

THE SEARCH

So thus began a decade long quest for visions, different states of consciousness, other perceptual filters, deeper, higher, more satisfying, more profound realities of existence than this conditional, relative, impermanent, limited prison that the human beings on this planet consider to be reality.

As a young man located as a point in space time in that geographic nowhere desert of nothingness there were no teachers nor gurus to guide me on my search, nor did I have any desire to relocate to find a teacher, a guru, a school, an existing tradition to teach me and train me, partially from the lack of means engendered by debt slavery and jobs whose pay was appropriate for one with no skills of use to the blind ceaseless work machine whose black iron bars span and envelop this planet where the improbably rare miracle gift of being born into a life on this beautiful sphere and its still untapped infinite potentialities of states of being living and existence has been minutely narrowed, microscopically reduced to being little more than mere beasts whose sole reality is to toil and consume in a never-ending cycle until one wears out, grows old, ceases respiration, decays and breaks apart reabsorbed reformed into the nature of which it never was apart, more partially from the potentially naive belief, if you could call it a belief, as it was not anything that was conceptually formulated but more of an intuition, a largely unconscious but all-encompassing desire to discover and explore and find an explanation for the states of mind and reality that had shattered exploded like a nuclear weapon my conceptions of self mind and reality, that I could discover and explore new these states on my own with no teacher nor guru or school or tradition to guide me on my search.

It was almost as if during The Initiation a template, a design, a pattern, a hologram of a new mind was imprinted, initiating a process where my previous consciousness would be overtaken, replaced by the new until its existence was dominant, complete, total.

3.1

Holding it up, its shape looked like the sinister hood and head of a cobra – but it was harmless at the start – the usual fear and anxiety created by the False Self against losing control, weakening, opening up was unfounded as usual - a projection, a screen, an illusion – instead it was just shimmering trances, visions reversing my too serious expectations, visions that were comic and absurd, the playful irrelevant dance and celebration of the universe – but when I went to my room to lay down and go deeper – and the music transformed suddenly into the unrecognizable shapes of deep space sounds – I was confronted, cornered, unable to escape the booming voice of what could have been God, could have been myself, commanding me to examine aspects of life and my self that I did not want to.

3.2

In order to understand these experiences that had no referent in the culture of my time other than insanity, substance abuse and delusion, experiences whose insight, ecstasy, freedom and perplexingly novel nature further undermined and eroded my trust and credulousness in the authorities who categorized it so, I turned to the universe of word and image that the human organism had generated thus far, an evolving universe running parallel alongside our own, abstracted yet intertwined, both evolving both.

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It was fortuitous that this body, this form, this artificial construct of imaginary barriers that defined what is considered to be the I had moved to a city whose university population was as close to the total population of the scrappy northern paper mill and penitentiary town from where I entered this world, where I could search through the aisles of the university library, my searches ending with me sitting in some isolated quiet and abandoned area in some austere hard chair and graffiti scribbled cubicle, pouring over stacks of thick books which judging from their moldy and dusty state were of no use or interest to anyone but myself - a city with bookstores other than the molecule deep mass consumption paperback mall chains, bookstores that stacked words and concepts and stories outside of the norm of that tiny temporary construct that is currently thought to be human reality, bookstores whose owners quizzically but dutifully ordered whatever unheard of and curious slab of ideas that I desperately needed at that moment, pouring over piles of unsorted books in the back rooms of creaky used book stores where hopefully the mad ranting and hollering of the proprietor had ended by the time I emerged from that from that cave of unwanted and forgotten words with some rare and obscure jewel, where he would grudgingly sell it to me grumbling where the hell did I find that one?

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The living mind of words, ideas and concepts is a network of associations which mirrors the mind as it is understood and experienced by nearly all human beings that have been born and lived and died on this planet except for the few who were able to evolve beyond that commonly accepted mind – the False Mind – and transcend it, cast it aside, developing, rediscovering a True Mind whose powers and capabilities are so radically different and powerful that our societies are built and based around those beings scattered across the plains of history. It would start with coming across some apparently random book, coincidental, but in retrospect fateful, destined, predetermined, much like the circumstances that brought you to this book, these words, me, and through that gateway discover other books and ideas, always going deeper into that associational, relational, referential, near infinite matrix.

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What was I looking for?

In those stacks of tomes that surrounded me as I lay in whatever shelter space I had flowed into at that time, continually transforming evolving shapes of smoke and incense throughout the air of

the room, music the shape of trance and meditative states, reading by the light of lunacy radiating through the windows, its mad light transforming those stacks of paper and ink into a silhouette of the towers and buildings of some ancient city that once existed in matter and form, now only in the topology of myth, in those lonely library floors and aisles deserted by a world hypnotized by the black magic spell of flickering image and screen, in those used book stores I would be unable to pass without entering to just take a quick look, to try and see, causing whomever I was walking with to ask in exasperation,

What was I looking for?

The awe-inspiring and puzzling experiences that were so far from the norms of what is commonly considered to be reality and states of mind and being that made a mockery of the rules that held it together, gateways to new realms of impossibility had broken me out of the trance state that I had been living under my life previous and sparked a burning need to find some answer, some words that would fill and seal the gap that was blown open in the structure of my self, wandering amongst its ruins trying to find some concepts that could return its structural integrity again.

3.3

While it started out as a search for some explanation for my peculiar experiences, the initial texts I discovered and consumed were just gateways, doors, portals of associations to new lands different from the global reality of numbered people where the highest in life was to toil ceaselessly and consume endlessly, chanting the mantras of Mammon continually, true desires not to be lived but gazed upon at perpetually, that there were interesting creative and dynamic ways to live that were worthy of the impossibly rare experience and awareness that had been given to us, that I had awoken up to.

With the appetite of one who is pregnant I ravenously consumed the lives of mystics, occultists, artists, esotericists, and philosophers, people often considered eccentric mad and dangerous, who were sometimes vilified persecuted and killed, but more often than not just ignored and dismissed as the reality they experienced and expressed had little utility to the dust clouded minds of the societies they had found themselves born into, stories of strange substances consumed and even stranger visions, schools where another type of knowledge was taught, of Godlike states of being whose awareness and capabilities were so extraordinary as to make our current state of development look apelike in comparison.

When one is brought by grace, destiny or accident outside of ones self and into the eternal and objective world that is the True Reality, the ways in which we structure our lives and our societies are seen as they really are - relative and arbitrary - not the eternal unchanging absolutes that we have self-hypnotized ourselves to believe them to be, yet again forgetting who the true authors and creators of these so-called objective and external realities are. This revelation also created an interest in studying different ways to structure this thing we call life, different ways to organize this thing we call society, different ways to interact among our own species as well as the other forms we share this reality with, societies that not only sustain but flower us, that allow the development of our True Selves, not to blindly follow the laws of an arbitrary structure, those outcomes of biology and history, but something consciously created with our true purpose and destiny in mind.

3.4

Old men sitting by themselves drinking mugs of pension bought draft beer – staring forward but attention turned inward their immobile exteriors giving no clue to the dark storm rumblings of death and regret, the desire for living oblivion within – a loud table deep in the darkness of intoxication yelling arguing and accusing like only a family can – women come in off the street pulling bills out from underneath their shirts, exchange nods silent and hands under the table with hooded skeletal gangsters – lottery machines ring and echo from a room off to the side, money fed and buttons pushed by organisms that have been de-evolved to a single raw naked need – and I sit at the bar with all the other men singular alone and atomized – the tax collectors with insides gnawed raw with acidic guilt – the mediocre salesmen still wearing the same suits they wore at the peak of their career decades ago – the just released prisoners drinking their first beer out, their whole lives now reduced to the contents of a clear plastic bag of ripped clothes and spent toiletries -

S asked me out for drinks – she said it was because I was always laughing - which was true – although I do not think she had any idea really why I was -

So I waited for her until the shift was over - drinking beer I could not afford to drink when the dead with faces ravaged and rotted by products not intended for human consumption shambled up and asked me for a dollar - I told them I did not have it without resorting to lies -

Tips were naturally always good for S so she bought the beer – as I drove to her house with every stolen glance I could not believe my luck -

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Our bodies now in each others orbits, pulled together by forces now stronger, we kissed -

The movie we put on was just a mere formality – soon our forms were entwined like two strands of DNA – together cast back to the primordial source of biological life -

But thanks to the indifferent and inhuman laws that govern and structure that level of reality, what was the paradise of One could not remain that way and had to return back to the hell of division from which it came.

Discovered in our shameful nakedness by her mother I was driven out into the streets of child soldier gangs garbed in the traces of dreams unattainable – of hungry ghosts waving at passing by cars ignored – screams from inside spray painted boarded homes supposed to be abandoned -

A moving target for the sport of hell I rushed to my car and fumbling keys I somehow unlocked it.

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Half way home, I was stopped at a red light that seemed to last forever.

When it suddenly flowed out, poured out, gushed out.

A gorgeous golden flow of love and ecstasy, indescribable.

For some reason.

For a few eternal moments.

My heart opened.

Flowered.

Some kind of unearthly love divine.

The light turned green so I could return home.

3.5

During this period I attended university - an English major as my main aspiration then was to be a writer – my studies punctuated by periods of work at jobs corresponding to the lack of skills which had any utility to the planetary work machine – but as others attended university to get a degree and practical knowledge like rational and normal people do, to move themselves forward along the birth work procreate consume death cycle, I followed my irrational and upside down intuition, followed the light of that interior star, and used university as a means to create a space for work and growth, doing just enough work to get by, and often times not even that, using the time to put myself through my own school, studying the works and histories of the arts and philosophy, science and religion, literature and politics, not only grounding myself in the canonical works of those traditions but also delving into the works, ideas, concepts of the forgotten, the strange, the taboo, the ignored, the dismissed, the insane, works and ideas that pushed the limits of my conceptual mind far outside of what is accepted as the only true reality singular and absolute, a continual expansion into the infinity of worlds beyond this one.

While my childhood was one of voracious reading, in my rebellious adolescence, the time I was farthest from my True Nature and Self, and thus the period that was the darkest, I read close to nothing at all. Once my intellectual curiosity was triggered by the profound states of mind and being that I had experienced in my late teens it was like I was tried to consume the entirety of human knowledge, partly out of simple fascination with those worlds of symbol concept theory and image, partly for reasons unknown to my conscious mind, actions motivated by some inner process developing within me, an inner process that is autonomously intelligent and wise beyond human conception, which has its own curious and oftentimes illogical and irrational methods of action, the reasons for those actions only understandable at a later date, often years later, and partly out of the hope that I might somehow come across some words, some idea, some concept that could somehow produce a moment of gnosis, of illumination, of liberation similar to the peak states of consciousness I had experienced previous.

3.6

It bothered me, troubled me, I never could understand how a change in the brain could alter external reality. Not in the sense of simple distortions of the visual field brought on by injury or intoxication, but the elaborate and wondrous external realities I had experienced in visionary states of consciousness. How such a tiny alteration in the mind could move one into a completely different reality, how the external objective reality that I knew and considered to be the only one could be replaced by another with its own logic and laws and consistency.

No matter how much I placed this problem of the miraculous malleability of the apparently solid external objective reality in front of my mind's eye and ruminated on it, meditated on it, the solution would never yield, the darkness of unknowing would never become illumed by the light of knowledge.

That gap, that irresolution, was always there in some form faint or burning, no matter what state I was in.

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Surrounded by books, surrounded by music, lying on the couch, the blissful space of aloneness as opposed to the misery of loneliness, the mundanity of old couches and chairs and bookshelves of concrete block and board transformed into an astral laboratory of the mind on that night where outside those walls the spell of winter had frozen the world into a meditative silence.

There is reading and there is reading.

Like there is seeing and there is seeing.

And though I must have read that sentence in that cracked and stained and falling apart book so many times it was now a cliché to me.

For the first time I really read it.

Understanding.

Not merely conceptually.

Understanding that solved the previously unsolvable.

An understanding that was truly seen.

That external objective reality.

Why it could change and alter so.

Because it was a reconstruction.

In the mind.

I finally understood that.

Everything was literally in the mind.

It was all.

Consciousness.

Jolted up with the thunderbolt shock of realization standing I looked out the black winter window mirror of night.

Though I did not know what they were at the time, my hands went into spontaneous mudras.

And a Hindu deity looked back at me.

3.7

The moment my child hands were able to hold a writing instrument of some kind I was drawing lines that became shapes that depicted some internal or external reality.

Spontaneous, unselfconscious, coming purely from within, the precocious nature of that natural creativity eventually was noticed and detected by the entity that organizes and filters all human awareness and life on this planet. On that I that was being built up, formed, shaped within and without me, was gradually inscribed that this form was artistic, an artist.

I was viewed as someone special to be watched and nurtured, but to the disappointment and dismay of my family and the structure that filters and organizes awareness into this reductive pattern we call reality that currently enshadows this beautiful planet that has been grown into life by our glorious star sun, I cared little then about using these supposed talents to master and ascend the absurd primate laboratory test system we currently call learning and achievement, even then only engaging with and doing well at what interested me and neglecting what didn't, despite the consequences of a lack of approval and acceptance from that reductive pattern and its believers and followers, for even then I was following some intuition, a child guided by some inner star lighting the way through this cave world of shadows.

Of course in my adolescence, where the sight of that inner star dimmed to the point of near nothingness, the wellspring of creativity became even less than a trickle, wandering among, chasing after shadows, being one.

3.8

Where do these lines these shapes these images come from – hand moving with no plan no strategy automatically this private seance disguised as art production externalizing my inner states and realities filterless - seeing them how they really are with no frame or preconception - those mirrors of ink and paint and paper allowing me to see my anxiety my fear my terror – my visions my dreams my ecstasies -

3.9

Parallel to the current of reading and study my artistic creativity also reemerged forcefully - the two emergent forces intertwined like two participants in some inner cosmic dance, reacting mysteriously beautifully to the others latest movements, feeding off each other, growing off each other, the interplay becoming ever more intricate, novel, complex.

When one is taken outside of the False Mind Self Reality, the purity and power of that state, the cleansing, working over, reformatting of life energy diminishing destroying structures and complexes unleashes tremendous creative energy demanding release and expression. It is almost if one becomes a mirror on some microcosmic level of the source of all creation, the True Reality and reflects the infinitely vast, complex and beautiful thing we call reality, the universe, life.

As my tastes quickly moved to the experimental and avant garde in my consumption of art, artists and artistic movements in all mediums and time periods so did I move to similar spheres of exploration in the art I began to create again, reborn, refreshed, like I was a child again, drawing the lines and shapes I saw in my mind again.

3.10

During my research into the new states of consciousness and awareness I had experienced, I came across artists – writers mostly – who not only used the word to break through to new realities, new worlds, but whose lives seemed to be the real work of art, art not just confined to the insides of a book or the borders of a canvas, but whose lives were dedicated to reality and boundary pushing creativity where each moment of day to day life was cosmic and exotic, not just cosmic and exotic when the artist sat down to create then returned to the birth education family consume death cycle that is perceived as the only way to live by this self-entranced self-hypnotized world.

Though at the time I decided to take on the social role and construct and try to become what is known to be an artist, to eventually create cultural products good enough to sell in this society which is currently just an omnipresent and omnipotent market, hoping to make enough money to give me the freedom and space to live how I wanted to without being forced to pretend to be someone I was not, of having to suppress and hide my real being in order to fit in the primate hierarchy of whatever commercial organization I had to enter to guarantee my basic animal survival, through being located in a remote cultural desert in the time just before the planet nature generated and covered itself with a web of instant global communications, the odds were stacked against me.

In addition to the sheer joy of creation, that spontaneous generation of something from nothing, the birthing of beautiful and mysterious objects of form, underneath the conscious desire to create in order to become a working professional artist, the mysterious forces that were working and growing within me, that intelligent and conscious force dormant in us all, our true evolutionary destiny was using the art I created for its own purpose, largely unaware to my conscious surface mind and awareness.

While I thought I was engaging in the daily production of artistic objects, in retrospect the artistic processes that I engaged in – often times periods of all consuming obsession much to the detriment to my financial scholastic and work aspects of my existence, the after shocks of those periods still exerting an effect on my life to this day – were tools and techniques to delve deeper into, to reveal, alight aspects of mind, self and reality that were previously hidden to that nascent and rudimentary state of awareness I had, machines to increase self-awareness and consciousness, techniques and methods of artistic creation taken from the stacks of books I was continually obsessing pouring over and guided by that intuition which was just an organ of that cosmic force beginning to grow in me.

3.11

Words lead to more words, ideas to ideas, concepts to concepts, images to images in a stream of consciousness, shape of ink to shape of ink in an unfinished basement of dust and spiders writing underground excavating and unearthing the underground of my mind – cut up cosmic vistas of alien worlds and obscure inhuman dimensions – climbing the perilous mountain paths of associations – discovering, revealing, undoing, freeing, clearing – circling higher and higher ascending desiring yearning for that peak pinnacle of gnosis illumination – willed conscious word salad schizophrenia to externalize the mind to try and find what is really there – to discover patterns in this language of apparent madness - that language unconscious spontaneous – that continual loosening – opening – pushing beyond those tight knots of meaning and desire that we always think was is and will be -

3.12

Though I had no guru, no teacher, was part of no school, no tradition, during the search you came into my life, at first frivolously and for the most base of reasons, apparently coincidentally, randomly, that then tiny seed that was inside had drawn me to you and you to me through the mysterious and incomprehensible structure of connections that is somehow really how things are.

That lightness – that relaxation and peace – that laughter at the absurdity of how things appear to be – that light which is closer to the light of how things really are.

While I initially fell for your superficial aspects, your beauty, your sensuality, your humor, your pleasure, the more time I spent with you, developed a relationship with you, the more surprises you revealed to me, glimpses, tastes, teases that awed me, that liberated me, at least for a few moments, lightened my life during some lazy afternoon or late night soul session, so different from the moribund gravity prison of how things were that I wanted, made you, part of my life even more.

Though my attraction my increasing lust my growing love for you was illicit on the eyes of this contracted world prostate in front of the towering sky darkened idols of control fear and power I did not care about those I believed were in their twilight anyway, destined to be smashed turned into rubble and scattered, even if I had to enter dangerous situations in those days just to find you, to meet you, to hold you in my hand.

Though I never had any human teacher you taught me.

You opened up a gate, a door, a way.

You taught me the rudiments of how to see. Showed me to see what was in front of my eyes all along, momentarily awoke to this strange world the somnambulist collective outcome of an infinity of sleepwalking actions by an infinity of sleepwalking beings, awoken to the beauty and terror of this situation, fanatical frustration at the mundane and moribund who can only see themselves.

You taught me laughter is life and to not, is not.

You taught me what I thought were my senses were not, any more than the dead the living, relaxed that fear, that epidemic of poison and pollution that darkly enclouds this world, suspending for a moment the continual generation and compulsion of scenarios past and future and bringing me, letting me go into the simple sensual enjoyments of the senses, this body, the world of nature of which we are a part not apart, of the infinite world of forms and their beauty, their feeling, their healing. That it's ok to surrender and trust with no strategy, no scheme or goal or plan other than to simply be.

And maybe most importantly considering my desires aspirations and pretensions at that time, you taught me now to read, not the words that I thought were there, wanted to be there, didn't want to be there, preconceived to be there, but close to what was really there, is simply there, to

directly perceive and respond to what was being communicated and to also expand my mind reality in order to help grasp ideas and concepts beyond my previous plateaus of consciousness and intelligence so I could have that breakthrough, that illumination, to finally get it, that exclamation point.

To also surrender into my creations without strategy scheme goal or plan, to sacrifice that insecurity anxiety and illusion that things should only be attempted when the situation ideal and outcome perfect, to trust it to let it flow, spontaneously and freely from that mysterious location inside that cannot be located, whose every drop is wonder surprise and amazement, of whose flowering is always an orb of reds and oranges rising majestically in the morning for the first time forever.

Though at that at that time of my life all was not light, there was the inevitable shadow aspect of existence and this relationship was not immune, would not be any different.

You taught me how to escape. How to run away from a reality that can not be ran away from.

You taught me fear. You taught me paranoia. You gave me insight into how in actually feels to be spectacularly terrifyingly mad.

You taught me about lies, deceit, the illusions I would weave where the only person I was deceiving was myself.

You taught me about need. The raw naked need of a multidimensional cosmic miracle being reduced to a pellet lever pressing laboratory rodent.

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Just another afternoon in a rented crumbling house on a subliminally too loud street, days weeks months blurring into a smoky sameness, probably had responsibilities that I evaded, more important things to attend to, but it was all right as I had more important things to do that day.

No-name student budget coffee was gurgling serenely if gurgling could be serene, but somehow was -

Slowly reading a few pages from the half-dozen or so books I would be reading at any time – put the book down on the still life coffee table of bookmarked books and stained cups - stare and ruminate about a passage a sentence a word - understanding expanding until the music breaks and I contract back into time -

Only to notice the light through the front window streaming -

No, not streaming -

For a light that was as solid as any physical object can't be described that way –

Like some kind of new unknown glorious physical reality -

Oh how I loved you my Green Goddess.

3.13

Though my class attendance was spotty at best non-existent at worst – and doing at the no-skill jobs whatever resentful minimum I had to do to keep from being fired then homeless then starving then dead - I forced myself to build and expand my being every day – whether it was an act of creation, difficult readings and study, or some kind of inner development technique or exercise - guided by the light of my interior star I discovered that constant sustained work on oneself – work that did not have any external motivators like basic organism survival or compulsion by others but whose motivation was solely inner and done by conscious choice and will - somehow developed and grew that substance within myself – that sacred power whose full manifestation is truly profound, beautiful and miraculous beyond compare.

3.14

With these sounds I see as shapes I build these structures – in a ramshackle garage abandoned of any utility sealed aurally from the world by the constant hum vibration roar noise of the street busy we lived upon hunched over blinking electronic detritus borrowed or found in thrift pawn second hand stores all that could be afforded on the meagerest of means but whose dials knobs and buttons were turned twisted and pushed into the dramatic beautiful contours of trance states taken higher soaring without wings outside of myself in this smoke and incense drifting room discovering experiencing what it is like to transcend then back down into thought and separation and time but refreshed energy released enthused.

3.15

In this world there is no escape. There is nowhere that has not been territorialized, overwritten, inscribed. There is no forest to retreat to, no mountain, no cave, no desert. All forms are observed and spatialized by the omnipresent gaze.

Following it - no matter where it took me, no matter how wrong it appeared to be to others, even to myself - the light of that inner star as bright as the one I saw this morning as I walked over the bridge, its brightness its vectors of light cutting through the fog obscuring – I went to university not to learn how to become yet another resource for the insatiable needs of the planetary work machine but to create a space to try and explore and understand the new worlds that had opened within and without me.

In retrospect shackling myself with the invisible chains of debt slavery whose rattlings can be heard all these years later in order to create the space needed for the construction and operation of my inner laboratory may not have been the wisest course of action but there is no regret, as things cannot be any different than the way that they are.

With no desire to become something useful to this system of superficial utility I majored in English literature with a self-created minor in Eastern religion and philosophy, for at least these studies had some correspondence and use for the emergence and expression of the being growing inside of me. I attended the minimum classes necessary as I put myself through my own college invisible to the world who have eyes but are unable to see – voraciously feeding on the totality of human word, thought, image, culture and history, trying to open up the wings of my True Self with my studies and the techniques of inner transformation, fragments of which I searched and scoured and found in books ignored or forgotten by a world of walking stomachs.

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For some reason I decided to actually go to class that day, to return to time space and form in order to see what I needed to do to maintain this biological vehicle and the roles it had to play in order for it to survive.

Sitting in the back where I always did in that armor forged of cynicism and boredom – the content of the class of no interest to me at all - the other students so eager and attentive and engaged where I was just there physically, probably instead reading and dreaming about some French poet decadent and hallucinating or some crazy beer swilling spiritual master emanating cosmic energy fields ...

When reality suddenly dematerialized.

Forms, shapes and colors still there but all now somehow immaterial.

Self unmoored and in a free fall.

Terror.

Panic.

Not knowing what the hell was happening shaking somehow shove my books in my backpack and hurry out of the room.

The terror of death.

The panic of non-existence.

I have to get home.

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Outside that building inhuman in shape line and purpose like all were of that age and out into that summer afternoon of the greens of grass, the browns of trees and the sky whose blue was absolute, singular.

As I walked.

Terror.

Panic.

Somehow subsided. Eased.

As the strides home to a safety I did not need any more slowed, I relaxed, let go, trusting and falling into this thing that was happening to me.

It had been so long since I had seen the mountain ranges of those crumbing sidewalks, the frantic insects tending to their vast indifferent empires, the forests of grass and weeds whose colors were almost blinding in their luminosity.

Surprised. I realized.

This is how I used to see as a child.

3.16

Bare wall apartment staring unable to grasp understand almost got it but always elusive the nature of time.

Unable to reconcile the subjective fluidity of its expansions and contractions with its unchanging objectivity.

The breakthrough just beyond the horizon of understanding that always recedes with every step towards it.

3.17

The music became visible and shimmered strands of light vibrating, lying on the couch staring at the ceiling a dance of arabesques shapes symbols and designs ancient yet familiar, awe at their movement and beauty, outside of this limited thing we call human experience, this time stronger, more delineated, more visible, more solid than before.

It was too much for H. Too soon, too sudden. He wanted to go for a walk. I agreed.

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I had let my hair grow out and wild during that time, looking more crazed than usual as we walked down the side street – cracked pavement and the greenest lawn and leaves, the bluest sky, a warm breeze breaking though the defense wall erected by my bodymind, still remember the part of my arm that it touched, caressed, connected, gorgeous.

Let's go down to the river. It will be amazing down there today.

By the bridge we take the rustic wood stairs down to the river bank.

Down further.

3.18

Just when I thought everything couldn't get more beautiful, it did. It was like the trees, the leaves, the grass, everything was covered with some sort of crystalline substance, but a substance whose composition was more akin to light than matter.

So incredible. At times I just had to stop and stare.

That leaf.

That energy electric swirling whirlpooling through the air through our senses through our bodies through our minds as we walked so slow by the river.

Let's sit down.

So we walked off the path.

Further down.

And sat on a spot of grass clearing on this most beautiful of beautiful days.

3.19

Then it happened.

The water – white and blue crystal, sunlight diamond reflections – people enjoying the summer afternoon in the park across the river from us on the paths that looked like they were circulating moving sidewalks – a skyline of buildings towered over by an old hotel of colonial majesty – the circular source of life radiating its warmth and light through the cold vastness of space for us – orgasm divine deep healing breaths of air – all of it elaborately perfectly working together in a masterful harmony of Oneness – the mistaken views of the divided conflicted nature of reality was blown away, shattered in a nuclear explosion of true perception awareness and knowledge.

Absolutely fucking incredible.

In the sublime ecstasy of revelation I closed my eyes.

An impossibly intricate and beautiful Escher-like building floated in space.

I felt somehow that if I entered it all questions could be answered.

An astral whisper promised that more would be revealed in time.

I opened my eyes.

