

Patterns, Patterns & More Patterns



MICHAEL J. HOLSHOUSER

Patterns, Patterns & More Patterns

© Michael J. Holshouser 2021

World Rights Reserved

Patterns, Patterns & More Patterns

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

© Michael J. Holshouser 2021

World Rights Reserved

Michael J. Holshouser
1112 Cedar Creek Drive, Unit 4
Modesto, California 95355-5213
The United States of America
mjholshouser@gmail.com

Pronunciation: Holtzhowzer

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

Table of Contents

Preface ... 4

The Stillness Before Time ... 5

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim ... 15

Breadcrumbs ... 34

The Return to Wonder ... 41

Preface

Greetings,

While responding to an online friend's questions about my thoughts on pre-destination, it occurred to me to take a look at all that I had written about it since creating Breadcrumbs in 2015. 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:

Patterns, Patterns & More Patterns
<https://evenmorepatterns.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Breadcrumbs Unpublished Elsewhere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

* * * * *

Patterns, Patterns & More Patterns

<https://evenmorepatterns.blogspot.com>

© Michael J. Holshouser 2021

World Rights Reserved

The Stillness Before Time

I

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.

* * * *

II

Love can only be total, unconditional.
Other uses of the word are of self-absorption:
Incomplete, limited, conditional, manipulative, painful.

* * * *

IV

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.

* * * *

VIII

There will never be political, economic,
Or social resolution to the human condition.
Consciousness itself must make the paradigm shift.

* * * *

IX

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.

* * * *

Groups of any spiritual persuasion are social crock-pots
For those agreeing to collude to the dogma of one mythos or another.
To regard any as exclusive bastions of wisdom and harmony
Has repeatedly proven to be hollow self-deception.

* * * *

IX

Why cater to something an individual or group
Said or did tens or hundreds or thousands of years ago?
History, whether personal, tribal, national, or world,
Is perhaps the greatest misery of consciousness.

* * * *

X

Unconditioned, immutable, changeless, untamed, amoral, lawless,
Unburdened, nameless, imperishable, timeless, formless,
Eternal, sovereign, total, absolute, supreme.
Apt descriptions of those rare few
Who discern and reside in the immortal origin.

* * * *

XIV

The colluding dreamtime of humanity
Conditions each of us to pretend something
No other manifest life form requires of its kind.
It is very arduous to be free of all claims.

* * * *

XVI

Stars, planets, and moons traveling from horizon to horizon,
Cycling springs, summers, autumns, and winters,
Clocks you watch, watches you wear,
Calendars whose pages turn and turn again,
Are tricksters in this three-dimensional, illusory weaving.
Time has never truly passed as you have been conditioned to believe.

* * * *

Being born into illusion
Does not mean you must reside there.
You have never been bound by the original separation
But through your conditioned collaboration.

* * * *

XXII

Nowness, all but done just as soon as it fleetingly happens,
Requires memory to pattern out what it believes occurred.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

The way you perceive existence is the way
The winds of time have molded you to perceive it.
It is all subjective projection based on countless circumstances
Which have conditioned the manifest spirit-mind-body identity in time.
Whatever your attitude, whatever your belief on the matter,
No projection is really more true than any other.

* * * *

The fleeting window of this modern time and space
Has offered every excess, every decadence,
On a scale never before experienced
By as many in one era of history.
What have you seen and learned
But that sensory-level experience
Leaves you desolate, angry, weary,
As full of rancor and discontent as ever?
That flame of angst within, if not too deadening,
Can be a catalyst to the discernment of the unconditional.

* * * *

XXII

Do not equate any groupthink,
No matter how convincingly obstinate and persuasive,
With truth.

* * * *

XXVI

From genesis to now,
Life's origin to now,
Human evolution to now,
Geographical separation to now,
Technological advancement to now,
Your own mortal birth to now.
Timelines within timelines,
Linear, dualistic, divisive.
Unify them intuitively within.
Eternity is ever the timeless nowness.

* * * *

XXVII

What is there to be but what you already are?
How can fruit know what it is to ripen?
Caterpillars to fly? Buds to flower?
Any pattern to reach maturation,
But through faith in nowness
That isness will ever be so.

* * * *

XXIX

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

* * * *

XXX

Reincarnation is the moment-to-moment fabrication of the identity you imagine you are.

* * * *

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 though birth, sickness, injury, aging, dying, and death.

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

We live in a time period similar, yet increasingly unique among the many 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.

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

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim

One

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

* * * *

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.

* * * *

The human paradigm is nothing more than a game of pretend,
A brief, mortal epic of seed lines strung like pearls
Through a theater of consciousness.
And you, solitary witness
To every possibility under the sun.

* * * *

The endless permutations of nature-nurture,
Of culture, of creed, of politics, of economics, of anything,
Are without conclusion, yet ever born, ever sculpted,
Of the same imaginary distillation of mind.

* * * *

3

To learn from history is one thing, to allow the past to dominate the present, another.
Every generation must play the hand they are dealt in the time they are allotted.
Your ancestors had their time, you have yours, your progeny will have theirs.
The traditions, the patterns, that worked at one point may not in another.
To grapple with the present with a mind that is present is the highest order.

* * * *

4

Our kind seems headed
Toward an unprecedented cataclysm,
And in the grand schema of things, does it really matter?
Each of us answers that eternal question in the way we carry out our daily lives,
But it is synergistically that the dice are cast and futures told.
So down the fated river we bob and weave,
All alone, all together,
Players in the history of mind.

* * * *

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.
Everything dancing its rendering of Self away,
From every little way unto the greatest.

* * * *

What is existence but an entirely imagined script,
A genetic lottery in which no one has ever had any choice, any voice
In the body they are given ... in their family, ethnicity, gender, constitution, mental acuity,
Geography, culture, caste, creed, socio-economic level, language, education,
And the capacities and limitations all variables together play out.
To assert any have even a mere sliver of free will
Is in itself a very dubious claim.

* * * *

6

You might think thwacking someone over the noggin with reality
Would at some point, somehow, break through the barricaded fortress keep.
But consciousness steeped in conditioning, indoctrination, mind control, brainwashing,
Clings to any given delusion with beyond-the-pale resiliency.
What galvanizes some to wake up, and others
To go to their graves asleep,
Is a query to which
Only speculation has answer.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

13

The dreamy, romantic, clueless, quixotic, idealist might like to assume
The dark age that will be setting its shadow upon this world
Cannot help but recalibrate human consciousness
Into some sort of transcendent paradigm.
But that supposes, of course,
A shift in the genetic make-up, as well.
Which is, indeed, an inspiring leap of imagination.

* * * *

Dystopian future?
Perhaps you have not noticed,
But are we not already a ways down the trail?
A rape and pillage paradigm cannot rape and pillage forever.

* * * *

18

Nothing can fundamentally change
As long as the one percent and their brethren
Decline to take much greater responsibility on a global level.
A profound awakening to a vision of the true nature
Is the reformation the future requires.
No real paradigm shift
Is remotely possible without it.

* * * *

19

Probably relatively few
Would harm those they know and love,
Mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, friends, acquaintances,
So how is it so many so willingly murder, rape, or plunder complete strangers?
How is it the monkey-mind cannot seem to transcend
Its tribal beginnings?

* * * *

The human drama is really founded upon
A monkey-mind, a larynx, opposable thumbs,
And a seemingly endless capacity for tool-making,
The sum of which wreak havoc upon the world
And its myriad creatures great and small.

* * * *

All organized religions, cults, sects, creeds,
Are really about dogma, limitation,
One groupthink or another.
Even in a large gathering,
Real religion is a solitary act,
Unfolding each and every moment,
Unattached, without any care, any concern.

* * * *

Whatever game-changing events are unfolding in the human paradigm
Have nothing to do with any convoluted dogmatic assertions.
Just good old biology doing what it has always done
Until it reaches a limitation, a boundary
That stops it in its tracks,
And sets the course a new direction.

22

The body is the sanctuary, the temple, the portal in which awareness resides.
It is ever-changing, replete with every sort of irregularity, and fated to one day dissolve.
But for a relatively brief perception of time, always within the unending moment,
There is the opportunity for the temporal consciousness, the dream weaver,
To play out whatever capacity and limitation and inclination allow.

* * * *

25

You must ultimately discern that which is unconditional entirely alone.
There are as many ways to get there as there are minds pursuing it,
But it is you who must quest in solitude across the panorama,
Until the truth of it, within and without, becomes apparent.
Success is not guaranteed, and the brass ring easily misplaced.

* * * *

26

Just because the genetic lottery cast you
Into a particular geography,
Culture, race, creed, politic, et cetera,

Does not mean you must forever abide the inanity,
The parochial limitations, any given mindset inevitably inspires.

* * * *

29

We may all be one at the indivisible quantum level,
But we are all still bound by the limitations of the mortal dream;
Confined in a container whose primary directive is to play the monkey-mind.
Some may completely give themselves over to perpetual agape,
But for most it is ever a moment-to-moment challenge
To resist all the passions mortal fare offers.

* * * *

Eternity is awareness now.
Time is the wake of memory.
The future is all possible paths.
Free will looking forward,
Fate looking back.

* * * *

30

Perhaps humankind will someday awaken when all its memes,
All its idolatries, all its imagined deities, have failed them one too many times.
But, then again, probably not, given that the monkey-mind genome
Is so easily compromised by every sort of delusion.

* * * *

32

There is nothing to which to worship or plead, really.
Here you are, the indivisible, trapped in a body, all alone,
Dreaming out the unfolding collusion of the human paradigm.
All religion is founded upon the ignorance of this fundamental fact.

* * * *

34

What is not to appreciate about the reality, that That from which you are created,
Is absolutely indifferent to your vain pretense of an existence.
Oblivion is the destiny of all creations.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

What is emancipation but a quality of mind
Free of any and all encumbrances, any and all notions.
Unfurl your essential, unconditional sovereignty
Into the stillness of untainted awareness.

* * * *

38

Put aside the filter within your cluttered mind,
Discern directly whatever is before you.
It is your narrative of the world,
Your story of the universe.
Witness it as clearly and simply
As the given conditioned mind allows.

* * * *

40

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

* * * *

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.

* * * *

41

What will it be like to never have to bother
About this human or any other mortal condition ever again?
No meaning, no purpose, no desire, no fear, no pain, no suffering, no ego, no vanity.
No physical, no mental, no emotional concerns one way or another.
Nirvana, serenity, bliss, call it what you will,
Just die to it all now.

* * * *

45

What is the word “love” but a sound,
A sentimental concept, a neurological condition,
An exclusively temporal human fabrication
Projected upon an indifferent universe.

* * * *

46

The monkey-mind festers in its vain intolerance of any difference it cannot abide.
The wisdom of insecurity in the indivisibility of all things
Is the abode of the rare few.

* * * *

49

What can the tabula rasa know of original sin
Until the neuron trail is packed full
Of monkey-mind blather?

* * * *

50

The three vanities: power, fame, fortune,
About which the human paradigm has,
Since its rise in the jungle, revolved.

* * * *

54

How many times have you given heart and mind
To one thing or another, only to watch it all go badly?
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
It is all really only the dream of god.
Some get a pleasant reverie,
Others a dark nightmare.
Discern the greatest context,
And be content, at peace, in grace,
That it was your undeserving fate to play it so.

* * * *

56

“Supreme Being” is being in the most
Omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent way.
It is less about some imaginary, personal divinity
Than the absoluteness of pure, unadulterated awareness.
Love is the indivisible, unconditional, impersonal indifference.

* * * *

57

That which we call god is the quantum essence which is never born and can never die.
But if there were a personalized supreme divinity that so many have imagined,
He, she, it – or whatever – would more than likely be bored to tears
Having to daily endure the ceaselessly predictable inanities
Of our two-legged, thumb-wagging, tool-making, monkey-mind kind,
And the ongoing devastation of what is very likely one of eternity's greatest creations.

* * * *

All of us doing whatever it is we want to do,
Well, that is the human paradigm in a nutshell.

* * * *

The set and costumes change,
But the monkey-mind stays the same.
If it is some sort of paradigm shift you pursue,
It can only manifest in your mind, and your mind alone.
Be whatever change you wish the world to be.

* * * *

58

We are all given different destinies
Through which we may discern
The truth of our common essence,
If we leverage the mettle and veracity.

* * * *

59

You see only see what you perceive.
You see only see what you know.
You see only see what you believe.
Everyone is but a frame of reference.

* * * *

60

History has never repeated itself.
It merely recycles the same patterns.

* * * *

61

Once a placid, winding river,

The roar of the falls is now very near,
And sounding nearer each and every moment.
Who will survive the chaotic mayhem
In the harsh rocks below?
Who will journey
The waterway of history
Beyond the coming Great Fall,
And what stories will their destinies tell?

* * * *

Who will be the last historian,
The last chronicler of the human paradigm?
Who will be the last to discern, to set down all that has passed
Since the first recording of humanity's dream?

* * * *

Paradigms within paradigms within paradigms,
Gauges of undiscernable proportion dancing in the froth of consciousness,
Flowing about this spinning jacuzzi with all the other bubbles,
Paradigms within paradigms within paradigms.

* * * *

63

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

* * * *

64

You need not participate in any mindset, any groupthink, large or small.
Cleanse your mind, your awareness, of all memes, all inventions, all fictions,
All inventions fashioned in imagination's endless array of absurd notions.
Stand alone, and be as inwardly free as the day before you were born.

* * * *

65

The foundation of any religious groupthink is one dogma or another,

All for the longing for something that is not, never was, and will never be.
It requires a timeless mind to discern the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

* * * *

67

Why would anyone look to the geocentric,
Ethnocentric, mythological, superstitious rationalizations
Of mindsets forged thousands of years ago in fear, in ignorance, in delusion,
Over the verifiable observations of the true scientist.
You, scientist.

* * * *

69

For any given life whose destiny it is
To awaken to the infinite, indivisible nature,
The universe woven together by the mind and senses
Is merely a means to the ending of time.

* * * *

70

Awareness is not a belief system.
It is that which is prior to consciousness
And requires nothing but unconditional attention
For you to be both its master and servant.

* * * *

71

However you manifest is a unique outcome of the patterns of the elemental nature.
The existence you play out creates the lessons from which you must learn.
There is no use envying another's providence or decrying your own.
In the final analysis, they are all of the same beginning,
And inevitably diminish into the same end.

* * * *

72

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.

* * * *

75

We are likely fulfilling the ancient prophecies

Because we have not yet discerned that “me, myself and I,”
Is ultimately an extremely dysfunctional paradigm for our continued survival.

* * * *

76

Until that last wheezing breath,
You will have the opportunity to play out,
With whatever courage you have the capacity to muster,
The worldly fate for which you were born, and perhaps, just perhaps,
Even find more than a smidgen of contentment before its most certain mortal conclusion.

* * * *

Why even for a moment think
About struggling to be like everyone else?
To constantly try to blend in with any groupthink,
Kowtow to any tradition, imitate any mindset, abide any meme,
What complete and utter absurdity to wallow in the quagmire of herd instinct.

* * * *

77

What is this impenetrable mystery that is called divine.
By many names, many sounds, many vibrations,
But the enigma of pure, indelible awareness,
The immeasurable prior to consciousness,
The indivisible, inscrutable presence,
The oblivion before all patterns,
The stillness before all time,
The soul of all creation.

* * * *

79

Rome is but an idea, as is every nation-state before and since.
The same is true for any grouping caught up in the process of identification.
All are merely patterns, habits, imitations, copies, memes,
To which conditioned the monkey-mind
Cannot help but subscribe.

* * * *

82

What is called evil is merely consciousness
Twisted by the elements into one harsh mindset or another.
Some hold to the inherent innocence,
And some do not.

* * * *

It is a harsh, even cruel truth, that the little folk,
Who have no real say in anything, are so often forced to suffer,
While those who are truly responsible remain unknown, untouchable, unconcerned.
It is the way it has always been in this abrasive, absurd little theater,
And the way it is will not likely be changing anytime soon.
Even those who survive the inevitable Great Fall,
Will probably re-fashion this scarred world
In the same petty win-lose paradigm
To which our two-legged genre
Has from its puddle origin subscribed.

* * * *

87

So many are crushed and twisted by their lives,
While others traverse unscathed by even the most bitter fates.
Who can more than speculate why or why not?

* * * *

It is not some imagined god or great fiend
Who can be blamed for the hells of human concoction.
It is self-absorption that is the driving force of the entire human condition.
It is pride that has manifested the innumerable horrors
We have all together contrived.

* * * *

89

Identity is born of the patterning of nature and nurture.
What you truly are is prior to all patterns, all designs,
All infatuations invented by any play of imagination.

* * * *

90

The world in which each of us is comfortable
Is the world each of us calls normal.
It is a monkey-mind thing.

* * * *

93

So, you win your little revolution, what will you really do differently?
Your mindset remains untouched; the vanities of power, wealth, fame, still rule.
Personas come and go, political correctness modifies, ever-changing cultures rise and fall,
But the central mindset remains unaltered, patterns evolved long ago still reign.

The only significant paradigm shift, the only profound revolution,
Would be in the dreamtime of consciousness itself,
And, ultimately, ironically, paradoxically, poignantly,
Even that would be no more than a temporal phenomenon.

* * * *

The evolutionary mind, the mind wrought in jungles and plains,
Ever pursues a sense of security, a consistency, an orderliness, a refuge.
How that quest for well-being manifests is the defining force of the human condition.

* * * *

94

Regarding cheerleading for the human paradigm's future,
We are likely well beyond the point of no return.
The game once afoot is now asunder.

* * * *

96

Those capable of thinking outside their box well know its every nook and cranny.
Every frame of reference inflates from one nature-nurture origin or another.

* * * *

99

Every seer taps into the unknown
With a filtered, incomplete frame of reference,
And thus dogma and its seemingly countless mischiefs take root.
Ever a cautionary tale.

* * * *

103

What makes anyone really believe some deity born of their imagination
Truly wants this inane monkey-mind absurdity to continue?
A bad joke, a cruel hoax, a meaningless dream,
For which the only outcome is ruin.

* * * *

105

So many wandering here and there,
Seeking out others to accept, even embrace
Their endless monkey-mind vanities.

* * * *

110

Your fate is already assured.
You just have to play it out.

* * * *

111

Sit quietly, move silently, watch closely,
Be as inwardly still as a calm, windless day,
And you will be the harvest of your temporal fate.

* * * *

114

Those to whom unconditional freedom is the highest calling,
Are likely nearest to discerning the all-encompassing nature.

* * * *

You never know what the Fates have in store.
Best be ready for anything dreamtime allows.

* * * *

117

Ensnared in a dream of time and space,
You must wander a maze that does not really exist,
And endure whatever fate it has in store.

* * * *

118

Monkeys and their many trials, their many fates.
We must all reconcile to one branch or another.

* * * *

There is ultimately but one destiny,
And it is everything and nothing.

* * * *

121

Why be bound by the limitations
Of the frame of reference of any other
When you are truly beyond all.

* * * *

123

Every life form is shaped, wrought, conditioned, molded, sculpted,
By the ceaseless dynamic of its interweaving nature-nurture.

Ever an epic adventure, however long, however short.

* * * *

If the real Jesus were somehow to return
And tell his followers they had gotten it all wrong,
Would they even listen, much less change?
And would he suffer the same fate
At their hands as he did
In the original production?

* * * *

124

Vanity's only destiny is a brief echo in the abyss of oblivion.

* * * *

127

There is a great emptiness, a great solitude, a great silence,
Waiting within when you are finished with all the noise of the world,
Playing its repetitive, hollow recording over and over in the monkey-mind head.

* * * *

128

Fate is as fate does.

* * * *

130

It is the same old patterns played out ever again since humankind
Came down from the branches, and wandered out across the world.

* * * *

No one can truly see the real You,
Nor can You truly see your Self.
It is your fate to play it all so,
Again and again, ever again.

* * * *

132

History has never once repeated itself.
It is patterns that play out over and over again
Across every time, every geography.

* * * *

133

We are all addicts to the patterns
Through which we daily wander.

* * * *

141

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

* * * *

144

Path? What path?
Journey? What journey?
Fate? What fate?

* * * *

145

For what, exactly, are you hoping?
Power? Fame? Fortune? Security? ... Immortality?
You already have so much: life, awareness, health, food, air, water ...
As austere as it may sound, the things often taken for granted are truly your greatest wealth.
After all, you only abide this manifest play for as long as mortal fate allows.
Try not to squander its brief window of beingness too lightly.

* * * *

146

The human paradigm has become so yawn.

* * * *

149

What a challenging thing
Not to be drawn again and again and again
Into the human paradigm and its incessant, raucous cacophony,
All its cares and woes, all its troubles and bothers,
All its confusion and disharmony.

* * * *

151

The monkey-mind races madly for the edge
Of the terra firma's petri dish.

Biology will out.

* * * *

152

The mind, with all its patterns, is like a clenched fist
Unable to let loose whatever attachments it fosters.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

155

To be born is to stream a so-called life,
A so-called fate, a so-called death,
A dream, unborn all the while.

* * * *

158

Is what we call growing up
Really any more
Than firing up the imagination
Into one nature-nurture caricature or another?

* * * *

159

This too shall pass.
Everything does and forever will.
'Tis the fate of stardust.

* * * *

165

The stage onto which you are born
Shapes this brief, mortal, time-bound play.
Anatomy is destiny, character is fate.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

169

Conditioning, indoctrination, brainwashing, whatever it may be called,
When anyone gets told anything enough, it is pretty hard,
If not impossible, to ever un-believe it.

* * * *

174

Fate often seems designed keep you entranced,
To make you suffer in ways beyond counting.
Far easier to master the world than your Self.

* * * *

175

The belief in one idol or another is certainly the easier row to hoe,
But for those whose fate it is to discern the truth,
There is no other course
But to delve deeply, remorselessly within.

* * * *

Lend heart, money and things to friends and family
If you hanker to unconditionally, passionately experience
The greatest sense of unfathomable betrayal and inner struggle.

* * * *

183

Consciousness is stagnating into memes of its own invention.
All are petrified mindsets, groupthink, propaganda,
Which can only magnify the disharmony
Over imagined differences.

* * * *

185

You will play out your dream as you are most inclined.
It will seem like free will at the time,
And fate looking back.

* * * *

How still can you be, for how long?
The monkey-mind, in its monkey body,

Is incorrigibly perseverant, to say the least.

* * * *

188

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

* * * *

189

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

* * * *

191

There are those whose destiny it is to create
What everyone else mimics and regurgitates.

* * * *

193

Your dream will carry on as all dreams do.
Oblivion is the nonexistent fate of all.

* * * *

195

The only difference between a sage and anyone else
Is a talent for stepping back and observing
The monkey-mind from within.

* * * *

197

Serenity is just too much for most monkey-minds to bear,
Without pushing over one apple cart or another
Just to create a little wanton drama.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

201

Gurus in the traditional oral sense
Are no longer necessary the way they once were.
Penned thoughts are enough for those
Whose fate it is to awaken.

* * * *

202

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

* * * *

203

Once you accept the premise that you exist,
The belief that you are a body, the notion that you are this or that,
You are fated to play out whatever manifest context,
Whatever blend of agony and ecstasy,
Has you in its fell grip.

* * * *

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

No use bothering about or worrying
That you are going to suffer,
That you are going to die.
Such is existence, and so it goes.
The destiny for all, in one fashion or another.
But the good news is that it will not be the real you dying.
Just another temporal apparition falling beneath
The wheel of creation and destruction.

* * * *

205

Death only means an individual existence is all said and done.
But no life form can ever even know what is done is done
Because consciousness requires some sort of form,
Some sort of sensory-awareness receiving unit,
Able to perceive whatever ethereal dream
Those whimsical fates have in store.

* * * *

206

Discernment of Self has nothing to do with station or caste.
Some are high born, some low, some middle.
There is no limit put upon
Those destined
To discern That I Am.
Do not be waylaid by the vanity
Of those who manipulate your subjugation
To the twisting corruptions of their self-absorbed wills.

* * * *

207

Every mind its own shifting quagmire of heaven and hell,
Based on a frame of reference ever born of imagination.

* * * *

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

* * * *

208

Whatever intelligence is manifested through you is the synergy of the mind-body-spirit's
Many experiences, many adventures, many victories, many defeats, many ecstasies, many agonies.
We all enact unique facets of the same monkey-mind, and likely all look back in wonder
At whatever trail we have wandered in our journey through the mortal faire.

* * * *

The scribe knows what is being written, but what are you reading?
The speaker knows what is being spoken, but what are you hearing?
Everything you see, touch, hear, feel, smell is but an arbitrary translation

Of the subjective nature-nurture mind-body in which the awareness dwells,
The witness before which creation is filtered through the caprice of imagination.
The observer is the never the observed, the observed is never the observer.
True objectivity is an impossible ideal, an unreachable brass ring,
Which even science can never more than pretend to attain.

* * * *

209

Despite all the many different languages and cultures across the world,
What, really, is the likelihood that almost every single conversation
Is not essentially a derivative of the same human paradigm?

* * * *

210

Yes, you will forget this, too.
Oblivion is the fate of all.

* * * *

215

A species strung out on its conditioning.

* * * *

219

It is the fate of ignorance to ever dig deeper its rutted road.

* * * *

221

Your destiny is wrought by what you value enough to give your time.

* * * *

222

Every form has a fate to which it is inexorably linked.

* * * *

Clueless looking forward, fate looking back.

* * * *

224

No one changes their destiny; all only play it out.

* * * *

226

How wearing this passionate monkey-mind.

* * * *

231

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.

* * * *

232

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

* * * *

236

Few spiritual inquiries stray
Far beyond the given fairytale.
Early conditioning molds us all.

* * * *

241

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

* * * *

242

Another day witnessing the monkey-mind play itself out.
Mass delusion and insanity on a worldwide scale.
No doubt any aliens watching us have plans
To keep the contagion from spreading.

* * * *

The fruit does not fall far from the tree.
The monkey-mind does not wander far from the jungle.

* * * *

243

How differently would you see anyone
Were you to view the inner video of their life?
All the nature-nurture winds that molded their existence
Would certainly inspire compassion for all
In all but the hardest hearts.

* * * *

244

If you cannot examine the universe in your mind,
Then your destiny is just one conditioned journey or another,
Dictated by the history, the make-believe, in which you have been steeped.

* * * *

246

From the now so-long-ago entry into this dream world,
You have been conditioned to believe so many things truly matter,
And have gradually discerned many of them, if not all,
To indeed be very dubious assumptions.
Where to now, Pilgrim,
Now that doubt is your filament?

* * * *

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

* * * *

247

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

* * * *

248

Some are blessed, though many might argue cursed,
With a sense of doubt, with a capacity for irony and paradox,
With a skeptical wit that gradually transports them
Into a transcendent, indivisible state.
It is a rare destiny, this return to wonder,
To which all are beckoned, but few are chosen.

* * * *

There is no other side, other than in the endless intrigues of parasites,
Vampiring the treasure of the meek, destined only to inherit the earth.

* * * *

249

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

* * * *

252

Around and within awareness, a food body is created,
And for a brief duration it witnesses Self
Through a tentative lens
Of whatever consciousness
The nature-nurture dream allows.

* * * *

257

Considering that you feel all but done after just one rather fleeting dreamtime of a lifetime,
If there is some sort of supreme deity of an omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent nature,
How beyond-the-pale weary it must be having to witness the human paradigm for eons.

* * * *

264

Cast into the whimsical winds of time,
You discern your subjective personal universe
As the biological imperative of the genetic lottery ordains.
Such is the nature-nurture of free will.
Best wishes, Pilgrim.

* * * *

The human paradigm is a ceaseless array of stories of every sort.
Perceptions, all partial, incomplete, steeped in the ephemeral well of imagination,
Is not everything more than a little hackneyed, more than a little passé at this point in the human epic?

Have not we done everything all but inconceivable times beyond counting?

* * * *

265

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

* * * *

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

* * * *

267

Political correctness is really any given monkey-mind
Molding others to an acceptable, comfortable limitation.

* * * *

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

* * * *

268

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

* * * *

270

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

* * * *

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

* * * *

272

The monkey-mind, a never-ending jungle.

* * * *

279

Awareness has no name, no attributes, and is aligned with no mindset.

* * * *

287

Every life form ever manifested
Is doing, has done, will do,
With its brief existence,
Whatever fate has allotted.

* * * *

290

Existence is all about whatever distractions the given fate calls into play.

* * * *

297

The monkey-mind, irrational from its inception.

* * * *

301

Your world, your universe is your quantum teacher,
And it seems it will offer whatever you are fated to experience,
And perchance whatever it is you are equipped to learn.
Who, what, where, when, why, is anyone's guess.

* * * *

Just because you have behaved some set way all your life,
Does not mean you must awaken to the same today, or ever again.
Transcending the mind, the conditioning, the meme is always an option.

* * * *

303

How can it be anything more than streaming sensation?
The eyes, the ears, the nose, the tongue, the skin,

Are nothing more than nerve endings channeling into the brain,
Which every moment imagines a conditioned translation of what you call the universe.
A solitary dream of consciousness, awareness playing its Self real,
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

304

Whether or not you discern what this eye discerns,
Depends entirely upon whether or not it is your destiny to see.
All those whose fate it is not have a world full of idols,
With all their middlemen, from which to choose.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

307

Re-establishing a guardianship relationship with nature
Will likely prove to be the overriding imperative
For the unenviable future we are together creating.
Assuming, of course, any survive to alter the paradigm.

* * * *

309

You cannot open a door that will not open,
No matter your deepest yearning that it would be so.
Nor can you help but wander through one that seamlessly yawns.
Fate is as fate does.

* * * *

310

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

* * * *

311

We are a species destined for a relatively quick decline, if not extinction,
For our scarcity of right relationship to the rules of engagement
Orchestrated by the game board's divine natural order.

* * * *

As seen from perhaps the darkest before-the-storm points in human history,
Given the nature of our kind, is it even at all possible, that an enlightened paradigm
Might, like the fabled phoenix of mythical origin, rise up from the debris?
Away from the busy din, idealistic notions are so easily spun.

* * * *

316

Perception is always such a muddy-waters thing
Because the input of the senses is whittled down so thoroughly
By the filtration process as it wanders through the patterning of the given mind.
Conditioning is the weaver of all dreams.

* * * *

332

332

What paradigm, what frame of reference, can ever encompass you?

* * * *

333

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

* * * *

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.

* * * *

336

Everything you see, hear, touch, taste, and feel is but a projection of consciousness.
The Great Quantum will play out whatever theater you are conditioned to discern.

* * * *

339

It is not the will of some deity, but your own that plays out its fate
Timelessly perceived within and without by the dispassionate witness.

* * * *

340

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

* * * *

341

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

* * * *

We cannot all be here at the same time.
If we wish for this garden to sustain our kind,
And all the other myriad life forms it has given rise to,
We must very swiftly move toward a more rational paradigm.
If it really does not matter, which is obviously the case,
Then party on, and hope it will just be your progeny
Who will endure the inevitable consequences.

* * * *

344

What other choice was there, really?
Like it or not, fate draws you
To your inevitable mortal conclusion.
You cannot change anything without it ever being
What has already been long ago written upon the sands of time.

* * * *

346

Save a world that cannot be saved, or souls that can never be lost?
Such meaningless games our kind over and over so predictably plays.
Why on earth should any creation ever fear or deify its source?
Nothing but monkey-mind brew from beginning to end.

* * * *

350

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

* * * *

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

How inane and absurd it all at some point becomes.
We prattle endlessly about truth, stillness, love, justice, and on and on.
But to remain in that state every moment is for most very challenging, very unlikely, indeed.
The monkey-mind is ever an enthralling thunder and lightning show
To which death is really the only antidote.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

Ignorance, stupidity, avarice, entitlement, and hate,
Ever at odds with intelligence, enlightenment, generosity and love.
Another day, same predictable, maddening paradigm.

* * * *

357

How fortunate those whose destiny it is to attain virtuosity in one realm or another.
Only just less fortunate are those who can appreciate the virtuosity of every realm.

* * * *

Is there any greater curiosity than how absurdity has become
Such a dominant reality in the evolution of the monkey-mind.

* * * *

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

No destiny can be changed.
No fate can be avoided.
All are merely played out
As nature and nurture sculpt.
All are written, and yet to be written.

* * * *

360

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

* * * *

362

Kill off little self however you will.
The awareness is indifferent
To all manner of fates.

* * * *

365

It is all make-believe, a game of pretend, a lie to which most subscribe.
Every mind wraps around one security blanket or another
To hold fast to its imaginary, sensory reality.
Those whose fate it is to awaken,
See it for what it is,
And in time,
Make their way home.

* * * *

Whatever the destiny, the endgame
Is inevitably enforced by the same Reaper.
Ain't nobody gets to either heaven or hell alive,
And the same is to be said for karmic silliness, as well.

* * * *

367

What might you be doing with your existence
If you had not somehow taken the road less traveled?
Free will looking forward, fate looking back.

* * * *

371

So ... so ... so ... monkey-mind.

* * * *

375

Yet another intriguing nuance to the universe,
The world, the human condition.
Yawn, ho-hum.

* * * *

The very curious thing about so many organized religions
Is they truly believe theirs is the only true religion,
And that their true god will favor only them,
And will cast everyone else into hell.
Groupthink is groupthink,
No matter the flavor of the Kool Aid.

* * * *

376

Sometimes the mind become so clear
That it seems you have finally awakened for all eternity.

But then the murkiness of consciousness resumes its conditioned grooves,
And you must once again stumble about the convoluted labyrinth of your own vivid imagination
Until the eternity of every moment breaks through the mists anew.
Perhaps someday you will be stay there.

* * * *

382

Any fate largely depends
To what end the given persona will go
To appease their hunger, their thirst, their craving,
Their unquenchable, passionate yearning for more, more, more.

* * * *

383

You want to know the one and only truth?
It is all you, nothing but you, and you absolutely alone.
Now, Pilgrim, sally forth against the many windmills of space and time,
And discover yet again that you are the source, you are Brahman,
If such a dreamy destiny be yours in some future telling.

* * * *

385

Discerning the infinite truth of your Self
Erases all karma, erases all consequences,
And aligns your dreamtime fate with eternity.

* * * *

386

How predictable it is for any given monkey-mind
To disparage, to resent, to even hate,
The countless things
Outside its finite frame of reference.

* * * *

387

What someone said, what somewhat heard,
What are the odds that anyone, no matter how nimble,
Ever really entirely grasps any other's frame of reference spot on?

* * * *

388

Whatever you do is your fate.
There is no changing it, really.

* * * *

The you, you so earnestly imagine you are,
Is naught but a synergy of everyone and everything
Ever compiled in your brief, very temporal frame of reference.

* * * *

394

What if humankind transformed its vain paradigm
To something more aligned with the garden,
And all its creatures great and small,
And perhaps even one another.
Everybody, on three: One, Two, Thr ...

* * * *

396

You cannot save anyone from their inevitable fate.
You may play a part, but it is they alone
Who must live out their dream.

* * * *

Call it destiny, fate, kismet, dream,
It is ever ephemeral and time-bound,
And has no lasting nature, whatsoever.
Only that prior to quantum dust has merit.

* * * *

402

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

* * * *

403

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

* * * *

404

Make awareness the default setting, and Eden reappears,

Although covered with asphalt, cement, fences,
And other patterns of born of mind.

* * * *

405

Any Auschwitz, any mayhem upon others, is really only the inevitable outcome
Of the torture and genocide we practice on all our other fellow earthlings.
Compassion is a quality of existence initiated in each and every step.
The fate of the many is often bound up in the actions of a few.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

The emotions of human perception are but the wiring of evolutionary origin.
Really nothing more than a temporal mutation in the mammalian paradigm.

* * * *

412

A woman's affection is often full of limiting terms and conditions,
To which many a male seems genetically programmed to concede.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

415

The challenge with fate is not knowing what it is, and having to play it out one moment at a time.

* * * *

422

It is all about synapses, how many there are, how fast they fire.
The Genetic Lottery is the Wheel of Destiny.

* * * *

So much influence established by mindsets
Whose time in the sun was long ago buried.

* * * *

423

Faith, hope, love, are but ephemeral concepts born of the monkey-mind,
Bothers born of the wiring of an evolutionary track.
Nothing more, nothing less.

* * * *

Without any certainty of our fate, we wander forward.
What courage it takes to face and endure each day.

* * * *

425

Everyone articulates an entirely unique universe
Based on the ceaselessly evolving nature-nurture
Intertwining through the their conscious design.

* * * *

428

Whether you call it cause and effect,
Karma, fate, kismet, chance, luck, accident,
Consequence, providence, fortune, upshot, lot, result,
Destiny, ordained, designed, predetermined,
All play out in the ever-present now.

* * * *

428

Group, herd, gaggle, flock, swarm, mass, crowd, throng, rabble, drove, multitude, company,
Host, army, pack, troop, gang, troupe, party, band, bevy, knot, cluster, bunch,
Posse, crew, surge, stream, huddle, school, horde, hive, mob.
So many words describing groupthink.
An instinctual thing; functional until it is not.

* * * *

429

If it is your fate to discern a larger perspective
Than the given geography allows,
You must exit the cave,
And leave no stone unturned
In the hologram your mind perceives.
And in reality, it may not be at all that necessary

To leave the squalor of the cave, or turn over even one stone.
The only real question is whether or not you want to be free of all constraints.

* * * *

431

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

* * * *

432

The human paradigm is all about consumption.
Consumption of the senses, of the mind,
The ever-unfolding differentiation
Of one thing or another.

* * * *

435

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

* * * *

436

Of the human paradigm, it can generally be said,
“I will care for you in so far as you will care for me.”
Love and hate are but capricious flips of any given mind.

* * * *

437

Everything seems written-in-the-sand after the fact.
Dubious whether there is a meant-to-be about it.
Free will looking forward, fate looking back.

* * * *

441

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

* * * *

446

The array of experiences each mind perceives fashions its own future.
One's fate is assured; it cannot be other than what it is.
The ever-shifting sands consume all.

* * * *

448

Fate is fate.
To think it has ever been at all changed
Is akin to believing going right or left, forward or back, faster or slower,
Really means anything.

* * * *

Do not believe even for a moment
That anything you have ever spoken or written
Will significantly modify or change the human paradigm.
Toying with history is an amusing diversion,
But more than likely futile fare.

* * * *

The monkey-mind is chock-full of irrationality.
Only minds establish upon prudent, disciplined inquiry,
Can have any reasonable likelihood of approaching existence
With some evenhanded measure of rational integration.

* * * *

450

What are good and evil but different aspects of the same monkey-mind.
Where else in the universe could such absurd notions possibly exist?

* * * *

452

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

* * * *

453

You are but a minute speck of this vast conundrum of a universe,
That happened, for whatever speculation might be mustered,
To have been born into this dreamtime as a human being,
Into a particular geography, with a particular mindset,

To which you have likely become far too attached.

* * * *

454

Memes are cancerous patterns that infuse minds with regurgitated drivel.

* * * *

The Reaper is likely long past laughing at all monkey-mind exertions to avoid the scythe.

* * * *

455

Any would-be deity that does not include absolutely everything
Is merely mumbo-jumbo born of the half-baked monkey-mind.

* * * *

456

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

* * * *

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

* * * *

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

* * * *

457

Political correctness is the great malady of the monkey-mind.

* * * *

461

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

* * * *

462

The human paradigm is steadily approaching
Its not very appealing decline, if not conclusion.
Kind of a reaching-the-edge-of-the-petri-dish thing.

* * * *

464

Every one's account of awakesness cannot help but be different,
As are all things that emerge from the ground of consciousness,
Conditioning being such a strong mainstay of its erratic nature.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

The newborn is but simple awareness.
The identity that will gradually in imagination bloom
Will be the mind-body's nature-nurture adaptation to the sensory play.
The means to survive, to endure physically and psychologically,
The dreamtime into which it has been by chance cast.

* * * *

465

The monkey-mind lays claim to every imaginable choice of behavior.
What rock has not been turned myriad times beyond remembering?

* * * *

466

All monkey-mind interpretations are but imaginary, subjective, self-absorbed confabulations
Of the egocentric-ethnocentric-geocentric-chronocentric-heliocentric-cosmoscentric kind.

* * * *

All that is gold does not glitter, not all those who wander are lost.
How bothersome great adulation would be for many of those destined to see.
Anonymity, within and without, is an agreeable aspect of the freedom sovereignty brings.

* * * *

467

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

* * * *

Most are likely easy targets should anyone want to do them harm.
The challenge in this dreamtime is to either make as few adversaries as possible,
Or to have the wherewithal to build castles and armies great enough to fend off the barbarians.
Not too many actors get to play pharaohs and kings and other warlord roles,
So, most must choose the former as the fickle fates allow.

* * * *

468

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

* * * *

What are you but
A historical collage,
An economic statistic,

An anthropological result,
A psychological adaptation,
A sociological paradigm,
A scientific curiosity.

* * * *

469

What is this monkey-mind need to identify with things,
To always be describing ourselves in so many ways,
Tagging ourselves as so many this's and that's?
As if all the labels have ever meant anything.

* * * *

470

Wisdom is the upshot of a great deal of pleasure, a great deal of pain, in every way imaginable.
It is the outcome of having watched patterns over and over enough
To well know their inevitability.

* * * *

471

We are all patterns seeking some sort of respite, some sort of reprieve,
From whatever purgatory the sensory-mind every twinkling imagines real.
The promise of god, of heaven, of eternal bliss, however hollow, is an easy sell.

* * * *

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?

* * * *

473

In all its interminable forms and concepts,
The idolatry to which the monkey-mind is prone
Shares across the board the same absurdity.

* * * *

474

From the primal brainstem, the dawn of consciousness
Gradually evolved into the imaginary perception of a separate self.
The inherent collusion of a species on its journey of survival.
In the nothing more, nothing less, nothing but of it all,

The challenge is to move on to the final chapter,
To discern the unconditional singularity,
The origin of all things quantum.
Whether or not that will ever happen
Will be in some far-future-stay-tuned telling.

* * * *

476

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

* * * *

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

* * * *

477

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

* * * *

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

* * * *

479

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

* * * *

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.

* * * * *

The human mind-body is evolved of nature,
But its abstract, emotional, time-bound paradigm
Is not nature's ingenuous, serendipitous way.

* * * *

How is the human species really any different
Than lemmings irreversibly rushing towards oblivion?
What is this dream but patterns within patterns within patterns?

* * * *

482

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

* * * *

484

The mind being what it is, how possible is it to ever be completely free of the mindset,
The meme, the filter, the conditioning, the patterning, the habituating, the brainwashing,
Of any given body, any given family, any given group, any given culture, any given origin?
Imagination requires one starting point, one underpinning or another,
From which to launch into the dream of time.

* * * *

To project our monkey-mind collusion upon the cosmos,
And whatever unknowable mysteries are afoot in the infinity of it all,
Ever falls into a realm of self-deception well beyond the pale of any mortal vision.

* * * *

486

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

* * * *

The frame of reference, that bag of knowledge, that stew of perception,
Is but a phantasm of consciousness, a.k.a. imagination.
What you really are is prior to it all.
Discern it and be as free as the moment allows.

* * * *

490

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

* * * *

491

All the so-called scriptures were written by seers and sages
Really no different than anyone who has pondered existence before or since.
We are all cousins of the same puddle responding to the life and times into which we are cast.
The geography, culture, language, technology, and on and on, are inevitably different,
But guaranteed, beyond all doubt, we are all very much the same monkey-mind,
And prior to that, very much the same quantum stardust of all creation.
It is but a veiled, temporal play in which the myriad players
Are, in the ultimate eternal reality, one in the same.

* * * *

Every mind imagines a world to which its nature-nurture,

Its capacities and limitations, its frame of reference, subscribes.
No one can be more or less than what the genetic lottery has allotted.
Any rubber band, no matter how elastic, can only stretch so far.

* * * *

493

Real spirituality is a solitary endeavor.
If you are following some beguiling personality,
Or participating in some sort of intoxicating groupthink,
Rest assured that you need to push the reset button.

* * * *

Be the world, the cosmos, everything you imagine it might contain.
Do not be held back by the innumerable limits of your given conditioning.
Stand alone, absolute, indivisible, inscrutable, the zenith of your panoramic view.

* * * *

494

Identity is a charade born of the monkey-mind in some long ago,
A mortal game that you are forced to play to one degree or another
If you wish to survive for at least a modicum of mind's potential.

* * * *

We all have an individual worldview, a unique universe of our own making.
All are equally authentic in their own indelible, imaginary way,
And yet all are created equally of the same origin,
The same inexplicable mystery.
There is no way it can ever be truly changed.
It may gradually evolve into something somewhat dissimilar,
But its roots will always harbor the conditioning of its nature-nurture beginnings.

* * * *

You see and hear and taste and smell and touch
Through the mind-body filter to which you are so attached.
The memes of dreamtime have molded you into a pattern you think you.
Only by discerning the quantum awareness prior to the nature-nurture programming
Can the essential, intrinsic freedom of that which is timeless, that which is eternal life, be truly won.

* * * *

495

The human paradigm, perhaps the paradigm of all existence,

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 streaming wave,
Impassively witnessing the inexplicably timeless mystery,
That which has neither beginning nor end, cause nor purpose, rhyme nor reason.

* * * *

496

Not easy to let go of all you think you are and are not in this absurd little dream of space-time.
The monkey-mind will seemingly do whatever it must to preserve its many illusions.
Absolute attention – desireless, fearless – is the key to eternal freedom.

* * * *

499

What is any history but what some storyteller's imaginary frame of reference,
Coupled with the translation of your frame of reference.
Very dubious from the get-go.

* * * *

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?

* * * *

500

What is any given mind but a set, a bag, an array, of programming.
A circulating loop of habituation, conditioning, brainwashing.
A frame of reference believing its thoughts real and true,
Its manufactured identity sacrosanct and enduring.

* * * *

What are the shades of gray between black and white,
Good and bad, right and wrong, right and left, bitter or sweet,
Or any other dualistic notion born of the monkey-mind's play of time?

* * * *

The Last Page

Those whose destiny it is to become seers ponder many things
Until they gradually become aware of the foundation of consciousness itself,

And in that observant attentiveness to the awareness that never sleeps,
Their minds discern that from whence all things come and go,
And in that awareness merge back into the indivisibility
Of the eternity that is, has ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Is there any creature, any form, fashioned in this vast universe.
That does not journey to the conclusion of its paradigm?
All nature is naught but patterns within patterns,
All functions of the same choicelessness,
All programming of quantum design,
Indivisible within one and all for all eternity.

* * * *

The quantum indivisibility is sightless,
Soundless, senseless, odorless, and tasteless.
Only in consciousness does any universe appear real.

* * * *

If the world, if the universe, was truly real,
How could it, would it, every instant be changing?
Only you do not change, only you have ever been the same,
Only you have ever been the one and only you,
Awareness, witnessing a dream.

* * * *

The Tao, by whatever sound you call it, is always the same.
The same as when you were born, the same as when you die,
The same as before you were born, the same as after you die.
Life is a brief opportunity to view it the same while you exist.

* * * *

That quantum essence that you truly are cannot die, for it was never born.
You are eternity, the stuff of stars, come to life in a dreaming of time.
There is no who, no what, no where, no when, no why, no how.
You are the nothing more, the nothing less, the nothing but.

Breadcrumbs

You woke up again this morning with the same mind-body as yesterday.
Same thoughts, same gender, same language, same surroundings,
Same programming, same self-imagery, same appetites, same endorphins.
Mesmerized, you suited up, put on the game face, and stepped out into the dream.

* * * *

Everyone abides a unique universe, each with a variety of sets:
Cultural, political, religious, racial, gender, emotional,
Socio-economic, educational, linguistic, et cetera.
Like snowflakes, all distinct, all true, all false, all the while.

* * * *

Can you waylay all the pitter-patter chatter of imaginary identity, and just be?
Can you release your consciousness from all its fictional attachments
To culture, politics, religion, finance, gender, education,
Emotion, language, race, caste, et cetera.
Can you be just the stillness of pure awareness?

* * * *

All thought is habit, the conditioned outcome of the given nature-nurture.
Genome, geography, culture, gender, language, intelligence,
What choice does any have in their foundation?
And how can that original programming ever be overridden?

* * * *

All across the world, the same relationships.
No matter the geography, no matter the time, no matter the culture,
No matter the tradition, no matter the politics, no matter the economics, no matter the technology,
No matter the religion, no matter the philosophy, no matter the language, no matter the attire,
No matter the gender, no matter the family, no matter the education, no matter the work,
No matter the war, no matter the sport, no matter the pastimes, no matter anything;
Each and every human being, males and females of all ages and persuasions,
Are, in every way viable, playing out relationships essentially the same.

* * * *

Who is your tribe?
Who are your parents, your siblings?
What is your gender, your race, your religion, your culture?
What are all your attachments to this dreamtime world, or some rumored next one?
And what, by the way, makes you so sure any of it is truly real,
Or that you were ever even born?

* * * *

All quantum patterns
Must reside in the ambiguity, the tyranny,
Of the ever-changing, lottery-given set of capacities and limitations.

* * * *

Within the big picture, details, and from details, the big picture.
The predictability of patterns within patterns within patterns
Is as sure in a single quantum as it is an entire universe.

* * * *

What is history but the recycling of monkey-mind patterns bred in the jungles of long ago,
Regurgitated daily with new permutations and technologies seasoning the feast of dreamtime.

* * * *

Why so many feel such inclination to shackle others in some sort of dogmatic prison
Is the story of power, fame, and fortune, of greed, of every imaginable pleasure,
Playing out the same patterns over and over and over like a broken record.

* * * *

The quantum essence is formless, shapeless, indefinable.
Forms are the inexplicable weavings of patterns.
To warrant them the inexplicable creations
Of some even more inexplicable deity
Must surely include the most inexplicable you.

* * * *

No pattern abides forever; any given seed blossom but once.
But that of which all patterns are made ... that indivisible quantum essence ...
That which creates ... preserves ... destroys ... that is immortal ... that is godness ... that is you.

* * * *

From nothing to something, from something to nothing,
All things emerging, all things disappearing, all things forming, all things dissolving.
The ocean, the source, ever tranquil, ever indivisible, ever absolute,
The many patterns nothing more than appearances,
Winds blowing, currents flowing.
All attributes nothing more than vibrating elements,
The primal chaos creating-preserving-destroying, the synchronicity of eternity.

* * * *

The time born of mind reigns through the continuity of its many memes, its many patterns.
Consciousness reinforces these repetitive cultural blueprints through conditioning.
Relatively few are inclined to free themselves from their domesticated lot,
To discern the timeless awareness at the cradle of all imagined.

* * * *

Consciousness is the movement, the vibration, the lightning storm, of the brain.
Mind is fabricated by the attachment to the many emotional and conceptual patterns,
The conditioning, to which it abides for whatever sojourn the dreamtime of quantum ordains.

* * * *

What is the main reasons for the study of history,
But fathoming how our kind reached this point in dreamtime.
We do not have to keep repeating our patterns, continuing our collusions,
But the possibility of any meaningful change is right up in there with the flying pigs.

* * * *

There are no attributes, no patterns, no systems, no laws, no histories,
No quantifying measurables at all in the immeasurable indivisibility.

* * * *

All patterns are created of illusion.
From the indivisible, all creation arises, all creation subsides.
There is naught but eternal unicity.

* * * *

All those memories, all those things, all those sensations, all those thoughts,
All those patterns, dreams, habits, relationships, loves, likes, hates, joys, sorrows,
Skills, awards, derisions, pleasures, beliefs, opinions, notions, hopes, fears, ad infinitum,
All those many experiences, no matter how dear, must all eventually be released and forgotten.

* * * *

The awareness you are observes the body breathing in, breathing out.
The awareness you are observes the mind thinking this, thinking that.
The awareness you are, call it what you will: observer, watcher, witness;
Always ever-present, always motionless, always changeless, always ageless.
An eternal mystery traveling dreams of time in mortal patterns of every hue.

* * * *

History is process, and process repeats its patterns, but never goes back.
Square one is a long ago before the ever-after of time was ever conceived.

* * * *

Few grasp history well enough not to repeat its underlying patterns again and again.
Intelligence and wisdom cannot long prevail over ignorance any more than light can darkness.
Despite all attempts to attain a greater quality of consciousness, to navigate a more enlightened course,
Humankind seems destined to play out its passionate mind until its inescapable extinction.
Between now and then, who knows what agonies and ecstasies will play out.

* * * *

What would a timeline of seers, mystics, and philosophers look like?
What patterns would it make clear of the endless gyrations

In the shaping, the molding, of the human epic?

* * * *

History is replete with rebels of every shade.
To stand alone is nothing new under this star's steady gaze.
They have provoked many adjustments, set the course many new directions,
But have any ever fundamentally mutated the startup source code of the human paradigm?
Have any ever even once managed to get the jungle out of the monkey?
History does not repeat itself, but the patterns do.

* * * *

Life is born of patterns, predispositions, instincts,
But it is imagination that transcends the origins of matter,
And how probable is that in the farthest reaches of time and space?
There are billions and billions, maybe even trillions and trillions of galaxies,
But the dreamtime of humankind will never discover, never know, anything firsthand
About the all-but-infinite mysteries playing out in the all-but-infinite shores.
The fictions of paper and screen will be as far as we ever travel.

* * * *

Does the tiger think itself a tiger? The whale, a whale?
The shark, a shark? The crow, a crow? The snake, a snake? The frog, a frog?
The ant, an ant? The spider, a spider? The worm, a worm? The weed, a weed? A microbe, a microbe?
Or do they all merely act out the given instinctual patterns
That all this mystery's creatures great to small
Play out in harmonized fashion; a ballet that knows no bounds.
And is humankind, despite all the pretenses of consciousness, really doing any different?

* * * *

History is an ever-churning dynamic of interconnected contexts
Playing out the cosmic patterns begun in the long-ago-not-long-ago.

* * * *

Endorphins are central to human behavior patterns.
How any respond to any given scenario, to any given moment,
Depends on the endorphins that are released into the given mind-body.
No one need give themselves over to any conditioned response
But through the subjective levels of attachment
That rule their version of the cosmos.

* * * *

Awareness is pristine and immaculate and clear of any blemish or stain,
But is it at all possible for consciousness to be without judgment?
Is not everything thought one form of judgment or another?
Opinions, assumptions, stereotypes, conventions, ideals,
Ethics, principles, labels, laws, pigeonholes, beliefs,

Conclusions, notions, expectations, values, norms,
Any patterns, any definitions, any attitudes, whatsoever.
The roots of pride, of vanity, are saturated with all of the above.

* * * *

Evolution has sculpted life into many patterns, many forms, many ways and means,
But it is ever the same soupy essence bubbling away beneath each and every surface.
All separation, all difference, all uniqueness, is nothing more than imaginary notion.

* * * *

Desire, fear, the myriad passions of the monkey-mind in general,
Are nothing more than predicable habits, patterns born of nature-nurture,
Of genetics and the incessant winds of time playing out the vanities of consciousness.

* * * *

It is the patterns, not history, that repeats itself.

* * * *

Though the patterns recycle again and again, no mind can ever think the same.

* * * *

We are all patterns; some more exotic than others.

* * * *

Patterns all, puppets all.

* * * *

Physics ... Chemistry ... Biology ... Patterns within patterns within patterns.

* * * *

All patterns have been wrought by natural selections beyond counting.

* * * *

Patterns, more patterns, even more patterns.

* * * *

The Patterns! The Patterns!

* * * *

The scribe knew enough
To throw together a smattering of words
As defined by the education and existence he was offered.
We are all patterns within the ephemeral matrix
In which the senses play out time.

* * * *

Patterns within patterns within patterns within patterns within pattern within patterns ...

* * * *

No, you are not going to change the world.
It got along as well before your predestined arrival
As it will after your inescapable departure.

* * * *

Deny your fate, your fortune, your destiny, your kismet, your karma,
As confidently, as boldly, as insolently, as defiantly, as vainly, as you will,
It is emanating, materializing, unfolding, happening, each and every moment.

* * * *

That destiny, that fate, that kismet, that karma, you vainly believe you somehow just changed,
Well, friend, understand that destiny is really nothing more than the result,
The synergy of all the choices, of all the consequences,
That rippled in thought and deed.
Nothing uncanny or supernatural about it.

* * * *

If it is your calling, your fortune, your kismet, your fate, your destiny,
You will discern the me within you, the you within me, the same me,
The same awareness within and between all things great to small.

* * * *

Your mind-body is the evolutionary outcome
Of a natural selection process since life's inception.
You are what you are; there is no one to blame.
You must play out what you must play out.
Call it fate, call it kismet, call it karma,
You have absolutely no say in the matter.

* * * *

The fact that you are here in a particular form
Means you must act, you must function, in one way or another.
Until the body-mind is done, until it is food for worms, you will play out the given role.
The way that happens is labeled in many ways: destiny, fate, kismet, karma.
All of absolutely no importance to the witnessing awareness.

* * * *

The destiny, the fate, the kismet, the karma,
Of any given time, of any given moment, will never happen again.
All dreaming is a one-time parade, a one-time show.

* * * *

No one can change their fate, their destiny, their kismet, their luck, their doom.

All attempts are naught but what it is, kaleidoscoping into what it will be.
What it was, has ever been, will ever be, since the dawn of Creation.

* * * *

From all beginnings to all ends, from your beginning to your end,
Everything perpetually, everlastingly, enduringly, immutably, immortally done and undone,
Everything patterned, everything fated, everything destined, everything kismet.
Change, nothing more than imaginary, sensory-inspired notion.
A quantum dreamer dreaming a quantum design;
Every moment instantaneously, simultaneously indivisible.

The Return to Wonder

One

If it is your calling, your fortune, your kismet, your fate, your destiny,
You will discern the me within you, the you within me, the same me,
The same awareness within and between all things great to small.

* * * *

Surrender that which was never yours.
Your fate can be serendipitously eternal.

* * * *

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

* * * *

II

In all destinies there is an executioner, an assassin, a slayer,
Ever formed of the earth-air-water-fire of all things here-now ether.
There is no escape for the awareness you are, only an abiding endurance.
Spurn the Fates, they cannot touch you once the shadow of karma loses its hold.

* * * *

If all sentient beings were to awaken at once,
Consciousness would not, could not, be the adventure it is.
So the relentless, gnashing, grinding, kaleidoscope of bondage and suffering
Spins on in its mysterious, unfolding dreamtime destiny.

* * * *

Nothing is lost, nothing is forgotten.
Each alone must search for it, each alone must discern it.
Each alone must let go of all that is known, release all that is held near and dear,
To realize the eternal truth fated to forever remain unknown.

* * * *

III

It will be your voluntary destiny
To reside in the kaleidoscope of bondage
Until duality no longer suits you.

* * * *

It is perhaps your destiny to awaken,
And unravel the manifest existence that seemed so real
Into yet another journey into the only reality there is, ever was, will ever be.
The only reality that is not, never was, will never be.

* * * *

VI

The personality is merely a complex interaction of patterns.
Thoughts and emotions playing out the mind-body theater.

* * * *

All manifestation is subject to the patterning,
While the source to which all patterns essentially subscribe,
Remains timelessly inexplicable, timelessly inscrutable, forever unknowable.

* * * *

VIII

All that is, is of the patterning, but what resides prior to all patterns?
Who cares whether you exist once, or expire times beyond counting?
Every moment's kaleidoscoping streamtime is the story's true telling.

* * * *

XI

The countless abuses of affluence have ever been set before you.
Those whose greed controls their destiny have neither heart nor mind for eternity.
Their absorption with gold and other shiny things blinds them to reality.

* * * *

XII

You can never go back, you can never return, to what you once were.
You have seen too much, and can only carry on wherever the fates lead.

* * * *

XIV

It may be disturbing to realize that you do not really exist,
But the fact remains that your ultimate destiny is oblivion.

* * * *

XV

Seekers of truth are like moths to a flame, their destiny oblivion.

* * * *

It is what it is, take it or leave it, into the fires of fate.

* * * *

How easy it is to fall into a descending spiral of self-pity over one's lot in life.
To stay strong, to stand tall in the bittersweet winds of fate, is ever a challenge.

* * * *

XVIII

Inattention is often the catalyst of misfortune.

* * * *

XX

Any given fate is a timeless sculpture carved in every moment.
All fates are already written in the shifting sands of awareness.

* * * *

The state of the world is a natural consequence
Of the synergy of our all our imaginary interactions.
It has nothing to do with any plan, any conspiracy
Concocted by any god, any gods, any demons.
It is we alone who have created our destiny.

* * * *

XXI

Humanity, not really much bigger than ants,
Crawls about, feeds and clothes the body, completes tasks,
Builds dwellings and pathways, exercises mating rituals, customs and wars,
All the while thinking itself so important to the welfare of the universe.
God will surely save us for we are humble and deserving
Of a better fate than we have chosen to create.

* * * *

Is not some far off harsh, future fate,
But the here-now you in aloneness create.
And that heaven is that same space,
But wherein you see your Self
Well past the human race.

* * * *

These words tinker with the destiny of humanity.

* * * *

Fate cannot be denied.
To one conclusion or another,
All must surrender a lifetime of process.

* * * *

XXII

Of all the creatures great and small
To whose extinction humanity has contributed,
Do you seriously believe your line immune to such a fate?

* * * *

Destiny is the play of free will born of illusion.

* * * *

XXIII

If it is your destiny to awaken, what can stop you?

* * * *

Humanity's fate is the synergy of countless choices born of dualistic thinking.

* * * *

XXIV

Few, if any, know their manifest fate, and rejection of any resists all.
To be ready and waiting for any possibility embraces the quantum die roll.

* * * *

There is only one awareness, there is only one moment.
All mind-bodies, all facades, born of consciousness,
Are fated to dissipate into its indivisible oblivion.

* * * *

XXV

Dissolve into true Self, surrender to your fate; it will all be over soon enough.

* * * *

XXVI

To merge into the impersonal moment is to know what your destiny has ever been.

* * * *

You are totally responsible for your slice of humanity's destiny.

* * * *

The only real problem is the dysfunctional use of the mind.
Our paradigm is dashing us toward an unnecessary destiny.

* * * *

XXVII

Leave Sodom without looking back, for it will suffer the fate of its own free will.

* * * *

No nation will stand, no fortune will hold,
No fame will be more than fleeting.
All are puppets of the changing.
All fates are as dice eternally cast.

* * * *

XXVIII

Unless humanity discerns a harmonious paradigm,
Its destiny will be punctuated by time's end.
The cosmos awaits our maturation.

* * * *

As the moment happens, it appears an acting of free will; in time, it becomes destiny.

* * * *

XXX

Whining and bemoaning your fate will not win eternity.

Only a strong heart and a strong mind earns the fare.

* * * *

XXXI

The ultimate fate of this garden world,
Of this entire universe, and of any creation,
Is complete, absolute, unmitigated annihilation.
So why be burdened by a temporary, surreal dream
You can never more than superficially change?

* * * *

Clinging to any dualistic notions is a hellish fate of your own choosing.

* * * *

XXXII

You are that which is godness, but every conception formulated about you
Has ever been meaningless, and only fated to create more and more confusion
In minds capable only of blindly stumbling through duality's tattered weavings.

* * * *

XXXIII

Words such as these upset many not prepared to comprehend their ultimate fate.

* * * *

XXXIV

Pride undermines your spirit's return to its total nature.
Even the greatest angels are subject to such hellish fates.

* * * *

XXXVI

By supporting the forces that venerate the false gold of Maya,
You doom the progeny to a fate you would not wish upon yourself.

* * * *

The eternally damned are those who wander the heavens and hells of space and time,
Through which they indivisibly, timelessly kaleidoscope, ever-present,
Beckoned on and on by the many others,
Only too willing, only too able, to share their hellish fates.

* * * *

Another curious fate, indeed.

* * * *

XXXVII

All creatures from great to small
Participate in this play of consciousness
In whatever fashion natural selection is taking them.
Our current narrowing approach to all other life
Is wreaking havoc on manifest diversity.
We shape our own fate in the way
We choose to shape others.

* * * *

Your consciousness will be drawn
To the fate your desires wills into manifestation.
To what end, you as witness will have neither say nor concern.

* * * *

Release the memories, release the projections, your destiny is now.

* * * *

XXXVIII

The painful dings of fate are the eternal blacksmith shaping you for eternity.

* * * *

Oblivion is the destiny of all.

* * * *

XL

If you tie your happiness to the fate of another, you will suffer incalculable burdens.

* * * *

Why would anyone wish for a peaceful world, anyway?
Loving your neighbor, keeping your brother, sharing good fortune,
Treating others as you would have them treat you, creating heaven on earth,
Would be far too unpleasurable, a senseless existence,
Which only angels long to play.

* * * *

XXI

Like it or not, you have a fate; resist or surrender, the outcome is the same.

* * * *

Each of us plays out a fate wandering through an illusory quantum maze,
Yet who-what-where-when-why-how does the timeline continue on and on,
When the awareness, the moment, is all there truly is, all there truly is not.

* * * *

XXII

The creatures of the wild exhibit noble spirit and union
Merely by their surrender to that which they are naturally.
They have no inflated need for undo rancor or imaginary fuss.
They do not lament or rue their fate, nor seek vain explanations.
They are what they are, pure and simple, free and absolute.

* * * *

At the movies you are drawn into a scripted plot.
Your own participation in this dreamtime is a spontaneous creation,
Based on the role you have been molded by the fateful winds of nature-nurture to play out.

* * * *

XXIII

To not value the diversity seals the fate of all.

* * * *

XXIV

Humanity is so locked in its fear and greed,
The monkey hand is so clenched within the coconut,
That a swift hack of the machete is becoming an inevitable fate.

* * * *

XXV

You are not some far-off future fate, but the now this moment in time creates.

* * * *

XXVI

Why be at all concerned what destiny might have to say?
Even words written in stone become sand on some shoreline.

* * * *

XLVIII

Those rare few who are ready to awaken to a greater vision,
Cannot help but timelessly embrace the liberating destiny of realization.
Ripeness is beyond any and all choices born of attachment.

* * * *

XLIX

What is proclaimed god is within all that is.
If you do not discern this simple fact,
It is your life's missed fortune.

* * * *

Every manifest form, whether alive or inert,
Is conscripted by spontaneous circumstance
To an inevitable, unavoidable, impartial destiny.
It is an individual timeless experiencing played out
In the indivisible infinity of intelligent awareness,
Mysterious and unknowable at every juncture.
To zealously tether to a single limited perspective
Misses the true wonder from which all creation springs.

* * * *

L

Karma is a very simple fact
Made complex by dogmatic traditions.
It is quite obvious that the existence anyone leads
Is an outcome of the many events in time's manifest continuity.
Both sword and plow create likely fates.

* * * *

LI

How astounding, how frightening, how ridiculous,
That for the ceaseless wanting of sensory gratification,
Humanity would sentence the future to a fate
They would not wish upon themselves.
And then bring children into the world to boot.

* * * *

LIII

Why so many allow so few to rule their destiny,
Is an ever-confounding human reality, a cyclic dance of desire and fear,
Played out in every corner of this earthly garden.

* * * *

LIV

What is yet to come in any space, in any time, only the witness can tell.
Existence is ever the play of spontaneity, which only seems fated
When the myriad paths memory weaves is fully recalled.

* * * *

You are the guiding hand of your fate.

* * * *

LV

These words sculpture concepts in time, seeking to explain their origin and their fate.

* * * *

Free will makes your destiny a voluntary fate.

* * * *

LVI

Even two or five or ten thousand years ago,
It was probably not difficult to project how
Humanity's destiny would likely unfold.

* * * *

How quickly the spontaneous moment turns into destiny.

* * * *

Sometimes you wish you could again believe the delusionary world as you once did,
But no, your destiny, your fate, is the eternal, and the world is for the meek,
Too blind for the immortality in which you swim with languid ease.

* * * *

LVII

Humankind has surely extinguished enough seed lines
To comprehend its own is not immune to a similar fate.

* * * *

LVIII

The flame is the fuel's potential, the destiny into which all is consumed.

* * * *

LX

All life is influenced by so many things
Which create such a varied range of views.
A network of paths whose Soul destiny is one.

* * * *

LXII

Your fate is assured; look beyond it for the answer to all riddles.

* * * *

The sage sees adversity and fortune with the same impersonal equanimity.

* * * *

Accept life for what it is; all resistance to fate is futile.

* * * *

Life is filled with struggle.
Why do some thrive in its midst,
While others surrender and seek its end?
Is there a serenity prior to all the psychological anarchy
Creating so much divisive strife and mischief?
All of it the same, yet every variation
Fate seems intent to play.

* * * *

LXIII

You are doing what it is your fate to do.

* * * *

LXIV

The Great Consumption must eventually fall prey to its fate.

* * * *

LXVI

All born of time play out the destiny of the patterning.

* * * *

LXVII

With collective dismay we watch our fate unfold.

* * * *

LXVIII

Suffering is resistance; equanimity is the natural outcome of not battling one's fate.

* * * *

By the time you hear about a gold rush,
It is usually over for all but the most determined,
And the few whose fate it is to be lucky.

* * * *

Your ineptitude may save your children the same fate.

* * * *

LXIX

All those mosquitoes and flies and spiders you have annihilated,
What makes you think your end, your fate, should be any different?

* * * *

It is that near-constant state of anticipation
That creates the burden of tension and anxiety.
Be open to your fate, no matter how painful

* * * *

Those who harbor a sense of manifest destiny
Will one day find out god's benevolence
Is a razor-sharp, two-edged blade.

* * * *

LXXI

The upshot of history is the parable of the Titanic.

* * * *

LXXII

Violence is a part of our nature.
How we choose to compete or cooperate
Is the balance which engineers an inevitable destiny.

* * * *

LXXIII

The slightest twist in fortune alters any life for its duration.

* * * *

If you have time to ponder life, then realize your good fortune
To abide in a fair-weather point in this mystery manifest theater.

* * * *

The misfortune of a first-rate memory is recalling what you would rather not.

* * * *

LXXIV

You wail about your fate, yet pity offers no reprieve from a destiny etched in dust.

* * * *

May the curse of your parents, your ancestors, fail in every way.
May your fate, your lot, your destiny, your kismet,
Be better than it now appears.

* * * *

Are you bounty or cull in the harvest of imagination?
Will you be in or out in the illustrious tabulation of speculation?
Will your fate be a grander heaven, or a more irate hell?
Ah, the never-ending quest for a better ending.

* * * *

LXXV

History is full of extinct peoples whose fate played out.

* * * *

Trust your fate, trust your destiny, trust your fortune.
You are doomed to being barely a twinkle of a memory
In the few minds who will also soon dissolve into oblivion.

* * * *

Fear not Dorothy, your fate will bring you home.

* * * *

Fate draws many conclusions.

* * * *

LXXVI

All that effort, to control something over which you have none,
All that resolve, exercising remedies to a fate which lacks any.

* * * *

LXXVII

You wander the path of your own destiny.

* * * *

It is vanity which makes humanity's destiny intractable.

* * * *

No one can avoid their fate.

* * * *

LXXVIII

If you tempt fate by putting yourself in harm's way,
Be prepared for the consequences.
And try not to whine.

* * * *

You will only know, only see, what it is your destiny to perceive.

* * * *

We must each heed the call of our destiny.

* * * *

Wander into your fate.

* * * *

LXXXV

Humanity came to a point
Where it vainly believed
It could redesign the game,
Never visualizing the misfortune
It was passing on to its descendants.

* * * *

LXXXIX

Our fates are all so intertwined.

* * * *

LXXXII

Fate will not open every door to you.

* * * *

May as well surrender to your existence, you will do whatever your fate ordains.

* * * *

LXXXIII

These words are for those few whose destiny it is to see.

* * * *

You smash the mosquito, letting its body lie
In a crumpled heap, quickly forgotten.
Is your fate truly anything more?

* * * *

LXXXV

Fulfilling one's destiny takes effortless effort.

* * * *

LXXXVIII

What a wretched destiny to be born in Oz and never see Kansas.

* * * *

LXXXIV

Is a fully cooperative paradigm even possible?
Unlikely we will ever find out as the point of possibility
Quickly recedes into memories of happier times.
As passion and pride bludgeon their way
Into a fate already far too predictable.

* * * *

LXXXV

How interesting that our arbitrary measurement systems so align with our arbitrary fate.

* * * *

LXXXVI

May as well surrender to your fate; ain't gonna do no good to resist, no how.

* * * *

Tempt fate, and fate may well nip you.

* * * *

Eternal salvation is discerning
You are the immortal one in all and all in one.
What fate can possibly contain you?

* * * *

LXXXVII

There is justice for those who endeavor to play by the rules,
Or those fated enough not to be caught by the powers that be.

* * * *

LXXXVIII

Some group is always going to be
On the top of the swarming heap,
And they are the law of the land.
The little people can only hope
Their ax is merciful and quick,
And that revolutions do not
Amplify their painful fate.

* * * *

LXXXIX

Fate is a strange undertaking.

* * * *

XC

We each offer the drama whatever we offer; what the world does with any of it is fate.

* * * *

You will scribe these thoughts unto your mortal end,
For that is the conditioned nature of your choiceless.

* * * *

XCI

You cannot really change your fate, much less another's.

* * * *

The fate of the world will take these words where it will.

* * * *

Does one seek a fate, or fall into it?

* * * *

To be truly content with your life, now that is good fortune.

* * * *

Believe it or not, like it or not, fate happens.
You cannot abort it, you cannot hurry it, you cannot hinder it.
You cannot do anything but witness its passing.

* * * *

XCII

Squash a fly, and know your own fate.

* * * *

What would you do if a knock sounds in the middle of the night?
What would you do if they came to put you in a box car
Whose destination was blanketed by ashes?
How passive are you to your fate?

* * * *

What was matters no more.
What will be cannot be altered.
Fate happens; you will complete it.

* * * *

Play to the dream; complete your solitary fate in whatever way you will.

* * * *

XCIII

How is it one fortunate and another is not?
What is this thing we call fate?
Such a mystery.

* * * *

It all fades into a meaningless blur once you discern the ultimate fate.

* * * *

No fate, no destiny is distinct.
Change is born of indivisibility, of the immortal nature.
You are none other than Self.

* * * *

Caught in the net of our pattern, we are drawn to our fate.

* * * *

XCV

A curious fate.

* * * *

Let the wraiths and demons pass by.
They are teachers in their own manner.
None can be saved from their fate.

* * * *

We find so many ways to tempt fate.

* * * *

The winds of fate harvest all.

* * * *

XCVI

Any culture whose leaders can be bought and sold is fated to decline and ruin.

* * * *

This view allows every possibility, and those whose destiny it is, will not settle for less.

* * * *

XCVII

Still trying to figure out your fate?

* * * *

If you want to know your fate, die.

* * * *

What is one's destiny?

* * * *

XCVIII

Some doors open easily, some stick, some will never budge, fate is as fate does.

* * * *

So many things you have done;
So many, many, many more it is not
Your destiny to ever even ponder.

* * * *

C

What a mystery any fate is.

* * * *

CI

There you are, minding your own business,
And, whoosh, another aphorism appears for transcription.
Fate is a mystery.

* * * *

That so many inhabit cyberspace
Is an intriguing, ill-fated phenomenon.
We are so into ourselves and our creations.
How oblivious so many have become to nature.

* * * *

CIII

Fate is a rather strange illusion.

* * * *

Why is it so easy to laugh at another's misfortune?

* * * *

CV

Separation creates destiny.
Destiny is the illusion of change.

Change is the play of maya.
Maya is the transient,
The dream of mind.

* * * *

CVI

No use battling your fate.

* * * *

CVII

Fates are such strange things.

* * * *

You need not take another's fate as your own.

* * * *

All fates are comprised upon one fact: The same moment transports all.

* * * *

CVIII

Live to whatever degree your fate allows.

* * * *

How obtuse to blame a devil for any given misfortune.

* * * *

Why bemoan stupidity suffering its due fate?

* * * *

He cannot help it; he is a man. She cannot help it; she is a woman. Patterns rule.

* * * *

CIX

It is your fate to play out
The destiny you are choosing,
As if you have any say in the matter.

* * * *a

Fate is a many-colored rainbow.

* * * *

CX

It was your fate to explore the world in every way imagination wandered.

* * * *

It is a harsh fate to be cast into a life that memory cannot forget.

* * * *

Who would seek that fate?

* * * *

Your fate is written in time, is written in space.
You will laugh, you will suffer, you will be injured, you will be sick.
You will know great pleasures, you will age, you will die.
But in all that it is, will you have truly lived?

* * * *

CXI

How locked in habitual patterns each and every one of us.

* * * *

CXII

Fate is god's plan; chance, god's humor.

* * * *

CXIII

When it becomes obvious this world of dreams
Must eventually, as all change must, be forsaken.
How challenging it is to, in one way or another,
Participate in whatever way fate dictates.

* * * *

CXIV

As a newborn you were all potentials,
The eternal faceless nature, mysteriously perfect,
Totally vulnerable to the world into which you had sprung,
Cast from oneness into separation, into a timebound fate yet to unfold,
A fate both cruel and kind, merciless and compassionate in an infinity of flavors.
An uncarved immortal innocently thrust into the struggle of life and death,
In which your choice in the matter remains at best idle speculation.

* * * *

Some people see an ancient, majestic tree
And want to sculpt it into some other form,
Or use it for some critical utilitarian purpose.
Few seem content to leave it to its own destiny,
A block of potential uncarved by the human mind.

* * * *

CXVI

Does anyone really control their fate,
Or is free will merely the play of ignorance
Parading in the choicelessness of dreamtime?

* * * *

Throw yourself into your fate, there is no other.

* * * *

CXVIII

World weariness is born of the gradual realization
That you cannot really change anything or anybody,
That you have no real choice in the matter, whatsoever.
It is a stage you can muddle past if it is your destiny to see.

* * * *

Eternal salvation is simply having the fate
To discern that time does not exist as the mind insists,
That this delusion is no more than an illusion,
Touchy-feely-real as it may appear.

* * * *

CXIX

Seers have planted many reflections throughout time,
That their brethren might realize the same insight.
Can any see that have no inclination to light?
How could they but for that fate's destiny?
Many are called, but few are chosen.

* * * *

Can anyone really help but see what they see,
Do what they do, or play out the fate life creates?

* * * *

CXX

All patterns submit to the destiny of their origin.

* * * *

CXXII

When you meet the moment fully, your destiny gracefully unfolds.

* * * *

Good luck, bad luck, or merely the fate of dust
Dancing in the space-time matrix born of light and sound,
The lila of a quantum cosmos and its impromptu collusion of puppets
Manipulated by the awareness of an omnipresent puppeteer,
Who exists only through the guise of imagination.

* * * *

So many fates dancing so many ways.

* * * *

CXXV

We are all prisoners of one fate or another.

* * * *

Thank god you are not playing that part.
As much as you dislike your fate,
It could be much worse.

* * * *

Like it or not, you will complete your fate.

* * * *

Accepting one's life, one's fate, is challenging if you long for another's.

* * * *

Your fate is calling, a siren beckoning you journey the illusion of space and time.

* * * *

CXXVI

What a mystery, fate.

* * * *

You cannot even for a moment pause or change your fate.

* * * *

It is not a matter of whether you want your fate or not.
These are the cards you were dealt, and any hand, any destiny,
Is only as pleasing as the context in which it is played.

* * * *

Could not help it, 'twas destiny that this be written.
Another forest on some shelf, to what ends unknown.

* * * *

You have a fate to fulfill.

* * * *

CXXVII

Another fateful decision.

* * * *

Believe it or not, a lot of other people are suffering here, too.
In fact, some endure a lot worse fates than you,
So please, quit the whining.

* * * *

To tempt fate is to take on a very worthy opponent.

* * * *

In these thoughts are a vision of how it seems,
And how it might be if it is the human fate
To generate a different paradigm
In some distant future
For a brief time.
Not betting on it, of course.

* * * *

CXXVIII

Some are active, others passive.

Each follows an unwritten, unchosen nature
An intrinsic, unavoidable, undeniable, self-generated fate.

* * * *

A fate worse than death is one that does not die.

* * * *

Every step you take creates your fate.
There is no going back, there is no rewind button,
No matter how cautiously you tread.

* * * *

The winds of time
Will blow these words
To a well-deserved landfill.
Where that will be only fate knows.

* * * *

CXXX

Grappling with the baffling mystery of it all
Is the old push-the-rock-up-the-mountain schtick.
Completely foolish, meaningless, irrelevant, absurd, futile,
Yet seemingly as fated a drive as that for food and water and air.

* * * *

Is coming to grips with one's mortal fate ever easy?

* * * *

CXXXI

What a strange thing, fate.

* * * *

CXXXII

Humankind is powerless to avoid the fate which it every moment is creating.

* * * *

Positive or negative thinking,
Are they a choice or an inclination
Driven by the hand of an unseen fate?

* * * *

CXXXIV

Feel the whip of our creation lashing us toward a destiny favored by fewer and fewer.

* * * *

CXXXV

'Tis the destiny of the day.

* * * *

Another inexplicable fate.

* * * *

CXXXVIII

We are all drug along in the wake of our fates.

* * * *

Isn't fate strange?

* * * *

CXL

You must fulfill the fate you have aided in creating.

* * * *

Fate plays its cruel hand again.

* * * *

Does suicide cheat death, or was that the designated fate all along?

* * * *

CXLI

It really does not do much good to see all this.
You still have to play out this willy-nilly world's time-bound epic
In whatever way your destiny, your fate, your lot, calls,
Practicing detachment as often as possible.

* * * *

Reject all form, reject all non-form.
Move prior to all conception.

Your destiny can never be smothered
By the whimsical quicksand of consciousness.

* * * *

CXLII

Perhaps it is your destiny to sleep through eternity.

* * * *

CXLIII

Cannot argue fate.

* * * *

Who can do more than speculate
Why some are bestowed this eternal insight
While so many are born to seek out only manifest theatre.
What an enigma this weaving of heaven and earth.
These words are dedicated to those few
Who are fated to discrimination
Of the highest order.

* * * *

CXLIV

The mystery is indifference to fate.

* * * *

You really have no choice but to play out your dreamtime destiny.

* * * *

CXLV

A mirage whose destiny is unknown.

* * * *

CXLVI

Do not let pride be your misfortune.

* * * *

It was not your destiny to join into anything for more than short durations.

* * * *

The rare few discern a fate beyond measurement.

* * * *

Some are good, some are bad, some are ugly, but all fates find the same grave.

* * * *

CXLVII

'Twas not your fate.

* * * *

It may be your fate to be shuffled to the side; not all can be on the main stage at one time.

* * * *

CXLVIII

All are the scripted chance of fate.

* * * *

You are the script, the chance of fate, inspired by time.

* * * *

No destiny can be altered.

* * * *

When a door is locked, it is locked.
When a door is unlocked, it opens.
Sometimes a locked door unlocks.
Sometimes an unlocked door locks.
Destiny is really very straightforward.

* * * *

CXLIX

A pawn of fate.

* * * *

Detach from your fate.

* * * *

CLI

What better fate would you imagine?

* * * *

CLIV

Not your fate, thank god.

* * * *

A simple fate for the simple soul,
A complex fate for the complex soul,
And the rest everywhere between.

* * * *

CLV

Do not allow life's many options to stymie you.
There is just enough time for you to finish your brief fate.
And what you don't complete, what you don't experience, someone else will.
No one can more than sample a small morsel of the potential.
Be content that you had any role to play at all.

* * * *

No parent can ever provide a completely safe haven for any child.
Any given life experiences the bittersweetness of existence
Once a seed of this mystery is unleashed into fate.

* * * *

CLVI

To discern oneness within, what humbler fate could you ask?

* * * *

A strange fate.

* * * *

Humanity, can you hear your fate knocking?

* * * *

CLVII

Is there a more unhappy fate than to be cast away
On some desolate reef-bound shore?
Good god, yes,
You might be a FedEx executive.

* * * *

To be known as a philosopher, what kind of fate is that?

* * * *

CLX

Destiny plays its hand again.

* * * *

CLXI

Once you are born, whatever the form,
Whatever the time, whatever the space,
The tide of destiny is too strong to resist.

* * * *

You can spend your life resisting your fate,
Or surrender to it without concern or doubt.
All destinies converge in the dust of oblivion.

* * * *

Despite the havoc and confusion, still they selfishly breed,
Unconcerned with the bitter fates of generations to come.

* * * *

CLXII

For every mountain ascended, there is the journey back down.
Humanity's relatively brief timeline is statistically assured.
It is the destiny of any seed line, no matter the dream.

* * * *

CLXIII

The twists and turns of fate are many and unpredictable.

* * * *

CLXIV

The breath of mystery blows you to your fate.

* * * *

CLXVI

Driven by forces over which we have no control,
A painful destiny is slowly, but surely taking shape.

* * * *

Simply put, there are many things you can do and many more things that you cannot.
Nature and nurture, anatomy and character, capacity and limitation, shape any given life.
Call it fate, call karma, call it what you will, it is the seed principle that governs all life.

* * * *

CLXVII

Undiscerning sloth is the fate of those worshipping mammon without question.

* * * *

CLXVIII

To resist your fate only magnifies the suffering.

* * * *

We are all imprinted from birth by the limited mindset of one culture or another.
How can any awaken to a broader view without some twist of fate,
Which escorts them outside their original framework,
To a platform from which they can explore
In whatever way destiny allows.

* * * *

CLXX

You will do whatever life calls you to do; fate is a rather strange play of illusion.

* * * *

CLXXI

You continue hoping for some magnificent fate,
As if the glory will prove you are worthy
Of that which you already are.

* * * *

When will you take responsibility
For the outcomes of all your actions?
When will you take custody of your fate?

* * * *

CLXXII

Not an easy fate.

* * * *

CLXXIII

Let the cosmos decide the fate of our little window of space and time.

* * * *

CLXXV

You may as well live courageously.
What point is there to fearing your fate
When all ends find the same grave?

* * * *

Perfection of the personality is a non-issue.
Fusion within is not a matter of class,
Ethnicity, culture, creed, or politics.
Nor any patterning the fluttering
Of consciousness might undertake.
It is a journey playing out whatever cards,
Be they fair or not, that any given fate has dealt.

* * * *

CLXXVI

Humanity's fate is dark beyond the horizon.

* * * *

CLXXVII

Try not to torture yourself so for being
Forced to play out pretending
You are a human being.
It is really only
A temporary affliction.
The challenge is to make the best
Of whatever fate into which you have been cast.

* * * *

Destiny is a rainbow of possibilities brought to light.

* * * *

CLXXIX

So many longing to children into existence,
But with seemingly little awareness or concern
About the pain and suffering they are fated to endure
In the degraded, the spoiled world we leave them.

* * * *

Why jot down all these vain thoughts?
Because it is amusing to play out
The stream of consciousness in this fashion.
Because this is the outcome of this life's fleeting sojourn.
And because it seems that others need to be assured there is no other

Without saddling them down with more absurd delusions.
No denying that it is probably a useless effort,
But what fate is truly accomplished
Without at least a little irony?

* * * *

Pride must suffer the fate of any overdone balloon.

* * * *

CLXXX

Some are born to anonymity, others to limelight.
Destiny is an enigmatic mix of blessing and curse.

* * * *

CLXXXII

It is your destiny to see.

* * * *

CLXXXIV

Take your destiny where you find it.

* * * *

Each must find his way alone.
For some it might be through austerity,
For others excess, and for some an even keel.
There are no divine decrees, no systems, no principles,
But what is concocted of one's own fated will.

* * * *

CLXXXVI

Can there ever be any more inexplicable an existence
Than that offered to those whose mortal destiny it is
To be solitary eternal witness the grandest vision?

* * * *

The universal mind is that oneness
Beyond the deceptive veil of time and space,
That magical source from which all diversity originates,
But to which few are fated to consciously return.

* * * *

Looking ahead, it is called free will; looking back, fate.

* * * *

Free will falls into a very narrow sliver of fate.

* * * *

Those destined to see will see no matter the cost.
Fate is written by the inclination that sustains any given day-to-day.
You would not be reading this if the deepest longing to ascertain that which you truly are
Was not propelling you toward the most obvious, simple, profound reality.
Many are called, few are chosen, fewer still volunteer.

* * * *

Master of your fate? Tell it to the Reaper.

* * * *

CLXXXVII

One thing you cannot protect another from is their fate.

* * * *

CLXXXVIII

The birthing seed is the food, and food spins into destiny,
Until it sooner or later becomes fodder for another.
And on and on and on, life ever carries on.

* * * *

CLXXXIX

Destiny raises its ironic, paradoxical head again.

* * * *

CLICI

It was your mother's fate to raise a fool.

* * * *

You will do whatever it is your destiny to do.

* * * *

What else can anyone do but tack the winds of one's time
As skillfully and gracefully and innocently as destiny allows.

* * * *

CLICII

Somebody had to write it, and fate has chosen you.

* * * *

What an odd mystery that every drop has a destiny
That must eventually melt back into the abyss of totality,
Both remembered and forgotten for all eternity.

* * * *

Just another organism fated to endure a brief existence in the eternal puddle of time.

* * * *

Fate is an end born of choiceless choices.

* * * *

CLICIII

No thing can be yours for long.
Either it will wear out or get broken,
Be given away, sold, misplaced, or stolen,
Or you will one day meet the venerated Reaper,
And it will undergo its destiny without you.

* * * *

CLICIV

All fates hinge upon a genetic lottery, over which none have any say whatsoever.

* * * *

You operate within the bounds of your fate.

* * * *

CLICV

Fate is the sculpture of free will, and many currents well beyond any one's control.

* * * *

CLICVII

You cannot force your fate into what it is not destined to be.

* * * *

In whatever way fate allows, god or no, this mortal play, is truly an amazing mystery.

* * * *

The only bona fide choice is unconditional surrender
To that which you truly are, and the fate that it inspires.

* * * *

It is all about fulfilling your fate.

* * * *

That to which you react. demarks the fated road you travel.

* * * *

CLICVIII

Life's many cycles can move up or down with severe rability; fate is a strange bedfellow.

* * * *

Every moment sculpts your fate.

* * * *

Get born, breathe, learn, play the serendipity,
Occasionally toss in a dash of irony,
Or a smidgeon of paradox,
And, voila, destiny!

* * * *

An accident is often fate's way of taking an unpleasant turn.

* * * *

CLICIX

Locked within every seed is the potential for destiny.

* * * *

Dream inside the cave, or dream outside it,
To discern the dreamer is the commonality
Which relatively few are fated to explore.

* * * *

CC

All choicelessly play out a dreamtime fate spun out by the genetic wheel of fortune.
Your first breath will find a way to the last; all equally timeless in the dusty maelstrom.

* * * *

Why should you not enjoy your time in whatever way fate allows?
The challenge is to do it without infringing on others
Who share the same prerogative.

* * * *

CCI

Make the best of what fate offers, and perhaps you will be content.

* * * *

Free will is the delusion that you are choosing what to do with your fate.

* * * *

CCII

More words in a world with too many already.
The upshot of a mind whose purpose is unknown.

* * * *

All that really matters in this brief existence,
Is that you were chosen to be a witness to the veil of your sensory allotment.
Anatomy and character are, indeed, one's destiny.

* * * *

Looking ahead, it is free will; looking back, it is fate.

* * * *

CCIV

Do not assume all human beings will ever discern the ultimate reality.
As the chaff is not the kernel, true beingness may not be the destiny of all.

* * * *

CCVI

The first mistake was accepting that you were ever born.

From that first assumption, your destiny has been written.

* * * *

CCVII

Fate rolls on.

* * * *

You cannot save anyone from their fate.

* * * *

Every seed is sculpted
By the wind of time and space
Into one reverie, one fate or another.
All uniquely different, all essentially the same.

* * * *

CCVIII

Fate is meted out in so many ways.

* * * *

CCIX

All forms must play out their given destiny.

* * * *

The ultimate fate is the synergy of all journeys intertwined.

* * * *

CCXVII

To discern the mystery is the highest goal; to see past the mystery the final destiny.

* * * *

CCXVIII

Through the screen of yesterdays, we carve our destiny.

* * * *

CCXII

The sensual illusion is enticing for all, and thus every fate is played.

* * * *

CCXIV

Do you choose your fate, or it, you?

* * * *

Play your fate to the hilt.

* * * *

Is any fate deserved?

* * * *

No, that is not your fate, either.

* * * *

CCXVI

Armageddon is the choice born of ignorance; it need not be a fate.

* * * *

Any god is merely a larger mask of quantum clay,
That will someday succumb to the same fate as you.

* * * *

CCXVIII

What to do this now? What directionless direction does fate draw you?

* * * *

Mystics cloak in many faces and guises, and articulate ironies and paradoxes
Recognized only by those also fated to succumb to the mystery of mysteries.

* * * *

CCXIX

To the same fate, so many ways.

* * * *

CCXX

If wisdom were golden sovereign, wise fools would perchance be kings and lords.
But alas for time's destiny, fools are kings, and false folly the riptides of all they bring.

* * * *

CCXXI

If you are truly attempting to grasp the intention of these words,
You are one of the relatively few at any given time chosen,
Fated to reside as witness to eternity's frolic in time.

* * * *

All that is prior colors this moment.
It is not possible to know the unknown.
Reflections of the known project the unknown,
That fated to never be more than irony and paradox.

* * * *

CCXXII

The insecure thirst for power and fame and fortune.
Why do we so often allow rapacious specters
To control so much of human destiny?

* * * *

CCXXIII

Biographies are opportunities to step into another's universe.
It is learning to see the genetic and geographic patterns
Which wove a life into its role, its fated contribution.

* * * *

CCXXIV

Listen closely, listen well, for if you are fortunate,
Call it god's will, call it courage, call it luck, call it fate,
You will find your calling, and you will live an engaged life.

* * * *

CCXXV

Overstating the obvious seems to be this scribe's fate.

* * * *

Existence is an opportunity to awaken if it is your fate
In this brief time to partake the destiny of all destinies.

* * * *

CCXXVI

Free will is illusion; you really have no choice but to accept the caprice of fate.

* * * *

CCXXVII

In the maze of any given life,
Some doors are open, some doors are locked.
Some open now, some later, some that once opened no longer do.
And most doors have never opened, and never will.
Though many may well merit a better shake,
The truth of it is that life is not fair,
And not all fates are just.

* * * *

CCXXX

Any given seed materializes
From the oneness into a harsh garden
That molds it into a destiny it might well not ask for
If it had been given a choice to begin with.

* * * *

Consciousness is not in any way sacrosanct.
It is the basis of a dreamy relativity of continuity,
But ever endures the fate of crashing waves.

* * * *

CCXXXI

All you own are figments of your imagination.
A dream to which you must eventually die.
Do it ahead of time if you are so-fated,
Or claw furiously as you are drug
Into its inevitable conclusion.

* * * *

The brewings of consciousness are a quantum mystery
Whose origin and fate are only rarely deeply discerned.

* * * *

Your fate awaits your arrival.

* * * *

CCXXXII

Pain often casts one into an unsought fate.

* * * *

CCXXXIII

How randomly, arbitrarily, serendipitous any given fate.

* * * *

CCXXXIV

Each of us is bound by the random circumstances
Of geography, culture, linguistics, socio-economics, anatomy,
And whatever other capacities and limitations contribute to the given context.
We all swim serendipitously in the relative currents of dreamtime.
It is the commonality of each and every manifest form
To participate in one destiny or another.

* * * *

CCXXXV

A different body, a different character, a different fate,
Would only inspire a different illusion, a different delusion.

* * * *

Within every seed
There is an architectural plan.
A birth, a role, a play, a destiny, a death.
Every seed spawns a witnessing.
Without it, you are nothing.

* * * *

CCXXXVI

If it is your fate to find your vocation, it will be your life's tithing to the dream.

* * * *

Character is fate.
Anatomy is destiny.
Each and every moment,
The unfolding mystery plays on.

* * * *

CCXXXVII

You cannot hide from your fate.
One space or another, one time or another.
Something is going to happen.

* * * *

CCXLI

How harrowing what life has in store for any of us.
Were you to know your fate in advance,
It might well be overwhelming.

* * * *

CCXLIII

Who is the master, who is the slave?
In the end, all fates find the same grave.

* * * *

CCXLIV

Hurry, White Rabbit, hurry!
There is little or no time remaining
To ponder destiny, or to even procrastinate.
You're late! You're late!
For a very important date!
No time to say hello, or goodbye!
You're late, you're late, you're very, very late!"

* * * *

CCXLV

We all seem to be channels to one destiny or another.

* * * *

CCXLVIII

Decisions made in the younger years become foundations,
Sometimes fortunes, sometimes blights, for the older ones.

* * * *

From a seed, existence takes root.
For an allotted, limited period of time,
Fate plays out in the field of imagination.

* * * *

CCXLIX

In any given Ponzi scheme, those who come later are fated to lose.

* * * *

As challenging as it may be to fathom, no one is entitled to anything but what fate allows.

* * * *

CCL

Anyone who plays middleman in the so-called spiritual quest,
Anyone who sets up a tollbooth between anyone and the absolute,
Is a charlatan whose fate should at some point include tar and feathers.

* * * *

CCLII

The demon born of dualistic notion is you and me
As we have ignorantly chosen to abide in ill-fated, mortal craving,
For the something more that has never been.

* * * *

CCLIII

There is no changing destiny into something it already is.

* * * *

CCLIV

Pray tell, what is so terrible about being the upshot of random selection?

* * * *

Every passion whittles a destiny, death rules us all, the world wags on.

* * * *

CCLVI

Whether or not one sees any given day as filled with countless choices,
For all practical purposes in this illusionary dreamtime, it is.
Looking forward, free will; looking back, fate.

* * * *

Humanity's notion of manifesting its destiny out into the cosmos
Would be a tragedy other worlds will hopefully not have to suffer.

* * * *

CCLVII

Genetic lottery being what it is, the seed you call you
Had to take root somewhere in this mysterious field of dreams.
Look around, and for good or ill, this is your brief window of opportunity
To do whatever time and circumstance and inclination allow.
If it is your destiny to wake up, then you will wake up.

If not, enjoy the snooze as your nature calls.

* * * *

Four-letter words better left unspoken include:
Love, hate, hope, good, just, luck, fair, cute, nice,
Pink, work, time, herd, fate, true, gawd ...
And, no doubt, so many more.

* * * *

CCLVIII

Every life form has a fate, a destiny, a karma, a kismet,
The rhyme and reason of which can only be determined
In the timeless hollow, the unfathomable recess within.

* * * *

Every seed has its fate.

* * * *

CCLIX

All life forms are born to die, all seeds are patterns fated to rise and eventually fall.
It is the life dynamic, the awareness, the eternal witness, the Self, the Soul,
That is born again and again, recast into new sensory permutations,
Synergistically creating and preserving and destroying
Within the mirage of manifest consciousness.

* * * *

There are no simple solutions to the unfolding dilemma.
The human species is in a boiling cauldron of its own free will.
Even worldwide enlightenment would not bring to an end the destiny
That we, and all preceding us, have imprudently set into motion.
The roller coaster ride is really only just getting underway.
And who can more than speculate how it will end.

* * * *

CCLX

Humanity's time-bound expedition
Is laden with far more conceit than insight,
A reality weighing heavily in its unfolding destiny.

* * * *

What is the point, what good does it really do,

To credit or debit your lot in this life on the world about you?
Fate is as fate does; every mortal creation has one.
Ultimately, all begin, all end, the same.
Only the stories change.

* * * *

CCLXI

Either you see it, or you do not.
Mystical insight and wisdom
Cannot be forced by one upon another.
Belief in this or that is for those whose destiny it is
To blindly wander the mystery of totality lost in dualistic notion.

* * * *

CCLXII

The currents of space-time mold every seed into its destiny.

* * * *

What can this world offer the rare few who are prior to all worldly riches?
Gold is sand, and sand, gold, for those whose fate it is to see the unseen.

* * * *

Each moment another slice of the unfolding fate.

* * * *

How is it we allow so many maniacal, greedy, corrupt personas to control our destiny?

* * * *

CCLXIII

How is it that you reached this point in time?
Curious, this mystery we so casually call fate.

* * * *

Every fate a preoccupation.

* * * *

No other beast
Can match the venomous barbarity
Humanity daily wrecks upon all creatures great to small.
To be treated humanely can, indeed,

Be a dubious fate.

* * * *

CCLXIV

One can attempt to discount one's future,
But it is not the nature of destiny
To be easily dismissed.

* * * *

Another layer of dust reminding you of your fate.

* * * *

CCLXV

Embracing totality is the only fate worth accepting.

* * * *

Can be a joyous fate if you can manage staying there.

* * * *

If we cannot even predict tomorrow's weather accurately,
How can we suppose to even begin to forecast
The fate of this garden world in general,
And humankind in particular.

* * * *

CCLXVI

Any given life is a fated die role that carries all down many paths,
Through innumerable adventures, all to the same mortal conclusion.

* * * *

We all drift into our fates.

* * * *

All fates are but mirages born of imagination.

* * * *

CCLXVII

Is being born good fortune, or harsh calamity?
Which way is the wind blowing this fine day?

* * * *

Destiny is the price life pays for existence.

* * * *

Ironic how rarely health and capability are appreciated until fate steals them away.

* * * *

CCLXVIII

The blueprint of the seed,
Coupled with the gusty winds of time,
Have blown you like a leaf to this moment in dreamtime.
And on and on you drift, this way and that.
Fate is not rocket science.

* * * *

So, this is where fate is taking you.

* * * *

The Fates are indifferent to yours.

* * * *

CCLXIX

Fate, such as it is, and is not.

* * * *

A gift for those whose destiny it is to wander a given path
To that indivisible quantum ground where all paths end.

* * * *

Mother Nature does not give a flutter of a tinker's damn about you.
Your name, your race, your gender, your health, your opinions, your status,
Or any other part of your self-absorbed, imaginary quantum theater. means nothing.
It is entirely up to you, and you alone, to abide for as long as your fate allows.

* * * *

CCLXX

In the grand manifest theater,
Consequences ripple from every act.
Name it however you will – fate, karma, kismet,

Fortune, effect, end, result, end result, accident, outcome,
Upshot, calling, destiny, lot, corollary, doom, vocation, chance, providence,
Luck, design, future, conclusion, happenstance ... or any other –
Through any given strand of cause and effect,
The thread of eternity weaves.

* * * *

Someone in some far distant future
Just dug up the time-baked remnant of the skull
Upon which the flesh and blood of your façade once clung,
And is satirically mimicking Shakespeare's Hamlet,
All the while looking about for a choice wall
Upon which to further seal its fate.

* * * *

From elemental to galactic, and everything between,
You, whose ironic, paradoxical fate it is to see,
Are sovereign witnesses to all creation.

* * * *

Fate is about what price you are willing to pay.

* * * *

CCLXXI

What is fate, what is destiny, but playing out the given role
To which one is most inclined in the given space and time.

* * * *

All these thoughts are meant for those whose fate it is to awaken.
All others are for now bit players, rudderless in the waves of mind.

* * * *

You will know your brief mortal existence is in the throws of decline
When cars stop slowing down, and nary a honk blares its lustful approbation.
And if that never happened when you were younger and sweeter,
Well, them fates can be merciless in many more ways
Than we would ever deign to imagine.

* * * *

Through what happenchance of destiny did a copy or link of these onerous writings,

This chronicle, this soliloquy of across-the-board ponderings.
Show up in your reverie of time?
Oh, happy fate, perhaps, perhaps not.

* * * *

CCLXXII

Whether you see it or not,
I know I am you, and you are me,
And we, no matter the fate, are one together.

* * * *

Partake what it pleases you to partake in whatever way your fate allows.

* * * *

CCLXXIII

Stick to nature's most basic offering: good air, good water, good food,
And your existence will be as vigorous as your genetic fate allows.

* * * *

CCLXXIV

What horrors will so many endure in the time so shortly coming.
Would that it had not been cast upon the unborn,
Whose fate it will be to suffer
The recalibration of the human paradigm.
Assuming, of course, any mammalian life manages to survive.

* * * *

Pass it on, on the off chance that you are more than very likely
Not the only one whose fate, whose providence it is to awaken.

* * * *

The pittering-pattering of every mind,
Every moment further muddies up the world,
Inexorably caught up in the destiny of consciousness.

* * * *

CCLXXVI

It is not necessarily the good who die young, perhaps it is the lucky.
Scarcely any consequences for all the who-knows-what-where-when tomfoolery
They managed to get away with before getting plucked off the stage.

Think about all the things they will not have to bother about,
All the sickness, injury, aging, and whatever.
Talk about painless good fortune.

* * * *

CCXXVI

All fates have the same origin.
All play out to the same conclusion.
Only the dreams between seem different.

* * * *

To meet your fate with a full breath inspires the greatest courage.

* * * *

CCXXVIII

Is it a genesis misspent if there is no awakening for those who seem, as yet, ill-fated
To slumber away through the unknowable remainder of this eternal quantum theater?
Or would even one eye of awareness, one eye for all of eternity, be more than enough?

* * * *

Four-letter words better left unspoken include:
Love, hate, hope, true, good, just, luck,
Wish, fate, must, pink, cute ...

* * * *

CCXXXI

When you meet any given fork in the road,
The direction that calls is the next leg of the path to your fate.
When you reach the fork of ultimate reckoning,
Will you choose mortality?

* * * *

CCXXXIII

Cannot stop fate ... it is already written.
You just need to reach the last page
In a book that has no conclusion.

* * * *

Even the greatest pharaohs, the greatest kings, were nothing more than pawns of fate.

* * * *

CCXXXIV

It is only fate that did not make you a king or queen.

* * * *

Perhaps all this has happened – this kaleidoscoping magical mystery tour –
In order that you might be fated to discover the witness within.
The eye of creation is yours, one in the same.

* * * *

CCXXXV

The United States of America:
Yet another player in the win-lose game
That is humankind's fate to again and again endure.

* * * *

CCXXXVI

Fate wears a sensory harness.

* * * *

All those little hoards of gold and piles of material possessions
Are not going to do any ill-fated descendants much good
If there is no world in which to spend or use them.

* * * *

Every given life form must play out its mortal fate in the theater of time.

* * * *

CCXC

We are all such meager fates in but one crashing wave of all creation.

* * * *

A new seed, a new container, a new dream.
Same awareness, same momentary you.
Another existence to briefly play out
In whatever way the fates allow.
You are all things great and small,
And all things great and small are you.

* * * *

CCXCI

There are worse fates.

* * * *

Oh, unknowable fate.

* * * *

Although you may acquire plenty of smarts while acquiring it,
Any given piece of institutionalized paper is really much more about
Allowing you access through doors along the maze of your fate.

* * * *

CCXCIV

“They would not listen, they’re not listening still, perhaps they never will.”
And so they must pay a price, suffer a destiny, that did not have to be.

* * * *

The mystery of awareness is the immortal witness, indifferent to all fates.

* * * *

CCXCV

You will learn everything you need to know to live this life, to complete this fate ... maybe.

* * * *

Free will transformed into destiny in every given moment’s passing.

* * * *

CCXCVI

The corporeal body is a means to witness the mortal dimension.
An abundant feast for the minds of a chosen few,
Whose destiny it is to awaken.
Esoteric, indeed.

* * * *

It is as plain as day for those whose destiny it is to go all the way.

* * * *

CCXCVII

Those who believe Armageddon their fate, seem to be doing a first-rate job creating it.

* * * *

Are you master of your fate, or merely a wandering fool?

* * * *

CCXCVIII

Change your fate, your destiny, however you will,
That is only the direction it was headed, anyway.

* * * *

You cannot force what will not happen.
Nor can you elude what will.
Fate will out.

* * * *

CCXCIX

Fate is as fate does.

* * * *

History is written upon the untold tales of many a harsh fate.

FIN