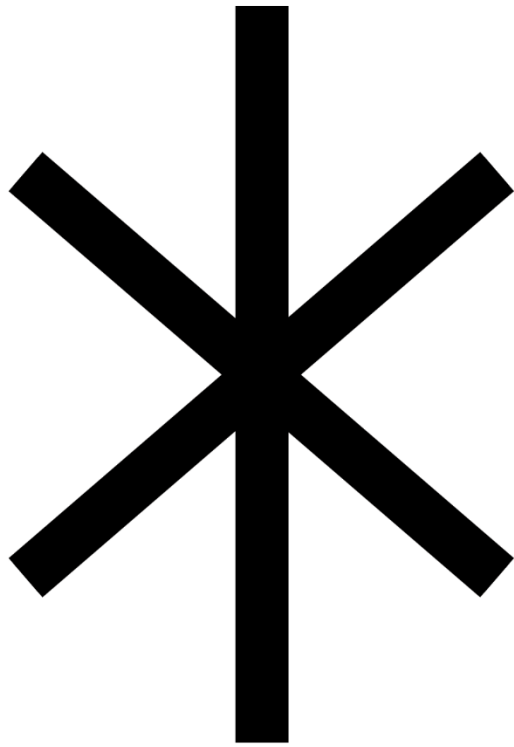


**AWAKE:  
AN INNER AUTOBIOGRAPHY**



# **AWAKE: AN INNER AUTOBIOGRAPHY**

**J**

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## WHO AM I?

I, whatever that is anymore, this form in time and space, this form in the middle of nowhere with no status, profession or means, never feeling the need to pursue a career outside of some vague notions of being an artist, a writer, a thinker. That is not to say that most of my time was spent in idleness, yes some of it was spent in sensual indulgence bordering on dissolution at times, but due to some powerful and strange experiences I had in my late teens I was consumed with the burning desire of investigating those spaces, exploring them, expanding them.

I've lived the life of what would have been called in the past bohemian, though without the physical travel sometimes common to those styles of life, the only traveling just a long sustained journey inside, a continual effort to widen my perceptual doors.

If you are reading this you are probably not that different than me, and if so it matters not, for what we do all have in common is the seed within, the seed of our true nature which when fully developed allows one to return home to the True Reality, dwell within it, be it.

This return to your True Self - to the True Reality - is the reason for our existence.

And it is pure bliss, ecstasy, peace. Perpetually undulating, radiating, emanating.

I am you.

So let these words - and by extension my reality, my awareness, my consciousness – merge with you and carry you through this thing I call my life, into yours.

## THE INTIMATION

Have you ever had an experience – one shocking bewildering and unreal – at times frightening, at times beautiful mysterious and profound – an experience that took you outside of the perceptions, awareness and mind that you thought was the totality of reality and you received a glimpse – as if a gate, a door had been opened – of a reality beyond?

A glimpse that left you with more questions than fears, sneaking upon you surprisingly like the first glances and stirrings of love, or dazed and bewildered and elated like a sudden kiss from a stranger?

What just happened there?

What is going on?

There is more to my reality, my life, my mind ...

than this?

You must have.

For that is what happened to the form writing these words – and on one level - a truer level of self and reality - you are me - and the reverse is true as well.

## 1.2

My first intimation occurred at the end of high school where the once scholastically gifted and artistically prodigal child was now wandering amongst the wastes of rebellion and chaos, blindly thrashing against the bars and walls of the prison that I had found myself within and without, acting under the delusion that I could free myself, ease my suffering by causing suffering to others, ignorant that these apparently objective and external beings that I was hurting was actually myself.

-

It was during a night no different than the others of that small town summer - the usual cruising windows down tires spinning out adolescent energy. Desires simple vital and primal.

Ending up at a party at a decrepit and hot summer night sweating and seething desires motel, my friend and I went for a walk aimless to nowhere, just out of that claustrophobic box of sinister laughing and bickering animals and into the natural expanse of night, that escape from constriction and contraction that always feels so good, such a relief.

Summer night air on skin that hadn't felt like that before, or at least for a very long time, forgotten.

Gorgeous golden electric energy of the senses.

Negative blind sleepwalking complexes loosen, undo.

Night sky of perfect stars and an infinite space of black that is somehow glowing, as if it was radiating an inherent luminosity, impossibly.

Amazing.

For the first time in a long time I really felt really happy and free to be alive.

I didn't ever want to return.

But it is the nature of The Intimation for it to be just a glimpse, just a taste of another reality than the one you think is absolute, singular.

The return back to a self now a prison, the plans for an escape began.



## THE INITIATION

It was my first year away from home, away from the gaze of surveillance that observed through the eye mediums of my family, in my own space finally to explore experiment and expand hopefully something outside of the inevitable destiny of birth school work family death, the only narrative available to humans on this planet in the middle of infinite space, a green and blue swirl miracle of odds impossible life, the makeshift laboratory a teetering crumbling house built during the time when the combined actions of millions of sleepwalking organisms emerged as a dark flowering of bombs blood and fire.

-

The ground rules were set. No one answered the phone, no one answered the door, no one went anywhere until the experiment had concluded.

So K and G and I sat and waited sitting on the old unwanted furniture of parents, among the piles of empty junk food boxes and bags, books and magazines, clothes and backpacks and dirty dishes.

And waited.

Until control began to be lost.

The first chemically warm flush of growing electricity.

The room. Everything. What was once dead now came to life. The formerly inanimate now breathing like your lungs, beating like your heart, pulsing like the vein on your neck.

Like a light with no earthly source was turned on.

Lightening of spirit, lightening of sleepwalking burdens throwing into relief the unconscious chronic low level subawareness black cloud depression that passes for personality reality for the humans at this moment in space-time.

But the situation does not seem disturbing but ridiculous, absurd, hilarious.

Laughter at the whole ridiculous and absurd game. At all the time spent dedicated wasted feeding being dominated by that black iron prison of negative emotion, that black iron prison that is just an illusion.

Can't stop laughing.

Laughter coming from some zero point source inside, its energy working through every cell of my being.

Can't stop laughing at G panicking about the inevitability of losing control, ridiculously and absurdly trying to hold on to his comfortable mindless routines.

Why are you trying to make something to eat? There is no way you can be hungry right now!

K and I laughed some more.

Trying to maintain that game, so transparent, so ridiculous, so absurd.

Just give it up already.

Just give it up.

-

The bathroom tile floor - now hypnotic mesmerizing layered arabesques shifting – ancient – familiar – eternal – amazing.

K wakes me up from my trance. Reminds me where I am. Leads me out of there.

I lay down on the bed in the living room.

Music loud. Pounding.

Time slows.

The doors, the walls, the door frames vibrating with some kind of energy.

This is where language fails.

Where I was taken outside of that False Self that I thought I was.

And was initiated into another reality whose existence I had not even conceived of in this rational mechanical world where all was apparently known, which was deprived of all mystery.

-

K and G and I sat around in the afterglow of the aftermath. Healed. Peaceful. Golden.

This is how Jesus must have felt.

## 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 these new 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 them 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.

-

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?

-

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.

-

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 works and lives of mystics, 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 apeline in comparison.

When one is brought by grace, destiny or accident outside of oneself 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 -

-

Our bodies now in each other's 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.

-

Halfway 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.

-

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 séance 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 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 their art 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 aftershocks 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 cannot 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, and 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.

-

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 cannot 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

For some reason I decided to actually go to class that day, to return to time and 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 shoved my books in my backpack and hurried out of the room.

The terror of death.

The panic of non-existence.

I had to get home.

-

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.

-

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 took 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.

## **THE BLACKENING**

Considering the illusory nature of the boundary of these artificial constructs we call internal and external reality it was appropriate I was lying on the couch ill that day after a sleepless and agonizing twisting contorted night of alternating fever burning sweats and arctic chills, turning on the television and watching panicked and shaken loops of the once invincible symbols of technocratic and economic supremacy and dominance to be speared by its own progeny of steel and engineering and fuel - flames of hell, tiny figures leaping from the struck tower as if from a Tarot card, collapsing into apocalyptic clouds of dust and rains of concrete, ruins of a conceptual structure that ceased to rule from that day forward.

Also considering the illusory nature of the boundary of these artificial constructs we call internal and external reality as the shadow of the war darkened the globe so did this next stage of my life darken as well.

## 4.1

It is an art in this life to know when to hold on and when to let go, to engage and disengage, one's life responding naturally to the changes and rhythms of existence, to harmonize perfectly with the continual beginningless endless process of forms that never resolves. Unfortunately, when it came to this dimension of my life, it was artless.

Entranced by the radiance of that inner star, furiously pursuing it through the ascetic deserts, the dangerous jungles, the breathtaking mountaintops within me, the external situations that organized and sustained this form such as work, relationships and shelter were held on to, engaged with longer than their natural cycle, eventually exploding spectacularly or dissolving wearily, and that time of my life would be no different, blindly following that sleepwalking pattern.

When the situations that organized and sustained this form disintegrated into nothingness yet again, on a whim this time I decided to leave town and move to a city where my parents lived now. At the time that decision just another random choice in a random meaningless universe, but in retrospect was destined, foreordained, a grace.

## 4.2

As the world was cast into the fire of strife, the hearts and minds of humanity clouded by its hellish smoke, the periodic illuminations of the previous period had ceased, the inner light snuffed and smoldering.

No matter how exquisite those revelations of the previous stages were, in the end they were just a visit, just an experience, no matter how cosmic the expansion, how profound the visions, how incredible those alternates of reality and consciousness were, I was always returned back to that I, no matter how clever and dramatic the escape from the prison that is the self, that bliss of freedom was always caught and hauled back to the cells of division, to its ignorance and suffering, its waking sleep.

That eternal return became eternal disillusionment.

### 4.3

Though the instances of rapturous and ecstatic illumination had ceased during this period I was still consuming words voraciously, but now the piles of books on esoteric subjects - those symbolic machines I was using to try and understand the dimensions that were being illumed within - were replaced by piles of books on war and power - symbolic machines I was using to try and understand the world of strife and fire now unfolding without – and sitting in the pub drinking pint after pint reading fiction about figures all alone in the world, marginal, dissolute.

And while all the other mediums of creative expression had ceased their operations, I still wrote and worked on a novel that never went anywhere except into the void, the currents of creativity, previously strong consistent and forceful at times pounding like a tsunami or hurricane of the most sacred and divine energy, had been reduced to a trickle.

That period was not totally devoid of inner knowledge and insight, however. But instead of being bathed in the light and ecstasy of ascension, now the inner insight and knowledge would be found in the shadows and agony of decent.



## 4.4

I called you from this closed door office sterile room on my break worried – you answered with that voice I would move mountains to hear just once again – thankfully it was just a stomach ulcer that made you so weak, unable to stand up, why I took you to the emergency room earlier that day -

They had prescribed you some pills, had to change your diet –

But during the examination they had found something else -

What was it?

I want to tell you in person -

Just tell me. Is it serious?

When you get here -

Mom, tell me otherwise I'll just leave work and come over there now.

After silence.

She told me.

My heart broke.

And reality dematerialized into an infinite void of darkness.

-

After shock - the world cleaved in half - the swelling of tears hidden by hands and walls -

The naked intensity of being then softened by love hope and resolve.

-

Sitting in the cafeteria sipping on bad coffee ordering food uneaten, in the visitor's rooms flipping through old magazines, the occasional exchange of small talk a farce compared to the thoughts and emotions so heavy and dark to be almost visible.

-

Get a glimpse of you naked with your new scars.

Not conscious after the surgery for now precious days.

-

You tell us to come sit down beside you, pull us into you, closer to your heart.

They discovered when you were opened up like some slaughterhouse beast that the cancer had spread throughout your body, throughout that betrayal of nature.

And?

Just tell us.

The doctor said I only have five or six months to live.

Don't. Come here. Come here.

Come here.

-

Soon she was up again – but not without aid for the body frail – the infinite ever renewing will to life to exist its power blinding powerful and pure -

Needed no crutch.

-

We spent my days off from work together doing the most mundane activities usually walked through sleeping with open eyes now awakened to the precious fragile and poignant nature of this living mystery we all have somehow appeared inside - pushing you around in the wheelchair you needed to use now due to the side effects of the treatments and the monsters rapidly multiplying within your body - shopping for a hat for your chemo thinned hair patch head – looking illuminated as you are doted on by the softened hearts of the shop girls – posing in front of the mirror until you found the one that was just right, perfect -

-

For a while you were lit up with the hope that the treatments that had concentration camped your body had somehow transmuted your dark destiny into the light of life – the supposed primacy of matter over mind placebo inverted and you were able to walk unaided again – it was almost as if how we understood reality was wrong and the body instead existed within the mind -

But the fiends within you were too strong now - armies of them rampaging terrorizing and pillaging scorching the world inside of you losing ground collapsing and soon you were back in the bedroom that was now your palace and the bed which had become your throne -

Where you played beautiful music that you had listened to, but never heard before -

I came home and you had somehow moved your chair onto the balcony so you could look at the reds and oranges and yellows that you had looked, at but never seen before.

-

From somnambulant winter to the renewal of spring the procession to summer should have been the light and warmth that is life, but as nature became fully awake the false cells within my mother - those blind infernal machines - continued their process -

Late night emergency room visits waiting always among the wounded of this crude and violent reality -

Another part of you broken down, another part of you fallen apart – another part of you patched up like a garment, repaired like a machine and wheeled back home to your bed of sleep that never stops tossing, mind that never stops turning -

-

All of us cannot control it, maintain it, restrain it - the crushing pressure as if I was pinned underneath ruins of clouds of dust of concrete incredible unbearable -

Frustration anger helplessness hopelessness despair being directed through every proxy - for how can one direct it at the true cause - that cold inevitable merciless void?

Cannot control it, maintain it, restrain it the softening waters of realization regret apologies embracing love.

-

She turned increasingly silent.

Attention turning inward with the pain unbearable.

Unable to turn away from the approach of non-existence.

From those thoughts.

As did my father and I.

The silent monasticism of our exteriors a lie.

The storms of our interiors the truth.

As we fed and carried and consoled you until there was blood.

We took you in again and this time you stayed.

We stayed sitting in those chairs around you in that room that was hell.

You turned and tossed in the agony of that body which was lost.

Already left the outside world.

The wailing and gnashing of the person who you shared a room with vocalizing that inferno inside you somehow -

I call family and let them know they should come. This is it.

-

Angelic beings in human form move us to a private room of space and white and windows large of light.

My father my brother and I surrounding her as it should be.

As close to silence and peace as could be.

Until the breath that was not followed.

One last touch and one last kiss.

Nothing could stop from breaking.

Outside concrete gray wet glistening from the shedding of the clouds.

Even nature wept.

-

One night I had a dream.

Not a dream of that peculiar dreamworld, the locations and topology that is the same upon every return, the dream world for whom our waking reality is just an expression of their anxieties desires and fears.

But the dream that has the same relation to other dreams as visions do to thought.

My mother, looking more joyous than she ever did on this plane, a form of impossibly beautiful otherworldly jewels, yet still unmistakably her.

Did she even have a voice, as we conceive of it in this fragile and perpetually impermanent world of matter?

Yet she somehow told me, let me know that she was all right.

That she loved me.

## THE EQUINOX

A few years later I was in a truck rented on a rapidly maxing out credit card with a limit that should have never been given to a coordinate in this reality whose use to the economy was so marginal to not even be heretical or criminal, but invisible.

The nighttime highway, the darkness a black veil concealing the plains that stretched out infinite surrounding me, a body of starlight stretched out over me, though the star I was following now again was interior.

With each move over the years what little I owned had been discarded until all there was left in the back of the truck was boxes and boxes of ponderous books.

Books that filled the emptiness of my new apartment.

Books that I never read any more, but whose presence I could feel. Their weight pulling me, holding me down.

I just wanted to get rid of them.

## 5.1

After my move and the construction of my new base of operations, a new laboratory for my inner development where I could try and resume my experiments again, attempt to transmute myself back into life again, I noticed something was beginning to grow and emerge inside me again, though at the time I thought they were just peculiar and interesting experiences in a life awash with them.

It became common to be talking about someone and they would suddenly appear.

People responded to my thoughts as if they were vocalized, but were not.

I would know something immediately somehow without using methods of knowledge such as experience or learning.

There was a sudden continual swelling and breakthrough of similar experiences, which I thought were just more curious experiences in a life filled with them, experiences which became my day to day reality, as common and real as this cup of coffee sitting in front of me as I write this, as the music I sit and listen to as these words flow out from nothingness.

## 5.2

As the conscious intelligent and alive subtle energy, that self-aware divine technology, built up to the point of its glorious rupture into the world, it was like the moments previous to a storm, that same unknown charged wildness began to radiate, and among other manifestations and effects, people began to open up, fall apart, as the prison walls and bars of their False Selves began to crumble. Friends, acquaintances, strangers, anybody, were spontaneously approaching me and confessing their life stories, true dreams, true fears, true hopes to me, until it was too much. I had to put an end to it, it was too weird, for sanity's sake, I didn't know what was going on, I had to tell them to stop.



### 5.3

A spinning black chaos of a night, enflamed desires upon enflamed desires, desires frustrated turning to anger like all blackened desires do, then rage, then hate.

Pointless. I go home.

Pacing ranting rage towards my so-called friends, my so-called family, the evil beings masquerading with ill-fitting disguises to be members of the human race, the curse of this fallen existence, even God if the idea wasn't just a narcotic delusion to sedate idiots children and savages.

Pointless. Not even drunk enough to chloroform myself insensate to this hell.

I give up.

Then.

It had been so long since I had a taste of this.

My degraded state was opened up and washed away by the grace of the timelessness of eternity.

I looked over at the table beside my bed - where there was once piles of books now there usually were none - except for some reason that week I had chosen a book from the untouched dust brown forgotten stacks of books in the spare bedroom - *The Essential Plotinus*.

Just as the barriers and boundaries of temporality dissolved so did the barriers of anger rage and hate in my solar plexus – my soft and surrendered heart now radiated love towards my friends, my family, the beautiful members of the human race, this miracle existence, its mysterious author, the sacred totality.

I get up and look at myself in the mirror, to make sure I'm still alive, I still exist.

Feel completed. Whole. Nothing to achieve. Nothing to do.

This is it.

The pinnacle of human existence.

Golden green radiating.

I'm sorry for everything. I was wrong.

-

I basked in the bliss of timelessness and eternity that night - purged of enmity – this unworthy vessel refilled with light.

And for that night at least – I – the real I – was back.

## 5.4

My apartment was filled with books collected over the years, books found and selected by obsessively combing the shelves of bookstores now dematerialized by technology, through mail order catalogs with their slit open and resealed shipping envelopes, at the second hand shops of unwanted furniture sat upon by unwanted owners staring at unwanted televisions, looking for that one book that would help me understand my confusing and amazing experiences and breakthroughs, the same impulse that by coincidence and circumstance has somehow pulled you to this book, these words, this message, me.

One by one, more and more books were added, collected, multiplied until their weight was palpable, all these endless words symbols ideas and concepts which I had amassed as tools and methods of exploration and expansion were now a burden, an actual physical weight on my being that I desperately wanted to get rid of. The thought of having all these books with their endless words symbols ideas and concepts around me, lugging and towing their weight with me everywhere I went, was now torture. I just wanted to get rid of them.

I placed an ad and sold them for a pittance.

Relieved.

They were finally gone.

## 5.5

The next falling apart, the next move, the next falling down.

The books gone, the rest of my belongings given away or dumpstered in the alley. No external attachments now except for the rags that clothed me.

No possessions, no real job, getting by on the charity of family and friends who must have thought I went mad, odd jobs where sporadic is too generous to describe their frequency and the mysterious and silent intelligence of that conscious entity silently intervening to keep me alive at that precarious and fragile stage, naked, stripped, outcast as the farthest dot on the horizon of that desert, for one cannot become everything, unless one becomes nothing.

## 5.6

When one totally drops out of the game we call life society and reality one can see it for what it is, not as something that always was is and will be, but an arbitrary construction, a creation of supposed eternal and immutable laws we believe that is external and objective to us rather than concepts of which we are the author, concepts which we can reconfigure and erase like these words before me.

You can see the rules goals and strategies objectively, how they enmesh shape and control your life, things that are considered so obvious that they are invisible. Yet it is these invisible structures that dominate every aspect of your life and existence, down to every cell of your bodymind, so invisible that you sit in a prison and call it liberty, and even with the key right in front of you, in your hand, you will not use it because you don't want to lose what you consider freedom.

Money, relationships, family, work, sex – those interlocking infrastructures of lack and fear – one can only be freed from them when one had stepped outside of them, the separation and distance making visible the nature of their power.

I gradually fully perceived the ghost empire outside me, inside me. How its laws and customs, its borders and walls, structured me, controlled me.

## 5.7

Down by the river with notepad and pen to do some writing – working on yet another novel that would not go anywhere – summer finally beginning after a long winter dark and crushing, frozen and sunless – greens and browns and blues forgotten during that black period now recognized and remembered again – why did I forget I'd see them once more? Why did I lose faith? Why did I doubt?

Greens of leaves and grass rising from the dead – browns of woods – blues of the miracle sky cloudless cathedral dome of nature – the living river ancient, my non-human companion, its silent speech, its liquid body reflecting and shimmering, always here for moments like this – a symphony of birds.

-

I used to force myself, discipline myself, to use any period of relative inactivity to work on myself. During a walk somewhere, during a lull at work or school, even while sitting at the bar drinking a pint of beer I would experiment with some forgotten esoteric mind exercise or technique I had read about in some obscure text or put in front of my mind's eye some artistic or intellectual problem I was wrestling with, causing unconscious processes to work in the background until the impasse would finally yield with a burst of illuminating insight.

For some reason on that day walking home I decided to work on myself using a meditation I had read about in the early days of *The Search*. I could not remember if I had ever used it before, or if I had, it obviously had little effect.

-

I asked myself,

Who am I?

*Who am I?*

Was I my location? My job? My bank account?

No.

I was not just that.

Was I this shape? This form? This body?

No.

Not that.

That family? Those friends? Those relationships?

No.

I was not that either.

Those actions? Those successes? Those failures? That pride? That guilt?

No.

I am not that.

The disidentification tore and shattered attachments in my mind which felt as solid as flesh tearing, bones breaking.

It's OK. Let it go.

I am not that.

No.

I am not that.

Not these thoughts. Not these memories. Not these desires. Not these lusts. Not these fears. Not those hurts.

I am.

Just.

Simply.

I AM.

And with that realization it felt as if my mind was filled with light.

-

At the time I didn't think much of it, just another sudden bursting forth of the inner radiance of realization in a life that had been common with it to the point of banality, but looking back now that was the beginning of the end of the self I thought I was.

**THE AWAKENING**

Like love – true love – it comes totally unexpected.

Suddenly, when one has given up hope, moved on, it comes.

Of course, it never comes at the right time, it never does.

It does not care about your schedule, your plans and hopes for the future, the right situation, the right location, the right time of your life.

It is the most impersonal of forces, yet also the most personal.

That force that struck me like a billion thunderbolts.

That awakening.

That grace.



## 6.1

If I had a say in the matter it would have happened while sitting under a tree, meditating in some ascetic cave, or struck down on a road to somewhere.

But it happened during the most mundane and insignificant rounds of an insignificant and mundane existence, so ordinary that the set doesn't even merit detailing.

Though that in itself, is perfect.

## 6.2

There was no ecstasy.

Only fear. Terror.

As reality turned immaterial, dematerialized.

I thought I was going to die.

Here. Now.

So this is how it all ends. Collapsed in the street like a vagrant. A dog.

I don't want to die.

Not yet.

Fear and terror turned to panic.

I have to get out of here.

Maybe I'm having a stroke. Maybe it's the heat.

I somehow manage with trembling hands to buy some water. Sit down on a bench and drink it, hoping it's just dehydration, heat stroke.

I have to get home. Where someone can find me if I collapse.

Walking home my body feels weighed down and leaden. Drained.

I lay down on the couch. Electric currents of hot and cold alternate through my body.

What the fuck is happening to me?

### 6.3

Over the next few days the fear, terror and panic subsided a bit, but not completely. I felt vertiginous as I tried to go about my mundane and insignificant daily rounds, having to hold onto a traffic pole to balance myself as I waited for the light to change. Reading and researching for some clue as to what the hell was going on, my vision zooming in and out, making it nearly impossible to read.

Did I finally go mad? Possibly. My whole life people had thought I was crazy. Maybe they were right. Thought I did not want to be officially inscribed with that narrative, that destiny. No. Not yet. Maybe things would get better somehow.

Thought at the time I was not really working, but somehow keeping this biological vehicle alive, despite all the stresses and anxieties that such a meager situation can engender, in retrospect it was a blessing, a grace, predestined, as there was no way I could have went through the motions of work in that confusing and bewildering state.

As the days progressed the vertigo was not subsiding so I began to consider, began to think about accepting my fate as an official crazy person, being processed through the bureaucracy of insanity, officially re-contextualized as mad, not the madness of genius, the madness of creative and intellectual ecstasy, considered mad by the mob because of ascensions to unknown heights they can barely fix within their gaze let alone comprehend, but the madness of hospital scrubs, the madness of looks of fear and sympathy, the madness of being trapped within the walls of a hospital room sterile or on the street within the walls of medications blank, that no mind the diabolical inverse of the no mind of awakening.

More days passed.

More fragmented delirious research.

Maybe I had was having some kind of panic attack? Though what was happening to me really didn't fit that diagnosis either, I decided to meditate like I used to during the period of The Search and try and calm myself down. If it was anxiety maybe some meditation could help. It couldn't hurt.

## 6.4

All my attempts at meditation previous tended to be more of a struggle with my restless mind and tense contracted body. Never had any great breakthroughs or experiences, at best only felt a little more relaxed afterwards.

But this time after a few breaths I immediately fell into a very deep trance state.

It was such a relief from the distress, I continued.

To go further down.

While before I would watch the clock anxiously, now I did not want to stop, did not want it to end.

I continued with that peaceful grace.

## 6.5

Outside wandering.

The fear terror and panic dematerialized, that vertiginous swirling confusion subsided, surrendered.

Then it unfolded.

Flowered.

All forms that passed by my wandering gaze radiated overflowed with a gorgeous luminosity. Gentle summer breeze on my skin an almost unbearable ecstasy.

Inside.

Complete peace with no object.

Complete love with no object.

Everywhere I looked I saw divine harmony.

So this is what happened to me.

With that understanding, peace washed its healing waters through my body, my mind, myself.

That is what happened.

This is it.

## 6.6

Wanting to erase the final traces of that fear terror and panic I continued to meditate.

So I further surrendered.

Went further down.

-

In the deepest of trances.

In the subtle realms.

Visions of the Buddha as how he really was.

Jesus merged into me.

Ascending. My bodies were rapidly and microscopically worked upon by some kind of divine technology.

An angelic being pierced my heart with a spear – pierced the knot that was centered there – that knot of the terror of death – the terror of non-existence that had shaped controlled poisoned every action in my life up that point – and with the spear's exit a lifetime of hurt poured out like blood -

And when that wound was drained – purged -

My heart opened.

Flowered.

This time to never close again.

Healed by the miraculous grace of a hallucination.

I saw my life as a golden thread surrounded by flames and fire -

The thread was the constant series of mystical awakenings that weaved and threaded itself through my life.

My apparently chaotic and aimless life was really an orderly movement, a progression.

Forgotten experiences were recalled – how those previous temporary openings of consciousness and the heart had prefigured the permanent states of being now.

That golden thread forged in the fire wild of my raging activities and life –

The golden thread that gave the form, the purpose and structure to the book you are reading right now.

## 6.7

Over the next three weeks of that summer of enlightenment the true nature of reality was revealed.

Perception and awareness cleansed by the grace of awakening, this body, this locus of awareness wandered overwhelmed, overflowing, overjoyed through this paradise on earth, this heaven, which had always been in front of me, but I did not have the eyes to see.

That color.

That shape.

That light.

Like a light switch had been turned on. All forms of this once dead world, that dark reality, now constituted of light, a living light conscious, intelligent, radiant.

Overwhelmed, overflowing, overjoyed with gratitude and humility for this grace, this gift to a fallen life.



## 6.8

Were these houses always here?

Did they always look like this?

How come I never noticed how strange they looked before?

Seeing for the first time what was in front of me the whole time.

I became aware of a change in what is called the mind.

How it now went from moment to moment to moment.

Not forced or willed. Naturally. Spontaneously.

Not tortured or seeking relief in the fears or fantasies of the past or future.

Simply existing awareness in the eternity of the now.

## 6.9

Days spent wandering - summer days of perception and awareness moving through the body of the True Reality during that summer of enlightenment – through its flesh of green multihued splashes and drips of purples whites and browns – its blood of blue green water nature's mirror reflecting rippling spiraling – all that shimmering complexity resolving unifying in its eternal drive northward – its gentle healing lover's breath of wind on the back of my neck, my bare arms.

Returned to the innocent perception of childhood – unclouded, unhurt, undarkened -

My self - that invisible structure of concepts and history, of dark fears and burning desires - was pulled away like a specter and dropped –

The sudden realization of the illusion and impossibility of death - death just the product of the false sense of a separate self which is just an idea, a phantom. Nothing dies, everything just changes form, all that we think has passed is still with us –

A roar of some majestic beast erupted from my being out into the universe.

## 6.10

As the virtual reality of concepts and associations that I had mistaken for reality dissolved and separated itself from my being, the understanding that always remained elusive, always receding, in my new state became obvious, illuminated.

Time was just a concept, an intellectual construct, a thought.

Time had as much objective reality as the idea of God.

When that False Reality of concepts and associations within the bodymind was broken, so did that.

Leaving me timeless amongst its ruins.

## 6.11

Again sitting on this pile of rocks by the river. Overlooking, gazing, being.

I'm not going to describe my surroundings there. They had already been described before. You can go back and read them if you really want to know what I was seeing with my physical external eyes.

Instead I am going to transmit directly from my consciousness to yours – which despite the veils of the False Self is the same undifferentiated indivisible, bypassing the illusions of time and space - what I perceived with my subtle inner vision.

When that thunderbolt of peace.

Flooded. Heavy. Saturated. Every form of me from the surface to the subatomic.

A billion thunderbolts of ecstasy gently exploding out from some unknown mysterious center of my being. Over the water, into the sky, space.

The most absolute of peace.

Now I knew. Understood. Became. That.

This is how He felt.

## 6.12

Another afternoon of wandering in this new land.

When the chain of thought, that perpetual sequence that always moves through one's head.

Broke.

Completely.

And I was moved into pure Consciousness.

Finally.

I walked down to the river.

And bathed in the radiant afterglow of the Death of the Mind.

## **THE RESURRECTION**

It was now time to re-enter the world.

To leave that forest, emerge from that cave, that desert, that labyrinth after I had finally found what was in front of me, what I possessed, what I was – all along.

After undoing myself from the social roles and games to the point of nothingness I began to engage again, to humbly work and shelter again, to write again. Actions similar – but transformed.

## 7.1

If they only knew.

As I do these mechanical actions necessary of the maintenance of this form, this embodiment, this biological organism I have found myself inside.

If they could only experience.

This field of pristine Consciousness that I have returned to, dissolved into, become.

This reality nestled inside reality – a reality with its own topology, its own laws, the same but different, as the blazing sun golden of the clearest sky is in relation to the ominous sun red from the smoke of the fires infernal underneath.

If they could only feel.

The perpetual circulation of this ecstasy, this peace, this love, this bliss.

## 7.2

I thought that was it.

From my years of study I expected the Breaking of the Chain of Thought – the death of the constant sequential stream of the False Mind – that liberation – to be the end point – the completion – the finality of Awakening.

But the next stage of esoteric development – the next unfolding – was a surprise to me – something only touched upon in the literature of the esoteric – with almost no firsthand accounts – and never described directly but hidden beneath veils of symbol, metaphor, myth and parable.



### 7.3

It hurts so much.

I can't believe it.

It hurts so fucking much.

-

When the fetters of thought were broken – that constant self-generation of tension and anxiety – stopped.

-

It doesn't want to let go.

Like it has its own existence – its own life.

And it will do anything to protect itself.

Itself generating the anxieties of fear and desire.

An infernal feedback loop of suffering and compulsion.

These complexes of agony and pain stored within the bodymind.

-

They undid themselves one by one.

So many, it never seemed like it was going to end.

So deep inside.

Unwinding.

Undoing.

-

When wounded by the wounds that are inevitable in this form, this embodiment, this biological machine - the bodymind – which always is was and will be a singular entity despite the illusory divisions of the False Mind – in order to prevent further injury contracts, freezes, hardens itself.

But these defenses never undo when the threat has passed.

But remain behind as storehouses of the original hurt.

-

The agony unbearable.

As it finally cracks open.

Amazing how much pain there is.

How long I carried it around for.

How long I have tried to run away from it.

The insanity of trying run from something I carried around inside of me.

How that poisoned my life.

-

With no more thought to maintain that state of tension.

They had no choice but to undo.

One by one.

Felt like it was never going to end.

So much hurt inside.

-

Though every time.

That seemingly infinite hurt.

Those blackened sky torrents violent and raging.

Always transformed transmogrified into slow motion light infused drops from a crystalline leaf.

-

Then torrents would begin again.

This time of the most exquisite ecstasy.

The most beautiful pleasure.

The most infinite love.

-

Locked up like a prisoner due to the wound's contractions.

How many years was it restrained?

Now released.

Relief.

-

That body of thorns and nails.

That body of pain.

Slowly. Gradually. Finally.

-

Died.

-

Born again to its natural state.

All energies flowing freely.

Reacting spontaneously.

As I wander under these pinprick stars apparent - in reality dwarfing spheres of fire and light.

Trying to maintain the role as this process unfolds within me.

Overwhelming gratitude.

Thank you.

Thank you for this gift.



## 7.4

It took years for the complexes of contraction to undo – cracking ripping tearing – loosening opening undoing – every muscle from my toes to the inside of my skull – continually surprised as some new complex in me unknown to me would let go – amazed how I lived like that up to this point.

-

Though each release of a bodymind complex was followed by flows of biological emotional psychic energy the pleasure unutterable – there would also follow a tremendous explosion of energy on another level another plane – an expression so strong so moving I know others could feel it – though the experience lies so far outside current conceptions of Mind Self and Reality the response would be perplexed looks, timid utterances, silence.

## 7.5

There is another level or dimension of existence than the gross material level - in all its visible and non-visible manifestations - in all its known and still unknown forms – a subtle and invisible realm that is the stratum of all my mystical and esoteric experiences and openings.

On a separate level from the common yet infinitely wondrous worlds of ordinary and non-ordinary experience - yet somehow still intertwined with it – co-existing and co-evolving with it – the means of its perception and expression lying seedlike in every being that is human.

-

With every undoing, breaking down of the complexes of tension and contraction of the psycho-physical bodymind there was a concurrent simultaneous growth spontaneous of a body on that subtle plane.

This is a body with its own organs, a body constituted out of some kind of miraculous energy, but not the energy of the gross physical world but an energy that is somehow dynamic, intelligent, alive.

-

Though I had experiences during the period of the search that were premonitions of this future body – as powerful and profound as they were – these awakenings were only temporary and preliminary openings and developments of a permanently flowered and expressed Body of Light.

## 7.6

On the bus on the way to work downtown at the terminal another thick book on the seat beside me – waiting looking out the window watching the procession of human beings and their near infinite variations and expressions – almost weeping at their will to endure and survive and love despite the sufferings and shadows of this reality asleep – when I feel something open up around my navel – at the location of that body but not of that body – shadows of feeling purified and cleansed by its tiny flowering - what the fuck is happening to me now? How can something so small saturate my body my cells my atoms with this complete and total overwhelming force of peace?

A peace that now never leaves.

That always walks with me along that path – the shimmering trees an instrument played by the wind - that song of the most beautiful and subtle silence.

## 7.7

So clear, so pure as to be almost non-existent.

When fully opened up this void in the middle of my chest.

Like some kind of door, some kind of gate, some kind of way to another world.

Of which somehow this form has become an interface.

Pouring.

Flowing.

Radiating.

Infinite. Endless. Never-ending.

So beautiful.

That gentle explosion.

That love.

-

The connection of this organ subtle to the one biological is in name only – for one moves blood through this body of flesh and the other moves gorgeous energy through this Body of Light and out into the universe – two organs separate yet intertwined – that otherworldly divine love not only softening the breast of this form but of those in the presence of its field as well.

-

Unlike the love of the body that needs an object this love simply is.

This gift, this miracle, this grace.

That has allowed me simply.

To be able to say.

I love you.



## 7.8

This ecstasy.

Pouring from the top of my head – this spring struck of waters ecstatic – drunk on this unearthly wine that never runs out, never runs dry – simply lying down I fall into the deepest of absorptions.

It feels so good.

Indescribable.

It is almost too much.

-

How many billions of years did I search for this toil for this fight for this lie for this steal for this plot for this scheme for this dream for this?

How many drops of sweat rivers of tears oceans of blood did I generate to at best momentarily rest in the shadow of a shadow?

Trying to find you in the objects of the greedy the entertainments of the simple the intoxications of the deluded the lusts of the depraved and the actions of the cruel?

So much life was wasted.

For I had the true and real pinnacle and summation of existence within me all along.

-

But as beautiful as this infinite never-ending bliss is – it is ultimately not it – it is just the reward – the seal.

The crown – the subtle organ located at the top of one's head – when opened flowered expressed allows one's form to perceive and experience reality as it actually is -

as Consciousness -

Pure and pristine – unborn and deathless – infinite in its complex simplicity – the sacred mystery.

