

If I've gone through Hell, it will always have been worth the trouble to once again feel the sun on my face. I glance up and see the rays colliding with leaves of a deep green, creating a golden hue of translucency. Penetrated with silence the golden leaves remind me that Heaven itself is right in front of me - and all of the confusion and suffering of the past and future simply melt away into an all-pervading present calmness. These golden leaves brimming with significance - I can touch the light with my eyes. And though I search for some balance, some unifying force between the peace and the fear, even the yearning for understanding dissipates. There are no words to describe what it means to rest, to calm, because words are defined by which ones come before and what letters come after. There is no defining the sunlight in the trees, the breath of release, the wind in my hair, the quiet of the pines, the contour of shadow, the texture of connection, the bliss of it all. So instead of trying desperately to define it, I'll only glance up and feel the light. And if I've gone through Hell, it will always have been worth the trouble.

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"No man is an Iland, entire of it selfe; every man is a peece of the continent, a part of the maine; if a clod bee washed away by the Sea, Europe is the lesse, as well as if a Promontorie were, as well as if a Mannor of thy friends or of thine owne were; any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in Mankinde; And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; It tolls for thee." - John Donne

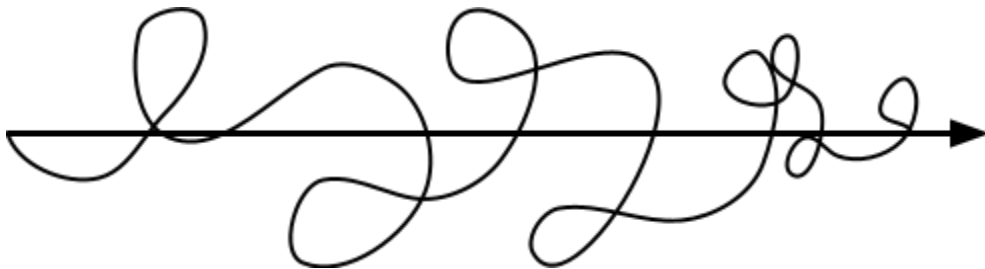
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When walking, be sure to say, "With each step, I have arrived. With each step, I am home." Understand that there is nowhere to go, no further progress to make and in fact there never was. There is only now, and it is perfection itself. When walking, be sure to take each step knowing this to be true and honing it in with stable mantra. Be on your guard - avoid taking steps with the momentum of previous ones, especially when going downhill;. Every individual step should be taken with dignity, precision, and awareness. Move forward while being able to stop completely at

any given moment (without really having stopped - you are always at rest), and on stopping, be able to look around at your surroundings and say, “Oh, wow!” Awareness is pure, awareness is awe and wonder!

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What does it mean to be human? I think a lot of it has to do with uncovering the secrets of the universe in an ecstatic moment of bliss, then letting it alone to chase a butterfly. Is it forgetfulness, some extremity of short-term memory? If so, I doubt we’d ever have the clarity required to piece ideas together into greater pictures. No, it must be purposeful. Intentionally, we loosen our grips on true meaning each time it presents itself subtly or screams its name in our ears. For fear? Indifference? Is it simply too much to bear, causing some sort of short-circuiting in the brain? I don’t know the reason, but this cycle is constant. Maybe it’s simply another consequence of living amidst duality. Circles and circles, stretching along an indifferent line, magnetized like the planets.



“Truth waits for eyes unclouded by longing.”

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I had a dream in a dream in a dream... In the deepest level, totally wrapped up in the scene (lacking awareness of personal identity), I roamed through forest and field, hopping trains and traversing mountains. Accompanied by indifferent, faceless travelers who glowed with an ethereal light, their hair floating impossibly, blueish green hues flecking off in rays, myself and two human companions fled through magical scenery. We were being chased by unnamed antagonists, and our winding journey attempted to

throw them off our trail. Our faceless friends accompanied us without fear and without passion - they were not of this world. Eventually we reached the sea - beautifully unreal! The sky and water merged and had the same no-face god-like quality of our fellow travelers. There was a fence, and ducking under the loose wire, myself and my human friend forced ourselves through. I shouted back to the third, "Just duck and crawl, you'll be okay!" but he ducked right where he was and tried crawling through a solid piece of fence where mine had had a hole. He got caught up and tangled and was approached by our enemy. Myself and the one who made it dived into the waters and swam and swam and swam and as we crashed against the white and pure waves our faces melted off and were replaced by the colors of heaven itself and our limbs were replaced with fins and we danced like dolphins in the waves ducking into total unbecoming immersion and flying back up into the air to take deep breaths of the cool white nothingness and in and out of the waves we lost ourselves and held onto nothing and embraced the indescribable purity of in and out and up and down and light and dark and it was all the same and nothing was unique and we were free, free, free.

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Radiance light, breath of the universe. Delighting in the fog, I am empty and calm. Am I deluded? That's just another thought to let go of. And I am empty again, calm - I trust the stillness.

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In-between world, where nothing ever happens, the "wood between the worlds," the forest of stillness, dense fog settling - I hope it exists outside the forest. I would like to believe that concrete caverns, dark depths, and uncomfortable silences all contain this same nothingness, and that my heart deluded is all that causes an illusion of distinction. Maharaj-ji says, "It's all One" and by now I know to trust his words. If it's true then I have nothing to fear returning to shadowy hells - it's all in-between anyway. Being doing, being doing nothing, nothing doing being, being nothing doing... all One. All One Is-ness. No artificial conglomerations. No demons in the dark. All one manifestation, beautifully real.

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Coming and going nowhere else than where I am, I keep on defining this same place with words and metaphors - And I have been ever since I submerged myself in throbbing ocean life and let myself drown deep. Rising once more to sputter a few lines of poetry, I sink down into the dark greedily again. Reaching, grasping, peering around blind corners for what I know and have known is right before my eyes beckoning with open arms. Hello, my love, I'm right here. Beloved crawl into my open arms. Home, Om, one syllable, one word to replace my thousands, scrawling pencil-breath. One word is all I have been looking for. And found, one word is all I have been trying to write down. Enough, enough! Enough times have I misspelled "universe," enough times have I sought when I have, eaten when I am full, smoked when I am high, yearned when I am. You know now, and you've known all along! Now these words are just a fun game. I can play forever and ever, or just let it end and gather up the pieces and say to my friends, "Oh, what a fun game we've had, shall we have another?" And we play until we run out of games and then we talk until we run out of words and finally we look into each other's eyes and see the Light and hold the gaze until the fire burns us up inside and our eyeballs melt and droop liquid gold onto our laps but we can still see and we fold our hands and smile and enough of the games, enough of the words we only exist in a state that contains them all but is not held within them only always now only ever priceless void, possessionless, attributeless, personal unique empty beautiful void and we do not move our lips but the One word spills out over and over repeatedly One syllable "Om." Om. Om, Om, Om, Om, Om, Om, Om, Om, Om, Om infinitely... Infinitely we are One together and always have been, always having known and never to be forgot again.

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Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram...

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Know your thoughts to be a perfect stream with a source that draws all the way back to the ocean of beginningless creation and an end being cascading waterfall, crashing white. You sit by the side of the stream and delight in how the water shines, reflecting the sun's rays into your eyes. You smile as the stream criss-crosses over rocks and in between stubborn plants, merging into them and creating a new unique shape. Oh, how lovely goes the stream of consciousness! Know you sit beside the stream calmly.

~

Yesterday I sat beside a busy intersection next to a little pond under a big sign that said in bold letters:

“GO AHEAD, LET THEM JUDGE YOU”

staring at the sun and I was very aware of my thoughts melting away and my mind clearing out and what remained was pure steady awareness and a lightness of being that permeated everything. It felt like the part of a dream that is no dream but is instead a glimpse into true reality. Later I thought to myself this moment was one of those moments that are so impossible to describe that they just slip from your memory. And until this moment returns, I lose sight of the fact that I have communed with God. Faith is, for now, trusting that these moments exist even if I forget forget forget. I forget, or maybe I never have had these moments because these moments include a complete breakdown of mental shackles and boundaries of personal identity, and therefore “I” am not involved. And when these moments happen in the presence of others I forget that they are experiencing the exact same thing because I think of how it is for “I” to be experiencing such a thing forgoing the whole experience of non-duality because if my awareness is your awareness and my awareness loses identification with “I”, then “my” experience and “yours” are the same, which, if my ego gets involved, feels more isolating than ever, being the only Being in existence forever always and endlessly but I forget that this moment is the antithesis of loneliness and here we all are One One One is not two and if One is One then One is Zero and I am not here I am empty and we are finally together in love.

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Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram...

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There's something so peculiar about it - Something so glistening bright, idea stretching greater than life itself endlessly expanding - fascination subdued, totally in control of the ferocity, it has you in its wraps, ready to lift you up and carry you gracefully across cloudy skies and every once in a while you get a peek beneath at the sprawling cities and lights and flashing lives and for a moment you yearn for it, recognition, recognizable ritual, references that make sense and roll off the tongue like a golden honey, the kind that gets you drunk in the jungle leaves but soon doubts re-cover up the feeling of home and here you are flying in beautiful skies and you're on the train again going back to the city and ahead is unknown, ahead is future and novelty and honestly everything you've ever strived for and it's so horribly beautiful so unleashed and glorious and you're so alone somehow, somehow even in this rush of independency. Floating free, free-falling faster, faster, downwards plummet pushed off the tripwire that was your previous definition of everything that was and would be of any importance. And falling free the wind in your face forces open a smile and it's wide and toothy and a scream ruptures through your lungs and says "I'm home, I'm home, I'm home." But you're just 19 and how serious could it be anyway? Not very.

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Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram...

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Aum mani padme hum Aum mani padme hum Aum mani padme hum...

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Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram...

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When I read a book the words say "Ram." When I write a poem the words are "Ram." When I open my mouth to speak I say only "Ram." When I listen to the wind in the trees it says "Ram." When I feel the sun on my face I say "Ram." When someone is scared or confused I hear them saying "Ram." What does it matter how I react, if I am secure, If I get what I want, if I don't, it's all "Ram." Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram. Shall I have a cup of tea? Ram. Shall I read a book? Shall I write a song? Shall I play guitar? Ram Ram Ram. Shall I sit and chant "Ram"? Ram Ram Ram. Shall I suffer, shall I cry alone? Ram. Shall I hang out with my friends, my family, my lovers, my enemies, my foes, my teachers, my siblings, my imagination, myself? Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram.

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Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram...

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Marty, Seb, Phoenix, Matteo, Henry, Koala, CJ, James, Joe, Calvin, Darren, Don, Sparky, Sly Dave, Fisherman, Matt, all of us. We had no bodies then.

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Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram...

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This is what unbearable suffering is - it's a translation device. It burns us away into white spotless ash and exchanging remains we connect in ways that go beyond this fleeting moment in time. I see your bones beneath burnt flesh... they look just like mine.

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Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram...

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We literally had no bodies for a moment. We floated through sidewalks greenways and parks, passing and becoming, trading the mouthpiece and holding gently to the strings. Exchanging positions, meandering thoughts and speech, old friends and new it didn't matter - we literally had no bodies then.

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I have no questions. I want nothing. What is there to desire? I'm filled with joy just with a breath. I find it hard to be in an intimate relationship with someone because I am falling deeply in love with everyone I meet. The space between us is lessening, there are less gaps inhibiting our embrace. I think I'll be comfortable anywhere. In any situation, any life, any plan, any symbol, any reality. I want to live straight so I can remember who I am at all moments and merge into them blissfully and without fear. It's getting there, it really is. What could I want? What more could I want? Maharaj-ji would ask for an apple at most.

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Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram...

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There's that coolness in the air again, that faint smell of the fall. Autumn is coming, and I already know it's going to tear me apart. My heart will break again and again and again. Ram Dass said, "See what's left..."

See what's left. This empty space, this hollow dream... let it not be enclosed.

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Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram...

I literally think about nothing else.

Purify, and wait for grace.

~

Awareness is the sky. And here I am again, thinking I am a cloud! Passions, ideas, plans, opinions - all passing phenomena. What do I want? What do I need? What am I here for? - Passing identifications of my reality, different motivations altering perception. I want, I should, I ought, and there it goes. Watch it come, watch them go. Awareness is the sky. And of course it all becomes dull in this zooming out of who I think I am, of course nothing can satisfy. All desires and their attainment are more clouds passing by the all-encompassing portrait of my pure vision. I am the sky! I am the sky! Do your best to remember and stay in union with it all. Chant mantra all you want, useless words if I'm not grasping their intention. The intention is this: Remember who you really are. And all else falls away...

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Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram Ram...

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Once again caught up in what I know is only relatively real - so sure! So sure of myself! I think - I'll drop out, I'll live in a van, I'll travel the world and free my mind. Hello, thought, hello, passing cloud. I am the sky and I will not cling to this enticing offer. Mouth watering statement of my own free will... Delicious! How delightful! To pursue a *plan*, and envision a world as I'd like it to be! Let go, let go. Here I am, watching this thought and I remember. Cluttered phenomena... grip me no longer! I am a master of my own fate. True freedom is staring into the void and entering into it as a candle in evening. I have plans... I have places to be... foolish caress! Sneaky ego, conniving villain! I know who

And how we would dance! When the guitar strings sound like the fields of hay stretching out forever. And the golden green tint of

the sun merging with leaves on an old, familiar tree. Essence blooming, just pouring itself out of its body.

Energy is shooting out of my hands!

Delicious textures... mmm, what a nice thought, what a lovely cloud. Even this tree is passing phenomena, even this moment and this memory and those feelings that just felt so damn real, so pressing, so big! Even those, even those. Just moments. Just another moment. The wind on my face... don't bother trying to define it. Just feel the wind in your face. Let it be just what it is. And the leaves are just leaves and they are perfect.

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A quick recap:

I am a being with certain psychological, physical, and astrological “things” to work out by making use of my incarnation in the physical realm. I am in a body to do this work in order to “awaken.” I’m not too concerned if or when I do and am in no rush because time is only relative to the physical plane and when I’ve moved on from it or integrated it into the whole totality of my being time will not exist and I will have always been eternal (this is true now). I have a certain set of karma to work out that is being worked out by my psycho-social environment, ideas, thoughts, and motives. Zooming out far enough, I see that all karma, this web, is a series of lawful events unfolding according to the nature of our bodies and minds. Because of this I have free will to work on myself but simultaneously have no choice at all - this process of awakening has been going on for many cycles. I do not remember my past incarnations but can get in touch with the essence of my being by aligning my life with my astrological role, which I also have no memory or control over. Things feel correct when my physical experience is on course with my astrological identity, but, be warned, do not get caught up in this feeling and continue working. Getting caught up in the unity/harmony/Oneness of it all while disregarding the separateness (my physical identity) is just as disarming as the opposite. Knowing myself to be not the actor in my life (but also the actor), and not to expect any reward (karma

works in ways far beyond by physical understanding), do your work and let go. The universe is a dance, a game, a play, a *giggle*. Will you participate in it from a place of... gah! Or a place of... ahhh...

Enter into the flow state offered to you by your passions and activities you love but do not be caught up in them as totally real. Everything I can experience is only partially real. A flashlight cannot point onto itself! Remember, I cannot know myself because I *am* myself! The way to knowing myself is through service to people and to the world. Do everything with the light of intention and consciousness - aware of the fact that I am in constant interaction with the divine. And please, don't take things so seriously! When you fall off the path, when you make mistakes, when you feel wrong... this is it! This is the path!

“Life is carving scripture into your flesh...”

There are no mistakes in the game. Learn to accept your failures as lessons, important ones. Meditation is not perfectly following your breath without fail, it is noticing that you've stopped doing so. Pick yourself up and get back to it. You will fall thousands of times and pick yourself up thousands more. Don't kid yourself either, don't go pretending it's all perfect when you're scared. Accept both. Accept fully your emotions but remember the giggle. Two things can happen simultaneously and we can function on multiple planes of reality at any one given moment.

Maharaj-ji says it's all One. Yes, that is true! But we are also separate. Honor both, honor it all, love it all. There is a reason for everything.