

Mystery, Mystery & More Mystery



MICHAEL J. HOLSHOUSER

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*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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Preface

Greetings,

While responding to an online friend's questions about my thoughts on the mystery, it occurred to me to take a look at all that had been written about it since I began scribing in 1989. Another friend had suggested I do this several years ago, and I had filed it on the back-burner of possible projects. The creative juices took hold, and this is the PDF result, with thoughts from all the major titles: *The Stillness Before Time*, *The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim*, *Breadcrumbs*, and *The Return to Wonder*.

It is also blogged for online viewing:

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

Best wishes,

M

Website

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

A 53-page PDF copy of the original work can be downloaded at:
<http://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: Bits and Pieces from a Dream of Time
<http://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/>

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

Breadcrumbs Unpublished Elsewhere

Breadcrumbs: The Unfolding Next Round

http://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_52.html

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The Stillness Before Time

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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.*

* * * *

Preface

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.

* * * *

I

You are the source,
The quantum ocean,
The absolute supreme,
The eternal unicity of isness.

* * * *

Discovering your true birthright
Requires the persistence
Of an aloof scientist,
Gradually scraping away
At the layers of conditioning
Until at some point there is nothing left,
And what you truly are, and are not, is quite apparent.

* * * *

When in every moment
You see without a trace of doubt
That there is no master other than you,
That those many pedestaled images of great souls
Were projections of the inherent longing
To awaken to the birthright
That is prior to consciousness,
You will be free of artificial limits,
You will have triumphed over illusion,
You will have discovered the indelible truth:
That you are, indeed, sovereign, indivisibly absolute.

* * * *

II

Call it by whatever sound you will:
God, Allah, Brahman, Tao, Buddha, Krishna,
Christ, Great Spirit, Way, Absolute, Supreme, Totality,
Or any of the many other labels it is given throughout the world,
It is ever the same indivisible mystery cloaked by the illusion of diversity.

* * * *

III

You who seek are already that which is sought.
You are the unequivocal source, the mystery, pure and simple.
Discerning it clearly in the everyday, without a trace of doubt, is the challenge.

* * * *

Occasionally, attentively reflect within ... "I am."
That unadorned thought is the first and foremost assumption.
Contemplate it closely, thoroughly, add nothing to it.
See its subtle movement to the source within.
Those persistent and discerning enough
Will dissolve into the inexplicable.

* * * *

IV

This fleeting mystery is a whimsical kaleidoscope.
An eternal, immortal weaving; without beginning, without end.
A boundless, indivisible ocean of light and shadow in which all forms dance.
All one can observe of the mystery are the countless manifestations;

Never the dispassionate, unwavering witness beneath.

* * * *

The infinite source of manifestation
Is tasteless and untouchable;
Without vision or sound or smell.
What one perceives is but the mind's reverie.
The vague, obtuse, ephemeral quality of awareness called intuition,
Is as near to understanding as any one can ever come.

* * * *

Be serene, content, alert, cheerfully at ease.
It is your original state, your birthright.
It requires no choice, effort, or contention.
No outward manifestation or proof is required.
It is a natural state of awareness, of simple beingness.
An effortless wander in the unconditional, timeless aloneness.

* * * *

Worship martyrs, crosses, statues, crystals, photographs,
Nature, wealth, words, ideas, or whatever your own will manufactures,
Or simply attend nothing but your own momentary awareness.
But for the sorrow of continuity in all but the latter,
All dreams pass in the same manner.

* * * *

V

Understand the subtlety between
Claiming you are god,
And knowing you are godness.
One cannot be, and the other never was not.

* * * *

Explore love as much as you might with all your beingness,
It is the awareness within all that is its unfathomable cradle.

* * * *

You may sit quietly and breathe with your eyes wide open or tightly shut;
Chant spiritual songs or hum mantras until your mind is three shades of blue;
Practice every sort of rigid, dogmatic, death-defying diet or prescribed exercise;
Submit to ancient beliefs, rituals, and traditions; wear costumes and deify symbols;

Practice any discipline, worship any form your mind or another's might conjure;
Real meditation is the serene awareness of every moment's birth and death,
And no system is required to discern and freely perceive your birthright.

* * * *

VI

You are the ground,
The splintered I Amness of isness,
Creator and witness to an inexplicable theater,
A dreamer dreaming the kaleidoscoping quantum show real,
The timeless nature masked by endless variations of laughter and sorrow.
Why? No one can know. That you are is surely enough.

* * * *

Nothing wrought of this quantum genesis is ultimately real.
Everything is imagined, everything is dreamily timeless.
All indivisibly appearing, all indivisibly disappearing,
Within and without the eternal matrix of awareness.

* * * *

There is no Eastern or Western thought,
Only an awareness manifesting consciousness,
Blanketed by an innumerable array of mythologies.

* * * *

Are you able to scrutinize your existence
Without any attachment, any craving, any trepidation?
Dispassionately, objectively, reserving all pride-filled judgments;
Discerning forthrightly, clearly, without ulterior motive;
Observing closely the many joys and sorrows;
The likes and dislikes, the loves and hates;
The thoughts, beliefs, opinions, conclusions;
The endless flow of people, places, things, ideas;
The seemingly boundless array of passing experiences;
And come to the realization that it was really all your creation;
An inexplicable, intangible, ungraspable, timelessly indivisible journey;
Imagined by a dreamer whose ultimately choiceless nature is prior to all imagination.

* * * *

VII

There is really no religion, no Way,
Just keen observing of a passing mystery
Beyond comprehension or conclusion.

* * * *

The senses tease and taunt you.
They are lies of the delusional mind.
You must ascertain the witness within,
Discriminate the freedom that they cannot,
And know with every particle of your beingness,
That only in the timelessness of awareness are you real.

* * * *

VIII

Polish mirrors that never reflected,
Clean stains never spilled,
Mend tears never torn,
Perfect that never flawed,
Illuminate shadows never cast,
Give purpose that requiring none.
You are ever unfathomable and unknown,
A timelessly whimsical enigma dancing in stillness.

* * * *

It is consciousness that suffers, not you.
The awareness is without laws or principles or ideals.
What consciousness believes are but choices founded in delusion.

* * * *

IX

What is enlightenment but simply awakening
To the innate awareness, to the timeless birthright.
Liberation is abiding freely in that discerning ignorance.

* * * *

Identity is like cotton candy bought at a carnival,
A lot of puff concocted from practically nothing.

* * * *

When you awaken after sleeping,
There is a moment when the awareness
Resumes remembering the patterning it plays.
You could be anywhere, anything, anybody,
And what form and identity do you choose

But that which you are least able to resist.

* * * *

When you discover what you truly are, what you truly are not,
What is left but an inexplicable sense of awareness, unchained.

* * * *

You are the nexus through which the mystery manifests a personal view of time and space.

* * * *

X

Since the dawn of consciousness, mind has grappled
With the mystery of birth and death, creation and destruction.
It has used every device to explain that which can never be explained.
Only in complete surrender to the awareness prior to thought's linear conception,
Can there be any insight into the choicelessness of the indivisibility.

* * * *

In the struggle with the indivisible nature, you must lose to win.

* * * *

Everyone has a mindset, a filtering process that interprets
The reality appearing to appear about them.
The challenge is discerning the relativity of all experience;
That everything is temporal, ephemeral illusion, nothing more or less real;
That, from beginning to end, each and every moment is but the fleeting dreamtime of awareness.

* * * *

XI

Mythoi across this shrinking planet
Migrate in every possible direction without respite.
The geographic isolation that created this remarkable manifest diversity
Is less important than discerning the thread of indivisibility
With which all creation is woven together.

* * * *

XII

Thought is a reflection of an illusory past
And the projector of imagined futures.
Awareness is the tentative, ungraspable now.

It is boundless, eternal, neither identity nor persona.
It is the mysterious origin, the vapor of insight and intuition.
From its unknowable nature thought springs into being,
But without it, none of this would ever have been.
It is the parent of manifest consciousness,
The source prior to all perception.

* * * *

The sciences have in every manner
Scrutinized the unitary movement of this illusion.
They have stretched the conceptual mind in innumerable ways,
Yet none will ever succeed in determining its origin.
All they can ever do is dance with Maya
On the floor of manifestation.

* * * *

You are the gold, not the jewelry into which it is made.

* * * *

At some point, books and their many concepts must be set aside.
Scholars journey the dead-end path of dualistic intellect.
Reclaiming your birthright is direct perception,
Not the cataloging of manuscripts.
The truth you seek will not be found in them.

* * * *

XIII

Virtual reality is not just a computer fantasy.
The senses have created the cosmos with such precision, such exactness,
That you have yet to truly fathom, to indelibly discern,
That none of it is ultimately real.
It is software born of quantum programming.

* * * *

When one surrenders to insight, eternity emerges:
Infinite, timeless, pathless, unencumbered, serene.

* * * *

XIV

Essential nature is not divisible.
There is only totality, oneness, isness.

Nothing greater, nothing lesser, nothing but.
We are all in reality an indivisible, indelible enigma,
Quantumly dancing center stage in every form imaginable.

* * * *

Endless debate over which religion, which dogma, speaks for god, for truth,
Is sophomoric and only obscures the possibility of genuine awakening.
It is the time-bound distraction of priests and scholars and undiscerning followers,
Who have little interest in anything more than the false security of one collusion or another.

* * * *

XVI

Humanity must accept total responsibility
For its impact on this garden world.
Do not put the burden on god.
There will be no messiah,
Nor hordes of angels to save us.
Each alone must make the paradigm shift.

* * * *

XVII

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.

* * * *

XVIII

To invoke a name of god
In any conflict is unutterable vanity.
There has never truly been a spiritual conflict,
Only the countless petty squabbles
Of self-serving dogmas.

* * * *

You suffer the linear continuity of time and space
Because your view of awareness is locked
Into a constricted conscious identity
That is not, has never been,
Will never be, real.

* * * *

Whatever path you may be inclined to wander,
Whether good works, devotion, intellect, or meditation,
In any combination, weighted in any manner,
All meander the same vast mystery.

* * * *

Philosophy not culminating in the serenity of timeless indivisibility,
Is merely desolate wordplay pandering to the desire for continuity.

* * * *

Without the eyes, you would not observe.
The ears gone, you would not hear.
The nose, you would not smell.
The touch, you would not feel.
The tongue, you would not taste.
The mind, you would not discern.
Remove them all, and you would be,
What in awareness, you have been all along.

* * * *

XIX

Continuity is illusion, a subtle trick of memory, of imagination.
The indivisible waves of reality timelessly break ever anew.

* * * *

XX

This world is a birthing ground of consciousness,
Away from which the only earnest heading is awareness.
When your vision tacks this direction there may or may not be
Acceptance from the relatives and friends you value.
Unresolvable differences may be unavoidable,
But whatever course ultimately unfolds,
Your revelation must carry the day.
Neither seek nor expect the sanction of those
Lacking the insight to comprehend your journey home.

* * * *

XXI

To believe godness is only that which is out of the ordinary,
Is an error humankind succumbs to again and again.

All manifest forms persevere in the same field.
A particle of dust is as much an unfathomable mystery
As the most astounding, most wondrous miracle ever performed.
There is absolutely nothing ordinary about anything in this quantum matrix.

* * * *

We are rapidly approaching the inevitable reckoning point
In the dynamic movement of human consciousness,
When we as a tentative life form have no choice
But to reconcile the countless differences
And see the unmanifest universality,
The absolute unicity of awareness.
Our many differences are imagined,
But the results of this continued delusion
Are inescapably devastating to all life on this sphere.
To maintain this paradigm as it has evolved is indescribable madness.

* * * *

What unutterable vanity to believe that this timeless quantum mystery
Needs to be, much less can be, systematized into any so-called religion.

* * * *

XXIII

Do not make the mistake of fashioning
Prophets, mystics, saints, seers, and sages into idols.
They may well have been awakened mortals, models of realization,
But they all began with the same primal awareness,
The same timeless potential as you.

* * * *

The stillpoint of awareness you are is the keystone to reality.
It is the point from which all manifestation is created,
And the point of oblivion to which all returns.

* * * *

As consciousness grounds in awareness,
As you clearly perceive illusion is not reality,
As you discern duality is the source of all suffering,
As the birthright of beingness resumes its rightful function,
There is nothing left to do but whatever needs doing.

* * * *

XXIV

Since the origin of manifest consciousness, humans
Have been raised and patterned in accordance
With the varied responses to geography.
They have played, fought, and mated,
Sought power, fame, and fortune,
Worshipped innumerable idols,
Lived desperately, nobly, and vainly,
Suffered sickness, injury, aging, and death.
To what end the speculations are beyond number,
But ever the source has been the same inscrutable awareness,
Unfathomable, unknowable, impenetrable, timeless, indivisible, omniscient.

* * * *

Despite attempts by sages of every era and geography,
The human psyche remains dominated and shaped
By primal instincts and urges bred into the mind long ago.
The many masks of fear have diversified into innumerable forms,
And are as blinding, paralyzing, and destructive as they have ever been.
Transforming consciousness into its fullest potential is not for the meek of spirit.

* * * *

XXV

You wander through cities, down paths, along rivers,
But who was it wandered where and when?
In all those walks, those thoughts,
Those many acts and deeds,
Woven into each and every one
Was the unwavering, choiceless awareness,
The witness you are, have always been, and will ever be.

* * * *

Your appearance in this manifest world is unimportant.
Whatever your attributes, whether you run barefoot or wear shoes,
Are clean or unclean, crippled or healthy, intelligent or simple, female or male,
Poor or wealthy, strong or weak, ugly or comely, named or unnamed,
Each and every one is the same essential quantum nature.

* * * *

The quantum nature can be challenging to ascertain

Because you only perceive the shortcomings of this dualistic world.
Quest within, discern the essence, unify with the totality,
Realize the perfection you have ever been.

* * * *

XXVI

Though all that is, is the unicity of the great quantum dreamtime,
Few deeply discern the ever-present, unborn-undying state.
Many are called, few are chosen, fewer still volunteer.

* * * *

XXVIII

Because isness is, you are.
Because you are, isness is.
Without isness, there would be no you.
Without you, there would be no witness to the mystery.

* * * *

Many would call it sacrilegious
To state, "I am that which is godness."
But it is far more so to deny it.

* * * *

Meditation is awareness of the unfolding moment.
It is the dredging of the accumulated sediment of identification;
That which inhibits the timeless discernment of what you truly are, and are not.

* * * *

Who sees the wind tipping the trees in spring?
Hears the busy chatter of squirrels chasing?
Smells the mid-afternoon coffee brewing?
Feels the piercing of the kitten's playful claws?
Tastes the chilled chocolate melting?
Who has all those memories?
All that knowledge and capability?
All those assorted opinions and values?
Who desires, dreads, angers, laughs, suffers?
You do.
You are the power, the light, a drop of all that is, and is not.
You are creator, quantum dancer, eternally, immortally absolute.

* * * *

You have always been a quantum being.
There has never been one moment when you were not.
All you need do is discern it, and allow the witness to take wing within.

* * * *

A drug may help you find it, but cannot keep you there for long.
The challenge is to perceive eternity in the everyday mundane.

* * * *

XXIX

The mind-body is a temporal vessel of finite patterning,
In which the infinite has potential to consciously manifest.

* * * *

It may be fairly frightening, even irritating,
For many to begin fathoming they are godness,
Because up to this point, their manifest consciousness
Has not even begun to open to that expansive an inner vision.

* * * *

Free your Self of the notion of original sin, that you were born evil.
It is nothing more than an idea inspired by ignorance, by greed, by the need to control,
That the pure awareness you most definitely are, did not choose at birth.
There is no sin, no iniquity, only dualistic whimsy.

* * * *

XXX

A hindrance many have in considering themselves godness manifest,
Is that they believe it should entail having all sorts of innate supernatural powers.
The fact that they see, walk, talk, and create every sort of mischief,
Does not register because everyone else can, too.
Well, of course they can.
They are also godness manifest.
It is the concept of god that needs changing.

* * * *

Of the Human Journey

Mortal existence is not easy. It never has been, and never will be for any creature sown of this garden world. What follows are thoughts about the human journey, the fare existence offers, and the choices each must resolve 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. It is the mystery born of the passionate mind, and the flowing array of perceptions every human being faces in the movement through 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 cycles come and gone before. Excessive population, coupled with unprecedented, unrestrained technologies, are driving our petri dish experiment of free will toward a rather bleak outcome. 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 is more than capable of exacting.

As long as we human beings battle over pride-filled 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 we have all 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 division. 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 does 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 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 will 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 differently. Thoughts of god, 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 oneness, the same universal, eternal truth, despite all our sophomoric 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 light and shadow, and the musings it weaves. 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.

We are passing through a holographic sliver 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 play of consciousness, in reality, ultimately superior to any other?

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 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 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 way imaginable, 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 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 relatively few truly discern.

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, word, and thought. We individually create our own unique version of the universe, and how we work it out together in the theater of consciousness, only time will tell. The essential reality is not about contrived differences. It is not about futile, conceited pursuits, meaningless paths to glory. Life is an opportunity to discern within 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 clayness, the same absolute, immeasurable, eternal oneness, playing out the relativity of dreamtime. We are all connected, no matter the exterior, no matter the capacity or frame of reference. No religious middlemen, no stairways to heaven are necessary. This indelible insight is free to all discerning enough to see that truth is the momentary, intangible, undeniable birthright within. 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 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 imagines. It is the potential to see that every form born of space-time is merely one of an infinite array of masks 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 or 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.

* * * *

Ten Reflections

I

Become a conscious, sovereign human being, awakened to the intuitive wisdom of Self, witness to the reality and unreality of this eternal mystery of time and space.

II

Respect this diverse garden world and the inherent rights of all creatures great to small. 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. Take delight in 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 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, preservation, and destruction are equal partners in this vast kaleidoscoping lightshow, in the infinite aloneness of this dreamtime theater. Deeply understanding this may lessen the suffering of your brief existence. Try not to take it all so seriously that you cannot laugh, at least occasionally, at this temporary identity, this brief ever-changing, three-dimensional illusion to which you are so attached.

* * * *

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. a

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

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim

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*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.*

* * * *

Preface

Field Notes from the Unknown,
Dedicated to all those fated to ponder the mystery
From which all things great and small
Are equally created.

* * * *

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?

* * * *

Every existence is entirely unique
In this grand, magical theater of time and space.
The unfolding of the song of godness 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.

* * * *

2

No religion, no creed, no dogma in this world, or any other, speaks for that which is god.
They are all like blind men arguing over their limited perceptions of the elephant.
The dream is ever a mystery; none have ever owned it, and none ever will.

* * * *

Every instant is an orchestrated streaming
Of creation, preservation, destruction,
The trilogy of dreamtime's ever-present dynamic.
Name it whatever you will, the source of this boundless mystery
Is equally the same for the smallest as it is the greatest.

* * * *

4

Humanity is a species fixated on the past,
On history, tradition, ritual, formula, this concept or that.
How challenging it is to view the streaming moment with fresh, clear eyes.
Our narcissistic vision is veiled by all we think we know,
We are blind to the mystery of Eden.

* * * *

To declare yourself either believer or atheist,
Implies that you somehow know something to be true
In the ultimate who, what, where, when, why, how conundrum.
Something that in reality cannot be known by anyone, anywhere, anytime.
Belief, faith, and hope are useless, delusional security blankets,
Vain pacifiers of the mind's fear of the unknown.
An agnostic vision is the only truthful, accurate stance.
Even Self does not know how this amazing mystery came to be.
The nowness that is, has ever been, will ever be, is all any can truly know.

* * * *

5

It is really all about patterns within patterns within patterns.
Infinitesimal, miniscule, tiny, small, medium, large,
Huge, immense, practically infinite patterns.
Patterns of all the swirling elements,
Of earth, air, water and fire,
All grandly, indivisibly woven together
Within the infinite quantum-ether-hologram-matrix-mystery.
Everything dancing its interpretation of Self away,
From every little way, unto the greatest.

* * * *

7

The mystery creates all of us equally buck-naked,
Same as every other life form across the entire garden.
It is only our kind who get all embarrassed and vain about it.

* * * *

8

Though we are all of the same formless origin,
Each of us is snared in an individual narcissistic reflection.
No one will ever interpret the mystery through the same looking glass,
So even the choir quibbles over this and that, that and this.
Less painful just to remain alone, inwardly still,
But it would seem few of us are willing
To be quite that anonymous.

* * * *

9

Your proud, relatively brief mortal existence is naught but an infinitesimal scratch on a linear timeline
Born of an immeasurable mystery, by whatever metaphor you might choose to describe it:
Creation, genesis, big bang, or turtles all the way down, turtles all the way up.
Stardust playing out a paradigm invoked by the happenstance of human consciousness.

* * * *

Is a wave a wave, or is it water?
Is a beach a beach, or sand?
Is a bracelet a bracelet, or gold?
Is anything its ephemeral appearance,
Or the quantum matrix in which all forms dance?

* * * *

11

You can only know, you can only witness, your dream.
But realize your version is but one reflection, one resonance, one facet,
Of this infinite, mysterious, ever-kaleidoscoping crest-jewel.
And of its unknown origin, you can only experience
The infinite nothingness at the core within,
And awoken to the clear certainty
That it is really all you.

* * * *

14

Truth is truth is truth is truth,
Unbound by any fabrication of consciousness.
Awareness is, indeed, witness to the mysterious majesty of all creation
But nothing that is conceived can ever be proclaimed
As the truth only truth can be.

* * * *

15

We are all awash in the immeasurable singularity of an imaginary matrix.
Nothing is separate, nothing greater or lesser, nothing mortal.
We are all birthed of the same inexplicable essence,
A kaleidoscoping dream of consciousness
To which each alone is witness.

* * * *

17

Life is a maze we all wander alone
In the given body's sensory matrix.

* * * *

18

Trying to meld a nondualistic view of this immeasurable mystery
With the egocentric-ethnocentric-geocentric collusions born of time
Requires way too many rationalizations, compromises, and contortions.
Just because some falsehood bears the authority of tradition means nothing.
Give no weight to what is unnecessary; travel the journey that calls you.

* * * *

19

Your body is not really yours at all.
It is merely a temporary biological casing
From which you witness the mystery of creation.

Consciousness is in charge; you are just along for the ride.

* * * *

21

We are all that which is God,
Merely moving about in different guises,
Identified by different names, speaking different tongues,
Playing out different realities, on different stages of the same mystery.

* * * *

23

All that striving, all those memories, all those thoughts,
All those relationships born of the mystery's quantum mirage,
You are not any of them, and never have been, really.
You are the clear space, the heart of awareness,
Absolute and sovereign beyond compare.

* * * *

24

Humankind has expended a great portion of its recent so-called civilized history
Battling over the electromagnetic spectrum: wavelengths, frequencies, vibrations, light, sound.
Continuously struggling, quarreling, destroying -- over what is but a mere sliver of the indivisible mystery
That our sensory dwellings are capable of perceiving in the patterning of all things manifest.
How baffling that we have not fathomed a greater vision of our place in it all.

* * * *

27

Realize it or not, you are a particle of the grand mystery,
Of that indivisible essence which many call god.
Perhaps acting out some demon role,
But a shard, nonetheless.
You have only to look within
To discern the infinite awareness
Prior to the dreaming of time and space,
From which all have only in imagination splintered.

* * * *

28

The real mystery
Is how so many tolerate
What took place tens, hundreds,
And so often even thousands of years ago,
To regulate their existence today.
What would you be doing

If it was just you,
All alone?

* * * *

29

We are certainly intoxicated by all our noise and busy-busy,
But zip up a few hundred meters and stillness reigns.
The unknown is not bound by blah-blah or bling.
The mystery will spin on with or without us.

* * * *

Impromptu theater ... nothing more ... nothing less ... nothing but.
The unknown playing its mystery out in any and every way
The dreamtime of imagination sets into motion.

* * * *

30

The quantum mystery is you, and you are it.
You witness it, and it witnesses you.
You meditate upon its infinity,
And it upon your temporal limitation.
How could the indelible indivisibility be else?

* * * *

33

Human beings quarrel over this and that, and that and this,
As if anything anyone declares or does really matters
Any more than whether a river trickles or roars.
The vast mystery is what it is, has ever been, will every be,
And nothing can ever add or detract from its ultimate indivisible nature.
The only thing that is perhaps even the least bit relevant
Is our relationship with the countless things
Its infinity has made manifest,
Including ourselves.

* * * *

35

In the ether of the quantum matrix, the four elements
Stream all about the awareness you truly are.
They cannot bind nor compel but through attachment
To the ephemeral, vaporous, mesmerizing reverie they inspire.

* * * *

40

How long are we going to quarrel
Over which dogma is true,
Which version of the mystery is real,
When the only thing that has ever really been argued
Are the imaginings born of one geographical assumption or another.

* * * *

The ultimate reality is that each and every one of us
Has the opportunity to discern the mystery we all equally are.
But the conditioning, the mindsets, the traditions, the dogmas, the memes,
The identification of consciousness with the mind, the heart, the body, the world, the universe,
Have humankind locked in a stranglehold entirely of its own imaginary creation.
We are on a sure an unwavering course toward self-destruction,
A unfolding well beyond the point of no return.
What will come of it is the pulp of dystopian fiction.

* * * *

42

Both believer and atheist
Pretend to know there is or is not a god.
But that you are is really the only fact worth considering,
And of the source of this infinite mystery, no one can really know anything.
Of the ultimate truth, the most earnest remain agnostic.

* * * *

49

Knowledge cleaves the enigmatic mystery of consciousness
Into every sort of dualistic conception under the sun.
The forbidden was harvested, and Eden lost.
Fallen monkeys, indeed.
And this pillaged garden will hobble on
For as long as humankind survives its memories real.

* * * *

52

Every life form that is born of this mysterious essence
Creates and experiences its own finite universe
With the same awareness inherent in all.
We are all That which never sleeps,
Is never born, and never dies.

* * * *

The world is teeming with every sort of absurd claim.
The only real marvel is that we cannot discern
All are ultimately of the same mystery.

* * * *

What difference between a moment ago
And the one just before you were conceived?
All figments within the ether of an indivisible matrix.

* * * *

53

A very ubiquitous, mysterious reality
In which every life plays out a little dream
On a maze of stage that winds this way and that,
Until in the death of breath do they part.

* * * *

56

That you are of god is not something to be taken vainly,
But as something to be discerned at the core of your being.
The kingdom of god is the sovereignty of the indivisible source
Within all things both manifest and unmanifest.
The eternal matrix is all-inclusive,
Including even you.

* * * *

57

How is it anyone truly believes some sort of alien race was required to create our kind,
Or set us on some sort of long, winding, convoluted, evolutionary journey?
How is it anyone could gaze upon this astonishing garden planet
And not assume it entirely capable of being the source
Of all the innumerable life forms it sustains?
It is a curious thing that so many require the belief
In some outside intervention to explain the mystery they are.

* * * *

61

The senses offer an ever-kaleidoscoping, timeless universe.
Why be overly concerned about where it has been, or where it is headed,
When the ever-present nowness is in itself so extraordinary,
A mystery to be witnessed however any wills.

* * * *

63

Sometimes serious, sometimes absurd,
Sometimes intelligent, sometimes foolish,
Sometimes divisive, sometimes incisive,
Ever eternally, inscrutably indivisible.
A mystery no matter how long it is,
A mystery no matter how short it is.

* * * *

69

Why anyone would believe in a deity
That wants them or others to suffer
Is perhaps the only real mystery.

* * * *

71

The quantum matrix can indeed be in far more than two dimensions in any given moment.
In fact, it is capable of generating an incalculable number of permutations
Of anything and everything, wherever consciousness abides.
Far more grand than any god imaginable.

* * * *

72

So many things true, so many things false,
In so many minds, in so many times, in so many spaces,
Yet, no matter how many differences this endless mystery may spawn,
All are, have ever been, will ever be, of the same origin.

* * * *

A wealthy life is having the health, the means, the spirit,
To do whatever the mystery-given capacities and limitations allow.
Your destiny is already written in the dusty sands of time.
You just have to every moment scrawl it out
In whatever way you will.

* * * *

77

What is this unfathomable mystery that is called god
By many names, many sounds, many vibrations,
But a cloud of untainted, vibrant awareness,
The nothingness prior to consciousness,

The indivisible, enigmatic upwelling,
The oblivion before all patterns,
The stillness before all time,
The soul of all creation.

* * * *

79

You are the mystery, you are the awareness, you are the source,
You cannot disengage from the ever-present indivisibility.
To suppose that you are separate, that your personality
Is any more than an invention of consciousness,
Is unutterably delusional from the get-go.

* * * *

80

The first and last breath of all time and space is within each and every one of us,
A fluid infinity of swirling elements, an immeasurable quantum mystery,
Effortlessly flowing through all beginning, through all endings,
From seed to seed, form to form, through all creation.

* * * *

83

How strange it all is to be cast into an existence
In which every sort of heaven and hell is played out within and without.
An ethereal, touchy-feely, three-dimensional, quantum-matrix of a dream, until death do you part.

* * * *

90

You are the mystery,
Forever unknown, indivisible,
One in all, all in one.

* * * *

95

We are all the same indivisible, seamless, quantum matrix.
Synergistically creating and preserving and destroying it all together.
The source, the wellspring, and all the countless dreamers, are one in the same.

* * * *

96

Existence for the rare few is an inquiry
Into the mystery that is prior to consciousness.
For most others it is every diversion consciousness allows.

99

* * * *

Humankind projects its ceaseless conceit
Upon an infinite mystery indifferent to its existence.
What is called death, that state so many fear in so many ways,
Is merely evaporation into the impersonal reality,
The oblivion of the ultimate nature.

* * * *

Complete and utter stillness
Is the serenity in which all things great and small
Play out their personal dreams in an infinite, indivisible, holographic matrix.
A universe in which creator and creation are one in the same.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

100

You are that which is brick and mortar to all spaces, all times.
That which is witness to every dimension, 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.

* * * *

108

Words come to many who clearly discern the truth of this mystery.
There is no possession, there is no ownership of the song of godness.
Nothing about which to manifest the unending mayhem of dogma.

* * * *

109

The quantum matrix abides all things.

* * * *

110

Every school of thought, every experience gleaned,
Yet another filter through which to witness
The mystery of the unknown,
The matrix now.

* * * *

111

Any container by its nature must play out its limited role
In whatever way the matrix of the moment has in play.

* * * *

113

No matter where you may be in this vast mystery of creation,
No matter how many ways you find to distract your Self,
You are ultimately and forever alone all the while.

* * * *

115

How many have realized
That Jesus was an antichrist?
That what we call Christian religion,
Along with all the other creeds of this world,
Has become exactly what he died advocating against.
That which dogmas across this mystery fear most
Are intractable individuals who point out
That the only authentic religion,
The only true church
Is the golden cathedral within.

* * * *

117

The matrix bids you welcome to the Land of Ozurdity.

* * * *

119

You have seen reflections of it.
You have seen photographs and drawings of it.
But you have never, and will never, see your face the way others see it.
Behind the given mask, we are all the same mystery.

* * * *

121

DNA suffers no ethical dilemmas, no moral quagmires.
Its only mindless concern is its genetic survival and continuity.
In that quest, no course of action endures any reflection, whatsoever.
“The end justifies any means” is its only true law, its only abiding directive.
Anyone living is only here now because of every possible permutation imaginable
Since the mystery of existence came into being in the puddle of some long ago.

* * * *

129

Truth is not something that can be attained
In any imaginable way, shape, or form.
It is merely source to the ever-fleeting,
Ever-mysterious, ever-indivisible moment.

* * * *

131

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.

* * * *

134

The mystery of existence,
A few breaths, a few heartbeats,
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

136

The grace of this unknowable mystery is within all great and small,
Discerned fully by the few granted the vision and insight,
And the inclination to peer eye wide open within.

* * * *

142

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.

* * * *

146

If you are not privy the source of this vast mystery, how can anyone else be?
An agnostic stance is the middle way between the true believers of any assertion.

* * * *

151

How curious that those who spend their existence in scholarship
Are never able to entirely examine all the knowledge
The mystery ever-entices them to create.

* * * *

152

We are all of the same mystery, the same eternal Soul,
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.

* * * *

The elements ever indivisibly combine, break apart, and re-combine
In their inexplicable, immutable, mysterious, sovereign fashion,
And the given mind follows in whatever meager way it will.

* * * *

155

It is only in human consciousness
That the disharmony of dualistic notion takes place.
At whatever level you might examine this infinite, indivisible matrix of a dream
– Physics, chemistry, biology – everything is connected
Without any distinction, whatsoever.

* * * *

156

Whatever the source of the mystery, you are also.

How could you not be?

* * * *

What conclusion can there ever possibly be
To a mystery capable of dreaming
Without beginning or end?

* * * *

157

What an amazing dream
All that food and drink
Has this moment created.
Even an ocean of absurdity
Cannot undo the mystery of it all.

* * * *

161

Smaller and smaller, infinitesimally smaller, or larger and larger, infinitely larger.
How can there ever be any end, any finale to this intractable mystery?
Be still, and know that which is all, that which is none.

* * * *

162

The activist sees the mystic and calls his way pointless.
The mystic sees the activist and calls his way pointless, as well.
So many ways to point out the pointlessness
Of the same and only mystery.

* * * *

Consciousness will never do more than speculate on how this mystery came to be.
All anyone can ever do is be in the moment, however it is playing out.
Time is born of mind, it is nothing more than imagination.
You were not, you are not, you need not care

* * * *

163

The truest mystery is without solution.

* * * *

165

We are all dreams in each other's minds,
Different players kaleidoscoping across the same stage,

Dancing in the quantum matrix, in whatever way consciousness calls.

* * * *

166

You will play out whatever fate the quantum matrix has allotted.
Whatever genetic lottery has been formulated, whatever stage has been erected,
Whatever dice have been rolled, whatever hand has been dealt.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

167

In every moment,
A new opportunity to discern
The mystery streaming indivisibly within.

* * * *

168

It is the dust of stars and shit of dinosaurs that has allowed you
The vision and insight to consciously bear witness
To this infinite mystery of a universe,
A creation entirely born
Of your own imaginary design.

* * * *

171

It is the dust of stars and shit of dinosaurs that has allowed you
The vision and insight to consciously bear witness
To this infinite mystery of a universe,
A creation entirely born
Of your own imaginary design.

* * * *

There is most definitely an omnipotent,
Omnipresent, omniscient god,
If you wish to call it that.
A state both infinite and finite,
Of which you are a sparkle of awareness,
A witness to the mystery of your most infinite origin.

* * * *

174

The greatest view of the history of all manifestation
Would be the fusion 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.

* * * *

175

Every existence is a unique seed born of the same essence, the same mystery.
All are mortal portals through which awareness witnesses
The enigma of its eternal nature.

* * * *

All imagination is illusion, samsara, the play of the quantum ether,
Earth ... water ... air ... fire ... in all its countless forms,
All its theaters of consciousness ... across all time, across all space,
In how ever many dimensions this inexplicable mystery has deigned to create.

* * * *

178

It has never really been the résumé of experience
In which any mortal existence has from birth to grave danced.
It is the indivisible holographic matrix of awareness
In which all creation has ever basked.

* * * *

179

H How else would awareness witness the creation,
But through all its many eyes, ears, skins, noses, tongues,
And whatever other senses this quantum mystery may have concocted.

* * * *

Humans across this spinning garden
Have many names for its evolving mystery,
And not even one of them matters at all in the least.

* * * *

180

It is through the many reflections of the other
That any given one awakens to truth.
Who knows how many ways, how many places,
The mystery has awoken to its Self throughout its eternal play.

* * * *

181

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

* * * *

Is there anyone in this temporal theater
Who is always happy, or always miserable?
Surely, the mind is far too intemperate a beast
To maintain any state more than the shortest while
In the ever-changing milieu of this inconstant mystery.

* * * *

186

As to the question of so many unconfirmed mysteries,
Unless you have actually experienced something for your Self,
Something that may even be asserted by large groups or the influential,
(e.g., God, ghosts unidentified flying objects, abominable snowmen,
Vast conspiracies by unseen organizations, et cetera ad infinitum),
An assertion that is, as yet, unproven in your own experience,
Truly, an agnostic position is the only honest state of mind.

* * * *

187

There is nothing not born of the same mystery,
But the real mystery is how we have made it this far,
How we have survived all our vain foolishness for this long.

* * * *

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 accession.
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.

* * * *

190

The matrix is the void filled with you.

* * * *

191

What is this magical-mystery-tour of a universe but a vast ecosystem
Of the for-all-practical-as-well-as impractical-purposes infinite kind.

* * * *

192

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.

* * * *

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

* * * *

193

Challenging to get a handle
On a mystery beyond measure.
Too small to see, too large to carry.

* * * *

We honor, commemorate, memorialize, celebrate, venerate,
The death and destruction wrought by war and conflict
Because we so little appreciate the mystery of life.

* * * *

199

With every birth great to small, the mystery gets a new set of eyes,
A new reflection, a new paradigm, a new universe,
From which to witness creation.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

201

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.

* * * *

203

What is this dreamy existence
But an immeasurable, indivisible matrix,
A dynamic stillness ceaselessly creating every patterning
The essential nature, the source, can fathom.

* * * *

We all have the same monkey-mind,
But for whatever reason, some are able to pull back
And meticulously examine the unknown all creation has in common.
It is, indeed, a mystery beyond the pale of any reckoning.

* * * *

204

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.

* * * *

That which is eternal, that which is by many called God,
Has never really been alive in more than an imaginary, figurative sense.
How can that which can never perish have ever been born?
All existence is of the same quantum mystery.

* * * *

206

From the ordinary day-to-day, all myths, all legends, are fabrications of imagination.
All creation is very much born of the same quantum mystery.
Keep the balderdash in perspective.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

209

Where does the you that you think is you begin?
And the me that I think is me end?
'Tis a mystery,
Every moment a spin.

* * * *

Any given universe is but a neurological array,
An indelible mystery no matter how it is framed.

* * * *

217

Nothing done or said is going to make it any less a mystery.

* * * *

218

Yet another anonymous face in the mystery of dreamtime.

* * * *

231

Nature is the quantum mystery's expression.
You are of nature, you are the quantum mystery,
Corrupted as it is by the whimsies of consciousness.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

235

Chew your liquids, drink your solids.
It is the replenishment and care of the body and mind
That allows the witness to this vast mystery
To tarry within and without.

* * * *

241

As impossible, as irrational, as ridiculous as it sounds,
Everything is inside and outside each other.
The quantum matrix is like that.

* * * *

251

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 and unvarnished attention.

* * * *

259

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.

* * * *

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

* * * *

We are all dancing in every way imaginable
In the same quantum hologram,
The infinite matrix
Of the inexplicable source.

* * * *

260

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.

* * * *

262

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

* * * *

Probably almost everyone has got a lot of 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 smartphone,
Than it is the infinite void of an exceedingly lackluster, lint-infested bellybutton?

* * * *

265

For the want of minds that can discern the mystery within all things,
For the want of ears that can hear the soundless, eyes that can see the unseen,
Another vision of the grand reality gradually fades in the dream of time.
It is not the choir that needs to discern that which is real and true.

* * * *

267

How can anyone own the mystery when everything is the mystery?

* * * *

275

Yet another enticing distraction drawing you back into the illusory matrix.

* * * *

280

The mystery heeds no bounds.

* * * *

286

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

* * * *

287

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
Which have never mattered.

* * * *

288

Everything is created of the same source, the same awareness, even that which is deified,
Were such a supreme being to be contrived by the matrix of the quantum unknown.
So, of course god exists, and it is within and without all things small to great.
Each and every one, including you, sovereign witness to the mystery.

* * * *

295

The mystery explores its rainbow's each and every flavor.

* * * *

298

The mystery has no expectation of you, nor should you of it.

* * * *

How everything just seems to appear and disappear is always such a mystery.

* * * *

301

From nothingness burst quantum, which fashioned itself into the many elements,
That created a vast universe, sprinkled with countless stars, around which many worlds twirled,
Upon which, on at least one whirling sphere, volcanoes spewed and oceans roared,
And life upwelled into existence, and cleaved into biological streams,
One of which gradually, irrevocably, evolved into you,
Mortal witness to the timeless mystery,
To which there is neither question nor answer.

* * * *

You are the temporal outcome of a lineage of seeds streaming from life's origin.
You are the mystery, the enigma of DNA, and its futile attempt at immortality.

* * * *

304

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 required
To fully apprehend and appreciate
The mystery of every moment's eternal passing.

* * * *

308

We all discern it a mystery,
And then quibble and feud and battle,
Over the endless speculations all minds contrive.

* * * *

Everything a hook holding up the veil.

* * * *

Without you to witness to it,
There would be no light by which to see,
There would be no matrix of mystery to be explored,
There would be no truth to again and again and again be discerned.

* * * *

311

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.

* * * *

313

Only through the ever-streaming, ever-changing input of the senses
Does it seem that you are seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling and feeling
This indivisible quantum-matrix universe, a mirage of an inexplicable origin.

* * * *

314

Who can say who or what or when or where or why or how,
The seeds of doubt are planted, take root, get watered, and grow to fruition.
It is, as all things ever are, the same indelible mystery from all beginnings to all endings.

* * * *

To return to the upwelling, to Para Brahman, may or may not be your calling.
There is no predicting who will comprehend the source of awareness.
Nor is it really all that important, for the mystery is in all things,
No matter how many are, or are not, chosen to awaken.

* * * *

315

Even if you were up on some great stage
With eight billion-plus people wildly cheering,
In the vast singularity of all things matrix,
You would still be very much alone.

* * * *

316

It does not have to make any sense, you know.
The mystery of it all is really far too inexplicable
To ever wrap even the most immortal head around.

* * * *

323

It does not have to make any sense, you know.
The mystery of it all is really far too inexplicable
To ever wrap even the most immortal head around.

* * * *

324

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.

* * * *

We all know different things,
We all perceive different universes,
We are all stained by different experiences,
Yet we are all born of the same mystery all the while.

* * * *

326

Humankind is perhaps the most pathological cancer
Ever devised by this dreamy panorama of a matrix.

* * * *

333

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 as 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 essence 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.

* * * *

335

The singular mystery somehow created you,
And you in turn witness your version of a manifest dream.
You are it and it is you, as indivisible, as inseparable as it must ever be.

* * * *

There are the many whose existence is lived out of obligation to the arbitrary memes born of time,
And the sporadic few whose spirits are drawn to the exploration of its mystery.
Not all can be scientists, else there would be no laboratory
In which wisdom might brew.

* * * *

This world is but a miniscule grain of sand
In an infinite ocean of mystery.
Who knows if or when
You will ever appear again,
But, tell me, Pilgrim, have you ever seen
Any seed being given a second chance, much less a third?

* * * *

336

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.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

338

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

* * * *

339

A perplexing, inexplicable, unfathomable mystery,
Of which you are an inscrutable exponent,
Of which you possess nothing
In so many shapes, sizes, colors, and tastes.
Reflections of light, and the unknown in which all are cast.

* * * *

340

The ancients called the elements
Earth, air, water, fire, ether.
Scientists in these times
Call it quantum mechanics.
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.

* * * *

343

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.

* * * *

344

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.

* * * *

345

You came into this mystery with nothing,
You will leave it with nothing,
And there has really been nothing more
Than imaginary notions in every moment between.

* * * *

349

Every life form that is born of this mystery must inevitably die,
But the essence of which all creation is formed
Is never born and never dies.

* * * *

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

* * * *

350

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?

* * * *

352

The ultimate you is untouched by any and all claims.
A Self-contained, quantum matrix of the highest order.

* * * *

355

All creatures great and small are born of the same indivisible mystery.
All are fated never to see more than reflections of their own faces.

* * * *

357

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.

* * * *

358

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.

* * * *

372

A vastness filled with whirls of consciousness,
All within the same immortal, timeless awareness,
The quantum matrix of that which is prior to all naming,
That source that is the one witness within all great and small.

* * * *

373

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 infinity.

* * * *

379

It is an immeasurable, indivisible, quantum matrix,
Each and every life form witness to it
In its own unique way.

* * * *

380

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.

* * * *

381

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?

* * * *

389

The intriguing thing about the indivisibility of nothingness
Is how it permeates every smidgen of this touchy-feely matrix.
A majestic banquet that leaves consciousness ever hungry for more.

* * * *

394

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.

* * * *

396

You are imagined within me, and I within you.
Each of us fathoming our little dreamtime selves real,
Yet nothing more than ephemeral junctures of consciousness,
Nothing more than illusory drops in this indivisible quantum mystery.

* * * *

399

Awareness is, prior to the conscious dream of time and space
Fabricated in the quantum-neuron matrix of any given mind.

* * * *

402

If this amazing, inexplicable mystery is happening,
Then is not just about anything a possibility
Out there in the universal immensity?
And all of it, and beyond, you.

* * * *

411

The virtual reality is a programmed matrix born of an indivisible quantum dynamic,
An intelligent design well beyond the dogmatic reckonings of any monkey-mind.

* * * *

412

In all our myriad forms, all our myriad minds,
We are all the same witness, the same consciousness,
Playing out different portions of same mystery.

* * * *

If there is any ultimate purpose or meaning to this mystery of existence,
Surely it is realization of the singularity within and without all creation.

* * * *

414

All our imaginary universes are built upon frames of reference.
Each of us can only see, hear, touch, taste, and smell
What minds have been conditioned to know.
The mystery equally contains all.

* * * *

417

The ever-changing mortal frame
Is a mobile unit in which energy transmutes.
The mind is a neuron matrix in which imagination frolics.

* * * *

419

Every streaming moment the quantum matrix
Vibrates itself indivisibly, immortally anew
Within and without the one and only you.

* * * *

427

All have equal access to the source of this mystery.
Rest assured it is quite indifferent to all creation.

* * * *

It is a god-eat-god universe.

Everything in one pattern or another,
Because that is how the hologram matrix works
For as far, for as wide, for as deep, for as long,
As the quantum sandbox of infinity plays out.

* * * *

432

How long, how short,
How broad, how deep,
How narrow, how steep,
How, how, how,
How it all is,
Is, indeed, a mystery.

* * * *

There is not a personal god,
So much as there is a personal you,
That is a mystery called god by many names.

* * * *

That which never sleeps
Is within and without all great and small,
A boundless abyss of tranquility, a mystery beyond compare.

* * * *

434

True science is the most enlightening way
Of examining this vast mystery,
Call it what you will.

* * * *

435

What ever gave you any sign, any indication, any hint, any suggestion,
That the quantum mystery has ever cared about the personal you,
Except the vanity of the meme into which you were launched.

* * * *

439

What is wealth, what is not wealth?
Has a nugget of gold really any more value
Than the ocean-born mystery of a tiny grain of sand?

* * * *

444

For those that ponder the mystery in royal magnitude
In the visions of that they deem to be God:
Awareness, King and Kingdom.

* * * *

449

Just because it is a beyond-the-pale mystery
Does not mean it was fabricated by a deity
Who in some minds resembles Santa Claus.

* * * *

452

The mind is the immeasurable playground of quantum imagination.
All history, all science, all art, all vocation, all trivia, all anything,
Is but a perpetual dance in a matrix too vast to fathom any edge.

* * * *

453

From the mystery, quantum, formed.
With its isness, quantum spun manifestation.
Without this quantum patterning, no thing would be,
Yet its untouchable original nature will forever be unknown.

* * * *

454

It is a god-eat-god world, a god-eat-god universe, a god-eat-god mystery.

* * * *

456

Perception is but a very infinitesimal, very biased sampling
Of the quantum vibrating within all patternings,
Whose mystery is ever-present.

* * * *

457

Holodeck ... Holoworld ... Holoverse ... ever an infinite matrix of unknowable origin.

* * * *

458

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?

* * * *

459

Many if not all things end up being very different from what they started,
And yet the same all the while is the irony and paradox
Of this quantum matrix of a theater.

* * * *

464

The mystery of this vast creation is a beyond-the-pale enigma.
The Greatest Story is at best to be surmised, never told.
All notions are but speculations of imagination.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothings but.

* * * *

The quantum matrix programming is indivisible,
Indelible, indifferent, inexorable, indissoluble, indefatigable;
Intelligible only through the incisive code-breaking
Of mathematics, art, music, linguistics,
And other paradigms intuited by imagination.

* * * *

465

The manifest space-time continuum is not linear.
It is a boundless, indivisible, multidimensional, quantum matrix,
Eternally singular, inexplicable, but for imagination's dynamic, time-bound potential.

* * * *

469

Why would anyone have difficulty seeing this mystery as a spontaneous creation?
Why would anyone assert any make-believe creed when none are essential?
Why would anyone fathom a god limited by any vain confabulation?
Why would anyone resist discerning 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.

* * * *

469

Envision a mystery so hugely now
As to include you in its field of awareness,
You as one of its incalculable eternal witnesses,
Indivisibly one in every way, every shape, every form.

* * * *

Envision a mystery so immensely now
As to include you in its field of awareness,
You as one of its incalculable eternal witnesses,
Indivisibly one in every way, every shape, every form.

* * * *

472

Regarding destiny: Do you choose it? Or does it choose you?
Is there free will, chock-full of options, in this theater of space and time?
Or is the entire reverie nothing more than an indivisible, juggernauting recording,
An infinite matrix witnessed by the ultimate you in every way imaginable?

* * * *

What irony that in the face of an incredibly astonishing mystery,
Humankind has lost itself in an absurd collusion of every possible vanity.
An entirely imaginary invention, this myopic notion of a separate, individual persona.
A duality sparked in consciousness when it began its evolutionary spin in the jungles of long ago.

* * * *

480

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.

* * * *

481

What is news but gossip with varying levels of exhortation to give it an aura of great importance.
Why we give attention to unfolding events across the world, or even across town,
Is the mystery of the monkey-mind and its evolutionary roots.

* * * * *

Within the unfathomable immensity of the quantum matrix, holograms abound:
 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.

* * * * *

Change up the sensory field:
 Look with your ears, listen with your fingers,
 Feel with your nose, smell with your tongue, taste with your eyes.
 In a quantum mystery already well beyond the pale,
 What is there that is not conceivable?

* * * * *

Best take reasonable care of the body.
 It is the portal through which the dream is experienced,
 Through which you witness whatever slice of mystery you have been allotted.
 Life offers too many challenges to not be able to face it squarely
 With as much health and well-being as possible.

* * * * *

Might be better to call 'The Truth' by some other sound
 – The Way, The Mystery, The Indivisible, The Great Zambini, or some such vibration –
 So as to avoid making the error of believing it is any kind of thing,
 Rather than the ungraspable enigma that it is.

* * * * *

We are all shards of the same crest-jewel of consciousness,
 Droplets of the same ocean, slices of the same pie,
 Witnesses of the same quantum matrix.
 Absolutely no need to struggle or suffer over it.

* * * * *

Consciousness is the movement within a bubble of manifest awareness,
 Whose brief mortal dreamtime allows the grand quantum mystery
 To witness its Self in whatever way the genetic lottery spins.

* * * *

Each and every life form
Perceives its own version of the matrix.
None is more real, none is more true, than any other.

* * * *

485

We are all wandering the quantum matrix.
Sometimes running, sometimes walking, sometimes standing,
Sometimes swimming, sometimes flying, sometimes waking, sometimes sleeping.
But of the same infinitely inexplicable mystery all the while.

* * * *

489

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

* * * *

490

If you were that which is godness, 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 godness, in just one of its incalculable forms.

* * * *

492

Human existence as it is known
Is about the accumulation of imaginary conception.
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 consciousness is capable of perceiving.
It is to discern that which is prior to all form,
That mystery you truly are.

* * * *

494

We all have an individual worldview, a unique universe of our own making.

All are equally authentic in their own indelible, imaginary way,
All are equally formed of the same quantum source,
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.

* * * *

495

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.

* * * *

Every form is an energy transmutation module,
Every moment taking in and giving out
As the indivisibility of the matrix
Churns on and on and on.

* * * *

499

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.

* * * *

500

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.

* * * *

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?

Under Construction

**Breadcrumbs
The Return to Wonder**