

The Stillness Before Time

Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner



MICHAEL J. HOLSHOUSER

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

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

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

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

Best wishes.

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

**You are perfect.
Pure gold.
Brighter than the sun.**

– Dean Evans –

Preface

Greetings,

After an until-mid-30's adulthood of wandering about in every way imaginable, words started coming to mind in 1989 while teaching fifth-sixth grade at Oak Grove School in Ojai, California. The Stillness Before Time is a random selection of aphorisms that a book agent in Chico during the early-90's writing period suggested I put together from the first 300-ish pages that had been transcribed at that point in time. It could have been a whole different book. See Standouts from the Return to Wonder to get a sense of the different choices that might have been made, or added, if it had been made a longer work.

It is also blogged for online viewing:

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

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

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

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

The "Breadcrumbs" titles, published annually since 2015, all include the core chapters: Leftovers, Soundbites, Breadcrumbs. In the Breadcrumbs chapters, I unleash thoughts of a more personal nature than in the other two. All just to show I was ensconced in a living, breathing, relativity mundane, oftentimes

foolish, mortal mind-body. An actor playing the hand that was dealt; same as everyone else, vain as everyone else. No need to sculpt me into more than I was. No need for myths, nor legends, nor fables, nor miracles, nor cult followings, nor any other fictions, any other absurdities, over to which the human mind, and all its imaginary history, has so often given itself. The Breadcrumbs chapters prove me again and again to be yet another Shakespearian player, as full of the limited and arbitrary as anyone else born into this dream of space and time. So please be sure not to shape me, or these many random thoughts, into some dogmatic absurdity. Use them as a launchpad, not an orbit.

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

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

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

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

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

All the best,

M

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

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

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

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

The Stillness Before Time Website

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Main Blogs

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Breadcrumbs: The Original Blog

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

Other Blogs by Michael

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Selections From the First Sixteen Chapters
<https://standoutsfromthereturntowonderedit.blogspot.com/>

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Along with Got God? And Ten Reflections
<https://ofthehumanjourney.blogspot.com/>

To Be, or Not to Be
<https://thetobeornottobeseries.blogspot.com/>

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

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The Scribe's Guide to the Great Whatthe#\$*!?
<https://59momentstothewayitisandisnot.blogspot.com/>

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

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

Titles, Titles & More Titles
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Sketches of the Once Upon a Time
A Few Epiphanies and Other Hallmark Moments
<https://sketchesoftheonceuponatime.blogspot.com/>

The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim
<https://corollariesyajekim.blogspot.com/>

Possible Last Words & Epitaphs
<https://possiblelastwordsandepitaphs.blogspot.com/>

The Standard Ripostes
The Scribe's Go-to Responses to This and That in the Day-To-Day
<https://thestandardripostes.blogspot.com/>

My (Not Quite) Haiku
<https://mynotquitehaiku.blogspot.com/>

Once Upon a Christmas
<https://onceuponchristmas.blogspot.com/>

Ditties for the Bluegrass Pyre
<https://dittiesforthebluegrasspyre.blogspot.com/>

A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming
Some Written Works That May Help Get the Young up to Speed
<https://listofbooksfortheupandcoming.blogspot.com/>

Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)
<https://spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.blogspot.com/>

I

Before all experience,
Before all thought of identity,
Before all mirrors and photographs,
Before all vanity, gratification, and delusion,
Before all vexations of desire and fear,
Before all suffering of existence,
Who-what-when-where-why,
How are You, really?

* * * *

Move prior to concept, prior to known.
Return to the untainted awareness of the child,
The uncarved freedom of the empty tablet,
Prior to all said, all done, all imagined.

* * * *

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

* * * *

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

* * * *

There is really no death,
Only the departure of the senses,
And the dissolution of imagined identity.

* * * *

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

II

Everything that appears real,
Everything that you have been told,
Everything that you have come to believe,
Is all the fabrication of your mind.

* * * *

There is no path.
There is no dogma.
There is only the absolute,
And a universe of appearances,
Disguising the way home.

* * * *

There has ever been now, is ever now, will ever be now.
Never has there been any time other than right here now.

* * * *

When you are satiated of identity,
Weary of meaningless experiences,
When you would even die to be free,
You will do whatever needs to be done,
To spin no more on the web of suffering.

* * * *

When struggle and resistance end,
When surrender to what is, is complete,
You will be the awareness that is home to all.

* * * *

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

* * * *

It is natural to want to know who you are,
But the thoughts of self, the attachment to persona,
The encasements of identity: labels, definitions, assumptions,
Are not the instruments that will truly get you home.
All concoctions, all speculations of mind,
Are only obstacles to the journey.

* * * *

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

III

The manifest dance is timeless, ever-present, undying.
A dreamtime without beginning, without end;
Without cause or purpose or meaning;
Neither definable nor explicable,
For it is beyond all rational appearances.
It can never be known, comprehended, or understood,
Except in the most roundabout, circumspect, oblique, effortless ways.
And in that which is intuited, there is no gain or reward.
One simply wanders spontaneously free,
Whatever the course.

* * * *

Taste the tasteless,
Hear the soundless,
Touch the untouchable,
Smell that which has no scent,
And you will see the unseen.

* * * *

All identity is make-believe, a collusion of human scale.

* * * *

Manifestation is simply mask after mask,
Disguising an artful, mischievous trickster,
Playing an eternal game of hide-and-seek.

* * * *

The many teachers of suffering:
Illness, injury, aging, dying, and death,
Would you, could you, awaken without them?

* * * *

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

* * * *

There can be no serenity, no contentment, in the restlessness of desire,
The dread of fear, the isolation of anger, or the arrogance of pride.

* * * *

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

IV

This fleeting mystery is a whimsical kaleidoscope.
An eternal, immortal weaving; without beginning, without end.
A boundless, indivisible ocean of light and shadow, in which all forms dance.
All one can observe of the mystery, are the countless manifestations;
Never the dispassionate, unwavering witness beneath.

* * * *

All mythos, all sense of time, all sense of history,
Is nothing more than the make-believe of adults.

* * * *

What you call real,
Is merely a reflection,
A temporal, dreamy illusion,
An enticing, ever-changing lightshow.
Your true nature is none of it.

* * * *

So many words you cleave your Self into.

* * * *

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

* * * *

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

* * * *

To maintain any one path most true,
To insist on duality in any way, any shape, any form,
Is to completely misconstrue the relativity of this manifest dreamtime.

* * * *

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

V

Put aside all hope, all gain and loss, all dreams of glory;
All yearning, hate, anger, fear, envy, and jealousy;
All dread of sickness, injury, aging, and dying.
Your mind-body is but a temporal dream.
You are eternal, sovereign, absolute.

* * * *

There appear to be many paths
In the return to isness.
All are equal in the quest home,
Because, like Dorothy's adventure in Oz,
No one ever really left Kansas.

* * * *

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

* * * *

You are a window to the eternal,
But must part the tattered curtains,
And wipe away the smudge, to see it.

* * * *

There are the ignorant who think they know,
And the ignorant who know they do not.

* * * *

Whether you were born by chance,
Or chose your parents through karmic design;
Whether you exist just once, or well past a gazillion times,
With a succession of identities playing out through the abyss of eternity;
From the indivisible perspective, it is all very much the same.

* * * *

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

* * * *

You may sit quietly and breathe with your eyes wide open or tightly shut;
Chant spiritual songs or hum mantras until your mind is three shades of blue;
Practice every sort of rigid, dogmatic, death-defying diet or prescribed exercise;
Submit to ancient beliefs, rituals, and traditions; wear costumes and deify symbols;
Practice any discipline, worship any form your mind or another's might conjure;
Real meditation is the serene awareness of every moment's birth and death,
And no system is required to discern and freely perceive your birthright.

VI

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

* * * *

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

* * * *

Surrender your identity;
Your concepts and cravings;
Your fears, irritations, and doubts;
Your knowledge, opinions, and routines;
Your ambitions to achieve one glory or another.
Surrender everything you believe you are,
That you have never really been.

* * * *

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

* * * *

If you smugly believe yourself more spiritually significant,
Than a cockroach, grain of sand, or pile of dung,
Then you are missing the real point.
There is profound wonder in realizing you are one,
With worms, snails, lice, flies, toads, salamanders, and snakes.

* * * *

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

VII

How will you be psychologically free?
There is no method.
It happens when you will abide
No further infringement from any portion of the illusion.
When you are at last sovereign enough to journey alone, whatever the course.

* * * *

No word touches it, no language explains it, no mythos contains it.
You are it, you have always been it, you will ever be it.
Polish that mirror until all you see is you.

* * * *

Too big to see how small it is,
Too small to see how big it is,
You are, nonetheless, all of it.

* * * *

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

* * * *

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

* * * *

To discover your true Self, you must explore your self.
To see the many others, yet see no other, that is the razor's edge,
Upon which all seers timelessly traverse this reverie both real and unreal.

* * * *

To identify with thoughts is akin to the ocean believing it is the sound of waves crashing.

* * * *

Symbols, mantras, postures, diets, attire, practices of any sort,
Are nothing more than tantalizing, captivating distractions,
Until you sharpen your attentiveness and discernment,
And fully grasp it can only be puzzled out very much alone.

* * * *

Any given mythos is essentially an unspoken agreement, a set of rules,
With language, rituals, and symbols to impose its continuity in the unborn.
When you see the collusion of tradition for what it really is, all become relative.

VIII

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

* * * *

Your vain existence is as secure as that,
Of a clay figurine created by a child playing,
And then delightfully shattered with a laugh of glee.

* * * *

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

* * * *

You will never be free,
Until you can say no to your parents,
Your ancestors, your mythos, and finally, yourself.

* * * *

Take a lump of clay, divide it in two.
Sculpt them into any forms that come to mind.
Call one evil, the other good; one black, the other white,
Or any other fabrications of the dualistic mind.
Both ever remain the same clayness.

* * * *

Study anything and everything,
But neither follow nor imitate anyone.
What is the point of listening to any teachers,
If you do not intend to someday grasp the teaching?

* * * *

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

* * * *

Geographic isolation has spawned a broad diversity of mythoi,
Each grappling to protect ancient beliefs, customs, and histories.
Humanity's clinging to what was, is becoming less and less viable,
As the stew of a shrinking world continues to simmer in dreamtime.

IX

What is enlightenment but simply awakening,
To the innate awareness, to the timeless birthright.
Liberation is abiding freely in that eternal state of mind.

* * * *

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

* * * *

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

* * * *

Though no one really knows anything, more than a few spout what the masses follow.

* * * *

Desire for gratification of the senses and thought,
Despite its ceaseless tangle of suffering,
Is what binds you in time.

* * * *

Duality is the outcome of ignorance,
And ignorance of the false nature of opposites,
Is the vain prison that imagination ceaselessly fortifies.

* * * *

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 mischief of imagination.

* * * *

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

* * * *

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

* * * *

Groups of any spiritual persuasion are social crockpots,
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.

X

Since the dawn of consciousness, mind has grappled,
With the mystery of birth and death, creation and destruction.
It has used every device to explain that which is beyond all description.
Only in complete surrender to the awareness prior to thought's linear conceptions,
Can there be any insight into the choicelessness of the eternal indivisibility.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

There are teachers at every turn.
Be watchful, they take every form.

* * * *

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

* * * *

The frailties of all life forms are within you.
Your empathy and compassion are warranted.

* * * *

No one can tell you what truth really is.
You must discern and explore it your Self.
You must also grasp that it is very much akin,
To fine dry sand in loose fingers on a windy day.

* * * *

The eternal quest for understanding,
For emancipation from that which is known,
Is a convoluted, subtle, puzzling, chess-like maze,
A timeless game of strategic and tactical finesse,
Which only the most earnest discern and mate.

* * * *

Words, concepts, similes, metaphors, analogies, parables,
Are teaching tools, study guides, not ends in themselves.

* * * *

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

XI

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

* * * *

If ... you only had better health;
A stronger, younger, more vibrant body;
A highly capable, nimble mind;
Wealth, power, status;
Lived in a different place or time ...
If ...
Would make no difference.
All destinies are only variations
Of the same unfolding dream.

* * * *

Before light and dark,
Right and wrong,
Birth and death,
Yes and no,
Good and evil,
Have and have not,
Compassion and cruelty,
Knowledge and ignorance,
Order and confusion,
Sage and fool,
Before duality in any form,
You are.

* * * *

Your real parent is a now long before time.
All creation is immaculately conceived.

* * * *

If there is any attachment,
Any desire to be bound,
One cannot discover the ultimate.
Even the yearning for liberation must fade away.
You simply become what you are, what you have all along been.

* * * *

Claims of religious persecution are absurd, fictional paths to glory.
Countless peoples of every persuasion have suffered throughout history.
Many, perhaps most, have claimed themselves chosen by the divine.
The arrogance of collusion has always been an enticing delusion.

XII

Thought is a reflection of an illusory past,
And the projector of imagined futures.
Awareness is the tentative, ungraspable now.
It is boundless, eternal, neither identity nor persona.
It is the mysterious presence, the ether of insight and intuition.
From its unknowable nature, thought springs into being,
But without it, none of this would ever have been.
It is the parent of manifest consciousness,
The source prior to all perception.

* * * *

Dread of times to come,
Of the unknown yet to manifest,
Overwhelms those who have not realized,
That it is their own imagination that cripples them.

* * * *

The meek will inherit the earth,
Because it requires great courage,
To discern and surrender to heaven.

* * * *

The sovereign witness you truly are,
Is neither the body nor the mind.
It is untouched by action or result.
It is unburdened by pain or pleasure.
It is unconcerned with right and wrong.
No matter the circumstances in which it abides,
It timelessly remains undefined, unfettered, unattached.

* * * *

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

* * * *

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

* * * *

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

XIII

The divisive world we have created,
Is an outcome of separation from the totality.
Dualistic solutions to all the ignorance, all the confusion,
Posture upon the same conflict-ridden paradigm, and resolve nothing.

* * * *

A gourmet craves taste, a musician sound,
A perfumer scent, a masseuse touch,
A painter color, a scholar thought.
How enticing the play of senses and mind,
That to become a connoisseur in one field or another,
So many dedicate their brief mortal existence, in endless pursuit.

* * * *

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

* * * *

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

* * * *

All paths to glory attain the same grave.

* * * *

Science dissects and names with great finesse,
But of what use is a universe cleaved to pieces?

* * * *

All existence in the unfolding present,
Has survived since its ineffable, immaculate genesis.
The unyielding capacity for absolute domination of this manifest realm,
Will be the human paradigm's inescapable unraveling,
If it does not instead collectively, unanimously,
Realize a unified sense of guardianship.

* * * *

We are all spontaneously making up the rules as we go.
Playing so everyone wins, is not a game easily learned.

* * * *

Right living is not a statement of morality.
It is a moment-to-moment feeling of intuitive rightness.
It is playing out this illusive, dreamy theater, as effortlessly as possible.

XIV

To know you are one with totality,
Seems so simple, so freeing, so real,
Yet so many cling to this belief or that,
As if their clutching complexity and strife,
Is so much more important, than simply being.

* * * *

To own your birthright, you become less and less entwined,
In the distracting narrowness, the limitations of self-absorption.
You intuitively fathom expansiveness, in every moment possible.
It is the end of paradigms emerging from any mythology.
It is the ever-timeless realization of the eternal.

* * * *

There is nothing to become, nothing to prove.
There is no description precise enough,
To express what you truly are.

* * * *

You do not exist in the way you think.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

Essential nature is not divisible.
There is only totality, oneness, isness.
Nothing greater, nothing lesser, nothing but.
We are all in reality an indivisible, indelible enigma,
Quantumly dancing center stage, in every form imaginable.

* * * *

All the observations and experiments of the sciences,
Explore, measure, and explain only illusion.
The ultimate teaching offered by the rational mind,
Is insight into the confines of dualistic sensory perception.
Scientists must at some point bridge the chasm as irrational mystics,
If they truly seek to comprehend this theater, for what it in reality is, and is not.

* * * *

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

XV

The ancients passed on their wisdom,
Through parables and analogies.
A neat trick, but one the literal-minded,
Have historically taken to one extreme after another.
All the philosophical inventions contrived since the beginning of time,
Have never, even for a moment, captured the ultimate nature.

* * * *

Imagine a nearly imperceptible bubble of foam,
Riding the flowing crest of a small wave,
On just one of an infinity of shores,
Of an ocean beyond measure.
That all but insignificant fragment of illusory reflection,
Is analogous to the entire human reverie,
Across this spinning orb.

* * * *

Words can only feebly point out the one and only way.
The discernment of their meaning is prior to all concept.

* * * *

The tenuous belief that science will be the cure-all
For humanity's plight, is self-deception on a grand scale.
Any conceptual tool is only as beneficial as those who wield it.

* * * *

More than enough, probably far too much,
Has been said of the spiritual quest through the ages.
The delusional, divisive conceit, surrounding and permeating it;
The dogmas, temples, money-changers, and Pharisees;
Are burdens that each must over time shrug off.
To discern and wander freely in Eden.

* * * *

The irony of spending so much of your existence,
Trying to solve the questions:
Who, what, where, when, why, and how;
Is finally realizing they have no answer words can grasp.

* * * *

No other creature on this planet,
Has taken naming to the extreme we have.
They do not separate themselves from their experiencing.
They have never believed themselves or others to be what words imply.
They do not slaughter or maim one another for the myriad reasons we endlessly concoct.
They endure passively, helplessly, for us to realize some insight, some rationality,
And perhaps one day return to the garden, in which they have ever resided.

XVI

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

* * * *

Suffering is the outcome of attachment to the fictitious mind-body identity.
All endeavors to ease the sorrow of consciousness are ineffectual,
Without the realization of your true indestructibility.

* * * *

Some answers are too large for any questions.

* * * *

Clothing, jewelry, make-up, hair,
Cloak the stark reality of the human body;
The assorted orifices of its physical functioning.
What is beautiful, romantic, and essential to the deluded,
Takes on another appearance when the veil
Of genetic gratification unravels.

* * * *

The tombs in which you cloak your vanity cannot lock out the dust of eternity.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

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

* * * *

You spend your life believing the part you play,
But contrary to what the senses fool you into knowing,
All your thoughts, concepts, theories, images, hopes, and dreams;
All the kaleidoscoping reflections of those many mirrors passing before you;
All the vain paths to glory you or anyone else have ever concocted;
Have no ultimate reality or lasting importance, whatsoever.

XVII

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

* * * *

Sculpt a vast number of clay figurines,
All different shapes, sizes, and colors;
Give them every sort of name and belief;
They are ever of the original lump of clayness.

* * * *

Serenity is the outcome of integration, not an ideal.
Ideals are merely abstractions of unresolved duality,
Ceaselessly playing hide-and-seek with themselves.

* * * *

Neither hard nor soft, sharp nor dull,
Wise nor foolish, humble nor vain,
Sweet nor bitter, long nor short,
Strong nor weak, large nor small,
Good nor bad, intelligent nor stupid,
Truth nor lie, far nor close,
Stirring nor still, love nor hate,
Light nor dark, perfect nor imperfect,
Nor duality ad infinitum,
You are.

* * * *

Supreme being, or supreme beingness?

* * * *

Your dream is an outcome
Of the mirrors streaming alongside you.
Transcending all manifest reflections is the challenge.

* * * *

Psychologists, with their countless labels and gimmicks,
Have yet to discern what the mind really is, and is not.

* * * *

Any existence is like a sailboat journeying to and fro upon the surface,
Creating ripple after ripple, ever merging with other ripples,
All coming and going, while the ocean remains.

XVIII

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

* * * *

As large or small as you may take it, what you must really discern, is your own eye.

* * * *

Do not allow suffering deprive you,
Of a golden heart, joyful eyes,
A genuine smile, dancing feet,
Real friends, and a child's laughter.

* * * *

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

* * * *

True science would not disregard common sense.

* * * *

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

* * * *

There appears to be a path, but in reality there has never been a footprint to make one.

* * * *

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

* * * *

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

XIX

The countless sanctuaries and monuments humanity has built,
Pointlessly clutch at that which can never be possessed.
All temples, all forms, are as dust to the eternal.
Mankind's organizing the spiritual quest,
Arises from the mind's ceaselessly futile attempts,
To fabricate an order upon that which can never be tamed.

* * * *

Do more, be more, get more.
More, more, more, more, more.
Will you ever have enough?
Will you ever be content,
With what you have,
Or what you are?

* * * *

You are free to do whatever you will,
Live whatever dream you are inclined to entertain,
Play out the endless fantasies your restless narcissism creates,
Until its shallow nature sustains you no longer.

* * * *

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

* * * *

No matter how many words you use, it is not they that bind all this together.

* * * *

Who would not like to meet and hear what was actually said by the many seers,
Before the propaganda mills of time usurped them to their own ends?
Histories have always been written and edited and rewritten,
By those who won, survived, or passed by later.

* * * *

Do you not grow weary of tyrannical forces?
The tyranny of politicians, priests, and educators;
Of the bureaucrats, and self-interests in every realm;
Of the endless disparity between the haves and have-nots;
Of this concept or that, of the corruption, however it may flow?
Seek out your real community, your tribe, your brothers and sisters.
Your family is out there: intelligent, simple, honest, virtuous, just like you.

* * * *

Just as you have looked down at an arm and hand, or a leg and foot,
So has every other human who has ever been, or will ever be.
Your uniqueness is pervaded by an eternal commonality.

XX

The differences inherent in cultures,
Across this garden world, are to be transcended.
Emphasizing ancient traditions is increasingly dysfunctional,
And only inhibits the potential for the unmanifest
To blossom into manifest sovereignty.

* * * *

The introspective mind must often face
Countless painful obstacles of its own creation,
Until the clarity of the sharpened blade of discrimination,
No longer cuts with such uncoordinated ferocity,
That which never existed in the first place.

* * * *

Neither birth nor death can touch what is real.

* * * *

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

* * * *

When communities are no longer functional,
New adaptations form to iron the disarrayed fabric.
Human civilization is navigating through a teetering zenith.
A cooperative paradigm, one crossing all boundaries,
Awaits shaping into common consciousness,
The potential toward which all humanity
May or may not choose to journey.
The epic is already complete,
And though none present,
Will ever see its end,
Your presence contributes,
To the future this time is shaping.

* * * *

We paint ourselves into corners with our habits and traditions.
Nothing need stay the same, nothing can stay the same,
But the rigidity of the linear mind is ever an obstacle.
Endless attempts to achieve security make us even more insecure,
In ways threatening our kind, and every other life form on this whirling sphere.

XXI

What so many believe religion to be,
Is acted out as self-serving, improbable propaganda.
It is a secondhand act of memory, of recollection and regurgitation.
Real revelation comes spontaneously from union within.

* * * *

To believe godness is only that which is out of the ordinary,
Is an error humankind succumbs to again and again.
All manifest forms persevere in the same field.
A particle of dust is as much an unfathomable mystery,
As the most astounding, most wondrous miracle, ever performed.
There is absolutely nothing ordinary about anything in this quantum matrix.

* * * *

Many operate thinking that something outside themselves,
Will foster everlasting happiness and contentment;
Only because they are not paying attention,
To that from which all things flow.

* * * *

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

* * * *

You have the advantage of history,
To thoroughly witness the relentless absurdity,
Wrought by the delusional rigidity of organized religions.
When will you wrest your sovereignty, from those who would tame it?

* * * *

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

* * * *

Your yearning, your dread, your fear, your agony;
Your delusional hope, that some other can or will rescue you;
Has been brandished against you, since the seeds of consciousness took root.
It is time to clearly discern, that you know as much as anyone;
That it is you alone, who must choose to be free.

XXII

Jesus is rumored to have declared, "I Am The Way."
Was he imparting, as many believe, that he alone was "The Way"?
Or was he perhaps suggesting that we are all "The Way"?
Perhaps he intended, "I Am ... is ... The Way."
Or simply a definitive, "I Am, The Way."
Or perhaps, if paradox was at play,
As is often the case with seers,
Any and all of the above.

* * * *

One man's law too easily becomes another's dogma.

* * * *

You are a part of the whole, not a part distinct from the whole.

* * * *

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

* * * *

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

* * * *

To state simply, "I am the Way."
Means you no longer identify with the theater,
Or the partial role your body once fooled you into believing.

* * * *

When languages are made an end in themselves,
We forget their original purpose was communication.
No word, no concept, has ever, or will ever, capture reality.

* * * *

That which is prior to all, cannot be bound by any limitation.

* * * *

Disentangle your consciousness, your imagination,
From all the compromises organized religions,
Have made with ignorance, superstition, and myriad other delusions,
Born of the illusory craving to know, fostered by the sensory dream of the mind-body in time.

* * * *

In any theater production, there are many parts, many characters.
The road to tranquility, is spending less time envying roles others play,
And at some point, choosing contentment, with the hand you have been dealt.

XXIII

The immutable requires neither approval nor sanction.
The manifest resolve of the skittish herd is the synergy of delusion.
Reality ever stands alone, aloof, free, without concern.
There is no other between you and the source.

* * * *

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

* * * *

Those lost to materialism seem to think,
That through endlessly gorging their senses,
With sights, tastes, smells, sounds, and sensations,
That they are somehow living more fully.

* * * *

Avoid moral dilemmas and quagmires.
Good and evil are the stillborn of duality.

* * * *

Humanity as a whole has not yet fully comprehended,
That its continued existence in manifest time,
Is entirely based on its many choices.
The clayness of the essential nature is not concerned,
What forms it manifests, what dramas it plays, or for how long it lasts.

* * * *

The mind's endless quest for some formula,
Or capsulated conclusion, is doomed to failure.
The river captured by a snapshot is never the river.
The pacifier is no replacement for the mother's breast.
Concepts, equations, or symbols, can never touch reality.

* * * *

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

* * * *

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

XXIV

Since the origin of manifest consciousness, humans
Have been raised and patterned in accordance
With the varied responses to geography.
They have played, fought, and mated;
Sought power, fame, and fortune;
Worshipped innumerable idols;
Lived nobly, desperately, 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 untold 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 numbing,
Can be a catalyst to the discernment of the unconditional.

* * * *

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

* * * *

To discern serenity, you may well know the calamity and horror of battle.
To discern integrity, you may, indeed, be a great liar, cheat, or thief.
To discern compassion, you may have caused much suffering.
To discern discipline, you may have partaken thoroughly every excess.
To discern the unicity of all creation, you may have withstood great divisiveness.
Sometimes those most fragmented without, are nearest to realizing the eternal nature within.

XXV

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

* * * *

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

* * * *

Do more, do more, do more,
So many always crying out do more.
Yet if more would live simply, with less effort,
If more would moderate their desire-filled, fearful frenzy,
This theater might manifest something more compatible with reality.

* * * *

The quantum nature can be challenging to ascertain,
Because you only perceive the shortcomings of this dualistic world.
Quest within, discern the essence, unify with the totality,
Realize the perfection you have ever been.

* * * *

You believe because you move your hand from side to side,
That time has passed, and movement in space transpired.
But what has created that reality, but the timeless stillness,
That ephemeral essence, in which you as witness, truly reside.

* * * *

The essential purpose of the senses in this manifest play, is survival.
Over time, every human being evolves a personal mythos,
Based on the mind's interpretation of the data.
Who is the director of the theater, but the witness in all.

* * * *

We rationalize the spending of untold wealth,
On weapons of destruction, temples of vain worship,
And countless other entertainments and self-absorbed exploits,
When peoples across the world strive merely for a few handfuls of food.
The suffering and horror of our synergistic expression,
Is a dark legacy for those yet to come.

XXVI

Followers have all too often made the desolate mistake,
Of paying homage or worshiping whoever said it,
Rather than understanding what was said.

* * * *

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 effortlessly within.
Eternity is ever the timeless nowness.

* * * *

The challenge set before you, is to wipe the full slate clean,
And not write anything new, and only just less deceiving.

* * * *

The world economy is dominated
By vested interests, feudal corporate entities,
Whose spiritless, pagan idol, is the ledger and its bottom line.
The web they spin, is of destruction, pain, remorse,
To which no mortal form is immune.

* * * *

Premature judgment of anyone's past,
May deny the wisdom they have gleaned,
Or be in the unfolding process of discerning.
Allow others the sovereignty you yourself assert.

* * * *

No matter how insane the unfolding human drama appears,
Remember always, that it is being played out in perfection.

* * * *

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

* * * *

The mind incessantly projects purpose and meaning,
Fabricating one bother after another in the resulting process.
Perhaps the only real purpose or meaning, is to discover there is none,
That living is enough, and no problem, no puzzle, no quandary, need be made of it.

XXVII

Since civilization's beginning, the haves have controlled the have-nots to their own ends.
Conquests and revolutions are merely exchanges of power, of might makes right.
The masses whine and grumble, but ever accept the crumbs and carnivals.

* * * *

How many more concepts there are,
With the passage of time.
In every realm there are vocabularies,
Which did not even begin to exist in prior times.
The impetuous, harsh sharpness of our unsheathed scholarship,
Is an undiscerning blade of creation and destruction,
We are not even remotely close to mastering.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

Any given mythos may try to explain the journey,
But none can convey any, to where all paths end.

* * * *

Real suffering is that of a physical nature,
Of sickness, injury, aging, and dying,
And those only while they last.
All psychological pain is self-inflicted.

* * * *

Humankind has but a fleeting window of opportunity,
To observe beyond its destructive attachments,
To geography, culture, politics, economics, and religion,
To perceive, to distinguish, the broadest picture, the greatest whole.

* * * *

All humankind seems to have really gleaned from history's passing,
Are endless techniques and might, to ravage the garden,
And its little folk, with savage efficiency.

* * * *

Coming to grips with the realization of your ultimate nature,
With the fact that you are the clayness of which everything is founded,
That you are one with the power, the light, and the wonder,
Is a journey, limited only by your inner vision.

XXVIII

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

* * * *

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

* * * *

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

* * * *

Walk a few paces from where you stand.
Look back to where you think you started.
Time and space are the illusion of perception.
You will never wander through any instant again.

* * * *

Prior to consciousness, prior to the sensory theater,
The stillness before time, is what you every moment are.

* * * *

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

* * * *

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

* * * *

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

XXIX

Death is never easy for any to face.
It is the ending of identity, personality.
All that is known, possessed, and held dear.
It is the end of attachment to this material plane.
From whence you came, you return again.

* * * *

All across the world, at this very moment,
Diversity suffers and perishes in countless ways,
Because of the juggernauting inertia of consciousness,
Fashioned by geographic notions Gaia will not forever sustain.

* * * *

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

* * * *

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

* * * *

So many human beings spend a great deal of time rejecting their animal nature,
Yet evidence of our primordial instincts, permeate everything we have ever created.

* * * *

Even the most healthy and beautiful men and women,
Strain, sweat, smell, and ache when they toil;
Blow their nostrils clean each morning;
Eat, urinate, defecate, and pass gas,
More than a few times each day.
Women bleed and swell with milk,
For continuation of their genetic line.
Men ejaculate their seed for the same end.
What exactly does one love in another's body?
A vat of bones, organs, muscles, mucous, and blood;
Sheltered by nerve-ridden, porous, lifeless skin and hair;
Shaped in ways, we instinctively find appealing or revolting.
All of which, to the dread of many, must unavoidably be recycled,
Perhaps even as a brief, but mouthwatering feast, for one beast or another.

* * * *

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

XXX

Contrast your entire existence with geological time,
In which the longest stretch, might at best equal,
A mere fraction of a moderate layer of sediment.
We are each witness to a fleeting span of manifest time.
The relentless narcissism, fantasies of glory, and empire-seeking,
Are, from an across-the-board perspective, such trivial, meaningless pursuits.
The arrogant pinnacles humankind devises across this garden world,
Are barren and desolate, when viewed for what they are.

* * * *

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

* * * *

You came into this world with no allegiance to anything.
What happened?

* * * *

The part is never apart from the whole.

* * * *

Your life's destiny is founded,
Upon everything you desire, right now.
If you would choose to disregard life's opportunity,
To merge into the awareness of the changeless,
What, exactly, is it that you crave so much,
That you would choose vain mortality,
Over that which was never born?

* * * *

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

* * * *

Look back closely at your life.
See how every moment was necessary,
For you to arrive at this apparent point in time.
That it has all been completely, perfectly, effortlessly,
Choreographed, costumed, un-rehearsed, for the original run.
An epic, time-bound play, produced and directed by You, starring You.
Be on good terms with your spontaneous, manifesting reverie.
Enjoy the myriad players appearing in your production.
All are teachers and students in your eternal journey.

Of the Human Journey

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

These reflections are written to help promote a larger vision of where we as a species are heading. One that attempts to look beyond humankind'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 garden, and the many life forms it has spawned.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

No one gets out of this manifest existence alive, and every human being ever born comes to grips with that truth, in whatever way capacity and limitation allow. Some create hells for themselves, while others discern within, a quality, a virtue, a harmony, that has been given countless names across the world. Most of us, of course, wander the purgatory between. In the journey of life, each of us swims an ebb and flow, in which the individual spirit-mind-body plays out incalculable variations of the passions 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 dreamtime to which all are witness. It is a vision so spaceless, so timeless, so infinite, so infinitesimal, as to be intrinsic to all creation, from You, to the farthest reaches and beyond.

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. More than very unlikely, in fact. Though the transformation of consciousness is an instantaneous matter, we as a species are caught in the juggernauting wave of collective ignorance, avarice, hedonism, narcissism, and countless attachments to choices made in times long before our brief little window, our tiny little scratch of the timeline. 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 disingenuous leaders, promoting the idolatry of personality, supporting destructive institutions, fabricating egocentric class structures, producing adverse technologies, consuming insatiably in every conceivable way, destroying irreplaceable diversity, and killing one another because our ancestors could not get along any better than we, for all the same myopic, space-bound, time-bound, evolutionary, imaginary reasons.

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

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

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

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

Each and every one of us is the same indivisible eternal oneness, the same absolute, immeasurable, timeless genesis, playing out the relativity of dreamtime. We are all connected, inseparable, no matter the exterior, no matter the capacity, no matter the frame of reference. No religious middlemen, no stairways to heaven, are necessary. This indelible insight is absolutely free to all discerning enough, to see clearly, that the ethereal thing called truth, is the momentary, intangible, undeniable birthright of the timeless awareness, imbued equally within all quantum creations. This intuitive vision of the clarity beyond form, and the exploration of right living it brings about, is the only true revolution.

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

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

Best wishes,

M

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 dreamtime 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 through 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 sky to all the cloudy 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 indivisible 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 discerned 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, of isness, of here-ness, of now-ness, 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 the quantum matrix 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.

Ten Reflections

I

Become a conscious, sovereign human being, awakened to the intuitive wisdom of Self, witness to the reality and unreality of this timeless-spaceless 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. The axis of evil is nepotism and cronyism and favoritism. Take delight virtue, in integrity and simplicity.

VI

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

VII

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

VIII

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

IX

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

X

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

Books

| | |
|---|-----------------------|
| The Song of God: Bhagavad Gita | Prabhavananda |
| How to Know God | Christopher Isherwood |
| The Yoga Aphorisms of Patanjali | |
| Shankara's Crest Jewel of Discrimination | |
| Bhagavad Gita | Barbara Stoler Miller |
| Bhagavad Gita | Juan Mascaro |
| The Heart of Awareness | Thomas Byrom |
| A Translation of the Ashtavakra Gita | |
| Ashtavakra Gita | John Richards |
| Duet of One | Ramesh Balsekar |
| The Ashtavakra Gita Dialogue | |
| Bitten by the Black Snake | Manuel Schoch |
| The Ancient Wisdom of Ashtavakra | |
| The Perennial Way | Bart Marshall |
| Avadhuta Gita of Dattatreya | Ashokananda |
| Dattatreya's Song of the Avadhut | S. Abhayananda |
| History of Mysticism | |
| Mysticism and Science | |
| Astavakra Samhita | Nityaswarupananda |
| Back to the Truth: 5000 Years of Advaita | Dennis Waite |
| Vasistha's Yoga | Venkatesananda |
| I Am That | Maurice Frydman |
| Talks with Nisargadatta | |
| Prior to Consciousness: Talks with Nisargadatta | Jean Dunn |
| Seeds of Consciousness: The Wisdom of Nisargadatta | |
| Consciousness and the Absolute: The Final Talks of Nisargadatta | |
| Autobiography of a Yogi | Paramahansa Yogananda |
| Sermon on the Mount According to Vedanta | Prabhavananda |
| The Eternal Companion | |
| The Upanishads: Breath of the Eternal | Prabhavananda |
| | Frederick Manchester |

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| Pointers from Nisargadatta Maharaj | Ramesh Balsekar |
| Spiritual Teachings of Ramana Maharishi | Ramana |
| Tao Te Ching (Lao Tsu) Chuang Tsu, Inner Chapters | Gia-Fu Feng Jane English |
| Tao Te Ching (Lao Tsu) The Classic Book of Integrity and the Way | Victor Mair |
| Think on These Things The First and Last Freedom Freedom from the Known The Ending of Time Commentaries on Living Series The Awakening of Intelligence Education and the Significance of Life | Jiddu Krishnamurti |
| Where Are You Going? The Perfect Relationship Secret of the Siddhas Does Death Really Exist? Mystery of the Mind Reflections of the Self Play of Consciousness | Muktananda |
| The Way of Siddhartha A Path of Righteousness: Dhammapada Mulamadhyamakakarika of Nagarjuna: The Philosophy of the Middle Way | David Kalupahana |
| Taking the Path of Zen | Robert Aitken |
| Three Pillars of Zen Zen, Dawn in the West | Phillip Kapleau |
| Zen Mind, Beginner's Mind | Shunryu Suzuki |
| Zen Flesh, Zen Bones | Paul Reps |
| The Enlightened Mind The Book of Job | Stephen Mitchell |
| The Gospel According to Zen | Robert Sohl Audrey Carr |
| The Sound of One Hand 281 Zen Koans with Answers | Yoel Hoffmann |
| Zen Koans | Gyomay Kubose |

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| Zen to Go Portable Curmudgeon Return of the Portable Curmudgeon | Jon Winokur |
| Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance Lila | Robert Pirsig |
| Zen in the Art of Archery | Eugene Herrigel |
| Jewels within the Heart Verses of the Buddha's Teachings | Laurence Mills |
| The Religions of Man | Huston Smith |
| Siddhartha Steppenwolf Demian Narcissus and Goldmund The Glass Bead Game The Journey to the East | Hermann Hesse |
| Tao of Physics | Fritjof Capra |
| The Dancing Wu Li Masters | Gary Zukav |
| Lazy Man's Guide to Enlightenment | Thaddeus Golas |
| The Way of the Peaceful Warrior | Dan Millman |
| Razor's Edge | Somerset Maugham |
| The Mystique of Enlightenment The Unrational Ideas of a Man Called U.G. | Rabbi Alvin Bobroff |
| The Courage to Stand Alone Conversations with U.G. Krishnamurti | Jeffrey Masson |
| Emmanual Emmanual II, A Choice for Love | Pat Rodegast Judith Stanton |
| Life After Life The Light Beyond | Raymond Moody |
| Mystics and Zen Masters The Seven Storey Mountain Thoughts In Solitude No Man Is an Island The Wisdom of the Desert Ways of the Christian Mystics | Thomas Merton |

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| A Thomas Merton Reader | Thomas McDonnell |
| The Education of Littletree | Forest Carter |
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| Mahamudra: The Moonlight Quintessence of Mind and Meditation | Takpo Tashi Namgyal Lobsang Lhalungpa |
| The Thunder: Perfect Mind | |
| Ken's Guide to the Bible | Ken Smith |
| The Source | James Michner |
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| Course in Miracles | Inner Peace Foundation |
| The Miracle of Mindfulness A Manual on Meditation Being Peace A Guide to Walking Meditation The Sun My Heart Peace Is Every Step The Path of Mindfulness in Everyday Life | Thick Nhat Hanh |
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| Zaire | |
| Henriade | |
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| Gormenghast | |
| Titus Alone | |
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| 365 Tao | |
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| Entering the Tao | Master Hua Ni |
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| No Way for the Spiritually "Advanced" | Ram Tzu |

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| The Art of Worldly Wisdom (Baltasar Gracian) | Martin Fischer |
| The Art of Worldly Wisdom (Baltasar Gracian) | Christopher Maurer |
| The Sage's Tao Te Ching | William Martin |
| Ancient Advice for the Second Half of Life | |

Movies

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Powaqatsi: Life in Transformation
Naqoyqatsi: Life as War
Baraka
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A Crude Awakening: The Oil Crash
An Inconvenient Truth
Before the Rain
Black Robe
Born Rich
Contact
Conversations with God
Deliver Us from Evil
Dogma
Dune
Faith and Reason
Fast, Cheap, and Out of Control
Gandhi
Garbage Warrior
Gormenghast
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Little Buddha
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Joseph Campbell and The Power of Myth

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Powder
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Rumi, Poet of the Heart
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Paths of Glory
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The 11th Hour
The Believer
The Celestine Prophecy
The Corporation
The Creation of the Universe
Physics: The Elegant Universe
and Beyond
The Gods Must Be Crazy
The Journey of Man
The Last Temptation of Christ
The Matrix
The Mission
The One Percent
The Peaceful Warrior
The Secret
The Thin Red Line
The U.S. vs. John Lennon
The Waking Life
What the #\$*! Do We Know!?
Ralph Nader: An Unreasonable Man