, or not to know.
To touch, or not to touch.
To hear, or not to hear.
To resist, or not to resist.
To breathe, or not to breathe.
To revolt, or not to revolt.
To serve, or not to serve.
To take, or not to take.
To hope, or not to hope.
To live, or not to live.
To instruct, or not to instruct.
To die, or not to die.
To order, or not to order.
To create, or not to create.
To preserve, or not to preserve.
To destroy, or not to destroy.
To pray, or not to pray.
To grok, or not to grok.
To who, or not to who.
To predator, or not to predator.
To try, or not to try.
To wrath, or not to wrath.
To camouflage, or not to camouflage.
To covet, or not to covet.

To repose, or not to repose.
To exist, or not to exist.
To academic, or not to academic.
To boast, or not to boast.
To what, or not to what.
To sow, or not to sow.
To empathy, or not to empathy.
To follow, or not to follow.
To denounce, or not to denounce.
To torture, or not to torture.
To enjoy, or not to enjoy.
To compete, or not to compete.
To waffle, or not to waffle.
To grow, or not to grow.
To ally, or not to ally
To sojourn, or not to sojourn.
Th charge, or not to charge.
To abide, or not to abide.
To beg, or not to beg.
To rebel, or not to rebel.
To permit, or not to permit.
To mold, or not to mold.
To join, or not to join.
To review, or not to review.
To affiliate, or not to affiliate.
To dream, or not to dream.
To waiver, or not to waiver.
To conquer, or not to conquer
To win, or not to win.
To shuffle, or not to shuffle.
To lose, or not to lose.
To surrender, or not to surrender.
To go, or not to go.
To dive, or not to dive.
To write, or not to write.
To discern, or not to discern.
To propagate, or not to propagate.
To stop, or not to stop.
To learn, or not to learn.
To succeed, or not to succeed.
To impede, or not to impede.
To where, or not to where.
To nurture, or not to nurture.
To sympathy, or not to sympathy.
To fail, or not to fail.
To sit, or not to sit.
To prey, or not to prey.
To recline, or not to recline.

To lead, or not to lead.
To victim, or not to victim.
To innovate, or not to innovate.
To wander, or not to wander.
To lie, or not to lie.
To produce, or not to produce.
To idol, or not to idol.
To investigate, or not to investigate.
To when, or not to when.
To fall, or not to fall.
To assert, or not to assert.
To draw, or not to draw.
To sheeple, or not to sheeple.
To understand, or not to understand.
To collaborate, or not to collaborate.
To quest, or not to quest.
To fly, or not to fly.
To increase, or not to increase.
To cease, or not to cease.
To pass, or not to pass.
To observe, or not to observe.
To help, or not to help.
To why, or not to why.
To speak, or not to speak.
To extrapolate, or not to extrapolate.
To symbol, or not to symbol.
To work, or not to work.
To narrate, or not to narrate.
To renounce, or not to renounce.
To play, or not to play.
To invent, or not to invent.
To remind, or not to remind.
To tolerate, or not to tolerate.
To contend, or not to contend.
To feel, or not to feel.
To contort, or not to contort.
To fantasy, or not to fantasy.
To lust, or not to lust.
To mention, or not to mention.
To argue, or not to argue.
To angel, or not to angel.
To own, or not to own.
To decrease, or not to decrease.
To how, or not to how.
To save, or not to save.
To journey, or not to journey.
To trip, or not to trip.
To rhetoric, or not to rhetoric.

To participate, or not to participate.
 To allow, or not to allow.
 To respond, or not to respond.
To romantic, or not to romantic.
 To analyze, or not to analyze.
 To act, or not to act.
To complain, or not to complain.
 To passion, or not to passion.
 To walk, or not to walk.
To challenge, or not to challenge.
 To throw, or not to throw.
 To desire, or not to desire.
To drudge, or not to drudge.
 To berate, or not to berate.
 To state, or not to state.
To cast off, or not to cast off.
 To tribe, or not to tribe.
 To teach, or not to teach.
 To true, or not to true.
To achieve, or not to achieve.
 To drift, or not to drift.
To maintain, or not to maintain.
 To toss, or not to toss.
 To start, or not to start.
 To rant, or not to rant.
To disdain, or not to disdain.
 To inflict, or not to inflict.
To explore, or not to explore.
 To quit, or not to quit.
To criticize, or not to criticize.
 To spend, or not to spend.
 To buy, or not to buy.
 To rise, or not to rise.
To sermon, or not to sermon.
 To infinite, or not to infinite.
 To care, or not to care.
To groupthink, or not to groupthink.
 To heal, or not to heal.
To condemn, or not to condemn.
To doublethink, or not to doublethink.
 To address, or not to address.
 To quantum, or not to quantum.
 To extinct, or not to extinct.
To cooperate, or not to cooperate.
 To rage, or not to rage.
 To party, or not to party.
To pragmatic, or not to pragmatic.
To existential, or not to existential.

To react, or not to react.
To false, or not to false.
To dismiss, or not to dismiss.
To thoughtcrime, or not to thoughtcrime.
To remark, or not to remark.
To grasp, or not to grasp.
To demon, or not to demon.
To superstition, or not to superstition.
To quarrel, or not to quarrel.
To experiential, or not to experiential.
To listen, or not to listen.
To drink, or not to drink.
To comprehend, or not to comprehend.
To harangue, or not to harangue.
To practical, or not to practical.
To one, or not to one.
To fix, or not to fix.
To empirical, or not to empirical.
To critique, or not to critique.
To riot, or not to riot.
To protect, or not to protect.
To sell, or not to sell.
To totality, or not to totality.
To twist, or not to twist.
To flourish, or not to flourish.
To zip, or not to zip.
To cultivate, or not to cultivate.
To hunger, or not to hunger.
To vie, or not to vie.
To paradox, or not to paradox.
To irony, or not to irony.
To hint, or not to hint.
To describe, or not to describe.
To mature, or not to mature.
To newspeak, or not to newspeak.
To zeal, or not to zeal.
To explain, or not to explain.
To fish, or not to fish.
To doublespeak, or not to doublespeak.
To condone, or not to condone.
To run, or not to run.
To reason, or not to reason.
To anarchy, or not to anarchy.
To seek, or not to seek.
To repair, or not to repair.
To desecrate, or not to desecrate.
To deride, or not to deride.
To wise, or not to wise.

To comment, or not to comment.
 To kneel, or not to kneel.
 To nest, or not to nest.
 To assist, or not to assist.
 To oppose, or not to oppose.
To perceive, or not to perceive.
 To defend, or not to defend.
To witness, or not to witness.
 To thirst, or not to thirst.
 To ask, or not to ask.
To announce, or not to announce.
 To shield, or not to shield.
 To harvest, or not to harvest.
 To delve, or not to delve.
 To note, or not to note.
To mayhem, or not to mayhem.
 To fathom, or not to fathom.
 To delight, or not to delight.
 To dig, or not to dig.
 To partner, or not to partner.
 To sally, or not to sally.
 To adapt, or not to adapt.
 To attack, or not to attack.
 To venture, or not to venture.
 To evolve, or not to evolve.
To chameleon, or not to chameleon.
 To have, or not to have.
 To pretend, or not to pretend.
 To struggle, or not to struggle.
 To endure, or not to endure.
 To wonder, or not to wonder.
 To question, or not to question.
 To be, or not to be.

Those are some questions.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Axis of Evil

Nepotism

the practice among those with power or influence
of favoring relatives or friends, esp. by giving them jobs.

Cronyism

the appointment of friends and associates to positions of authority,
without proper regard to their qualifications.

Favoritism

the practice of giving unfair preferential treatment
to one person or group at the expense of another.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Same Grave

Death is a dispassionate reaper.
The powerful and the weak,
The wealthy and the poor,
The famous and the unknown,
All find their way to the same grave.

Breadcrumbs 2021

To Discern That

You must look very closely, to discern that which cannot be seen.
You must listen very closely, to discern that which cannot be heard.
You must smell very closely, to discern that which cannot be smelled.
You must taste very closely, to discern that which cannot be tasted.
You must feel very closely, to discern that which cannot be felt.
Reason very closely, to discern that which cannot be known.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Only Consciousness

Only consciousness conceives.
Only consciousness believes.
Only consciousness judges.
Only consciousness cares.
Only consciousness loves.
Only consciousness hates.
Only consciousness wants.
Only consciousness creates.
Only consciousness preserves.
Only consciousness destroys.

Breadcrumbs 2021

You Did Not Choose

You did not choose your birth.
You did not choose your body.
You did not choose your mind.
You did not choose your family.
You did not choose your gender.
You did not choose your culture.
You did not choose your tradition.
You did not choose your language.
You did not choose your geography.
You did not choose your education.
You did not choose your ethnicity.
You did not choose your customs.
You did not choose your politics.
You did not choose your history.
You did not choose your mores.
You did not choose your creed.
You did not choose your status.
You did not choose your caste.
You did not choose your time.
You did not choose your space.
Have you ever really had any choice,
In your long and winding journey to destiny?

Breadcrumbs 2021

Awareness

Awareness is totality.
Awareness is indelible.
Awareness is sovereign.
Awareness is enigmatic.
Awareness is indivisible.
Awareness is inscrutable.
Awareness is inexplicable.
Awareness is unknowable.
Awareness is unfathomable.
Awareness is incomprehensible.
Awareness is indecipherable.
Awareness is unexplainable.
Awareness is inconceivable.
Awareness is immeasurable.
Awareness is impenetrable.
Awareness is indescribable.
Awareness is interminable.
Awareness is immaculate.
Awareness is everything.
Awareness is nothing.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Just Stop

... Stop believing ...
... Stop believing all you know ...
... Stop believing in the world ...
... Stop believing in the universe ...
... Stop believing in deities and demons ...
... Stop believing you are a human being ...
... Stop believing you are alive ...
... Stop believing you will die ...
... Stop believing you were ever born ...
... Stop believing you are more than awareness ...
... Stop believing you are even awareness ...
... Just stop ...

Breadcrumbs 2021

You Are Not

You are not your mind.
You are not your body.
You are not your mask.
You are not your nature.
You are not your nurture.
You are not your imagination.
You are not your perceptions.
You are not your memories.
You are not your vanities.
You are not your dreams.
You are not your hopes.
You are not your values.
You are not your history.
You are not your language.
You are not your identity.
You are not your name.
You are not your ethnicity.
You are not your gender.
You are not your family.
You are not your tribe.
You are not your caste.
You are not your culture.
You are not your country.
You are not your religion.
You are not your work.
You are not your talents.
You are not your hobbies.
You are not your things.
You are not your successes.
You are not your failures.
You are not your desires.
You are not your fears.
You are not your ecstasies.
You are not your agonies.
You are not your time.
You are not your space.
You are not your world.
You are not your universe.
You are not your dimension.
You are not anything; you are not everything.
You are not ... You are not ... You are not ... You are not ...
But the awareness, the indivisibility, the mystery, permeating all ... and none.

Breadcrumbs 2021

From Dust to Dust

From dust to dust.
From null to null.
From void to void.
From sleep to sleep.
From abyss to abyss.
From silence to silence.
From stillness to stillness.
From nonbeing to nonbeing.
From extinction to extinction.
From nothingness to nothingness.
From nonexistence to nonexistence.
From insignificant to insignificant.
From indivisibility to indivisibility.
From annihilation to annihilation.
From detachment to detachment.
From insentience to insentience.
From unconcern to unconcern.
From emptiness to emptiness.
From obscurity to obscurity.
From quantum to quantum.
From inertness to inertness.
From oblivion to oblivion.

Breadcrumbs 2021

You Are

As huge as huge is, as small as small is, you are.
As strong as strong is, as weak as weak is, you are.
As kind as kind is, as merciless as merciless is, you are.
As virtuous as virtuous is, as corrupt as corrupt is, you are.
As illustrious as illustrious is, as ordinary as ordinary is, you are.
As something as something is, as nothing as nothing is, you are.
As abundant as abundant is, as scarce as scarce is, you are.
As aware as aware is, as ignorant as ignorant is, you are.
As infinite as infinite is, as finite as finite is, you are.
As true as true is, as untrue as untrue is, you are.
As real as real is, as unreal as unreal is, you are.
As all things are, as all things are not, you are.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Un-Imagine

Un-imagine you are this mind-body.
Un-imagine you are this existence.
Un-imagine you are this world.
Un-imagine you are this cosmos.
Un-imagine you are this dreamtime.

Breadcrumbs 2021

What Cosmos?

What cosmos does any creature perceive?
What cosmos does an aardvark perceive?
What cosmos does a cockroach perceive?
What cosmos does an octopus perceive?
What cosmos does a sparrow perceive?
What cosmos does a buffalo perceive?
What cosmos does a giraffe perceive?
What cosmos does a turtle perceive?
What cosmos does a trout perceive?
What cosmos does a tiger perceive?
What cosmos does a dog perceive?
What cosmos does a tree perceive?
What cosmos does a frog perceive?
What cosmos does a seal perceive?
What cosmos does a clam perceive?
What cosmos does an ant perceive?
What cosmos does a bush perceive?
What cosmos does a hawk perceive?
What cosmos does a whale perceive?
What cosmos does a shark perceive?
What cosmos does bacteria perceive?
What cosmos does a human perceive?
What cosmos does a lobster perceive?
What cosmos does an oyster perceive?
What cosmos does a dolphin perceive?
What cosmos does a penguin perceive?
What cosmos does a scorpion perceive?
What cosmos does a kangaroo perceive?
What cosmos does any creature perceive?
Perception is a nature-nurture phenomenon.
All things great to small, very much alone together.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Mortal Slime

The smells! The smells!
The tastes! The tastes!
The sights! The sights!
The sounds! The sounds!
The textures! The textures!
The thoughts! The thoughts!
A mystery born of mortal slime.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Who Knows?

Who knows who?
Who knows what?
Who knows where?
Who knows when?
Who knows why?
Who knows how?

Breadcrumbs 2021

Like You Thought It Would?

Does it look like you thought it would?
Does it sound like you thought it would?
Does it taste like you thought it would?
Does it smell like you thought it would?
Does it feel like you thought it would?
Or did you even think about it at all?

Breadcrumbs 2021

What Would Your World Be?

What would your world be, what would your universe be, without the eyes to see?
What would your world be, what would your universe be, without the ears to hear?
What would your world be, what would your universe be, without the nose to smell?
What would your world be, what would your universe be, without the tongue to taste?
What would your world be, what would your universe be, without the body to touch?
What would your world be, what would your universe be, without the mind to think?
What would your world be, what would your universe be, without all of the above?

Breadcrumbs 2021

Fate

The fate of the universe is the fate of the universe.
The fate of the world is the fate of the world.
The fate of all life is the fate of all life.
The fate of you is the fate of you.
All just aspects of the same mystery.
No need to make anything more than it is.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Plays of Imagination

Is time separate from space?
Are clouds separate from the sky?
Are currents separate from the ocean?
Is consciousness separate from awareness?
Is one moment separate from any other moment?
Are you separate from the mystery that is unfathomable?
All dualistic notions are nothing more than plays of imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Who?

Who who's?
Who what's?
Who where's?
Who when's?
Who why's?
Who how's?
Who exists?
Who dies?
Who sees?
Who hears?
Who smells?
Who tastes?
Who feels?
Who listens?
Who speaks?
Who writes?
Who sleeps?
Who wakes?
Who sits?
Who walks?
Who runs?
Who cares?
Who likes?
Who longs?
Who laughs?
Who yells?
Who cries?
Who hopes?
Who loves?
Who mates?
Who dreads?
Who fears?
Who hates?
Who begs?
Who dreams?
Who works?
Who owns?
Who pays?
Who saves?
Who spends?
Who consumes?
Who knows?
Who wonders?
Who, who, who, are you?

Breadcrumbs 2021

Awareness of the Eternal Moment

The awareness of the eternal moment neither creates nor destroys.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither favors nor opposes.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither leads nor follows.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither covets nor limits.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither moves nor stills.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither gives nor takes.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither ebbs nor flows.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither rises nor sinks.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither wins nor loses.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither loves nor hates.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither comes nor goes.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither thinks nor acts.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither begins nor ends.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither profits nor loses.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither grasps nor frees.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither lives nor perishes.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither succeeds nor fails.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither accepts nor denies.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither grows nor shrinks,
The awareness of the eternal moment neither attacks nor defends.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither reveals nor conceals.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither obsesses nor ignores.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither harshens nor softens.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither indulges nor abstains.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither brightens nor darkens.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither increases nor decreases.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither appears nor disappears.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither conquers nor surrenders.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither consumes nor preserves.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither condemns nor absolves.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither ascends nor descends.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither hopes nor despairs.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither seeks nor finds.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Dualistic Notion

Is time separate from space?
Are clouds separate from the sky?
Are currents separate from the ocean?
Is consciousness separate from awareness?
Is one moment separate from any other moment?
Are you separate from the mystery that is unfathomable?
All dualistic notions are nothing more than plays of imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Easier

Easier to glimpse it than it is to see it.
Easier to listen to it than it is to hear it.
Easier to devour it than it is to taste it.
Easier to whiff it than it is to smell it.
Easier to touch it than it is to feel it.

Breadcrumbs 2021

There Are Times

There are times for war, there are times for peace.
There are times for strategy, there are times for tactics.
There are times for argument, there are times for diplomacy.
There are times for replenishment, there are times for scarcity.
There are times for maneuver, there are times for extermination.
There are times to press forward, there are times to withdraw.
There are times to lay seige, there are times to move around.
There are times for order, there are times for mayhem.
There are times for victory, there are times for loss.
There are times to die, there are times to renew.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Same Quantum Mystery

Asleep or drowsy or indolent or awake,
It is all the same quantum pointlessness,
It is all the same quantum unfathomability.
It is all the same quantum unborn-undying.
It is all the same quantum unknowability.
It is all the same quantum indivisibility.
It is all the same quantum dreamtime.
It is all the same quantum mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Was Anyone?

Was Jesus really the Jesus you think he was?
Was Moses really the Moses you think he was?
Was Lao Tzu really the Lao Tzu you think he was?
Was Shankara really the Shankara you think he was?
Was Muhammed really the Muhammed you think he was?
Was Zoroaster really the Zoroaster you think he was?
Was Krishna really the Krishna you think he was?
Was Buddha really the Buddha you think he was?
Was anyone really the anyone you think he was?

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Same Awareness

All sentient life forms small to great gaze out upon their unique universe,
Each and every one, the same indivisible, ubiquitous awareness,
The same indivisible source, the same indivisible mystery.
Declare the awareness to be one god or many,
By whatever deific-sounding sounds comes to mind,
The inscrutable that humankind ever aspires to penetrate,
Is eternally indifferent to, unaffected by, all conscious endeavors.

Breadcrumbs 2021

The Mystery of the Mystery

It is a mysterious mystery.
It is an absolute mystery.
It is an immeasurable mystery.
It is an immaculate mystery.
It is a sovereign mystery.
It is an indelible mystery.
It is an unadulterated mystery.
It is an indivisible mystery.
It is an inexplicable mystery.
It is an ultimate mystery.
It is an unknowable mystery.
It is a timeless mystery.
It is a quintessential mystery.
It is a spaceless mystery.
It is an imperishable mystery.
It is an unfathomable mystery.
It is a pristine mystery.
It is an indecipherable mystery.
It is a seamless mystery.
It is an interminable mystery.
It is a baffling mystery.
It is an unmitigated mystery.
It is an unspoiled mystery.
It is an impeccable mystery.
It is an enigmatic mystery.
It is an inconceivable mystery.
It is an untainted mystery.
It is an ineffable mystery.
It is an inscrutable mystery.
It is a precise mystery.
It is an impenetrable mystery.
It is an ideal mystery.
It is a flawless mystery.
It is an unborn mystery.
It is an undying mystery.
It is an eternal mystery.
It is an unparalleled mystery.
It is a supreme mystery.
It is an archetype mystery.
It is a superlative mystery.
It is an unavoidable mystery.
It is a creative mystery.
It is a destructive mystery.
It is an inventive mystery.
It is an imaginative mystery.
It is an unprecedented mystery.

It is a singular mystery.
It is a spectacular mystery.
It is an unusual mystery.
It is a novel mystery.
It is an innovative mystery.
It is a spontaneous mystery.
It is a kaleidoscoping mystery.
It is a unique mystery.
It is a paradigm mystery.
It is a metaphorical mystery.
It is an adamant mystery.
It is a metaphorical mystery.
It is an inescapable mystery.
It is an unchangeable mystery.
It is a relentless mystery.
It is an inflexible mystery.
It is an ironic mystery.
It is a paradoxical mystery.
It is a boggling mystery.
It is an unrivaled mystery.
It is an unequaled mystery.
It is an unmatched mystery.
It is an unsurpassed mystery.
It is a special mystery.
It is an outstanding mystery.
It is a brilliant mystery.
It is an inexorable mystery.
It is an exclusive mystery.
It is an incomprehensible mystery.
It is a distinctive mystery.
It is an exceptional mystery.
It is an inimitable mystery.
It is a matchless mystery.
It is a one-off mystery.
It is an outstanding mystery.
It is an irreplaceable mystery.
It is a hypothetical mystery.
It is a theoretical mystery.
It is an implausible mystery.
It is a surreptitious mystery.
It is an unsolvable mystery.
It is a cryptic mystery.
It is a puzzling mystery.
It is an extraordinary mystery.
It is a profound mystery.
It is a ruthless mystery.
It is a perplexing mystery.
It is a complex mystery.

It is an incomparable mystery.
It is a peculiar mystery.
It is a weird mystery.
It is an audacious mystery.
It is a cagey mystery.
It is a fearless mystery.
It is an intrepid mystery.
It is a courageous mystery.
It is a puzzling mystery.
It is an obscure mystery.
It is a hidden mystery.
It is an ambiguous mystery.
It is an abyss mystery.
It is an empty mystery.
It is an obtuse mystery.
It is a vacuous mystery.
It is a streaming mystery.
It is a bottomless mystery.
It is a shrewd mystery.
It is a perceptive mystery.
It is a wise mystery.
It is a judicious mystery.
It is an incisive mystery.
It is an intelligent mystery.
It is a sensible mystery.
It is a never-ending mystery.
It is a limitless mystery.
It is a boundless mystery.
It is an effortless mystery.
It is an unpretentious mystery.
It is an artless mystery.
It is an inherent mystery.
It is an actual mystery.
It is a predictable mystery.
It is a foolish mystery.
It is an instinctive mystery.
It is a hollow mystery.
It is a vague mystery.
It is a vibrating mystery.
It is a pointless mystery.
It is a hard-hearted mystery.
It is a methodical mystery.
It is an oscillating mystery.
It is a quantum mystery.
It is a scientific mystery.
It is a logical mystery.
It is a precise mystery.
It is a detached mystery.

It is a forthright mystery.
It is a natural mystery.
It is an exact mystery.
It is a systematic mystery.
It is a complete mystery.
It is a definitive mystery.
It is a state-of-the-art mystery.
It is a true mystery.
It is an implacable mystery.
It is a merciless mystery.
It is an unbending mystery.
It is a callous mystery.
It is an abundant mystery.
It is an everything mystery.
It is an unbreakable mystery.
It is an immortal mystery.
It is a ground mystery.
It is a demanding mystery.
It is a meticulous mystery.
It is a holographic mystery.
It is a matrix mystery.
It is a patternless mystery.
It is an arcane mystery.
It is an esoteric mystery.
It is an untraceable mystery.
It is a pathless mystery.
It is an indescribable mystery.
It is a majestic mystery.
It is a nothing mystery.
It is a fastidious mystery.
It is an unexplainable mystery.
It is an unyielding mystery.
It is an infinite mystery.
It is a bona fide mystery.
It is a mysterious mystery.

It is ... a mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Imagination

Imagination, creator of all that is nothing more than quantum illusion.
Imagination, creator of all that has never been anything more than quantum illusion.
Imagination, creator of all that will never be anything more than quantum illusion.
Imagination, only as material as the sensory-born illusion of the given moment.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Will It Really Matter?

Will it really matter in one second?
Will it really matter in ten seconds?
Will it really matter in one minute?
Will it really matter in one hour?
Will it really matter in one day?
Will it really matter in one week?
Will it really matter in one month?
Will it really matter in six months?
Will it really matter in one year?
Will it really matter in two years?
Will it really matter in five years?
Will it really matter in ten years?
Will it really matter in twenty years?
Will it really matter in one hundred years?
Will it really matter in five hundred years?
Will it really matter in one thousand years?
Will it really matter in ten thousand years?
Will it really matter in twenty thousand years?
Will it really matter in one hundred thousand years?
Will it really matter in one million years?
Will it really matter in ten million years?
Will it really matter in one hundred million years?
Will it really matter in one billion years?
Will it really matter in ten billion years?
Will it really matter in one trillion years?
Will it really matter in one gazillion years?

Did it really ever matter at all?

Vanity, vanity, all is vanity.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Mind Is, the Mind Is Not

The mind is, the mind is not, a dream.
The mind is, the mind is not, a delusion.
The mind is, the mind is not, a habit.
The mind is, the mind is not, a truth.
The mind is, the mind is not, a practice.
The mind is, the mind is not, a trance.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fixation.
The mind is, the mind is not, an obsession.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fondness.
The mind is, the mind is not, a tendency.
The mind is, the mind is not, a bent.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fabrication.
The mind is, the mind is not, a lie.
The mind is, the mind is not, a pretense.
The mind is, the mind is not, a chameleon.
The mind is, the mind is not, a hope.
The mind is, the mind is not, a reality.
The mind is, the mind is not, a passion.
The mind is, the mind is not, a reverie.
The mind is, the mind is not, a hallucination.
The mind is, the mind is not, a leaning.
The mind is, the mind is not, a desire.
The mind is, the mind is not, an aspiration.
The mind is, the mind is not, an idea.
The mind is, the mind is not, a notion.
The mind is, the mind is not, a mirage.
The mind is, the mind is not, a custom.
The mind is, the mind is not, a preference.
The mind is, the mind is not, a memory.
The mind is, the mind is not, an irony.
The mind is, the mind is not, a paradox.
The mind is, the mind is not, a figment.
The mind is, the mind is not, a daydream.
The mind is, the mind is not, a wish.
The mind is, the mind is not, an ambition.
The mind is, the mind is not, a pattern.
The mind is, the mind is not, a frame.
The mind is, the mind is not, a nightmare.
The mind is, the mind is not, a trick.
The mind is, the mind is not, a tradition.
The mind is, the mind is not, a thought.
The mind is, the mind is not, a window.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fear.
The mind is, the mind is not, a template.
The mind is, the mind is not, an artifice.
The mind is, the mind is not, a custom.

The mind is, the mind is not, a convention.
The mind is, the mind is not, a chimera.
The mind is, the mind is not, a projection.
The mind is, the mind is not, an impression.
The mind is, the mind is not, a goal.
The mind is, the mind is not, a pipedream.
The mind is, the mind is not, a wont.
The mind is, the mind is not, a deception.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fantasy.
The mind is, the mind is not, an addiction.
The mind is, the mind is not, a problem.
The mind is, the mind is not, a mold.
The mind is, the mind is not, a character.
The mind is, the mind is not, a liking.
The mind is, the mind is not, an inclination.
The mind is, the mind is not, a matrix.

Breadcrumbs 2022

How Can You Ever Describe It?

How can you ever describe a sound?
How can you ever describe a sight?
How can you ever describe a taste?
How can you ever describe a smell?
How can you ever describe a feeling?
How can you ever describe anything?
And yet we are ever linguistic acrobats.

Breadcrumbs 2022

What is Genesis?

What is Genesis but a wind propelling its own sail.
What is Genesis but a brush frolicking upon its own canvas.
What is Genesis but a hammer pounding upon its own nail.
What is Genesis but a wave heading toward its own shore.
What is Genesis but a flame burning in its own darkness.
What is Genesis but a particle drifting in its own space.
What is Genesis but a dream floating in its given mind.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Only Vanity Believes

Only vanity believes it is real.
Only vanity believes it is important.
Only vanity believes in gods and demons.
Only vanity believes in ghosts and monsters.
Only vanity believes in messiahs and saints.
Only vanity believes it is harbor to change.
Only vanity believes in more, more, more.
Only vanity believes nil is not an option.
Only vanity believes imagination exists.
Only vanity believes itself immortal.
Only vanity believes belief is true.

Breadcrumbs 2022

So It Goes

So many sights you will never see,
So many sounds you will never hear,
So many scents you will never smell,
So many flavors you will never taste,
So many textures you will never feel,
So many thoughts you will never think,
So many things you will never own.
So many things you will never do.
So many things you will never be.
So it goes.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Only as Real as You Imagine Them

Differences are only as real as you imagine them.
Conclusions are only as real as you imagine them.
Assumptions are only as real as you imagine them.
Speculations are only as real as you imagine them.

Breadcrumbs 2022

How Can You Look, and Not See?

How can you look at this mystery, and not see it is you?
How can you look at any other, and not see it is you?
How can you look at a mountain, and not see it is you?
How can you look at a plant, and not see it is you?
How can you look at a stream, and not see it is you?
How can you look at a rock, and not see it is you?
How can you look at a table, and not see it is you?
How can you look at an insect, and not see it is you?
How can you look at a bird, and not see it is you?
How can you look at a fish, and not see it is you?
How can you look at a horse, and not see it is you?
How can you look at a man, and not see he is you?
How can you look at a woman, and not see she is you?
How can you look at a child, and not see it is you?
How can you look at the ocean, and not see it is you?
How can you look at a cloud, and not see it is you?
How can you look at the sky, and not see it is you?
How can you look at the moon, and not see it is you?
How can you look at the sun, and not see it is you?
How can you look at the stars, and not see they are you?
How can you look at a particle of dust, and not see it is you?
How can you look at the space between all, and not see it is you?

Breadcrumbs 2022

What Difference?

To be, or not to be, what difference?
To see. or not to see, what difference?
To hear. or not to hear, what difference?
To taste, or not to taste, what difference?
To smell. or not to smell, what difference?
To touch, or not to touch, what difference?
To think, or not to think, what difference?

Breadcrumbs 2022

Regarding Intelligence

Somebody came up with eight types of intelligence:

- bodily kinesthetic (body smart)
- interpersonal (people smart)
- verbal linguistic (word smart)
- logical-mathematical (logic smart)
- naturalistic (nature smart)
- intrapersonal (self smart)
- visual-spatial (picture smart)
- musical (music smart)

Another collection also lists eight, with slight variations:

- mathematical (number smart),
- musical (music smart),
- linguistic (word smart),
- naturalistic (nature smart),
- intrapersonal (self smart),
- interpersonal (people smart),
- body-kinesthetic (body smart),
- visual (picture smart)

Another fellow, named Mark Vital, stoked it up to nine:

- naturalist (understanding living things and reading nature)
- musical (discerning sounds, their pitch, tone, rhythm, and timbre)
- logical-mathematical (quantifying things, making hypotheses and proving them)
- existential (tackling the questions of why we live, and why we die)
- interpersonal (sensing people's feelings and motives)
- bodily-kinesthetic (coordinating your mind with your body)
- linguistic (finding the right words to express what you mean)
- intrapersonal (understanding yourself, what you feel, and what you want)
- spatial (visualizing the world in 3D)

Likely many, if not most, fall into at least one of the above categories.

And what sort of intelligence is required to be any other life form, any other earthling,
On this spinning rock some humans call Earth, in a cosmos some call the Universe?

Breadcrumbs 2022

Yesterday & Tomorrow

Who was yesterday? Who will be tomorrow?
What was yesterday? What will be tomorrow?
Where was yesterday? Where will be tomorrow?
When was yesterday? When will be tomorrow?
Why was yesterday? Why will be tomorrow?
How was yesterday? How will be tomorrow?

Breadcrumbs 2022

Ultimate Reality

Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all visions.
Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all sounds.
Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all tastes.
Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all smells.
Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all touch.
Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all senses.
Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all minds.
Ultimate reality is well prior to, and well beyond, all minds.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Before All Beginnings, After All Ends

When did imagination begin? And who was it before? Who will it be after it ends?
When did imagination begin? And what was it before? What will it be after it ends?
When did imagination begin? And where was it before? Where will it be after it ends?
When did imagination begin? And when was it before? Where when it be after it ends?
When did imagination begin? And why was it before? Why will it be after it ends?
When did imagination begin? And how was it before? How will it be after it ends?

Breadcrumbs 2022

Existence is Enough

Existence is enough.
The moment is enough.
It does not require stories.
It does not require philosophies.
It does not require deities or dogmas.
It does not require more, more, ever more.
It does not require meaning, it does not require purpose.
It does not require power or wealth or celebrity.
It does not require pedestrian groupthink.
It does not require political sanction.
It does not require consciousness.
It does not require knowledge.
It does not require anything.
Not even the illusory you.
The moment is enough.
Existence is enough.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Water Does Not

Water does not battle the rock.
It does not disobey gravity.
It does not resist the sun.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Just Another

Just another sound.
Just another sight.
Just another taste.
Just another smell.
Just another touch.
Just another thought.
Where is the space?
Where is the time?

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Garden of Dualistic Notion

The Garden of Life and Death.
The Garden of Good and Evil.
The Garden of Desire and Fear.
The Garden of Sweet and Bitter.
The Garden of Black and White.
The Garden of Sound and Silence.
The Garden of Kind and Callous.
The Garden of Full and Empty.
The Garden of Hot and Cold.
The Garden of Ones and Zeros.
The Garden of Dualistic Notion.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Ever the Same You

You are ever the same You.
Everything is ever the same You.
There is nothing that is not the same You.
No matter the dimension.
No matter the quantum.
No matter the matrix.
No matter the universe.
No matter the galaxy.
No matter the star.
No matter the world.
No matter the space.
No matter the time.
No matter the culture.
No matter the language.
No matter the mind-body.
No matter the dream.
No matter the gender.
No matter the costume.
No matter the vocation.
No matter the dogma.
No matter the politics.
No matter the attitude.
No matter the whatever.
You are ever the same You.

Breadcrumbs 2022

What is Hope?

To hope, or not to hope, that is the question.

What is hope?

What is hope, but:

Hope is to:

Hope is:

Hope:

Go back to the drawing board
Beat around the bush
That ship has sailed
Go down in flames
Have eyes bigger than one's stomach
Fly in the ointment
A dime a dozen
A bitter pill to swallow
Call it a day
Take with a grain of salt
Cutting corners
All thumbs
Get your act together
Break a leg
It's not rocket science
Make a long story short
Wild goose chase
Straw that broke the camel's back
Miss the boat
No horse in this race
Hook, line and sinker
Couch potato
Heard it through the grapevine
At the drop of a hat
Barking up the wrong tree
A hot potato
By the seat of one's pants
Chink in one's armor
Bird brain
Cut somebody some slack
My two cents
Kill two birds with one stone
Bed of roses
Pull someone's leg
Pull yourself together
Speak of the devil
Time flies when you're having fun

By the skin of one's teeth
Two a penny
Elephant in the room
Don't count chickens before they hatch
No dog in this fight
To make matters worse
For a song
Pushing up daisies
Trip the light fantastic
We'll cross that bridge when we come to it
Shoot the breeze
Throw under the bus
Wrap your head around something
Screw the pooch
Your guess is as good as mine
You can say that again

Breadcrumbs 2022

What Happened

What happened to the Egyptians,
What happened to the Persians,
What happened to the Chinese,
What happened to the Greeks,
What happened to the Spanish,
What happened to the French,
What happened to the English,
What happened to the Germans,
What happened to the Russians,
What happened to the Aztecs,
What happened to the Incas,
What happened to the Zulus,
What happened to the Romans,
Is what happens to all robust tribes.
Everything that rises, sooner or later falls.
That is the statistical certainty of all manifestation.
Including this genesis, this matrix, and any and all creations prior and hence.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Blobs Everywhere

Blobs everywhere.
Some with eyes.
Some with ears.
Some with noses.
Some with mouths.
Some with fingers.
Some with toes.
Some with legs.
Some with arms.
Some with tails.
Some with muscles.
Some with fat.
Some with wings.
Some with feelers.
Some with fins.
Some with flesh.
Some with hair.
Some with scales.
Some with wit.
Some with folly.
Some with ...
Some with ...
Some with ...
Some with whatever.
All blobs, nonetheless.

Breadcrumbs 2022

What is Left?

What is left, after you stop imagining you are the body?
What is left, after you stop imagining you are the identity?
What is left, after you stop imagining you are all these memories?
What is left, after you stop imagining you are all these relationships?
What is left, after you stop imagining you are anything at all?
What is left, but the still, pure awareness, you ever are,
That to which all manifestation is but a dream.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Only as Real as You Imagine It

Reality is only as real as you imagine it.
Space is only as real as you imagine it.
Time is only as real as you imagine it.
History is only as real as you imagine it.
Science is only as real as you imagine it.
Mathematics is only as real as you imagine it.
Music is only as real as you imagine it.
Art is only as real as you imagine it.
Philosophy is only as real as you imagine it.
Industry is only as real as you imagine it.
Technology is only as real as you imagine it.
Architecture is only as real as you imagine it.
Existence is only as real as you imagine it.
Stuff is only as real as you imagine it.
Other is only as real as you imagine it.
Nature is only as real as you imagine it.
Gaia is only as real as you imagine it.
Genesis is only as real as you imagine it.
Dreamtime is only as real as you imagine it.
Everything is only as real as you imagine it.
God is only as real as you imagine it.
Awareness is only as real as you imagine it.
Self is only as real as you imagine it.
You are only as real as you imagine it.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Same You

Through all times,
Through all spaces,
The same genesis in all,
The same unknown in all,
The same consciousness in all,
The same imagination in all,
The same awareness in all,
The same moment in all,
The same mystery in all,
The same voice in all,
The same You in all.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Who Really Knows? Who Really Cares?

How many really know, really care, what Schopenhauer thought?
How many really know, really care, what Wittgenstein thought?
How many really know, really care, what Lao Tzu thought?
How many really know, really care, what Buddha thought?
How many really know, really care, what Comte thought?
How many really know, really care, what Bacon thought?
How many really know, really care, what Heraclitus thought?
How many really know, really care, what Kafka thought?
How many really know, really care, what Hume thought?
How many really know, really care, what Rousseau thought?
How many really know, really care, what Russell thought?
How many really know, really care, what Hobbes thought?
How many really know, really care, what Machiavelli thought?
How many really know, really care, what Foucault thought?
How many really know, really care, what Plato thought?
How many really know, really care, what Kierkegaard thought?
How many really know, really care, what Krishna thought?
How many really know, really care, what Mill thought?
How many really know, really care, what de Beauvoir thought?
How many really know, really care, what Hess thought?
How many really know, really care, what Aquinas thought?
How many really know, really care, what Carneades thought?
How many really know, really care, what Diogenes thought?
How many really know, really care, what Smith thought?
How many really know, really care, what Confucius thought?
How many really know, really care, what Arendt thought?
How many really know, really care, what James thought?
How many really know, really care, what Parmenides thought?
How many really know, really care, what Pascal thought?
How many really know, really care, what Chomsky thought?
How many really know, really care, what Thales thought?
How many really know, really care, what Sina thought?
How many really know, really care, what Patanjali thought?
How many really know, really care, what Watts thought?
How many really know, really care, what Ram Dass thought?
How many really know, really care, what Osho thought?
How many really know, really care, what Derrida thought?
How many really know, really care, what Marx thought?
How many really know, really care, what Vonnegut thought?
How many really know, really care, what Wollstonecraft thought?
How many really know, really care, what Descartes thought?
How many really know, really care, what Sartre thought?
How many really know, really care, what Muhammad thought?
How many really know, really care, what Locke thought?
How many really know, really care, what Emerson thought?
How many really know, really care, what Nietzsche thought?

How many really know, really care, what Arendt thought?
How many really know, really care, what Dewey thought?
How many really know, really care, what Zoroaster thought?
How many really know, really care, what Whitman thought?
How many really know, really care, what Kant thought?
How many really know, really care, what Shankara thought?
How many really know, really care, what Plato thought?
How many really know, really care, what Epicurus thought?
How many really know, really care, what Ashtavakra thought?
How many really know, really care, what Aurelius thought?
How many really know, really care, what Socrates thought?
How many really know, really care, what Jesus thought?
How many really know, really care, what Yogananda thought?
How many really know, really care, what Aristotle thought?
How many really know, really care, what Camus thought?
How many really know, really care, what Voltaire thought?
How many really know, really care, what Spinoza thought?
How many really know, really care, what Thoreau thought?
How many really know, really care, what Hegel thought?
How many really know, really care, what Socrates thought?
How many really know, really care, what Heidegger thought?
How many really know, really care, what Krishnamurti thought?
How many really know, really care, what you think?
Never hurts to get over yourself anytime soon.

Breadcrumbs 2022

What Will Your Death Be Like?

What will your death, your departure, your exodus, be like?
Will it be passionate or peaceful? Painful or painless?
Will it be expected or unexpected? Quick or slow?
Will you be all alone or surrounded by others?
Will you be whimpering or unconcerned?
Will you be pleading to some deity?
Or already at home in the abyss?

Breadcrumbs 2022

Real Friendship

Real friendship does not change.
Real friendship does not judge.
Real friendship does not betray.
Real friendship does not detract.
Real friendship does not steal.
Real friendship does not intimidate.
Real friendship does not envy.
Real friendship does not manipulate.
Real friendship does not deny.
Real friendship does not overwhelm.
Real friendship does not attack.
Real friendship does not cling.
Real friendship does not dissolve.
Real friendship does not differentiate.
Real friendship does not desert.
Real friendship does not ridicule.
Real friendship does not labor.
Real friendship does not diminish.
Real friendship does not dogmatize.
Real friendship does not malign.
Real friendship does not abandon.
Real friendship does not deceive.
Real friendship does not hurt.
Real friendship does not destroy.
Real friendship does not turn away.
Real friendship does not end.

Is there such a thing as a real friend?

Or is it just a lot of yada-yada, comparable to fallacious notions of family and flag?

Breadcrumbs 2022

Nothing More to Be

Stop wishing you were some other place.
Stop wishing you were some other time.
Stop wishing you were some other life.
Here You are ... right here, right now.
Awareness ... pure, simple, absolute.
Ineffable, inexplicable, unfathomable.
Nothing more to be, nothing else to be.

Breadcrumbs 2022

You Are the Awareness

You are not the self.
You are not the mind.
You are not the body,
You are not the world.
You are not the cosmos.
You are the awareness.
You were never born.
You will never die.
Let go all dreams.
Let go all illusions.
Let go all delusions.
Let go all attachments.
Pay attention to the moment.
Be free of space, be free of time.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Without the Mind-Body

Without the mind-body,
What is wet, what is dry?
What is hot, what is cold?
What is loud, what is quiet?
What is sweet, what is bitter?
What is pleasure, what is pain?
What is coarse, what is smooth?
What is harsh, what is gentle?
What is any now-soon-then?
Without illusion its game?

Breadcrumbs 2022

Work on Imagining

Work on imagining who you really are, and are not.
Work on imagining what you really are, and are not.
Work on imagining where you really are, and are not.
Work on imagining when you really are, and are not.
Work on imagining why you really are, and are not.
Work on imagining how you really are, and are not.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Regarding Free Will

You really believe you have free will?
Could you be free of your time?
Could you be free of your space?
Could you be free of your genetics?
Could you be free of your body?
Could you be free of your face?
Could you be free of your eyes?
Could you be free of your ears?
Could you be free of your nose?
Could you be free of your tongue?
Could you be free of your touch?
Could you be free of your language?
Could you be free of your ethnicity?
Could you be free of your gender?
Could you be free of your status?
Could you be free of your knowledge?
Could you be free of your memories?
Could you be free of your beliefs?
Could you be free of your wealth?
Could you be free of your religion?
Could you be free of your politics?
Could you be free of your feelings?
Could you be free of your emotions?
Could you be free of your prejudices?
Could you be free of your reflections?
Could you be free of your insights?
Could you be free of your appetites?
Could you be free of your family?
Could you be free of your friends?
Could you be free of your acquaintances?
Could you be free of your adversaries?
Could you be free of your heritage?
Could you be free of your tribe?
Could you be free of your work?
Could you be free of your habits?
Could you be free of your foods?
Could you be free of your liquids?
Could you be free of your pleasures?
Could you be free of your pains?
Could you be free of your sexuality?
Could you be free of your things?
Could you be free of your hobbies?
Could you be free of your loves?
Could you be free of your likes?
Could you be free of your hates?
Could you be free of your reactions?

Could you be free of your banter?
Could you be free of your algorithm?
Could you be free of your world?
Could you be free of your cosmos?
Could you be free of your moment?
Could you be free of anything at all?
The human paradigm is as fixed as any.
It may seem a complex, superior pattern,
In which consciousness reigns over instinct,
But you are as caught in it, as any jellyfish is its.
Even your most unpredictable actions are predictable.
Free will looking forward, fate looking back.
Your destiny awaits your arrival.
Die to it now, if you can.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Moment is Now

The moment is now.
Not before, not after.
There is no who in it
There is no what in it.
There is no where in it.
There is no when in it.
There is no why in it.
There is no how in it.
The hustle misses it.
The bustle misses it.
The mind cannot grasp it.
The moment is right here, right now.
Discern the moment, discern the moment you are.
The moment you have ever been, the moment you will ever be.
The moment you are not, never were, will never be.
Abide in the awareness, witness to it all.

Breadcrumbs 2022

How Domesticated Are You?

How domesticated are you.
How domesticated are you?
How domesticated are you!
How domesticated are you!?
How domesticated are you?!

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Envy of Fellow Earthlings

Why would an elephant envy you?
Why would a snail envy you?
Why would a tree envy you?
Why would an ant envy you?
Why would a bear envy you?
Why would a mouse envy you?
Why would a sparrow envy you?
Why would an eagle envy you?
Why would a jellyfish envy you?
Why would a tiger envy you?
Why would a dolphin envy you?
Why would a salmon envy you?
Why would a cockroach envy you?
Why would a snail envy you?
Why would a monkey envy you?
Why would a deer envy you?
Why would a crab envy you?
Why would a badger envy you?
Why would a rose envy you?
Why would a weed envy you?
Why would a salamander envy you?
Why would a snake envy you?
Why would an alligator envy you?
Why would a microbe envy you?
Why would a butterfly envy you?
All life forms are masters of their given worlds.
Why would any fellow earthling ever envy any human?
Why would any ever want to be anything other than what it is?
Only human beings are at all dissatisfied with their roles,
The parts, into which the genetic lottery has cast them.
All existence plays whatever fate has been ordained.

Breadcrumbs 2022

As Intangible as Intangible Can Be

Awareness cannot be seen.
Awareness cannot be heard.
Awareness cannot be tasted.
Awareness cannot be smelled
Awareness cannot be touched.
Awareness cannot be thought.
Awareness is as intangible,
As intangible can be.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Worms Do Not Care

Die wealthy, die poor.
Die powerful, die weak.
Die known, die unknown.
Die brave, die coward.
Die loved, die hated.
Die happy, die sad.
Worms do not care.

Breadcrumbs 2022

What Choice?

What choice has anyone ever had in anything, really?
Nature-nurture, the genetic lottery, coupled with the given backdrop –
History, culture, politics, religion, language, wealth, status, gender, and whatever else –
Fashion all, as surely, as deftly, as a mold does any lump of quantum terra-cotta.
Human consciousness may vainly, in so many ways, deem itself superior,
To the churning instinctual algorithms of all its fellow earthlings,
But primordial instinct is the underlying operating system,
That has been running this state of so-called existence,
Since long before the first hint, the first tethers, of imagination.
Destiny is, each and every timeless moment, choreographing your arrival.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Waiting for Jesus

Waiting for Schopenhauer.
Waiting for Wittgenstein.
Waiting for Lao Tzu.
Waiting for Buddha.
Waiting for Comte.
Waiting for Bacon.
Waiting for Heraclitus.
Waiting for Kafka.
Waiting for Hume.
Waiting for Rousseau.
Waiting for Russell.
Waiting for Hobbes.
Waiting for Machiavelli.
Waiting for Foucault.
Waiting for Plato.
Waiting for Kierkegaard.
Waiting for Krishna.
Waiting for Mill.
Waiting for de Beauvoir.
Waiting for Hess.
Waiting for Aquinas.
Waiting for Carneades.
Waiting for Diogenes.
Waiting for Smith.
Waiting for Confucius.
Waiting for Arendt.
Waiting for James.
Waiting for Parmenides.
Waiting for Pascal.
Waiting for Chomsky.
Waiting for Thales.
Waiting for Sina.
Waiting for Patanjali.
Waiting for Watts.
Waiting for Ram Dass.
Waiting for Osho.
Waiting for Derrida.
Waiting for Marx.
Waiting for Vonnegut.
Waiting for Wollstonecraft.
Waiting for Descartes.
Waiting for Sartre.
Waiting for Muhammad.
Waiting for Locke.
Waiting for Emerson.
Waiting for Nietzsche.

Waiting for Arendt.
Waiting for Dewey.
Waiting for Zoroaster.
Waiting for Whitman.
Waiting for Kant.
Waiting for Shankara.
Waiting for Plato.
Waiting for Epicurus.
Waiting for Ashtavakra.
Waiting for Aurelius.
Waiting for Socrates.
Waiting for Jesus.
Waiting for Yogananda.
Waiting for Aristotle.
Waiting for Camus.
Waiting for Voltaire.
Waiting for Spinoza.
Waiting for Thoreau.
Waiting for Hegel.
Waiting for Socrates.
Waiting for Heidegger.
Waiting for Krishnamurti.
Might be best not to hold your breath.

Breadcrumbs 2022

So, You're in Love With a Blob, EH?

So, you're in love with a blob, eh?
What's your favorite part?
Nerves or arteries?
Brain or body?
Heart or spleen?
Clitoris or ovaries?
Mouth or anus?
Lungs or liver?
Eyes or ears?
Nose or tongue?
Penis or testicles?
Legs or arms?
Knees or elbows?
Flesh or womb?
Big toes or thumbs?
Belly button or buttocks?
Imagine kissing and licking them all.

Breadcrumbs 2022

What Matter?

Here you are, now.
What matter, who?
What matter, what?
What matter, when?
What matter, where?
What matter, why?
What matter, how?
Here you are, now.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Same Answer

Who are you in there?
What are you in there?
Where are you in there?
When are you in there?
Why are you in there?
How are you in there?
Is not the truest answer,
The same for one and all?

Breadcrumbs 2022

First and Last

This is the first and last breath, breathe it.
This is the first and last sight, see it.
This is the first and last sound, hear it.
This is the first and last taste, taste it.
This is the first and last smell, smell it.
This is the first and last touch, touch it.
This is the first and last breath, breathe it.

Breadcrumbs 2022

What Point?

No point changing what cannot be changed,
Journeying that which cannot be journeyed,
Preserving that which cannot be preserved.
Criticizing that which cannot be criticized.
Revealing that which cannot be revealed,
Traveling that which cannot be traveled.
Advising that which cannot be advised.
Creating that which cannot be created,
Pushing that which cannot be pushed,
Chasing that which cannot be caught,
Pulling that which cannot be pulled,
Loving that which cannot be loved,
Hating that which cannot be hated,
Mending that which cannot be torn,
Seeking that which cannot be found,
Solving that which cannot be solved,
Sharing that which cannot be shared,
Beginning that which cannot be begun,
Finishing that which cannot be finished,
Destroying that which cannot be destroyed.

Breadcrumbs 2022

When More is Never Enough

The deeper meaning.
The greater buzz.
The higher high.
The bigger big.
The fuller full.
The nth degree.
The larger large.
The farthest shore.
The greater purpose.
The grander whatever,
Where more is never enough,
And forever never ends.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Same Mystery in All

Do the engineering.
Do the architecture.
Do the language.
Do the science.
Do the math.
Do the art.
Do the music.
Do the history.
Do the athletics.
Do the humanities.
Do the good, the bad.
Do whatever you please,
The same mystery is in all.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Infinity: Everything and Nothing

Infinity is not a number.
Infinity is not a word.
Infinity is not a time.
Infinity is not a space.
Infinity is not an image.
Infinity is not a sound.
Infinity is not a sight.
Infinity is not a taste.
Infinity is not a smell.
Infinity is not a sensation.
Infinity is not great.
Infinity is not small.
Infinity is not a distance.
Infinity is not a concept.
Infinity is not an image.
Infinity is not an emotion.
Infinity is not a thought.
Infinity is not anything.
Infinity is everything.
Infinity is nothing.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Horror! The Horror!

The sights! The sights!
The sounds! The sounds!
The smells! The smells!
The tastes! The tastes!
The textures! The textures!
The thoughts! The thoughts!
The vanity! The vanity!
The hunger! The hunger!
The algorithm! The alsortism!
The division! The division!
The creativity! The creativity!
The greed! The greed!
The hypocrisy! The hypocrisy!
The sorrow! The sorrow!
The discordance! The discordance!
The subtlety! The subtlety!
The laziness! The laziness!
The love! The love!
The paradox! The paradox!
The wealth! The wealth!
The poverty! The poverty!
The loneliness! The loneliness!
The disparity! The disparity!
The dullness! The dullness!
The violence! The violence!
The obesity! The obesity!
The pain! The pain!
The disharmony! The disharmony!
The genetics! The genetics!
The novelty! The novelty!
The ambition! The ambition!
The stress! The stress!
The predictability! The predictability!
The ugliness! The ugliness!
The brilliance! The brilliance!
The dogma! The dogma!
The monotony! The monotony!
The matrix! The matrix!
The bullshit! The bullshit!
The wisdom! The wisdom!
The stupidity! The stupidity!
The boredom! The boredom!
The hate! The hate!
The tradition! The tradition!
The suffering! The suffering!
The bother! The bother!

The corruption! The corruption!
The loyalty! The loyalty!
The worry! The worry!
The rigidity! The rigidity!
The cacophony! The cacophony!
The deceit! The deceit!
The pleasure! The pleasure!
The viciousness! The viciousness!
The irony! The irony!
The repetition! The repetition!
The conflict! The conflict!
The beauty! The beauty!
The harmony! The harmony!
The insanity! The insanity!
The tribalism! The tribalism!
The cruelty! The cruelty!
The industry! The industry!
The emptiness! The emptiness!
The drama! The drama!
The inanity! The inanity!
The absurdity! The absurdity!
The horror! The horror!

Breadcrumbs 2022

Destroy! Destroy! Destroy!

Destroy all the knowledge.
Destroy all opinions.
Destroy the other.
Destroy the world.
Destroy the cosmos.
Destroy all the creation.
Here You are, right here, right now.

Breadcrumbs 2022

All Blobs the Same

Some blobs are slimy.
Some blobs are gooey.
Some blobs are chewy.
Some blobs are crunchy.
Same quantum essence, all.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Mystery Is All

I am mystery.
You are mystery.
We are all mystery.
Everything is mystery.
Every no-thing is mystery.
There is nothing not mystery.
Give up all attempts to know it.
Let go all that you think you know.
Inhale the timeless-spaceless moment.
It is the integrity, the virtue, you truly are.

Breadcrumbs 2022

What Would Your Frame of Reference Be?

Imagine having never smelled a smell.
Imagine having never tasted a flavor.
Imagine having never seen an image.
Imagine having never heard a sound.
Imagine having never felt a sensation.
Imagine any combination of the above.
What would your frame of reference be?
What would your world, your universe, be?

Breadcrumbs 2022

What Is the Universe of a Bee?

What is the universe of any life form?

What is the universe of a bee?

What is the universe of a hawk?

What is the universe of a sparrow?

What is the universe of a cockroach?

What is the universe of a tiger?

What is the universe of a virus?

What is the universe of a frog?

What is the universe of a dandelion?

What is the universe of a crow?

What is the universe of a shark?

What is the universe of an elephant?

What is the universe of a bat?

What is the universe of an ant?

What is the universe of a butterfly?

What is the universe of a whale?

What is the universe of a deer?

What is the universe of a microbe?

What is the universe of a snake?

What is the universe of a spider?

What is the universe of a plant?

What is the universe of a moth?

What is the universe of a lobster?

What is the universe of a bear?

What is the universe of a seagull?

What is the universe of a minnow?

What is the universe of a clam?

What is the universe of a dolphin?

What is the universe of a tree?

What is the universe of a snail?

What is the universe of a seal?

What is the universe of a buffalo?

What is the universe of a cow?

What is the universe of a chicken?

What is the universe of a pig?

What is the universe of a salmon?

What is the universe of a badger?

What is the universe of an octopus?

What is the universe of a kangaroo?

What is the universe of a panda?

What is the universe of a gnat?

What is the universe of a pike?

What is the universe of a rat?

What is the universe of a worm?

What is the universe of a guppy?

What is the universe of an owl?

What is the universe of a tarantula?
What is the universe of a sloth?
What is the universe of a wolf?
What is the universe of a giraffe?
What is the universe of a starfish?
What is the universe of an otter?
What is the universe of a penguin?
What is the universe of an alligator?
What is the universe of a mushroom?
What is the universe of a salamander?
What is the universe of any human being?
No matter the form, no matter the sensory input,
We are all walking the same stage in different universes.
Every organism, absolutely unique; all, the same timeless mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Where Is Your Face?

Where is your face? What does it really look like?
What about the back of your noggin? Or either side view?
What about your back? Or the back of your neck? Or your shoulders?
Or your derrière, without a mirror? What do others see, when you are walking away?
Discerning the matrix vista, that state of awareness, prior to consciousness –
Detached, relativistic, indivisible, timeless, spaceless, boundless –
Is ample proof, if You are fated to achieve such a feat,
That you are indeed the mystery, unto Self.

Breadcrumbs 2022

How Can You Prove Anything?

How can you prove now; why should you have to?
How can you prove time; why should you have to?
How can you prove space; why should you have to?
How can you prove infinity; why should you have to?
How can you prove quantum; why should you have to?
How can you prove anything; why should you have to?
How can you prove everything; why should you have to?
How can you prove awareness; why should you have to?
How can you prove eternity; why should you have to?
How can you prove naught; why should you have to?
How can you prove You; why should you have to?
And as for some God, what would be the point?

Breadcrumbs 2022

Will That Be the Last Time?

Will that be the last time you think that?
Will that be the last time you say that?
Will that be the last time you do that?
Will that be the last time you see that?
Will that be the last time you hear that?
Will that be the last time you taste that?
Will that be the last time you smell that?
Will that be the last time you feel that?
Will that be the last time you read that?
Will that be the last time you write that?
Will that be the last time you discern that?
Will that be the last time you wonder that?
Will that be the last time you manipulate that?
Will that be the last time you calculate that?
Will that be the last time you draw that?
Will that be the last time you paint that?
Will that be the last time you sculpt that?
Will that be the last time you paint that?
Will that be the last time you paint that?
Will that be the last time you dance that?
Will that be the last time you play that?
Will that be the last time you covet that?
Will that be the last time you like that?
Will that be the last time you love that?
Will that be the last time you hate that?
Will that be the last time you travel there?
Will that be the last time you walk there?
Will that be the last time you run there?
Will that be the last time you sit there?
Will that be the last time you eat that?
Will that be the last time you cook that?
Will that be the last time you trade that?
Will that be the last time you print that?
Will that be the last time you yell that?
Will that be the last time you whisper that?
Will that be the last time you create that?
Will that be the last time you preserve that?
Will that be the last time you destroy that?
Will that be the last time you anything that?

Breadcrumbs 2022

A Short List of Modern Entitlements

(Not necessarily in order of importance)

Food and drink
Security
Running water
Septic systems
Garbage collection
Retirement homes
Pensions
Social security
Disability
Unemployment
Welfare
Satellites
Building codes
Electricity
Weights and measures
Oil
Glass
Metals
Plastics
Clothing
Ovens
Refrigeration
Air conditioning
Heating
Air filtration
Financial systems
Education
Science
Technology
Military services
Police services
Fire services
Health services
Doctors
Nurses
Paramedics
Hospitals
Ambulances
Medications
Dentists
Jails and prisons
Bars and nightclubs
Coffee shops
Service organizations
Religious organizations

Insurance
Computers
Phones
Mobile phones
Televisions
Internet
Wi-Fi
Touch screens
Casinos
Bluetooth
Streaming
Online banking
Online gaming
Lightbulbs
Batteries
Vehicles
Lotteries
Scratchers
Showers and bathtubs
Roads and freeway
Sidewalks
Stop lights
Streetlamps
Retail outlets
Restaurants
Bicycles
Public transport
Water drainage
Inventions
Tools
Weapons
Architecture
Building codes
Building materials
Toys
Games
Debt
Machines
Democracy
Rule of Law
Monetary system
Graphics
Fans
Media
Music
Software
Algorithms
Consumables

Office supplies
Toilets and urinals
Kitchen utensils

And who knows how long a more detailed list would be?

Breadcrumbs 2022

You

The word is not the thing.
The note is not the melody.
The number is not the actuality.
The imagination is not the awareness.
The moment is not the perception.
The thought is not the now.
Truth is not a concept.
You are not you.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Of Rises and Falls

Every life form has its rise and fall.
Every tribe has its rise and fall.
Every culture has its rise and fall.
Every nation has its rise and fall.
Every boulder has its rise and fall.
Every mountain has its rise and fall.
Every world has its rise and fall.
Every star has its rise and fall.
Every galaxy has its rise and fall.
Every universe has its rise and fall.
The mystery is all, the mystery permeates all.
The awareness, every moment, indelible witness to all.
There is no other; only the quantum matrix, and its eternity of appearances,
Kaleidoscoping a most excellent dream of space and time, that only the rarest minds discern unto Self.

Breadcrumbs 2022

You Are the Ephemeral

You are the ephemeral sentience.
You are the ephemeral awareness.
You are the ephemeral intelligence.
You are the ephemeral astuteness.
You are the ephemeral compassion.
You are the ephemeral twinkling.
You are the ephemeral sensitivity.
You are the ephemeral right now.
You are the ephemeral awakeness.
You are the ephemeral here now.
You are the ephemeral alertness.
You are the ephemeral absurdity.
You are the ephemeral madness.
You are the ephemeral discrimination.
You are the ephemeral keenness.
You are the ephemeral shrewdness.
You are the ephemeral foolishness.
You are the ephemeral intuition.
You are the ephemeral moment.
You are the ephemeral judiciousness.
You are the ephemeral sagacity.
You are the ephemeral fluidity.
You are the ephemeral wisdom.
You are the ephemeral acumen.
You are the ephemeral flexibility.
You are the ephemeral instant.
You are the ephemeral insight.
You are the ephemeral now.
You are the ephemeral acuity.
You are the ephemeral jiffy.
You are the ephemeral sagacity.
You are the ephemeral wisdom.
You are the ephemeral acumen.
You are the ephemeral shrewdness.
You are the ephemeral judiciousness.
You are the ephemeral sensitivity.
You are the ephemeral here.
You are the ephemeral perception.
You are the ephemeral discernment.
You are the ephemeral discernment.
You are the ephemeral present.
You are the ephemeral passion.
You are the ephemeral dexterity.
You are the ephemeral sentience.
You are the ephemeral perceptiveness.
It you are thinking it, you are not being it.

What Will History Call It?

What will history call it?
The Great Reckoning
The Great Alignment
The Great Adjustment
The Great Fall
The Great Devaluation
The Great Collapse
The Great Extinction
The Great Disintegration
The Great Annihilation
The Great Extermination
The Great Decline
The Great Termination
The Great Correction
The Great Cascade
The Great Avalanche
The Great Retrenching
The Great Meltdown
The Great Dissolution
The Great Downfall
The Great Demise
The Great Andropocene
The Great Difference
The Great Exodus
The Great Depression
The Great Retreat
The Great Articulation
The Great Descent
The Great Apology
The Great Reduction
The Great Plummet
The Great Repression
The Great Extinction
The Great Desolation
The Great Undoing
The Great Departure
The Great Awakening
Step right up, folks!
Time machines for sale!
Get 'em while they're hot!

Breadcrumbs 2022

Just This Moment

There is just this timeless moment.

Sometimes it is ecstasy, sometimes it is agony.
Sometimes it is true, sometimes it is false.
Sometimes it is full, sometimes it is empty.
Sometimes it is happy, sometimes it is sad.
Sometimes it is known, sometimes it is unknown.
Sometimes it is life, sometimes it is death.
Sometimes it is pleasant, sometimes it is noxious.
Sometimes it is fast, sometimes it is slow.
Sometimes it is clear, sometimes it is foggy.
Sometimes it is tangible, sometimes it is intangible.
Sometimes it is rich, sometimes it is poor.
Sometimes it is on, sometimes it is off.
Sometimes it is white, sometimes it is black.
Sometimes it is large, sometimes it is small.
Sometimes it is real, sometimes it is imaginary.
Sometimes it is smart, sometimes it is stupid.
Sometimes it is straight, sometimes it is crooked.
Sometimes it is punctual, sometimes it is late.
Sometimes it is busy, sometimes it is slow.
Sometimes it is reassuring, sometimes it is scary.
Sometimes it is serene, sometimes it is bustling.
Sometimes it is beautiful, sometimes it is ugly.
Sometimes it is sharp, sometimes it is blunt.
Sometimes it is day, sometimes it is night.
Sometimes it is bright, sometimes it is gloomy.
Sometimes it is loving, sometimes it is hateful.
Sometimes it is simple, sometimes it is complex.
Sometimes it is icy, sometimes it is tepid.
Sometimes it is friendly, sometimes it is hostile.
Sometimes it is young, sometimes it is old.
Sometimes it is energetic, sometimes it is lethargic.
Sometimes it is colors, sometimes it is gray.
Sometimes it is right, sometimes it is wrong.
Sometimes it is interesting, sometimes it is boring.
Sometimes it is close, sometimes it is distant.
Sometimes it is right, sometimes it is left.
Sometimes it is same, sometimes it is different.
Sometimes it is exact, sometimes it is approximate.
Sometimes it is similar, sometimes it is different.
Sometimes it is in, sometimes it is out.
Sometimes it is sweet, sometimes it is sour.
Sometimes it is early, sometimes it is late.
Sometimes it is soft, sometimes it is rough.
Sometimes it is tasty, sometimes it is bland.

Sometimes it is fragrant, sometimes it is smelly.
Sometimes it is yin, sometimes it is yang.
Sometimes it is inhale, sometimes it is exhale.
Sometimes it is smooth, sometimes it is rough.
Sometimes it is wavy, sometimes it is flat.
Sometimes it is round, sometimes it is square.
Sometimes it is up, sometimes it is down.
Sometimes it is excellent, sometimes it is mediocre.
Sometimes it is rich, sometimes it is poor.
Sometimes it is silent, sometimes it is noisy.
Sometimes it is expensive, sometimes it is cheap.
Sometimes it is male, sometimes it is female.
Sometimes it is happy, sometimes it is depressed.
Sometimes it is good, sometimes it is bad.
Sometimes it is reasonable, sometimes it is absurd.
Sometimes it is near, sometimes it is far.
Sometimes it is sane, sometimes it is insane.
Sometimes it is light, sometimes it is dark.
Sometimes it is hot, sometimes it is cold.
Sometimes it is dry, sometimes it is wet.
Sometimes it is here, sometimes it is there.
Sometimes it is now, sometimes it is then.
Sometimes it is this, sometimes it is that.
Sometimes it is born, sometimes it is dying.
Sometimes it is unborn, sometimes it is undying.
Sometimes it is beginning, sometimes it is ending.
Sometimes it is everything, sometimes it is nothing.

But it is always the same timeless moment.

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Human Pyramid Scheme

The human pyramid scheme in a nutshell:

One-Percent One-Percent One-Percent One-Percent One-Percenters
One-Percent One-Percent One-Percent One-Percenters
One-Percent One-Percent One-Percenters
One-Percent One-Percenters
One-Percenters
Five-Percenters
Twenty-Percenters
Overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseers
Overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseers
Overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseers
Overseer overseer overseer overseer overseers
Overseer overseer overseer overseers
Overseer overseer overseers
Overseers
Régime slaves
Self-Employed slaves
Middlemen slaves
Rancher slaves
Farmer slaves
Salary slaves
Wage slaves
Intern slaves
Future slaves
Homeless slaves
All-purpose slaves
Not yet dead slaves
Not yet born slaves

Breadcrumbs 2022

The Grand Theater

You are the unfathomable, playing fathomable.
You are the immutable, playing mercurial.
You are the indivisible, playing divisible.
You are the infinite, playing limited.
You are the timeless, playing time.
You are the ineffable, playing effable.
You are the infinitesimal, playing huge.
You are the changeless, playing changing.
You are the neverborn, playing existence.
You are the indelible, playing delible.
You are the flexible, playing inflexible.
You are the interminable, playing finite.
You are the everlasting, playing transient.
You are the perpetual, playing temporary.
You are the unknown, playing known.
You are the unutterable, playing utterable.
You are the absurdity, playing logic.
You are the unborn, playing life.
You are the undying, playing death.
You are the constant, playing irregular.
You are the impenetrable, playing penetrable.
You are the intangible, playing tangible.
You are the intrinsic, playing acquired.
You are the unending, playing destined.
You are the unceasing, playing sporadic.
You are the irrational, playing rational.
You are the inexpressible, playing expressible.
You are the enduring, playing short-lived.
You are the ageless, playing age.
You are the abyss, playing shallow.
You are the indefinable, playing definable.
You are the immortal, playing mortal.
You are the eternal, playing transience.
You are the unspeakable, playing speakable.
You are the unchangeable, playing changeable.

You are the You, playing you.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Both Part and Whole

Time is but a concoction of imagination's perception of gravity's dust balls,
Angled this way or that, in varying distances from the furnaces of their given stars.
A galactic potion, double-double-toiled-and-troubled-fire-burned-and-cauldron-bubbled.
The natural selection of the mystery playing its Self, by its Self, across its eternal nothingness.
Awareness, in its quantum collider, its laboratory of creation, all outcomes naught but illusory dreams.
And you, that ineffable, intangible, indelible, indivisible, unborn-undying, timeless awareness,
Playing out your little part, in your little dream, all alone, right here, right now, poof.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Dialing Into the Moment

You are stardust come unto to life, mystery come unto life, eternity come unto life.
Dial into the timeless moment, and all questions, all answers, will become irrelevant.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Challenge of Change

Change is a challenge for minds bent on custom, on belief, on habit, on ritual, on convention, on tradition.
To be free of inward constraints, to be unfettered by limitations of human consciousness,
Is not something for which any oracle will find widespread reception.
Paradigm shifts are not instigated by the multitudes,
And revolutionaries often run afoul of swords, not always their own.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Ever the Same One

Every life form in the six kingdoms is the same indivisible, indelible, timeless quantum matrix mystery.
Every life form in the six kingdoms plays out the nature-nurture of its genetic lottery algorithm.
An archaeobacterium plays out its archaeobacterium nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
An eubacterium plays out its eubacterium nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
An animalia plays out its animalia nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
A protista plays out its protista nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
A fungi plays out its fungi nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
A plantae plays out its plantae nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
And the inert players – earth, wind, water, fire – the clay of all existence.
Stardust come unto life, stardust born of mystery; natural selection its chisel.
All ever vibrating away simultaneously; all dancing their given places in the sun.
All ever creating, ever preserving, ever destroying; all ever indivisibly unborn-undying.
All ever the same ineffable quantum matrix mystery; all ever the same ineffable eternal moment.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Clouds Through an Untouched Sky

This mind-body you imagine yours, is a drop of the quantum matrix,
Streaming like a current through the electromagnetic spectrum,
Flowing through lesser masses; stopped by more solid ones.
Physics is physic is physics; there is no breaking the laws.
And what is the ether allowing it all to happen: Awareness.
We drift like clouds passing to and fro in an untouched sky.
A touchy-feely dream; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

No Direction Known

Space and time are illusions, to which there is no direction.
There is no forward, no backward, no right nor left, no up nor down,
Nor any other bearing that imagination might in sensory perception envision.
The quantum dream is always, right here, right now, kaleidoscoping, no direction known.
And You are the centerstage, You are the awareness, You are the witness,
To the ineffable mystery playing out the given sentience.
All that is, all that is not, every moment.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Alas

Alas for fame that You relish anonymity.
Alas for greed that You have more than enough.
Alas for power that You allow all to go their own way.
Alas for vanity that You know it not real.
Eternity is subject to none.
Awareness is all.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The One and Only Moment

Whether or not your brief existence, and all the knowledge and wisdom you may have gleaned,
Will be warehoused by the quantum matrix, be stored in some great eternal library,
Is but the idle speculation of those still bound in the space-time dream.
Read by the five senses, fashioned by central processing unit,
The cosmos, the kaleidoscoping illusion, is spun,
In the only moment the mystery of eternity has to offer.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

A Light Unto Your Self

You are already samadhi, ecstasy, bliss.
All you need do, is be still enough to discern it.
We are all that which is called God by many names.
Each of us exploring our own exclusive matrix of creation.
And why do you need to believe in anything concocted by mind?
Is not just being, enough, without all the nonsense born of imagination?
The infinite ocean is an infinity of drops; how could all this be, any other way?
Without the endless splintering, there would be no existence, there would be no witness.
And it is You, who must endure it all, with all your spirit, very much alone, a light unto your Self.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Wrap Your Head Around It

It is indeed beyond boggling, to fathom: You are the universe and beyond.
That you are the indivisible, indefinable, unfathomable, indelible, ineffable mystery.
But wrapping your head around it, is as simple as letting go, and wrapping your head around it.
One does not ask for permission to be free; one asserts it, affirms it, champions it, with their entire being.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Eye of the Beholder

Creation is the moment; destruction, the same;
With a kaleidoscoping of eternity's moment between.
And creation to one beholder, may be destruction in another's.
The quantum matrix is an ever-morphing playhouse;
All witnessed by the ineffable awareness,
Through the eyes of sentience.
There is no other.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

A Cancerous Tyranny

Imagination has thoroughly conquered this garden dust ball.
And thrashed it into a twisted shadow of its naturally-selected, Darwinian purity.
It is a cancer wreaking havoc upon the host, that cannot forever allow its wayward nature to continue,
If Gaia is to survive and blossom anew, in the grand theater of this grand mystery.
The story's conclusion will never see its campfire telling.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Quenching the Narrative

Science is only what it is, because of all the technologies,
That awareness, through imagination, has created to measure the cosmic illusion.
The dreamtime, that the electromagnetic spectrum – the quantum stardust, the divine dance, the Shiva –
Has spun into sentience upon this pale blue dot, is a sentience capable of exploring its mystery.
As to the question – whether it is intelligent design or naturally-selected happenstance –
Is it really, worth, all the absurdity, all the horror, our kind every moment inflicts,
Upon one another, all our fellow earthlings, and this very pale blue dot?
We are all the same mystery, come unto the dream of existence;
What narcissism to give it more narrative than that.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Captains of History

Whether you want to believe it, accept it, or not,
The warriors who madly charged oblivion, were the ones others followed.
They were naturally selected in the jungles of old, and have steered the course of human history.
This can be a bit much for the domesticated, the housebroken, the so-called civilized sort,
Who lounge in laps of luxury, hold their teacups just-so, and prefer their beasts tame.
That it does not abide well with the hunter-gatherer coursing through our veins,
Become daily more and more obvious, as we race toward the precipice.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Hunger for More

There is absolutely no concoction of consciousness, of imagination, human or otherwise,
That will even for a moment hold fast, in the spaceless, timeless awareness,
Of the ineffable, indivisible, indelible stillness, of eternity.
Quantum illusion is ever quantum illusion;
No matter its hunger for a more,
That has never been, and can never be.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Unclenched Mind

Imagination creates time, imagination travels time, imagination is time,
And through it all, imagination make-believes it truly exists forever and a day.
Only in the timeless tranquility of awareness, can it be discerned as the perjury it is.
Nothing the busy-busy mind will ever concoct, will ever fathom what you are, and are not.
To be truly free of all its monkey-mind assertions, the no-mind, the unclenched mind, is the key.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

A Particle Wafting To and Fro

You are but a particle, wafting to and fro in the sea of mystery; all of it all the while.
The quantum sea allows every variety of form to play out however it will,
Without parameters, without attachment, without judgment.
Only human imagination, imagines otherwise.
What need for any deity, for any dogmatic entanglements,
Once you have discerned right-relationship, with the mystery's totality?

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Horror of Imagination

Who-what-when-where-why-how, exactly, is this self, you so adamantly imagine yourself to be?
It is an invention, a collusion, a lie, that imagination has swept our genomic-sequencing,
To impromptu-play across all the horror our kind has wreaked upon this garden.
And its harsh, unforgiving, dystopian endgame, is well past self-evident.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Blindness of Imagination

Imagination has blinded humankind to the garden of its origin.
Unlikely as it is to happen, it is on the future to regain its sight.
How difficult it will be, to throw everything out, and start over.
And will it be possible, in the ruins of a torn and tattered world?

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Within Every Part and Particle

Hot or cold, hard or soft, clean or dirty, clothed or naked,
Comfortable or uncomfortable, asleep or awake, seen or unseen,
Engaged or unengaged, self-absorbed or Self-absorbed, it is all the same.
The awareness is equally within every particle of creation.
Omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent.
You are it; it is You.
The other is but imagined.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Of Childish Things

True believers in any religion (a.k.a., cult) should read 1 Corinthians 13:11 a little more closely.
Whoever scribed it way back when, was speaking to them, not the non-believers, not the critical thinkers.
When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child.
When I became a man, I put aside childish things.
Think about it.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Primary Directive

Procreation is the primary directive of the genomic sequencing within all life.
Think of the who-knows-how-many lives, how many generations, it has taken for you to be here.
Every one of them relatively unconcerned about the pain, the suffering, the death,
Into which they were casting, catapulting, their matériel génétique.
The Grand Théâtre of Quantum, come unto existence.
An electromagnetic matrix in which many,
If not all things, are possible.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Star Trek Dilemma

How could any existential form across the universe,
Ever reach the level of consciousness, of imagination, that our kind has,
Without some form of nature-nurture natural selection, anchored to Darwinian principles?
And what would it take to get that foundation, working well enough together,
To fabricate the technologies, it would take to travel across space,
To find and reach our little blue marble dust ball?

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Surfing Existence

Where is the yoke in these writings? Where is the burden?
What yoke can the clarity of rationality ever create,
But a mindfulness to not accept any pretense,
At least as far as the ultimate truth goes.
We all have to survive, to abide, in some how, in some way.
The one-percenters have always set the tone, to which all below yield or perish,
But you need not give the insatiable beast more than the token morsels of vanity and greed it demands.
Play their theater, endure your stage, with whatever serenity and harmony you can muster,
In whatever dreamtime this ever-kaleidoscoping quantum garden manifests.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Struggle Ahead

Like a Ponzi scheme coming undone, the dream is changing across the board,
And that is just the way it is; there is nothing anybody can do about it.
The politicians and talking heads are just earning their buck,
And Wall Street and Las Vegas will likely take it down to the last bet.
This is the course our species set long before we departed the jungles of long ago.
Knowing more than the gist, filling one's head with nonstop gorp, is hollow trivial pursuit.
All any can do is play out their little Sisyphean algorithm; enjoy and endure whatever the fates allot.
The tempest is going to be beyond the pale sooner or later, and perhaps even relatively quickly for many.
And those unfortunate enough to be born, those now running about in backyards and playgrounds,
Are just going to have to survive whatever comes at them, or perish in flames if they cannot.
Every geography will have its own anthology of consequences, its own crash and burn,
And will deal with them as human beings always have when struggling to survive.
It will be, as always, might makes right, as savage as the given players deign,
With Conrad's "The horror! The horror!" and Vonnegut's "So it goes,"
Echoing throughout the last throes of human consciousness as we know it.
Whoever is going to be the final two-legged lingering in this Anthropocene epoch,
Will be last witness to all the absurdities our genomic sequencing has ceaselessly perpetrated.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Breed or Perish

As far as this garden dust ball goes,
As far as your mundane window of time goes,
As far as the mysterious nature of your brief existence goes,
You are truly only as significant, as relevant, as pertinent, as germane,
As the continuation of your ancestry's genomic sequencing.
Extinction is the norm; breed or perish, fate decides.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Star of the Show

So, there was that timeless, very still moment in the abyss, when You, the mystery, all alone,
All of a sudden, came up with an inspiration for a gargantuan playhouse,
With You, the one and only, centerstage to all parts.
And bam, the quantum matrix,
A kaleidoscoping, extemporaneous realm, explodes into being.
Le Théâtre Absurde, produced and directed by natural selection; You, sole thespian,
The showstopper is realizing that you are none of the forms in which you ever play the starring role.
They are but crunchy-chewy-goo, from which you peer out through the given perceptions,
Upon all that is but illusion, and all the delusions the given dreamtime inspires.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

There Is Only You

The You, You truly are, is not a belief system.
You are not a leader, You are not a follower, You are on your own.
You do not require priests, You do not require sanctuaries, You do not require scriptures,
You do not require faith, nor dogmas, nor the support of others.
There is only the right-here-right-now moment.
There is only pure awareness.
There is only You.
Alone.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Dying to Little Self

Eternal life is this one and only timeless moment,
This one and only right-here-right-now timeless awareness,
This one and only omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent timeless now.
To be the big Self, you must die to the little self.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Organized Protoplasm

What are human beings but collectives of organized protoplasm,
With exteriors about which narcissism and hedonism and greed orbit.
About which consciousness, about which imagination, makes endless ado.
Crunchy-chewy-gooey vats of imagination, vats of make-believe;
Dreamtimes, dancing in the timeless void of eternity.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Red Pill, Blue Pill

Some wake up to a larger reality than the original nature-nurture,
To branch out as far and wide and deep as their wings in space and time allow.
The truth is, most do not, which offers a théâtre absurde, for all those who chameleon along.
Ignore it, if you red-pill-head-in-the-sand can; embrace it fully – suck down that blue pill – if you cannot.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Same Old Bubble

Same old bubble of misinformation.
Same old bubble of deception.
Same old bubble of contention.
Same old bubble of conspiracy.
Same old bubble of fraud.
Same old bubble of treachery
Same old bubble of dishonesty.
Same old bubble of artifice.
Same old bubble of stories.
Same old bubble of invention.
Same old bubble of tall tales.
Same old bubble of falsehoods.
Same old bubble of lies.
Same old bubble of notions.
Same old bubble of absurdity.
Same old bubble of debate.
Same old bubble of belief.
Same old bubble of trickery.
Same old bubble of controversy.
Same old bubble of argument.
Same old bubble of shams.
Same old bubble of subterfuge.
Same old bubble of claims.
Same old bubble of excuses.
Same old bubble of half-truths.
Same old bubble of propaganda.
Same old bubble of spin.
Same old bubble of fabrication.
Same old bubble of duplicity.
Same old bubble of cheating.
Same old bubble of opinion.
Same old bubble of strife.
Same old bubble of dispute.
Same old bubble of disagreement.
Same old bubble of whatever.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Tabula Rasa

Does tabula rasa think itself tabula rasa?
Does a microbe think itself a microbe?
Does a squirrel think itself a squirrel?
Does a salmon think itself a salmon?
Does a spider think itself a spider?
Does a turtle think itself a turtle?
Does an ant think itself an ant?
Does a frog think itself a frog?
Does a squid think itself a squid?
Does a lobster think itself a lobster?
Does a sparrow think itself a sparrow?
Does a newborn think itself a newborn?
Does awareness think itself awareness?
Does cosmos think itself cosmos?
Does now think itself now?
Does Self think itself Self?
Do You think yourself You?
Does mystery think itself mystery?

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Almost

Almost like you never did it.
Almost like you never saw it.
Almost like you never heard it.
Almost like you never tasted it.
Almost like you never smelled it.
Almost like you never sensed it.
Like it never happened at all.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Maybe Does Not Mean Yes

That answer is yes.
That answer is no.
That answer is maybe.
Maybe does not mean yes.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Attributes of Good Health

The attributes of mental and physical health
Have many aspects, many characteristics, many points of view:

Acuity
Adroitness
Agility
Alertness
Athleticism
Balance
Brawniness
Cardio
Tone
Concentration
Coordination
Core
Drive
Energy
Dexterity
Discipline
Durability
Dynamism
Ease
Efficiency
Effortlessness
Élan
Endurance
Energy
Equilibrium
Fitness
Flexibility
Fluidity
Force
Grit
Gumption
Hardiness
Healthiness
Ingenuity
Litheness
Liveliness
Might
Muscularity
Nimbleness
Poise
Potency
Power
Proficiency

Quality
Quickness
Reaction
Resilience
Resoluteness
Robustness
Self-Assurance
Sharpness
Skill
Slickness
Speed
Spryness
Stability
Stamina
Staying Power
Steadiness
Strength
Sturdiness
Suppleness
Swiftness
Toughness
Velocity
Verve
Vigor
Vitality
Vivacity
Willpower

Best not leave well-being to chance if you wish to live long and well.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Be the Nothingness

See the nothingness.
Hear the nothingness.
Taste the nothingness.
Inhale the nothingness.
Feel the nothingness.
Be the nothingness.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Le Théâtre Absurde

It is an omnipresent theater.
It is an omnipotent theater.
It is an omniscient theater.
It is an elemental theater.
It is a dreamtime theater.
It is a morphing theater.
It is an illusory theater.
It is a quantum theater.
It is a timeless theater.
It is a worldly theater.
It is an eternal theater.
It is a sensory theater.
It is a cosmic theater.
It is a mirage theater.
It is a matrix theater.
It is a mortal theater.
It is a neural theater.
It is a dreamy theater.
It is a fleeting theater.
It is a manifest theater.
It is a vibrating theater.
It is a space-time theater.
It is an imaginary theater.
It is a monotonous theater.
It is a touchy-feely theater.
It is an immaculate theater.
It is a Shakespearian theater.
It is an unborn-undying theater.
It is an incomprehensible theater.
It is a three-dimensional theater.
It is an extemporaneous theater.
It is an ever-churning theater.
It is an ever-changing theater.
It is an immeasurable theater.
It is a kaleidoscoping theater.
It is an unfathomable theater.
It is a monkey-mind theater.
It is an orchestrated theater.
It is an unknowable theater.
It is an incalculable theater.
It is an inexplicable theater.
It is a never-ending theater.
It is an astounding theater.
It is an impromptu theater.
It is a time-bound theater.
It is an indivisible theater.

It is a predictable theater.
It is a narcissistic theater.
It is an expansive theater.
It is an immortal theater.
It is a Darwinian theater.
It is an indelible theater.
It is an ineffable theater.
It is an immense theater.
It is a hedonistic theater.
It is a ceaseless theater.
It is a pointless theater.
It is an esoteric theater.
It is a temporal theater.
It is a majestic theater.
It is a magical theater.
It is a mystery theater.
It is an empty theater.
It is the grand theater.
It is le théâtre absurde.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

No Need for Anything

No need for deities.
No need for souls.
No need for angels.
No need for saints.
No need for demons,
No need for belief.
No need for scripture.
No need for dogma.
No need for priests.
No need for idols,
No need for worship.
No need for prayer.
No need for superstition.
No need for cathedrals,
No need for heavens.
No need for purgatories.
No need for infernos.
No need for anything.
Awareness is all.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Disappear

Disappear right-here-right-now; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into this twinkling; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into this moment; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into this instant; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into here-now; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into eternity; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into oblivion; continuity is illusion.
Be the eternal beingness, the eternal awareness,
Be the timeless beingness, the timeless awareness,
You truly are, You have always been, and will ever be.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

What is an Elephant?

What is an Elephant?
Is it a wall?
Is it a spear?
Is it a snake?
Is it a tree?
Is it a fan?
Is it a rope?
Only to the blind.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

No Thought About It

Truth, is not in any thought about it.
What is, is not in any thought about it.
Awareness, is not in any thought about it.
Quantum, is not in any thought about it.
Mystery, is not in any thought about it.
Reality, is not in any thought about it.
Space, is not in any thought about it.
Time, is not in any thought about it.
Here, is not in any thought about it.
Now, is not in any thought about it.
You, are not in any thought about it.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Who Created This World?

It was not Alexander or Genghis Khan or Napoleon or Hitler that conquered.
From the beginning, it was the toolmakers – the scientists, the engineers, the architects,
The miners, the metal and wood and stone and glass craftsmen – that made any of it at all possible.

They created the short-range weapons:

Rocks, sticks, knives, blades, clubs, axes, swords, spears, halberds, pikes, lances.

They created the firearms:

Revolvers, rifles, shotguns, semi and fully automatic guns, machine guns.

They created the explosives:

Acetylides, fulminates, nitro, nitrates, amines, peroxides, oxides,
elements and isotopes, and a variety of mixtures and sundry miscellaneous.

They created the defensive equipment:

Armor, chainmail, shields, bulletproof vests, flak jackets, bulletproof glass.

They created the long-range weapons:

Spears, slings, crossbows, bolos, flamethrowers, grenades, bows and arrows,
boomerangs, cannons, torpedoes, land mines, naval mines,
depth charges, rockets, missiles, lasers.

They created the battle gear:

Armor, chainmail, uniforms, helmets, boots,
saddles, bridles, reins, bits, stirrups, horseshoes, wheels, chariots,
rope, whips, chains, climbing gear, boats, sails, parachutes, pontoons, bridgeworks.

They created the defensive fortifications:

Castles, forts, walls, towers, moats, trenches, bunkers, earthworks.

They created the siege equipment:

Siege towers, battering rams, siege engines, catapults, ballistas,
onagers, trebucheta helepolises, siege hooka,
sambucas, scorpions, mangonels.

They created the communications systems:

Hand signals, codes, semaphore flag signaling systems,
signal lamps, telegraphs, radios, computers.

They created means to scout adversaries from afar:

Binoculars, cameras, radar, sonar, spy planes, satellites.

They created the vehicles for land, water, air, space:

Tanks, trucks, airplanes, submarines, warships, drones, spaceships.

They created the chemical weapons:

Nerve agents, vesicant (blister) agents, hydrogen cyanide blood agents,
tear gas, pepper spray

They created the biological weapons:
Biological toxins or infectious agents: bacteria, viruses, insects, fungi.

They created the nuclear weapons:
Nuclear fission (“atomic”) bombs, nuclear fusion (“hydrogen”) bombs,
radiological elements (uranium, plutonium, etc.).

They created the emergency medical system:
Medical research and devices, hospitals, medicines, first aid gear, ambulances.

They created the execution and torture devices:
Ropes and chains, racks, strappados, wooden horses, breaking wheels,
water tortures, electric shock devices, chemical dependency, hangman’s gallows,
guillotines, electric chairs, lethal injection, gas chambers.

As well as all the logistical networks and processes and equipment upon which warfare depends:
Supply chains, animals (horses, mules, oxen, pigeons), wagons, trucks, trains, ships, planes.

Alexander and Genghis Khan and Napoleon and Hitler are in the history books,
but it was the supporting cast who put them there.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Discerning Self

See your Self, see eternity; see eternity, see your Self.
Feel your Self, feel eternity; feel eternity, feel your Self.
Hear your Self, hear eternity; hear eternity, hear your Self.
Taste your Self, taste eternity; taste eternity, taste your Self.
Smell your Self, smell eternity; smell eternity, smell your Self.
Discern your Self, discern eternity; discern eternity, discern your Self.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

You Are, You Are Not

You are the observing; You are not the observing.
You are the tasting; You are not the tasting.
You are the feeling; You are not the feeling.
You are the hearing; You are not the hearing.
You are the smelling; You are not the smelling.
You are the discerning; You are not the discerning.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Underlying Mystery

You are the underlying formlessness.
You are the underlying shapelessness.
You are the underlying amorphousness.
You are the underlying preposterousness.
You are the underlying meaninglessness.
You are the underlying ineffectiveness.
You are the underlying senselessness.
You are the underlying nothingness.
You are the underlying uselessness.
You are the underlying emptiness.
You are the underlying nonbeing.
You are the underlying oblivion.
You are the underlying fluidity.
You are the underlying nihilism.
You are the underlying cavity.
You are the underlying space.
You are the underlying void.
You are the underlying hole.
You are the underlying dross.
You are the underlying abyss.
You are the underlying nullity.
You are the underlying vacuum.
You are the underlying absence.
You are the underlying unreality.
You are the underlying hollowness.
You are the underlying incongruity.
You are the underlying irrationality.
You are the underlying ineffectuality.
You are the underlying pointlessness.
You are the underlying worthlessness.
You are the underlying nonexistence.
You are the underlying nonduality.
You are the underlying absurdity.
You are the underlying mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

How Much More Anything?

How much more creation?
How much more preservation?
How much more destruction?
How much more desire?
How much more pain?
How much more suffering?
How much more sorrow?
How much more fear?
How much more dread?
How much more hunger?
How much more assumption?
How much more bother?
How much more anticipation?
How much more generosity?
How much more greed?
How much more compassion?
How much more violence?
How much more empathy?
How much more sympathy?
How much more low?
How much more high?
How much more breadth?
How much more depth?
How much more derision?
How much more judgment?
How much more hate?
How much more love?
How much more joy?
How much more despair?
How much more depression?
How much more anticipation?
How much more time?
How much more timelessness?
How much more eternity?
How much more misery?
How much more solution?
How much more grief?
How much more argument?
How much more agreement?
How much more insanity?
How much more inanity?
How much more dissolution?
How much more derision?
How much more birth?
How much more death?
How much more gain?

How much more loss?
How much more attachment?
How much more detachment?
How much more torture?
How much more horror?
How much more absurdity?
How much more thought?
How much more feeling?
How much more passion?
How much more insight?
How much more pity?
How much more tragedy?
How much more pathos?
How much more dreaming?
How much more debate?
How much more power?
How much more value?
How much more subjugation?
How much more arrogance?
How much more consequence?
How much more significance?
How much more meaning?
How much more purpose?
How much more profit?
How much more mockery?
How much more esteem?
How much more treasure?
How much more pestilence?
How much more merit?
How much more usefulness?
How much more achievement?
How much more quantity?
How much more attraction?
How much more distraction?
How much more assessment?
How much more insignificance?
How much more regard?
How much more scorn?
How much more ridicule?
How much more tolerance?
How much more intolerance?
How much more pride?
How much more vanity?
How much more completion?
How much more accomplishment?
How much more conclusion?
How much more division?
How much more infinity?

How much more infinitesimal?
How much more dreamtime?
How much more similarity?
How much more difference?
How much more duality?
How much more nonduality?
How much more foreverafter?
How much more whateverafter?
How much more noteveryafter?
How much more everything?
How much more anything?
How much more nothing?

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Past is Streaming

The past is streaming before your eyes.
The past is streaming before your ears.
The past is streaming before your nose.
The past is streaming before your tongue.
The past is streaming before your fingertips.
The past is streaming within your consciousness.
And where are you in all this streaming?

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

No Other

What are You, really, but an observer, observing?
What are You but an onlooker, onlooking?
What are You but a viewer, viewing?
What are You but a witness, witnessing?
What are You but a spectator, spectating?
What are You but a bystander, bystanding?
What are You but an eyewitness, eyewitnessing?
What are You but the centerstage eye, centerstaging?
The observer is the observed; the observed is the observer.
Awareness is all, Self is all, You are it, it is You, there is no other.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

How Many Times?

How many times have you pontificated?
How many times have you masticated?
How many times have you intoxicated?
How many times have you abbreviated?
How many times have you delineated?
How many times have you fornicated?
How many times have you obliterated?
How many times have you demarcated?
How many times have you illustrated?
How many times have you delineated?
How many times have you fabricated?
How many times have you arbitrated?
How many times have you anticipated?
How many times have you abrogated?
How many times have you demonstrated?
How many times have you mediated?
How many times have you differentiated?
How many times have you discriminated?
How many times have you obliterated?
How many times have you isolated?
How many times have you segregated?
How many times have you obfuscated?
How many times have you expatriated?
How many times have you situated?
How many times have you pulsated?
How many times have you pontificated?
How many times have you subjugated?
How many times have you matriculated?
How many times have you decimated?
How many times have you abridged?
How many times have you decimated?

How many times have you done something to the -ated degree?

Words that end in -ated

<https://www.thefreedictionary.com/words-that-end-in-ated>

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

You Are Self, Be Self

You are ineffable, be ineffable.
You are indivisible, be indivisible.
You are immaculate, be immaculate.
You are unfathomable, be unfathomable.
You are oblivion, be oblivion.
You are flawless, be flawless.
You are solitary, be solitary.
You are indelible, be indelible.
You are unknowable, be unknowable.
You are witness, be witness.
You are intangible, be intangible.
You are intrinsic, be intrinsic.
You are immortal, be immortal.
You are indifferent, be indifferent.
You are irrational, be irrational.
You are emptiness, be emptiness.
You are unborn, be unborn.
You are blameless, be blameless.
You are undying, be undying.
You are inexpressible, be inexpressible.
You are overwhelming, be overwhelming.
You are indefinable, be indefinable.
You are observer, be observer.
You are deep, be deep.
You are timeless, be timeless.
You are unspeakable, be unspeakable.
You are indefinable, be indefinable.
You are untroubled, be untroubled.
You are spectator, be spectator.
You are solo, be solo.
You are nihility, be nihility.
You are imaginary, be imaginary.
You are ineradicable, be ineradicable.
You are enduring, be enduring.
You are permanent, be permanent.
You are indiscernible, be indiscernible.
You are impalpable, be impalpable.
You are obscure, be obscure.
You are faultless, be faultless.
You are mundane, be mundane.
You are alone, be alone.
You are unstained, be unstained.
You are average, be average.
You are onlooker, be onlooker.
You are matchless, be matchless.
You are unique, be unique.

You are peerless, be peerless.
You are unspeakable, be unspeakable.
You are void, be void.
You are unutterable, be unutterable.
You are absolute, be absolute.
You are supreme, be supreme.
You are unimaginable, be unimaginable.
You are unicity, be unicity.
You are whole, be whole.
You are incessant, be incessant.
You are inconceivable, be inconceivable.
You are unfastened, be unfastened.
You are infinite, be infinite.
You are endless, be endless.
You are infinitesimal, be infinitesimal.
You are rational, be rational.
You are undeniable, be undeniable.
You are watcher, be watcher.
You are detached, be detached.
You are nothingness, be nothingness.
You are perfect, be perfect.
You are unrivaled, be unrivaled.
You are inimitable, be inimitable.
You are incomparable, be incomparable.
You are spotless, be spotless.
You are unbiased, be unbiased.
You are impeccable, be impeccable.
You are everlasting, be everlasting.
You are perpetual, be perpetual.
You are unconcerned, be unconcerned.
You are ceaseless, be ceaseless.
You are ageless, be ageless.
You are priceless, be priceless.
You are impersonal, be impersonal.
You are absurdity, be absurdity.
You are aloof, be aloof.
You are mysterious, be mysterious.
You are nonexistent, be nonexistent.
You are fictional, be fictional.
You are interminable, be interminable.
You are eyewitness, be eyewitness.
You are carefree, be carefree.
You are enigmatic, be enigmatic.
You are inscrutable, be inscrutable.
You are unreadable, be unreadable.
You are inexplicable, be inexplicable.
You are indecipherable, be indecipherable.
You are incomprehensible, be incomprehensible.

You are unintelligible, be unintelligible.
You are meaningless, be meaningless.
You are inconsequential, be inconsequential.
You are anonymous, be anonymous.
You are nameless, be nameless.
You are ordinary, be ordinary.
You are lasting, be lasting.
You are perceiver, be perceiver.
You are engrained, be engrained.
You are impenetrable, be impenetrable.
You are imperceptible, be imperceptible.
You are eternal, be eternal.
You are Self, be Self.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

You Do Not Really Exist

You do not really exist.
Your mind-body is energy.
Your perceptions are illusions.
Your ideas and beliefs are delusions.
Your possessions have no reality, either.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
Party on, in your Yellow Brick Road walkabout,
Or get a shotgun, and leave a Rorschach on some wall.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

An Infinite Cosmos

In times not all that long ago,
A person's geography determined their world.
If you were born in the mountains, that was all you knew.
If you were born on an island, that was all you knew.
If you were born in a valley, that was all you knew.
If you were born on a plain, that was all you knew.
If you were born by the sea, that was all you knew.
If you were born on a mesa, that was all you knew.
If you were born in a forest, that was all you knew.
If you were born in a desert, that was all you knew.
If you were born in a wetland, that was all you knew.
But these modern times subscribe to an infinite cosmos.
And in all these differences, the relativity of all is ascertained.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Rise (and Fall?) of Imagination

How did imagination begin but through very gradual evolution, very gradual natural selection,
That is estimated to have begun 140 million years-ish ago in the jungles of Africa.

Something to do with memory cells gradually gaining enough oomph,
To start working together to counterfeit a sense of identity,
And the rest is the chaos of vanity and greed,
Given the name history, for the lack of a better word.

On the evolution of imagination, from Wikipedia:

Phylogenetic acquisition of imagination was a gradual process.

The simplest form of imagination, REM-sleep dreaming,
evolved in mammals with acquisition of REM sleep 140 million years ago.

Spontaneous insight improved in primates
with acquisition of the lateral prefrontal cortex 70 million years ago.

After hominins split from the chimpanzee line 6 million years ago
they further improved their imagination.

Prefrontal analysis was acquired 3.3 million years ago
when hominins started to manufacture Mode One stone tools.

Progress in stone tools culture to Mode Two stone tools by 2 million years ago
signify remarkable improvement of prefrontal analysis.

The most advanced mechanism of imagination, prefrontal synthesis,
was likely acquired by humans around 70,000 years ago
and resulted in behavioral modernity.

This leap toward modern imagination has been characterized by paleoanthropologists
as the "Cognitive revolution", "Upper Paleolithic Revolution", and the "Great Leap Forward".

And where is this cognitive revolution, this upper-paleolithic revolution, this great leap forward,
Irrevocably taking we two-leggeds, and many if not all, of the life forms in this world,
But down an ever-accelerating-exponential path to a very dystopian extinction.

To survive what it has through human consciousness over millions of years fashioned,
Imagination would need to, and rather quickly, mutate a wholistic, less individualistic platform.
Whether that is possible in this snail-paced, naturally-selective garden, seems more than a little unlikely.
And thus, will the rise of consciousness in this tiny iota of the mystery, fall upon its own sword,
And the vain hope that humankind might somehow shine its light across the cosmos,
Be forever dashed upon the austere reality, that it never really mattered,
That it was never more than a fallacious blip of absurdity.
And the eternal abyss, will eternally abyss, as it eternally does.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Awareness Does Not

Awareness does not think.
Awareness does not see.
Awareness does not hear.
Awareness does not taste.
Awareness does not smell.
Awareness does not feel.
Awareness does not desire
Awareness does not dread.
Awareness does not fear.
Awareness does not recall.
Awareness does not hate.
Awareness does not care.
Awareness does not hesitate.
Awareness does not suffer.
Awareness does not anger.
Awareness does not unhappy.
Awareness does not distress
Awareness does not happy.
Awareness does not joy.
Awareness does not elate.
Awareness does not gloomy.
Awareness does not regret.
Awareness does not divide.
Awareness does not discern.
Awareness does not surprise.
Awareness does not disgust.
Awareness does not happy.
Awareness does not sorrow.
Awareness does not joy.
Awareness does not choose.
Awareness does not content.
Awareness does not bliss.
Awareness does not exult.
Awareness does not accept.
Awareness does not deny.
Awareness does not love.
Awareness does not passion.
Awareness does not evolve.
Awareness does not change.

This dream is entirely quantum faire.

The universe but a matrix born of the imaginary mind.

Awareness is the clear endless sky, the mystery in its entirety, You truly are.

It does not participate, it does not regulate, it does not adjudicate, it does not concern its Self, in any way,
But without it, none of it would be possible.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Eternal Nature

The ineffable, eternally ineffable.
The indivisible, eternally indivisible.
The immaculate, eternally immaculate.
The unfathomable, eternally unfathomable.
The oblivion, eternally oblivion.
The flawless, eternally flawless.
The solitary, eternally solitary.
The indelible, eternally indelible.
The unknowable, eternally unknowable.
The witness, eternally witness.
The intangible, eternally intangible.
The intrinsic, eternally intrinsic.
The immortal, eternally immortal.
The indifferent, eternally indifferent.
The irrational, eternally irrational.
The emptiness, eternally emptiness.
The unborn, eternally unborn.
The blameless, eternally blameless.
The undying, eternally undying.
The inexpressible, eternally inexpressible.
The overwhelming, eternally overwhelming.
The indefinable, eternally indefinable.
The observer, eternally observer.
The deep, eternally deep.
The timeless, eternally timeless.
The unspeakable, eternally unspeakable.
The untroubled, eternally untroubled.
The spectator, eternally spectator.
The solo, eternally solo.
The nihility, eternally nihility.
The imaginary, eternally imaginary.
The ineradicable, eternally ineradicable.
The enduring, eternally enduring.
The permanent, eternally permanent.
The indiscernible, eternally indiscernible.
The impalpable, eternally impalpable.
The obscure, eternally obscure.
The faultless, eternally faultless.
The mundane, eternally mundane.
The alone, eternally alone.
The unstained, eternally unstained.
The average, eternally average.
The onlooker, eternally onlooker.
The matchless, eternally matchless.
The unique, eternally unique.
The peerless, eternally peerless.

The unspeakable, eternally unspeakable.
The void, eternally void.
The unutterable, eternally unutterable.
The absolute, eternally absolute.
The supreme, eternally supreme.
The unimaginable, eternally unimaginable.
The unicity, eternally unicity.
The whole, eternally whole.
The incessant, eternally incessant.
The inconceivable, eternally inconceivable.
The unfastened, eternally unfastened.
The infinite, eternally infinite.
The endless, eternally endless.
The infinitesimal, eternally infinitesimal.
The rational, eternally rational.
The undeniable, eternally undeniable.
The watcher, eternally watcher.
The detached, eternally detached.
The nothingness, eternally nothingness.
The perfect, eternally perfect.
The unrivaled, eternally unrivaled.
The inimitable, eternally inimitable.
The incomparable, eternally incomparable.
The spotless, eternally spotless.
The unbiased, eternally unbiased.
The impeccable, eternally impeccable.
The everlasting, eternally everlasting.
The perpetual, eternally perpetual.
The unconcerned, eternally unconcerned.
The ceaseless, eternally ceaseless.
The ageless, eternally ageless.
The priceless, eternally priceless.
The impersonal, eternally impersonal.
The absurdity, eternally absurdity.
The aloof, eternally aloof.
The mysterious, eternally mysterious.
The nonexistent, eternally nonexistent.
The fictional, eternally fictional.
The interminable, eternally interminable.
The eyewitness, eternally eyewitness.
The carefree, eternally carefree.
The enigmatic, eternally enigmatic.
The inscrutable, eternally inscrutable.
The unreadable, eternally unreadable.
The inexplicable, eternally inexplicable.
The indecipherable, eternally indecipherable.
The incomprehensible, eternally incomprehensible.
The unintelligible, eternally unintelligible.

The meaningless, eternally meaningless.
The inconsequential, eternally inconsequential.
The anonymous, eternally anonymous.
The nameless, eternally nameless.
The ordinary, eternally ordinary.
The lasting, eternally lasting.
The perceiver, eternally perceiver.
The engrained, eternally engrained.
The impenetrable, eternally impenetrable.
The imperceptible, eternally imperceptible.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Rich Man's Life on a Dime

Rich man's life on a dime, is how this life has spun.
Why go to all that work, when the pearl was there for the taking.
Of course, being content to merely be, remaining single, never going into debt,
And being happy to sleep on a couch, or in a van, were key enablers in my unplanned epoch.
All the monotony it would have taken to become rich and famous and powerful,
Would have been far too toxic, far too boring, for this plebeian spirit.
Far more interesting to swing from adventure to adventure.
To let the mystery set this destiny's mortal course.
And somehow, it has reached this moment,
This keyboard, this cup of coffee.
How could I not be content?

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Genetic Lottery

Every life form in the six kingdoms is the same indivisible, indelible, timeless quantum matrix mystery.
Every life form in the six kingdoms plays out the nature-nurture of its genetic lottery algorithm.
An archaeobacterium plays out its archaeobacterium nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
An eubacterium plays out its eubacterium nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
An animalia plays out its animalia nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
A protista plays out its protista nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
A fungi plays out its fungi nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
A plantae plays out its plantae nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
And the inert players – earth, wind, water, fire – the clay of all existence.
Stardust come unto life, stardust born of mystery; natural selection its chisel.
All ever vibrating away simultaneously; all dancing their given places in the sun.
All ever creating, ever preserving, ever destroying; all ever indivisibly unborn-undying.
All ever the same ineffable quantum matrix mystery; all ever the same ineffable eternal moment.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Every Possibility

Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience every possibility?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience anything and everything?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a particle of dust?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a universe?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a world?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being an ant?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a sloth?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a raccoon?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a clam?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a rock?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a snake?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a giraffe?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being fly?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a tree?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a weed?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a flower?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being wave?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being chimpanzee?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a dinosaur?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being slug?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a bird?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being frog?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being brick?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being an automobile?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a chair?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being cloud?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a mountain?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a gopher?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a pencil?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a computer?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a spider?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being deer?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a tiger?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a whale?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a garbage dump?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being submarine?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a satellite?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a lobster?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a beer can?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a salamander?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a microbe?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a urinal?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a virus?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being fireplace?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a taxi?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a dewdrop?

Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a tank?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a missile?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a log?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a fence?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being an island?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a bottle?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being statue?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a forest?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a mushroom?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a wolf?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a prairie?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a housecat?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being an eagle?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being antelope?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a kettle?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a tortoise?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being piece of lint?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a painting?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a waterfall?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a sword?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a house?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being an alligator?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a star?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a shield?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a chimney?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being an ocean?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a hat?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a volcano?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a moon?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a diamond?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a screwdriver?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a fork?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a guitar?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a buffalo?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a doll?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a peach?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being radio?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a drug?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a book?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a building?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being river?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a bucket?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being desert?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being golf ball?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being mineshaft?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being tractor?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being wagon?
 Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a parachute?

Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a reef?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a hurricane?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a couch?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a pond?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a butterfly?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being pile of dung?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being anything?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being everything?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a human being?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being you?

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Why?

Why do you allow any desire to grip you?
Why do you allow any fear to grip you?
Why do you allow any dread to grip you?
Why do you allow any passion to grip you?
Unclench the mind, let go all thought.
Let go all that is but imaginary.
Be the whole mind.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Nothingness

Nothingness has no notion.
Nothingness is without airs.
Nothingness knows no other.
Nothingness has no bounds.
Nothingness has no space.
Nothingness has no time.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Trouble

The trouble with too little, is it is too little.
The trouble with too much, is it is too much.
The trouble with just right, is it is what it is.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

What Good?

What good is a chef who cannot taste?
What good is a painter who cannot see?
What good is a musician who cannot hear?
What good is a perfumer who cannot smell?
What good is a masseuse who cannot feel?
What good is a thinker who cannot think?

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Forget

Forget who you are sometimes.
Forget what you are sometimes.
Forget where you are sometimes.
Forget when you are sometimes.
Forget why you are sometimes.
Forget how you are sometimes.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Eternity's Moment

How many moments in an attosecond?
How many moments in a nanosecond?
How many moments in a second?
How many moments in a minute?
How many moments in an hour?
How many moments in a day?
How many moments in a month?
How many moments in a year?
How many moments in a decade?
How many moments in a century?
How many moments in a millennium?
How many moments in a million years?
How many moments in a billion years?
How many moments in a trillion years?
How many moments in a gazillion years?
How many moments in a moment?
Eternity, right here right now.
Triple-whammy bam!

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Up to You

Whether it is creative or destructive,
Whether it is expansive or contractive,
Whether it is known or unknown,
Whether it is rational or absurd,
Whether it is real or unreal,
Whether it is true or false,
Whether it is right or wrong,
Whether it is clear or unclear,
Whether it is fair or unfair,
Whether it is good or bad,
Whether it is weak or strong,
Whether it is like or unlike,
Whether it is early or late,
Whether it is love or hate,
Whether it is simple or complex,
Whether it is before or after,
Whether it is tame or wild,
Whether it is thick or thin,
Whether it is sweet or sour,
Whether it is hot or cold,
Whether it is free or restricted,
Whether it is hard or soft,
Whether it is high or low,
Whether it is gratis or priceless,
Whether it is appealing or revolting,
Whether it is singular or dual,
Whether it is fast or slow,
Whether it is course or fine,
Whether it is heavy or light,
Whether it is light or dark,
Whether it is clean or dirty,
Whether it is long or short,
Whether it is shiny or dull,
Whether it is big or small,
Whether it is singular or dual,
Whether it is similar or different,
Whether it is wet or dry,
Whether it is well or unwell,
Whether it is one or two,
Whether it is yes or no,
Whether it is black or white,
Whether it is something or nothing,

Is up to You.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Real Virtual Reality

This is the real virtual reality,
Why would you want it to be more?
Why would you believe it could be more?
Why would you make-believe it could be more?
Why would you hope it could be more?
Why would you pretend it could be more?
Why would you dream it could be more?
Why would you fathom it could be more?
Why would you aspire it could be more?
Why would you need it could be more?
Why would you crave it could be more?
Why would you covet it could be more?
Why would you fancy it could be more?
Why would you require it could be more?
Why would you wish it could be more?
Why would you suppose it could be more?
Why would you deem it could be more?
Why would you judge it could be more?
Why would you credit it could be more?
Why would you trust it could be more?
Why would you plan it could be more?
Why would you expect it could be more?
Why would you anticipate it could be more?
Why would you yearn it could be more?
Why would you long it could be more?
Why would you fantasize it could be more?
Why would you play it could be more?
Why would you invent it could be more?
Why would you play-act it could be more?
Why would you feign it could be more?
Why would you divine it could be more?
Why would you measure it could be more?
Why would you sound it could be more?
Why would you gauge it could be more?
Why would you probe it could be more?
Why would you promise it could be more?
Why would you understand it could be more?
Why would you comprehend it could be more?
Why would you grasp it could be more?
Why would you demand it could be more?
Why would you insist it could be more?
Why would you claim it could be more?
Why would you petition it could be more?
Why would you mandate it could be more?
Why would you plea it could be more?
Why would you command it could be more?

Why would you order it could be more?
Why would you stipulate it could be more?
Why would you exact it could be more?
Why would you assert it could be more?
Why would you contend it could be more?
Why would you swear it could be more?
Why would you aver it could be more?
Why would you vow it could be more?
Why would you hold it could be more?
Why would you construct it could be more?
Why would you engineer it could be more?
Why would you manufacture it could be more?
Why would you formulate it could be more?
Why would you devise it could be more?
Why would you form it could be more?
Why would you assemble it could be more?
Why would you fake it could be more?
Why would you contrive it could be more?
Why would you concoct it could be more?
Why would you invent it could be more?
Why would you design it could be more?
Why would you develop it could be more?
Why would you care it could be more?
Why would you pray it could be more?
Why would you sift it could be more?
Why would you dredge it could be more?
Why would you seek it could be more?
Why would you build it could be more?
Why would you counterfeit it could be more?
Why would you fabricate it could be more?
Why would you style it could be more?
Why would you originate it could be more?
Why would you declare it could be more?
Why would you imagine it could be more?
More, more, more, there is no more.
It is what it is, that's all folks.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Envy of Ancestors

All the solitude,
All the wandering,
All the observing,
All the schooling,
All the walking,
All the running,
All the swimming,
All the driving,
All the people,
All the friends,
All the acquaintances,
All the adversaries,
All the possessions,
All the food,
All the drink,
All the alcohol,
All the drugs,
All the women,
All the dancing,
All the sexuality,
All the parties,
All the coffee shops,
All the book stores,
All the bars,
All the movies,
All the books,
All the music,
All the learning,
All the travel,
All the medication,
All the surgery,
All the massage,
All the acupuncture,
All the chiropractic,
All the camping,
All the hitchhiking,
All the geographies,
All the writing,
All the work,
All the skills,
All the photography,
All the technology,
All the algorithms,
All the vehicles,
All the sailing,
All the biking,

All the hiking,
All the board games,
All the card games
All the dice games,
All the gambling,
All the forklifting,
All the drawing,
All the string figures,
All the drafting,
All the layout,
All the publishing,
All the shooting,
All the archery,
All the swordplay,
All the football,
All the sports,
All the animals,
All the waking,
All the sleeping,
All the pleasure,
All the pain,
All the passion,
All the freedom,
All the meditation,
All the contemplation,
All the sights and sounds and tastes and smells and sensations,
How can all my ancestors, combined,
Have done all I have done?

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Pure and Simple

Pure and simple infinity,
Pure and simple nowness,
Pure and simple awareness.
Pure and simple wakefulness.
Pure and simple timelessness.
Pure and simple mindfulness,
Pure and simple endlessness,
Pure and simple perpetuity,
Pure and simple sentience.
Pure and simple eternity.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Dream of Time

[illegible]

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Who's Dream?

The pharaoh's dream.
The queen's dream.
The counselor's dream.
The politician's dream.
The bureaucrat's dream.
The soldier's dream.
The terrorist's dream.
The farmer's dream.
The worker's dream.
The slave's dream.
The teacher's dream.
The healer's dream.
The husband's dream.
The wife's dream.
The brother's dream.
The sister's dream.
The child's dream.
The infant's dream.
The male's dream.
The female's dream.
The queer's dream.
The ancestor's dream.
The seed's dream.
The banker's dream.
The tradesman's dream.
The craftsman's dream.
The artist's dream.
The gambler's dream.
The harlot's dream.
The lover's dream.
The hater's dream.
The criminal's dream.
The murder's dream.
The actor's dream.
The priest's dream.
The philosopher's dream.
The dreamer's dream.
The reaper's dream.
Anyone's dream.
Your dream.

All the same dream, in different guises, in different roles.
Where can there be any boundary, when imagination is at play?
Where can there be any boundary, when it is in awareness that it glides?
Where can there be any boundary, when it is You who is witness?

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Wake Up and Remember

[illegible]

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Another Magic Carpet Day

Another day of dreaming.
Another day of enduring.
Another day of longing.
Another day of fearing.
Another day of dreading.
Another day of crying.
Another day of hating.
Another day of loving.
Another day of laughing.
Another day of dreaming.

What a magic carpet, imagination.

... dreaming ... dreaming you are ... dreaming ...
... dreaming you are ... dreaming ... dreaming you are ... dreaming ...
... dreaming you are ... dreaming ... dreaming you are ... dreaming ... dreaming you are ...
... dreaming ... dreaming you are ... dreaming ... dreaming you are ...
... dreaming ... dreaming you are ... dreaming ...
... dreaming you are ... dreaming ...
... dreaming you are ... dreaming
... dreaming ... dreaming ...
... dreaming ...

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Burn

Burn through the moment,
Like a flame through a fuse.
Like an asteroid through space.
Like a dream through the night.
Like a ripple through a pond.
Like a cloud through the sky.
Like an electron through a wire.
Like a spark through a plug.
Like a breeze through a tree.
Like a candle through a read.
Like a laser through metal.
Like a mind through a moment.
Like a mind through awareness.
Like a mind through here.
Like a mind through now.
Like a mind through eternity.
Like a mind through You.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Before Time, Before Space

The awareness before time, before space.
The stillness before time, before space.
The absoluteness before time, before space.
The aloneness before time, before space.
The quantum before time, before space.
The innocence before time, before space.
The vulnerability before time, before space.
The immaculate before time, before space.
The nowness before time, before space.
The perfection before time, before space.
The clarity before time, before space.
The truth before time, before space.
The presence before time, before space.
The eternity before time, before space.
The sovereignty before time, before space.
The serenity before time, before space.
The transcendence before time, before space.
The nothing special before time, before space.
The You before time, before space.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Quantum Dancers

Quantum earth.
Quantum wind.
Quantum water.
Quantum fire.
All dancing in ether.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Clarity of You

It is often in the unbidden moments,
That the clarity of right here, right now,
That the clarity of the ever-present,
That the clarity of awareness,
That the clarity of eternity,
That the clarity of You,
Makes its Self, apparent.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Abyss of Eternity

Awareness is the void, the abyss, of eternity.
It is without time; it is without space.
It cannot be measured, for it has no essence.
Light cannot discern it, because it has no reflection.
It is nothingness, untouched by any cloud, by any universe.
It can only be comprehended by the mind given over to no-mind.
And in that, that is no gain or loss, there is no reward, there is only being.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Somehow

Somehow, creation.
Somehow, life.
Somehow, sentience.
Somehow, consciousness.
Somehow, imagination.
Somehow, You.
No answers to any of it.
The mystery of the mystery,
Will ever be a mystery of a mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Just Be You

Instead of always gathering, grasping, filling, amassing, mustering, marshalling, mobilizing;
Give releasing, give dispersing, give disbanding, give dissolving,
Give diffusing, give disappearing, a shot.
Be as nothing.
Just be You. The stillness, the motionlessness of awareness. That I Am.
Prior to consciousness, prior to time, prior to space, prior to all things imagined.
Prior to all things measurable, prior to all things infinitesimal, prior to all things infinite.
Prior to all things that are but ever-morphing clouds, dust balls in the immeasurable sky of eternity.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Sentience

The sentience of awareness cannot see without eyes.
The sentience of awareness cannot hear without ears.
The sentience of awareness cannot feel without nerves.
The sentience of awareness cannot smell without a nose.
The sentience of awareness cannot taste without a tongue.
The sentience of awareness cannot reason without a brain.
The sentience of awareness is an abyss without any other.
It is the quantum dust of creation that drives the matrix.
The sentience of awareness is simply eternal witness;
The ether in which all timelessly kaleidoscopes.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Farther

Nothing, for farther than you can see.
Nothing, for farther than you can hear.
Nothing, for farther than you can feel.
Nothing, for farther than you can taste.
Nothing, for farther than you can smell.
Nothing, for farther than you can believe.
Nothing, for closer than all of the above.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Every Moment a Choice

Every moment offers a choice:
Look, do not look.
Listen, do not listen.
Taste, do not taste.
Smell, do not smell.
Feel, do not feel.
Speak, do not speak.
Move, do not move.
Think, do not think.
Become, do not become.
Be, do not be.
Bam!

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Quantum

Quantum churning.
Quantum magic.
Quantum dream.
Quantum time.
Quantum space.
Quantum mystery.
Quantum relativity.
Quantum indivisible.
Quantum ineffable.
Quantum immaculate.
Quantum unfathomable.
Quantum oblivion.
Quantum flawless.
Quantum solitude.
Quantum indelible.
Quantum unknown.
Quantum witness.
Quantum intangible.
Quantum intrinsic.
Quantum immortal.
Quantum indifference.
Quantum irrational.
Quantum emptiness.
Quantum unborn.
Quantum blameless.
Quantum undying.
Quantum inexpressible.
Quantum overwhelming.
Quantum indefinable.
Quantum observer.
Quantum deep.
Quantum timeless.
Quantum unspeakable.
Quantum indefinable.
Quantum untroubled.
Quantum spectator.
Quantum solo.
Quantum nihility.
Quantum imaginary.
Quantum ineradicable.
Quantum enduring.
Quantum permanence.
Quantum indiscernible.
Quantum impalpable.
Quantum obscurity.
Quantum faultless.

Quantum inscrutable.
Quantum unreadable.
Quantum mundane.
Quantum aloneness.
Quantum unstained.
Quantum tangible.
Quantum incomprehensible.
Quantum anonymous.
Quantum nameless.
Quantum average.
Quantum onlooker.
Quantum matchless.
Quantum unique.
Quantum peerless.
Quantum void.
Quantum unutterable.
Quantum absolute.
Quantum supreme.
Quantum unimaginable.
Quantum unicity.
Quantum whole.
Quantum incessant.
Quantum inconceivable.
Quantum unfastened.
Quantum infinity.
Quantum endless.
Quantum infinitesimal.
Quantum rational.
Quantum undeniable.
Quantum watcher.
Quantum detached.
Quantum nothingness.
Quantum perfect.
Quantum unintelligible.
Quantum meaninglessness.
Quantum inconsequential.
Quantum unrivaled.
Quantum inimitable.
Quantum incomparable.
Quantum spotless.
Quantum unbiased.
Quantum impeccable.
Quantum everlasting.
Quantum perpetual.
Quantum unconcerned.
Quantum ceaseless.
Quantum ageless.
Quantum full.

Quantum priceless.
Quantum impersonal.
Quantum absurdity.
Quantum aloof.
Quantum mysterious.
Quantum nonexistent.
Quantum fictional.
Quantum interminable.
Quantum eyewitness.
Quantum carefree.
Quantum enigmatic.
Quantum inexplicable.
Quantum empty.
Quantum indecipherable.
Quantum ordinary.
Quantum everlasting.
Quantum perception.
Quantum engrained.
Quantum impenetrable.
Quantum imperceptible.
Quantum eternal.
Quantum Self.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Fire and Brimstone

If I was the fire-and-brimstone God that Christians have chosen to follow and worship,
My inferno would be large amphitheatres where all those who had been hurt or wronged,
Would be allowed to mete out their revenge upon those who had harmed or wronged them.
Every torture apparatus ever concocted in the history of humankind would be available,
For all the victims to exact any agony, as many ways, as many times, as they liked.
Everyone, the victims, and all their family and friends, would have their turn.
And those confined to this hellish fate, would suffer eternal damnation,
For as long as all the victims, and their family and friends, chose.
And God and Jesus and Satan would be sitting in the stands,
Cheering them on, laughing at every agonizing scream.
There are many dark characters throughout history,
Who are still tied down to their ice-hot slabs,
Crowds deaf to their pleas for mercy.
And all available to the roaring masses,
On an assortment of pay-per-view channels.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Counting on the Moment

Millenniums can be counted.
Centuries can be counted.
Decades can be counted.
Years can be counted.
Months can be counted.
Days can be counted.
Hours can be counted.
Minutes can be counted.
Seconds can be counted.
Nanoseconds can be counted.
Attoseconds can be counted.
As can every category of epoch,
And age and era and eon and cycle.
But how do you count the eternal moment,
Upon which all inklings space and time are imagined?

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Fathom Your Self

Fathom your innocence.
Fathom your forgiveness.
Fathom your compassion.
Fathom your contentment.
Fathom your truth,
Your Self.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Realigning the Mind

Realigning the mind to eternity.
Realigning the mind to sentience.
Realigning the mind to awareness.
Realigning the mind to mindfulness.
Realigning the mind to wakefulness.
Realigning the mind to endlessness.
Realigning the mind to the moment.
Realigning the mind to perpetuity.
Realigning the mind to infinity.
Realigning the mind to now.
Requires great attention.
Breathe through it.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Kaleidoscoping Quantum

Consciousness, neither is, nor is not.
Awareness, neither is, nor is not.
Eternity, neither is, nor is not.
Space, neither is, nor is not.
Time, neither is, nor is not.
You, neither are, nor are not.
It is but quantum kaleidoscoping.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

A Taste for All

In the monkey minds.
A taste for lightness.
A taste for darkness.
A taste for emptiness.
Something for everyone.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

This Led to This

This led to this,
Led to this,
Led to this,
Led to this,
Led to this,
Led to this,
Led to this,
Led to this,
Led to this,
Led to this,
Led to this,
Led to this,
Led to this,
Led to this,
Led to this,
Ad infinitum.
The moment is like that.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Last Time

This may be the last time,
You ever do that.
Or see that.
Or hear that.
Or taste that.
Or smell that.
Or feel that.
Or be that.
Savor every moment.
It is gone before you know it.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Loss

The loss of things is not easy.
Family
Friends
Things
Games
Jobs
Battles
Titles
Awards
Wealth
Security
Health
Life
But what choice is there?

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Grokking

Got it seen.
Got it heard.
Got it smelled
Got it tasted.
Got it felt.
Got it grokked.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

To Discern the Mystery

Let go of everything.
Memories.
Things.
Relationships.
Family.
Friends.
Adversaries.
Enemies.
Power.
Fame.
Fortune.
Desires.
Fears.
Dreads.
Passion.
Sensuality.
Plans.
Concerns.
Cares.
Hopes.
Hates.
Loves.
Problems.
Solutions.
Ideals.
Belief's.
Habits.
Pipedreams.
Dogmas.
Busyness.
Distractions.
Knowledge.
Self-importance.
And any other stirrings of consciousness.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Naught but a Dream

In the world, but not of it.
In the matrix, but not of it.
In the illusion, but not of it.
In the dream, but not of it.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Eternal Mind

... mysterious ...
... ineffable ...
... tabula rasa ...
... aware ...
... still ...
... indivisible ...
... momentary ...
... singular ...
... indelible ...
... supreme ...
... matchless ...
... now ...
... sentient ...
... unfathomable ...
... inscrutable ...
... perpetual ...
... imaginary ...
... matrix ...
... flawless ...
... timeless ...
... infinite ...
... infinitesimal ...
... omnipresent ...
... serene ...
... immortal ...
... pervasive ...
... omniscient ...
... mindful ...
... instantaneous ...
... quantum ...
... null ...
... immaculate ...
... futile ...
... everlasting ...
... unbound ...
... motionless ...
... mindless ...
... clear ...
... nondualistic ...
... here ...
... unbounded ...
... silent ...
... graceful ...
... pure ...
... unequivocal ...
... unqualified ...

... perfect ...
... nothingness ...
... total ...
... complete ...
... innocent ...
... truth ...
... unconditional ...
... unadulterated ...
... seamless ...
... unspoiled ...
... impeccable ...
... empty ...
... entire ...
... effortless ...
... first ...
... oblivion ...
... last ...
... whole ...
... harmonious ...
... unified ...
... blameless ...
... spotless ...
... sentient ...
... alert ...
... void ...
... unimportant ...
... all ...
... none ...
... inestimable ...
... indefinable ...
... extinct ...
... purposeless ...
... obscure ...
... anonymous ...
... insignificant ...
... null ...
... worthless ...
... unknowable ...
... naught ...
... indecipherable ...
... nameless ...
... undiscoverable ...
... useless ...
... immeasurable ...
... valueless ...
... incalculable ...
... rational ...
... unutterable ...

... endless ...
... impartial ...
... simple ...
... straightforward ...
... natural ...
... untouched ...
... imperceptible ...
... painless ...
... uncomplicated ...
... unforced ...
... untarnished ...
... ever ...
... untroubled ...
... inexplicable ...
... unstained ...
... peerless ...
... emptiness ...
... indifferent ...
... ageless ...
... ineradicable ...
... irrational ...
... permanent ...
... indiscernible ...
... impalpable ...
... faultless ...
... pristine ...
... mundane ...
... hollow ...
... alone ...
... minimal ...
... average ...
... unique ...
... unspeakable ...
... unimaginable ...
... unicity ...
... whole ...
... incessant ...
... inconceivable ...
... unfastened ...
... rational ...
... undeniable ...
... detached ...
... unrivaled ...
... inimitable ...
... incomparable ...
... unbiased ...
... pointless ...
... unconcerned ...

... ceaseless ...
 ... priceless ...
 ... impersonal ...
 ... absurd ...
 ... aloof ...
 ... nonexistent ...
 ... interminable ...
 ... carefree ...
 ... enigmatic ...
 ... impenetrable ...
 ... unreadable ...
 ... incomprehensible ...
 ... unintelligible ...
 ... meaningless ...
 ... inconsequential ...
 ... exquisite ...
 ... ordinary ...
 ... engrained ...
 ... intrinsic ...
 ... intangible ...
 ... solitary ...
 ... enduring ...
 ... inexpressible ...
 ... omnipotent ...
 ... tranquil ...
 ... free ...
 ... sovereign ...
 ... unborn ...
 ... undying ...
 ... absolute ...
 ... eternal ...

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Only Imagination

The body is always in the present moment.
 Awareness is always in the present moment.
 Only imagination wanders space and time.
 Only imagination creates space and time.
 Only imagination imagines itself alive.
 Only imagination imagines itself real.
 Only imagination imagines its Self.
 Only imagination imagines totality.
 Only imagination imagines nothing.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Submit or Die

How they always win, how they always rule, how they are always at top of the food chain,
Has been the same tale since long before our kind migrated out into the plains.

It is the tale of power, of might makes right, of the law of the club,
And who is willing to wield it, with the most savagery.

Submit or die, it matters not to the big ape,

And the minions who serve in every possible way.

The axis of evil is nepotism and cronyism and favoritism.

It is the reality of natural selection since life's most primordial etchings.

Quantum stardust – morphing, mutating, evolving, dancing – in the mystery of awareness.

The mystery of Self, of the one and only dancer, playing itself alive in every possible way, including You.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

A Universe Unto Its Self

Any given mind is a universe unto its Self;

Unto the awareness in which all forms dance.

In which imagination, imagines an authenticity,

Engineered entirely by the given nature-nurture.

An impromptu performance of genomic design.

To assume it free will, would be a conclusion,

Without substance, in the abyss of eternity.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

This Thing Called Life

... As real, as it every single moment, every single breath, every single blink, seems ...

... Your entire existence – this thing called life – from the cradle to the grave ...

... Everything you see and hear and touch and taste and smell and feel ...

... Your mind, your body, your world, your cosmos, your dream ...

... Is entirely imagined, entirely fictional, entirely illusory ...

... Poof! ...

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

An Eye for an Eye

The unknowable created the cosmos.
The cosmos created the world.
The world created nature.
Nature created Gaia.
Gaia created humankind.
Humankind created imagination.
Imagination imagined the unknowable known.
Ineffable, indivisible, ineffaceable, unfathomable, immaculate.
And in that knowing, the sense of self was imagined.
And in that awareness of imaginary self, You.
Omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent.
Creator, preserver, destroyer.
Eternity, born into time.
Eternity, imagined.
Awareness, all.
All, You.
There is no other.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

You, Awareness

You, Awareness.
Awareness field.
Awareness infinity.
Awareness freedom.
Awareness tranquility.
Awareness indelibility.
Awareness sovereignty.
Awareness absoluteness.
Awareness indivisibility.
Awareness timelessness.
Awareness singularity.
Awareness totality.
Awareness truth.
Awareness joy.
You, Awareness.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Neither-Nors of Awareness

Awareness neither creates nor destroys.
Awareness neither begins nor ends.
Awareness neither loves nor hates.
Awareness neither praises nor maligns.
Awareness neither enjoys nor dislikes.
Awareness neither celebrates nor broods.
Awareness neither favors nor disfavors.
Awareness neither simplifies nor complicates.
Awareness neither discerns nor neglects.
Awareness neither is nor is not.
Awareness neither supports nor opposes.
Awareness neither validates nor refutes.
Awareness neither admires nor derides.
Awareness neither clarifies nor confuses.
Awareness neither wins nor loses.
Awareness neither catches nor releases.
Awareness neither lightens nor darkens.
Awareness neither lives nor dies.
Awareness neither ascends nor descends.
Awareness neither endures nor succumbs.
Awareness neither preserves nor ends.
Awareness neither stores nor expends.
Awareness neither rescues nor abandons.
Awareness neither does nor undoes.
Awareness neither clears nor blocks.
Awareness neither frees nor imprisons.
Awareness neither saves nor spends.
Awareness neither gains nor loses.
Awareness neither achieves nor fails.
Awareness neither continues nor pauses.
Awareness neither possesses nor lacks.
Awareness neither craves nor dislikes.
Awareness neither respects nor scorns.
Awareness neither unites nor divides.
Awareness neither assists nor hinders.
Awareness neither perceives nor ignores.
Awareness neither solidifies nor evaporates.
Awareness neither strengthens nor weakens.
Awareness neither enables nor prevents.
Awareness neither facilitates nor impedes.
Awareness neither shortens nor lengthens.
Awareness neither appears nor disappears.

Awareness is the unborn-undying; with neither beginning nor end.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Basking in Neutral

To go forward or backward,
To go around or through,
To go before or after,
To go good or bad,
To go selfless or selfish,
To go to or from,
To go in or out,
To go within or without,
To go yay or nay,
To go tall or short,
To go close or distant,
To go fore or aft,
To go full or empty,
To go strong or weak,
To go normal or weird,
To go dry or wet,
To go constant or fickle,
To go positive or negative,
To go happy or sad,
To go wise or foolish,
To go bright or dim,
To go deep or shallow,
To go over or under,
To go on or off,
To go loose or tight,
To go for or against,
To go near or far,
To go soft or harsh,
To go naive or cynical,
To go narrow or wide,
To go plus or minus,
To go above or below,
To go up or down,
To go inside or outside,
To go sharp or dull,
To go simple or complex,
To go right or wrong,
To go black or white,
To go this or that,

How artless, the 'or' of the middle way.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Weight of All Things Imagined

The weight of space.
The weight of time.
The weight of gravity.
The weight of vanity.
The weight of power.
The weight of wealth.
The weight of tribe.
The weight of history.
The weight of tradition.
The weight of dogma.
The weight of fame.
The weight of desire.
The weight of fear.
The weight of dread.
The weight of sorrow.
The weight of pain.
The weight of despair.
The weight of loss.
The weight of gain.
The weight of glut.
The weight of dearth.
The weight of things.
The weight of avarice.
The weight of cruelty.
The weight of kindness.
The weight of selfishness.
The weight of altruism.
The weight of pride.
The weight of covetousness.
The weight of lust.
The weight of anger.
The weight of gluttony.
The weight of envy.
The weight of sloth.
The weight of like.
The weight of dislike.
The weight of hate.
The weight of love.
The weight of strength.
The weight of weakness.
The weight of yes.
The weight of no.
The weight of maybe.
The weight of light
The weight of dark.
The weight of good.

The weight of evil.
The weight of full.
The weight of empty.
The weight of have
The weight of have not.
The weight of all.
The weight of none.
The weight of some.
The weight of body.
The weight of mind.
The weight of life.
The weight of death.
The weight of perception.
The weight of imagination.
Who is the who, who carries it all?

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Quantum Infinity

Watching the second hand move, watching the minute hand move, watching the hour hand move;
Watching the world turn, watching the clouds in every shape and size race across the sky;
Watching the sun, the moon, the stars, go round and round, every day the same;
Who-what-why-when-where-how, is the witness doing the watching?
Eternity is ever-present for those who have eyes and ears,
To see and hear the mystery, as it frolics in its quantum infinity.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

A Wisp of Nothingness

Awareness is ... right here, right now.
To dub it either infinitesimal or infinite, or anything, actually,
Is to give it a space-time tone that absolutely has no basis in its reality, whatsoever.
Consciousness is but an imaginary wisp of nothingness, wafting through the beyond-expansive expanse.
And humankind playing out its ceaseless dramafest in a pre-determined fashion,
Far grander than the human mind can comprehend,
Lest it doth become it.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

You are the Moment

The moment is mystery; You are mystery.
The moment is eternal; You are eternal.
The moment is immaculate; You are immaculate.
The moment is unborn; You are unborn.
The moment is undying; You are undying.
The moment is indivisible; You are indivisible.
The moment is here; You are here.
The moment is unbounded; You are unbounded.
The moment is silence; You are silence.
The moment is truth; You are truth.
The moment is graceful; You are graceful.
The moment is pure; You are pure.
The moment is unequivocal; You are unequivocal.
The moment is supreme; You are supreme.
The moment is unqualified; You are unqualified.
The moment is perfect; You are perfect.
The moment is nothingness; You are nothingness.
The moment is total; You are total.
The moment is complete; You are complete.
The moment is tabula rasa; You are tabula rasa.
The moment is sentient; You are sentient.
The moment is still; You are still.
The moment is inscrutable; You are inscrutable.
The moment is perpetual; You are perpetual.
The moment is matrix; You are matrix.
The moment is serene; You are serene.
The moment is pervasive; You are pervasive.
The moment is dispassionate; You are dispassionate.
The moment is nonexistent; You are nonexistent.
The moment is uncontrolled; You are uncontrolled.
The moment is boundless; You are boundless.
The moment is unrestrained; You are unrestrained.
The moment is untouched; You are untouched.
The moment is unrefined; You are unrefined.
The moment is limitless; You are limitless.
The moment is indefinable; You are indefinable.
The moment is undone; You are undone.
The moment is extraordinary; You are extraordinary.
The moment is enduring; You are enduring.
The moment is tranquil; You are tranquil.
The moment is unruffled; You are unruffled.
The moment is unworried; You are unworried.
The moment is placid; You are placid.
The moment is composed; You are composed.
The moment is unbounded; You are unbounded.
The moment is unchained; You are unchained.

The moment is opaque; You are opaque.
 The moment is vulnerable; You are vulnerable.
 The moment is compliant; You are compliant.
 The moment is fictional; You are fictional.
 The moment is undeniable; You are undeniable.
 The moment is pristine; You are pristine.
 The moment is forever; You are forever.
 The moment is mundane; You are mundane.
 The moment is empty; You are empty.
 The moment is untarnished; You are untarnished.
 The moment is impartial; You are impartial.
 The moment is rational; You are rational.
 The moment is priceless; You are priceless.
 The moment is all; You are all.
 The moment is valueless; You are valueless.
 The moment is straightforward; You are straightforward.
 The moment is obscure; You are obscure.
 The moment is worthless; You are worthless.
 The moment is anonymous; You are anonymous.
 The moment is purposeless; You are purposeless.
 The moment is none; You are none.
 The moment is unimportant; You are unimportant.
 The moment is silent; You are silent.
 The moment is nondualistic; You are nondualistic.
 The moment is clear; You are clear.
 The moment is motionless; You are motionless.
 The moment is wasted; You are wasted.
 The moment is mindless; You are mindless.
 The moment is everlasting; You are everlasting.
 The moment is ineffective; You are ineffective.
 The moment is vain; You are vain.
 The moment is unsuccessful; You are unsuccessful.
 The moment is fruitless; You are fruitless.
 The moment is futile; You are futile.
 The moment is instantaneous; You are instantaneous.
 The moment is imaginary; You are imaginary.
 The moment is aware; You are aware.
 The moment is ineffable; You are ineffable.
 The moment is mysterious; You are mysterious.
 The moment is inexpressible; You are inexpressible.
 The moment is unspeakable; You are unspeakable.
 The moment is meaningless; You are meaningless.
 The moment is ordinary; You are ordinary.
 The moment is engrained; You are engrained.
 The moment is imperceptible; You are imperceptible.
 The moment is inconsequential; You are inconsequential.
 The moment is hollow; You are hollow.
 The moment is alone; You are alone.

The moment is minimal; You are minimal.
 The moment is impenetrable; You are impenetrable.
 The moment is average; You are average.
 The moment is unfathomable; You are unfathomable.
 The moment is unique; You are unique.
 The moment is unicity; You are unicity.
 The moment is incessant; You are incessant.
 The moment is inconceivable; You are inconceivable.
 The moment is unfastened; You are unfastened.
 The moment is rational; You are rational.
 The moment is maximum; You are maximum.
 The moment is detached; You are detached.
 The moment is unrivaled; You are unrivaled.
 The moment is inimitable; You are inimitable.
 The moment is incomparable; You are incomparable.
 The moment is unbiased; You are unbiased.
 The moment is pointless; You are pointless.
 The moment is unconcerned; You are unconcerned.
 The moment is ceaseless; You are ceaseless.
 The moment is impersonal; You are impersonal.
 The moment is absurd; You are . absurd
 The moment is aloof; You are aloof.
 The moment is interminable; You are interminable.
 The moment is exquisite; You are exquisite.
 The moment is unintelligible; You are unintelligible.
 The moment is incomprehensible; You are incomprehensible.
 The moment is unreadable; You are unreadable.
 The moment is enigmatic; You are enigmatic.
 The moment is carefree; You are carefree.
 The moment is never-ending; You are never-ending.
 The moment is now; You are now.
 The moment is innocent; You are innocent.
 The moment is singular; You are singular.
 The moment is timeless; You are timeless.
 The moment is momentary; You are momentary.
 The moment is absolute; You are absolute.
 The moment is sovereign; You are sovereign.
 The moment is omniscient; You are omniscient.
 The moment is omnipresent; You are omnipresent.
 The moment is omnipotent; You are omnipotent.
 The moment is kaleidoscoping; You are kaleidoscoping.
 The moment is quantum; You are quantum.
 The moment is awareness; You are awareness.
 The moment is totality; You are totality.
 The moment is life; You are life.
 The moment is seamless; You are seamless.
 The moment is unconditional; You are unconditional.
 The moment is unadulterated; You are unadulterated.

The moment is flawless; You are flawless.
The moment is unspoiled; You are unspoiled.
The moment is entire; You are entire.
The moment is effortless; You are effortless.
The moment is first; You are first.
The moment is oblivion; You are oblivion.
The moment is mindful; You are mindful.
The moment is last; You are last.
The moment is whole; You are whole.
The moment is harmonious; You are harmonious.
The moment is unified; You are unified.
The moment is impeccable; You are impeccable.
The moment is blameless; You are blameless.
The moment is spotless; You are spotless.
The moment is alertness; You are alertness.
The moment is matchless; You are matchless.
The moment is void; You are void.
The moment is stillness; You are stillness.
The moment is extinct; You are extinct.
The moment is obscurity; You are obscurity.
The moment is anonymous; You are anonymous.
The moment is insignificant; You are insignificant.
The moment is null; You are null.
The moment is worthless; You are worthless.
The moment is useless; You are useless.
The moment is unknowable; You are unknowable.
The moment is naught; You are naught.
The moment is nameless; You are nameless.
The moment is undiscoverable; You are undiscoverable.
The moment is immeasurable; You are immeasurable.
The moment is infinite; You are infinite.
The moment is incalculable; You are incalculable.
The moment is inestimable; You are inestimable.
The moment is endless; You are endless.
The moment is simple; You are simple.
The moment is straightforward; You are straightforward.
The moment is natural; You are natural.
The moment is painless; You are painless.
The moment is uncomplicated; You are uncomplicated.
The moment is unforced; You are unforced.
The moment is infinitesimal; You are infinitesimal.
The moment is ever; You are ever.
The moment is untroubled; You are untroubled.
The moment is inexplicable; You are inexplicable.
The moment is unstained; You are unstained.
The moment is peerless; You are peerless.
The moment is indefinable; You are indefinable.
The moment is emptiness; You are emptiness.

The moment is indifferent; You are indifferent.
The moment is ageless; You are ageless.
The moment is irrational; You are irrational.
The moment is immortal; You are immortal.
The moment is way; You are way.
The moment is intrinsic; You are intrinsic.
The moment is intangible You are intangible.
The moment is witness; You are witness.
The moment is indelible; You are indelible.
The moment is solitary; You are solitary.
The moment is free; You are free.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

What the Fates Hath Deigned

You are what you eat, and you shit it, too.
And piddle it, and sweat it, and spit it, and sneeze it,
And cough it, and weep it, and bleed it, and ejaculate it, as well.
How fortunate to finally realize, you are not this cesspool,
And must only bear witness to its sundry travesties,
For what whatever jot the Fates hath deigned.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Sands of Time

Has your lifetime of philosophizing, in any way,
Transformed the patterning of your terrestrial mind-body?
Not that you have, in any way or shape or form, ever once witnessed.
Destiny is destiny, fate is fate, fortune is fortune, upshot is upshot, kismet is kismet,
No matter how it is chiseled in stone in the sands of time.
All sentience endures it the same.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

An Epic Revolution

The human paradigm will have to change intelligently,
If any sort of idealized metamorphosis,
Is fated to happen.
It would be a revolution of utterly epic proportion,
Well beyond any imaginary assessment, this present, or any prior, has ever witnessed.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Mystery of Awareness

... The mystery of the immaculate, flawless, pristine, impeccable, immortally eternal awareness ...
... Prior to all priors, within all within, without all withouts, beyond all beyonds ...
... Ineffable, intangible, indelible, indivisible, unborn-undying ...
... Omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent ...
... Spaceless, timeless...
You

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Long Gone

The awareness sees.
The awareness hears.
The awareness smells.
The awareness tastes.
The awareness feels.
Long gone before mind remembers it.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The End to All Questions

If there is a guiding hand to this mystery, it is the process of natural selection,
Set into motion at the inexplicable, ineffable inception of creation.
The only answer, for those always seeking answers,
Is solitary walks, or staring into space,
Until the mind's need for answers dissolves.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Regarding Imagination

The relatively agreeable thing regarding imagination,
Is that you can do absolutely anything the mind might venture.
Angel on high in the lap of some deity; or demon, as low as low can go.
The mind is the magic carpet time machine, that can meander all creation at will.
Far less bother than the real thing can be; especially when it comes to the harsher fantasies.
That so many must twist and destroy other lives, is the wretched absurdity of this planet of the apes.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Eternity's Playhouse

Neither You, nor anyone else, can help but play out their destined role.
There is nothing to do, but spontaneous extemporaneous.
Play out every scenario as the moment calls.
Choice has nothing to do with it.
None can do more,
Than surrender to the abyss in all.
Call it whatever you will, it is all You; there is no other.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

One at a Time

You can only sit in one chair at a time.
You can only sleep in one bed at a time,
You can only eat one meal at a time,
You can only drink one drink at a time.
You can only take one shower at a time.
You can only wear one outfit at a time.
You can only read one book at a time.
You can only play one game at a time.
You can only ride one bike at a time,
You can only see one thing at a time.
You can only hear one sound at a time.
You can only taste one taste at a time.
You can only smell one smell at a time.
You can only feel one touch at a time.
You can only do one anything at a time.
So, how much does anyone really need?

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Truth of Eternity

Why are you so fearful of it all coming to an end?
Oblivion is the state from whence You came.
Oblivion is the state to which all return.
There is absolutely nothing to fear or dread.
There is absolutely nothing for which to hope or plead.
There is simply eternity, which You are, have ever been, will ever be.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Has There Ever Been Even One Choice?

Is natural selection a function of spontaneity, of autonomy, of self-determination, of free will,
Or simply the continuation of the pattern-selection, kaleidoscoping since the first moment of genesis?
Impromptu, spontaneous, extemporaneous, when viewed from the macro level;
But precisely, exactly determined, at the quantum level.
Has there ever been even one choice?
Is such an unsynchronized flow even remotely possible,
In this ineffable cosmos, absolutely orchestrated, every moment, in every way?
Looking back at your entire existence, what say did you have in anything, that lead you to be reading this?

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

My Mother

If I have not said or implied it elsewhere,
In this thirty-years-plus philosophical walkabout,
It should well be counted a good destiny's good fortune,
To have been given a mother, such as I have had.
So calm, so rational, so intelligent, so good.
A modest, humble-to-the roots woman,
Of whom Buddha would be in awe.
Beverly Jean Kurtz-Holshouser,
Is her name, born September 4, 1929.
In this worldly mind's quantum dreamtime,
She, such an unfathomable part, has performed.
She is the source, the seed, the blessing,
For this scribe's life work and play.

Her loving son, Michael Jay

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Madness of Science

Science has destroyed its home,
For the sake of knowledge, for the sake of trivial pursuit.
Where is the rationality, the sensibility, the prudence, the insight, the wisdom, in that?

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The You, You Are

The you, you imagine carries on, is not the You, You are.
All forms are but ever-changing, temporal, quantum illusions,
To which only imagination, stimulated by the senses, is witness.
The awareness You truly are, is the omnipresent, immortal actuality.
Humankind's capacity for delusion is the harbor of all things irrational.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The One and Only Truth

This ultimate truth is all that really matters in this théâtre absurde.
Everything else is nothing more than quantum illusion.
Everything else is but an imaginary dreamtime,
In which You are voluntary prisoner,
Of your own mind's design.
There are no chains.
There is only the moment,
And You are as free as You dare.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

You Are Eternity

Awareness is the one and only You, the everything within all,
And it has no attachment to any shape, to any existence, whatsoever.
Its indivisible omnipresence-omniscience-omnipotence permeates all totality.
It is the unborn-undying, imbuing all dimensions, all illusions, cultivated by sentience.
If you are to realize the truth of that which eternity is, it must include everything, including You.
There is no need for deities, no need for souls, no need for angels, no need for saints, no need for demons,
No need for belief, no need for scripture, no need for dogma, no need for priests, no need for idols,
No need for worship, no need for prayer, no need for superstition, no need for cathedrals,
No need for heavenly ecstasies, no need for purgatories, no need for infernos.
Awareness is witness to all, and You, a sparkle of that eternal now.
All You need do, is be the solitary witness You ever are,
Without the self-imagery chained to form.
Be the ever-present moment.
Be the awareness.
Be the ineffable mystery.
Be the flawless sentience of eternity.
Be the indelible Self of all selves, of all creation.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Self-Absorption of Human Consciousness

Odds are, no one will ever be as interested in your world as you are.
It would be an impossible feat for anyone to ever put aside their own.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Illusion of Perception

Your existence, your world, your universe,
Is but an illusion of perception born of imagination,
Inspired by the five senses, linked to the mind, you call yours.
The reality You are, is so much greater, than the minute shimmer allotted.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Solitary Wander

To be ... the truth ... the life ... the way ...
Is to be in absolute, solitary relationship,
With the moment, with the singularity,
You, awareness, every moment are.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Vanity, Vanity, All is Vanity

All your power, all your prestige, all your wealth, does not make you special.
We all end up, with all our fellow earthlings, in the same grave, sooner or later.
Build all the castles you please, climb every mountain you can, it is all for naught.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Pie of History

History can be looked at from an infinity of angles and dimensions.
Personal history, group history, world history, natural history, universal history.
There is no end to the myriad ways consciousness can cut the pie, it has in imagination baked.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Awareness Does Not Care

Infinite or infinitesimal, the awareness does not care.
Spiritual or agnostic, the awareness does not care.
Live or die, the awareness does not care.
Do or do not, the awareness does not care.
Succeed or fail, the awareness does not care.
Love or hate, the awareness does not care.
Still or moving, the awareness does not care.
Tit or tat, the awareness does not care.
Up or down, the awareness does not care.
Around or through, the awareness does not care.
Fat or thin, the awareness does not care.
Strong or weak, the awareness does not care.
Hard or soft, the awareness does not care.
Give or take, the awareness does not care.
Wise or foolish, the awareness does not care.
Beautiful or ugly, the awareness does not care.
Big or small, the awareness does not care.
Known or unknown, the awareness does not care.
Awake or asleep, the awareness does not care.
Rich or poor, the awareness does not care.
Awake or asleep, the awareness does not care.
True or false, the awareness does not care.
Ecstasy or agony, the awareness does not care.
First or last, the awareness does not care.
Full or empty, the awareness does not care.
Sweet or bitter, the awareness does not care.
Loud or quiet, the awareness does not care.
Straight or rounded, the awareness does not care.
Astute or obtuse, the awareness does not care.
Clear or opaque, the awareness does not care.
Thick or thin, the awareness does not care.
Brave or cowardly, the awareness does not care.
Equal or lopsided, the awareness does not care.
King or slave, the awareness does not care.
Queen or whore, the awareness does not care.
Young or old, the awareness does not care.
Male or female, the awareness does not care.
Honest or dishonest, the awareness does not care.
Wild or tame, the awareness does not care.
Clean or foul, the awareness does not care.
Cautious or reckless, the awareness does not care.
Hit or miss, the awareness does not care.
Lead or follow, the awareness does not care.
High or low, the awareness does not care.
Truth or lie, the awareness does not care.
Deep or shallow, the awareness does not care.

Open or closed, the awareness does not care.
Rational or absurd, the awareness does not care.
Near or far, the awareness does not care.
In or out, the awareness does not care.
Free or imprisoned, the awareness does not care.
Full or empty, the awareness does not care.
Attached or detached, the awareness does not care.
All or none, the awareness does not care.
Smart or stupid, the awareness does not care.
Tall or short, the awareness does not care.
Forward or backward, the awareness does not care.
Before or after, the awareness does not care.
Selfless or selfish, the awareness does not care.
Within or without, the awareness does not care.
Yay or nay, the awareness does not care.
Close or distant, the awareness does not care.
Normal or weird, the awareness does not care.
Dry or wet, the awareness does not care.
Hot or cold, the awareness does not care.
Constant or fickle, the awareness does not care.
Positive or negative, the awareness does not care.
Happy or sad, the awareness does not care.
Over or under, the awareness does not care.
Loose or tight, the awareness does not care.
Plus or minus, the awareness does not care.
Above or below, the awareness does not care.
Inside or outside, the awareness does not care.
Simple or complex, the awareness does not care.
Black or white, the awareness does not care.
Smooth or coarse, the awareness does not care.
Wide or narrow, the awareness does not care.
Gentle or cruel, the awareness does not care.
Humble or vain, the awareness does not care.
On or off, the awareness does not care.
Here or there, the awareness does not care.
Have or have not, the awareness does not care.
Sharp or dull, the awareness does not care.
Good or bad, the awareness does not care.
Right or wrong, the awareness does not care.
Everything or nothing, the awareness does not care.
Something or nothing, awareness does not care.
White or black, the awareness does not care.
Light or dark, the awareness does not care.
This or that, the awareness does not care.

Awareness holds on to nothing; why do You?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Six Words Down a Rabbit Hole

The magical mystery tour of imagination.
Time and space are mind-body illusion.
Five senses contrive a cosmic theater.
The agony, the ecstasy, the absurdity.
All are helpless upshots of mutation.
The genetic lottery casts all askew.
Sand ever falling in the hourglass.
Quantum matrix, the same in all.
The awareness, the same in all.
The sentience, the same in all.
The moment, the same in all.
The mystery, the same in all.
We are stardust, come to life.
Dust to dust, ashes to ashes.
We are cousins of the puddle.
All are molded by their niche.
Who has ever had any choice?
Who has ever seen their face?
Who has ever been like me?
Who has ever been like you?
Who has ever been like him?
Who has ever been like her?
Who has ever been like them?
We are all just prisoners here.
All adrift in labyrinth of mind.
Ever more in common than not.
Belief is but a delusionary fog.
Be and allow, the highest law.
'Tis but an hour, strutted, fretted.
Vanity and greed rule the world.
A species unable to contain itself.
A cancer devouring our dust ball.
The horror, the horror, no respite.
No one sees their allotted facade.
All wander the same stage, alone.
Nothing is ever the same nothing.
All lives are but imaginary dreams.
All differences are but shell games.
We are cousins of natural selection.
So many trivial things given weight.
All differences share the same grave.
Paradox and irony and absurdity rule.
The sound, the fury, signifying nothing.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Good News

The good news is there is nothing to believe.
The good news is there is nothing to seek.
The good news is there is nothing to worship.
The good news is there is nothing know.
The good news is there is nothing to follow.
The good news is there is nothing to judge.
The good news is there is nothing to ponder.
The good news is there is nothing to do.
The good news is there is nothing to undo
The good news is there is nothing say.
The good news is there is nothing to be.
The good news is there is nothing accept.
The good news is there is nothing to deny.
The good news is there is nothing to study.
The good news is there is nothing to join.
The good news is there is nothing to create.
The good news is there is nothing to surrender.
The good news is there is nothing to reflect.
The good news is there is nothing to generate.
The good news is there is nothing to consent.
The good news is there is nothing to divide.
The good news is there is nothing to contend.
The good news is there is nothing to refuse.
The good news is there is nothing to permit.
The good news is there is nothing to ignore.
The good news is there is nothing to borrow.
The good news is there is nothing to commit.
The good news is there is nothing to align.
The good news is there is nothing to merge.
The good news is there is nothing to wallow.
The good news is there is nothing to grapple.
The good news is there is nothing to strain.
The good news is there is nothing to solicit.
The good news is there is nothing to negotiate.
The good news is there is nothing to claim.
The good news is there is nothing to assert.
The good news is there is nothing to evaluate.
The good news is there is nothing to moderate.
The good news is there is nothing to regulate.
The good news is there is nothing to barter.
The good news is there is nothing to control.
The good news is there is nothing to tame.
The good news is there is nothing to mediate.
The good news is there is nothing to speculate.
The good news is there is nothing to guess.
The good news is there is nothing to appraise.

The good news is there is nothing to battle.
 The good news is there is nothing to tithe.
 The good news is there is nothing to promote.
 The good news is there is nothing to decide.
 The good news is there is nothing to concede.
 The good news is there is nothing to bargain.
 The good news is there is nothing to yearn.
 The good news is there is nothing to shelter.
 The good news is there is nothing to appeal.
 The good news is there is nothing to summon.
 The good news is there is nothing to mediate.
 The good news is there is nothing to obligate.
 The good news is there is nothing to evaluate.
 The good news is there is nothing to calculate.
 The good news is there is nothing to achieve.
 The good news is there is nothing to build.
 The good news is there is nothing to coerce.
 The good news is there is nothing to compel.
 The good news is there is nothing to measure.
 The good news is there is nothing to refute.
 The good news is there is nothing to grasp.
 The good news is there is nothing to protect.
 The good news is there is nothing to gauge.
 The good news is there is nothing to defend.
 The good news is there is nothing to renounce.
 The good news is there is nothing to establish.
 The good news is there is nothing to dissolve.
 The good news is there is nothing to retain.
 The good news is there is nothing to embrace.
 The good news is there is nothing to reject.
 The good news is there is nothing to relinquish.
 The good news is there is nothing to conquer.
 The good news is there is nothing to subdue.
 The good news is there is nothing to expand.
 The good news is there is nothing to contract.
 The good news is there is nothing to require.
 The good news is there is nothing to request.
 The good news is there is nothing to possess.
 The good news is there is nothing to approve.

The good news is that ...

The eternal moment, the eternal awareness, the eternal singularity, the eternal You,
 The ineffable You, the indivisible You, the indelible You, the unfathomable You, the indefinable You,
 Is free and clear of all trespass, free and clear of any yoke, whatsoever.
 You are it, it is You, there is no other.
 Be, free.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

No Need for Deities

What is it about humankind and its genomic blend, that it is so insecure, that it is so fearful,
That it, across all geographies, has imagined a supreme deity or a gaggle of deities,
To praise or blame for the blessings and misfortunes of this mortal theater?
Surely, existing as gracefully as possible in the given ebb and flow,
Is enough for anyone sensibly abiding the rhythms of nature.
There is no exultant ending to any mortal narrative.
To endure it rationally, stoically, is an admirable achievement.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

You Are All of It

You are the timeless awareness.
You are the eternal moment.
You are all the worlds.
You are all the stars,
You are all the stardust.
You are every quantum display.
You are all the space within and without.
You are the entire universe, and beyond all beyonds.
You are the infinitesimal, the infinite, unborn-undying totality.
You are the ineffable, inexplicable mystery, in which all appearances dance.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Entangling Briars

How is it that so many seers of this infinite, indifferent mystery,
Generate so much absurdity, that morphs into so much painful misery?
How much better for the all, it might be, to stay silent, to say little or nothing.
Daito Kokushi, fourteenth century Japanese Zen master of the Rinzai school, wrote:
“Wishing to entice the blind, The Buddha has playfully let words escape his golden mouth.
Heaven and earth are ever since filled with entangling briars.”
Hopefully, these way too many cogitations,
Will find their way to oblivion,
Before wreaking too much mayhem.
One can never discern how noble intentions,
Will be warped and perverted in the theaters of mind.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

You, Me, He, She, They, All

All sentience is the awareness.
You are the awareness.
I am the awareness.
He is the awareness.
She is the awareness.
They are the awareness.
The same awareness is in all things.
Despite all imaginary concoctions to the contrary,
There is no other.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Prior to All Things

Prior to consciousness.
Prior to sentience.
Prior to dreams.
Prior to words.
Prior to thought.
Prior to narratives.
Prior to forms, You are.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Call It What You Will

Call it eternity.
Call it god.
Call it awareness.
Call it the moment.
Call it now.
Call it perpetuity.
Call it infinity.
Call it nothing.
Call it everything.
Call it ineffable.
Call it mystery.
Call it whatever.

It is the same nothing, it is the same everything it is, has ever been, will ever be.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Limits of Rationality

Science and all related fields, can never grasp the full truth,
Because truth, is prior to all things measurable,
Prior to all things theoretical,
Prior to all things born of consciousness.
It is the indelible, ineffable, intangible indivisibility.
It is the unknowable, inexplicable, unborn-undying mystery, prior to all.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Abyss of Awareness

What could awareness possibly need?
What could awareness possibly want?
What could awareness possibly fear?
What could awareness possibly dread?
What could awareness possibly love?
What could awareness possibly hate?
What could awareness possibly believe?
What could awareness possibly see?
What could awareness possibly hear?
What could awareness possibly smell?
What could awareness possibly taste?
What could awareness possibly feel?
What could awareness possibly think?
What could awareness possibly know?
What could awareness possibly anything?

As is written in the Sixth Sutra of Manuel Schoch's
Bitten by the Black Snake translation of the Ashtravaka Gita:

You are not your body, your body is not you.
You are not the doer, you are not the enjoyer.
You are pure awareness, the witness of all things.
You are without expectation, free.
Wherever you go, be happy.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

A Choiceless Existence

You pose, You pretend, You politic, You participate, as your sensory theater dictates.
To consider yourself free in the winds of this choiceless pattern You play, is absurd.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Naught But Awareness

Awareness is the inherent mystery.
There is no deity to worship.
There is no groupthink.
There is no ministry.
There is no doctrine.
There is but awareness.
And it is free, to any and all,
Who have the insight to fathom it.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Root of All Things Human

It is imagination that craves, not the awareness.
It is imagination that fears, not the awareness.
It is imagination that dreads, not the awareness.
It is imagination that loves, not the awareness.
It is imagination that hates, not the awareness.
It is imagination that suffers, not the awareness.
It is imagination that delights, not the awareness.
It is imagination that cherishes, not the awareness.
It is imagination that trusts, not the awareness.
It is imagination that believes, not the awareness.
It is imagination that scorns, not the awareness.
It is imagination that lusts, not the awareness.
It is imagination that deceives, not the awareness.
It is imagination that lies, not the awareness.
It is imagination that cheats, not the awareness.
It is imagination that steals, not the awareness.
It is imagination that creates, not the awareness.
It is imagination that preserves, not the awareness.
It is imagination that destroys, not the awareness.
It is imagination that seeks, not the awareness.
It is imagination that finds, not the awareness.
It is imagination that raptures, not the awareness.

The root of everything human, is the stew of imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Staring at Walls

All are mesmerized by the quantum matrix.
A few and far between awaken to that which all truly are,
But even they likely fall into slumber more than they might care admit.
Few can long sit in a cave, staring at a wall, and not be drawn out into the dreamtime,
At least occasionally for short bouts of drinking and whoring and sundry other disreputable respites.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Illusions Beyond Counting

The small have their time, as do the large; all are predators, all are prey.
There are no survivors in this unborn-undying eternal mystery.
Only witnesses born into illusions beyond counting.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Abyss of Awareness

We all wander in the same ineffable, eternal moment,
With entirely different perceptions, different worlds, different universes.
Pretty tough for imagination, in its never-ending swirl of space-time, to do anything the same.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Untouchable Awareness

Yes, there is a supreme deity, and it is peering out through your eyes,
As it is through those of every other sentient creature,
Ever fashioned in all of creation.
And it is not that awareness that judges the creation,
But you, and all the other two-leggeds, across the human paradigm,
Who wrought what they see, into heavens and hells of their habituated persuasions.
Like Santa Claus in the Christmas jingle, everyone is keeping their lists, and checking them twice.
So many, wander about, believing what they think so important to some on-high,
But it is never more than the muddled miasma of imagination.
We all come and go; only awareness remains.
Untouched by any of it.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The English Mutt

The fundamental purpose of any language is communication.
To call the English language a bastard is profoundly wrong.
It is a mutt, a mix of lingual coding, that is strong and healthy,
Intelligent, rational, formidable, spirited, robust, stable, fearless,
And serves all well, in whatever way the ineffable moment requires.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Song of Mystery

The song of mystery has an infinity of verses.
Many universes all making up a vast multiverse.
There is no beginning to it; there is no end to it,
Except the eternal oneness, that is source to all.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

What Do You Really Know?

Yes, you have explored so many things.
Your mind is full of every variety of minutiae.
But truthfully, Pilgrim, what do you genuinely know?
You must empty the mind to discern what is, and what is not.
Wisdom is the loftiest mainstay of consciousness,
And even it must yield to oblivion.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Mystery of Eternity

Another day of beating your head,
Against the illusion, the pretense, the futility,
Of imagining there is more, of imagining you are more.
It is what it is; You are what You are: this very moment, awareness.
An eternal mystery; unfathomable, indivisible, ineffable.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
What more is there to say?

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Quantum All

I, Quantum.
You, Quantum.
He, Quantum.
She, Quantum.
Us, Quantum.
It, Quantum.
All, Quantum.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

What More?

What more is there to see?
What more is there to hear?
What more is there to taste?
What more is there to smell?
What more is there to feel?
What more is there to be?
What more is there to say?
What more is there to do?
What more is there to own?
What more is there to want?
What more is there to know?
What more is there to believe?
What more is there to pretend?
What more is there to love?
What more is there to hate?
What more is there to judge?
What more is there to destroy?
What more is there to preserve?
What more is there to create?

And yet, we slog on and on.

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The Surreality! The Surreality!

How surreal, the light.
How surreal, the tastes.
How surreal, the smells.
How surreal, the sounds.
How surreal, the textures.
How surreal, the sentience.
How surreal, the dream.
How surreal, the Self.

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The Eternity of Time

Analog clocks spin.
Digital clocks emanate.
Calendar pages turn and turn.
Sun and moon go round and round.
Eternity never starts long enough to stop.

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Awareness, All

I, Awareness.
You, Awareness.
He, Awareness.
She, Awareness.
Us, Awareness.
It, Awareness.
All, Awareness.

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Horrors Ahead

A few lists of all the potential horrors we and our fellow earthlings face:

Climate change
Food
Gender equality
Poverty
Health
Human rights
Water scarcity
Children
Ageing
AIDS
Biodiversity
International law and Justice
Migration
Conflicts
Corruption
Cultural diversity
Environment
Overpopulation
Peace and security
Unemployment
Global Health
Pollution
Education
Nuclear proliferation

Underrated Issues

Whole brain emulation
Wild animal suffering
Safeguarding liberal democracy
Immigration restrictions
Spread of false ideas on social media
Science policy and infrastructure
High-leverage ways to speed up economic growth
Mental health

Top 10 world problems and their solutions

Climate Change
Wars and military conflicts
Water contamination
Human rights violation
Global health issues
Global poverty

Children's poor access to healthcare, education and safety
Access to food and hunger

Our list of the most pressing world problems

Risks from artificial intelligence
Catastrophic pandemics
Nuclear war
Great power war
Climate change

Similarly pressing but less developed areas

Civilization resilience
Suffering risks
Artificial sentience
Promoting positive values
Risks of stable totalitarianism
Space governance
Risks from atomically precise manufacturing
Risks from malevolent actors
Improving individual reasoning and cognition

Problems many of our readers prioritize

Factory farming
Easily preventable or treatable illness
Whole brain emulation
Wild animal suffering
Safeguarding liberal democracy
Immigration restrictions
Spread of false ideas on social media
Science policy and infrastructure
High-leverage ways to speed up economic growth
Mental health

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

The Fate of Authorship

The goal of any writer is to plant something in other minds that will not be easily forgotten.
Who knows how many works are in used book stores and landfills,
And internet websites and burn piles,
And ancient libraries long ago fallen into ruin,
That never or barely even got a chance to be remembered.

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Evolution of The Stillness Before Time

A timeline of phases in this little raison d'être project that began in 1989.

Ojai

Teaching at Oak Grove School in Ojai, California
Head and neck injury at Carpinteria State Beach on school fieldtrip
Psilocybin mushrooms & ecstasy
Nisargadatta's "I Am That"
The first index cards, tossed after Lena's comment

Chico

A box of spiral-bound notebooks
Access to a desktop computer at Chico Hedway
Dean Evans and two art shows
A book agent who had me put together The Stillness Before Time
Including: Of the Human Journey, Got God?, Ten Reflections, Books, Movies
Kinko's and who knows how many spiral-bound copies out the back door

Arcata

More spiral-bound notebooks
CLAD certificate program at Humboldt State
First Apple PowerBook 5300 laptop
HTML programming class
Creation of The Stillness Before Time website

Turlock

Switch to index cards
Creative Alternatives and transfer of website
Five generations of Apple MacBook laptops through the years
Several attempts to publish, with support from Dawn Eden Fletcher and Ram Dass
The Return to Wonder
Matrix algorithm experiment
Google Blogger
Facebook
Twitter
The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim
Breadcrumbs series
Lulu Press
Retirement from Creative Alternatives
Transfer of website to Network Solutions
Evolution of website
A variety of offshoot titles
Sivana East

Instagram
Transfer of website to Skystra
Switch to smart phone texting
Editing of Stillness, Ponderings, Return to Wonder
The quest for a legacy caretaker

Breadcrumbs 2024 & Beyond

Just a Clarification

Just a clarification, that any titles not listed below, are selections from the titles below.
And that the most recent, most accurate edits, will be the PDF versions uploaded to the website.
Also, most other titles will not have been completed, if the Reaper shows up too soon.
So, anyone who might be motivated, is welcome to fill in any and all gaps,
Being as mindful as possible, to hold true to the given formatting.
There may or may not be someone to answer inquiries,
At the mjholshouser@gmail.com address.

The Stillness Before Time
Including:
Of the Human Journey
Got God?
Ten Reflections

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim
The Return to Wonder

Breadcrumbs 2015
Breadcrumbs 2018
Breadcrumbs 2019
Breadcrumbs 2020
Breadcrumbs 2021
Breadcrumbs 2022
Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Sketches of the Once Upon a Time
A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming
The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim
The Standard Ripostes
Even More
Definitions
Conversations
My (Not Quite) Haiku
Once Upon a Christmas
Titles, Titles & More Titles
Ditties From the Bluegrass Fire
Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)

Singles from various Breadcrumbs:
To Be or Not to Be
The Mystery of the Mystery
Who Was the First?
The Real is Discovering
59 Moments to The Way It Is (And Is Not)

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

To Whom It May Concern

It is certainly a curious thing to have gone this mystical direction in life. Most definitely a road less traveled. As far as discussing it with others goes, I think, as with any specialty, any sphere – science, mathematics, music, sports, business, politics, et cetera ad infinitum – that we all tend to search out like minds to focus on our interests and passions. Scientists with scientists, mathematicians with mathematicians, musicians with musicians, athletes with athletes, businessmen with businessmen, politicians with politicians, et cetera ad infinitum. Our little “lost” tribe of seers, being somewhat scattered about the globe, are not always easy to run across. You just never know who will be sitting next to you in some coffee shop, bar, or park bench.

Personally, I have always been generalist and chameleon enough to enjoy chatting with whoever about whatever comes up. There is great freedom in anonymity. Many people I know quite well have very little if any clue about what I have done or what I have written. It has just never come up. I may probe and plant seeds, but do not worry whether or not they take root. Some minds are fertile; some are barren. It is just the way it is.

As far as staying connected with family, friends, and acquaintances goes, we each have to decide what is important to us, and it may be for some that burning bridges and moving on alone is only option they allow themselves. The high school class of my small rural town origin celebrated our 40th reunion a few years back, and those who came had a great time reconnecting and sharing their life journeys. Very few of them would ever be at all interested in my thoughts on things – many of them are true believers in one dogma or another – and I am okay with that. No point beating yourself over the head over things you cannot change.

The big view of it is that I am one of who knows how many awakened eyes in this magical mystery tour, as likely are you if you are reading this. Whether anyone else hears the call is something over which none of us has any say. Nor does it really matter. We may point the way to a larger vision, but it is each, abiding in their own set of capacities and limitations, who must, to whatever degree, wander the pathless land very much alone. We are but ephemeral seed crystals, of our own devices, for consciousness to do with what it will.

Everything I have written since 1989, except for a couple notebooks that were lost, along with a few other oopsie moments on the computer, is my gift to the future, such as it is. It is up to you and others I have befriended through the years to pass it on if you deem it to have merit. It has been an interesting pastime to give so much of my time over to it: to think it, to scribble it, to transcribe and edit it, to throw it about like Johnny did apple seeds. There may be in the neighborhood of five thousand pages worth by the time I exit this center stage. And what happens to it is for time to tell. I leave it to you to decide.

So it goes, either way. I played my part, I said my piece, I had my fun.

M

P.S. For best viewing online, using the largest screen you have available to explore my little theme park, is suggested. Scrolling down and down on a phone screen is just not going to give you the same entrée.

P.P.S. Regarding the name Yaj Ekim ... It is just a reverse spelling of the first and middle names ... Michael Jay Holshouser ... Mike Jay ... Yaj Ekim.

P.P.P.S. Coincidentally, make of it whatever you will, or will not, Yaj is an Indian boy's name meaning worshipper, sacrifice, another name for Shiva, a sage. And Ekim is a Turkish name for October meaning "sowing" (of seeds). All kinds of absurdity can be read into that by the many so-inclined – none of which was in mind when I came up with the idea to reverse the letters to my name. See P.P.S. for details.

P.P.P.P.S. Yes, I am Shiva. And so are You. No, I am not Shiva. And neither are you. Irony and paradox rule.

Conversations, 2018

Th-Th-Th-That's All Folks!

Pointing to the whole elephant, as entertaining as it has been, has been an interesting lesson in futility.
Time to close down the show, and move on to an observation of silence mode.
Fare thee well, adieu, adios, auf wiedersehen, sayonara.
Regards and best wishes to all.

That said ...

Stay Tuned

Given how this mind works, likely a few more ditties in the here and there,
For as long as these temporal lungs are still drawing air,
So stay tuned, you Wascally Wabbit.

Thucydides

My work is not a piece of writing designed to meet the needs of an immediate public,
but was done to last forever.

Athenian historian and general (c. 460 – c. 400 BC)
History of the Peloponnesian War

Yaj Ekim

Define forever.