### Sound and light

The chief characteristic of our hologram is sound and light. Light is a boundary for time in our world. When we look up at the stars we see the past in the present. The image of the star is dated by the time it took for the light to reach our eyes. Some stars we see in their distant past, but, for us, it's the present. We look up and there it is. Never once do we consider we are seeing the past, but we are.

It's important to understand the lesson of the visiting starlight. It's important because it breaks the rule set. The rule set says that only the present moment is real. The past is memory and the future is speculation, both of which take place in our thoughts, in our heads, ergo, not a part of the object reality. The starlight we see in the present is from the past.

The physical light we see, both from the stars and our own sun, follows the rule set of this three dimensional reality. It cannot exceed the allotted speed of light, which is 299,792 kilometers per second, or, 186,282 miles per second. It's pretty fast. At that speed we could circumscribe the earth seven and a half times in one second.

There are so many creation stories. The garden of Eden and the rather horrid unfolding of Genesis, the incredible tales of the turtle universe from the Iroquois Confederacy in Canada, or the novel, post-modern *school room of soul* narrative the new age favors. They're all versions of the same story. One of the more recent — only five hundred years ago — is the Anurag Sagar, which translates to *The Ocean of Love* — orated by an illiterate weaver named Kabir Sahib, a satguru, which means *true teacher*, of his time. He ups the game big time. He introduces a creation story where God willed everything into existence with sixteen shabdas — sound currents — that animate all the dimensions and sub-dimensions that weave reality together. It's an incredibly precise addition to creation mythologies, and certainly the forebearer of all notions of at least a great many of our dimensions being simulations of sorts. The sound can be heard and the light can be seen in meditation. Kabir was the first to explicitly speak about it in a religious text, however, it's been part of the *secret* teachings of many contemplative spiritual paths, reserved for the true devotees. It's a phenomena based spiritual teaching. It separates itself immediately from all others and becomes the first scientific exploration of consciousness, with the sound and light acting as a tow line to draw the contemplative closer to source.

What has evolved in popular culture is an impotent hologram, a matrix created by a diabolical force, a mechanistic force. This is the Free Masonic version of the absent god, the universe run by automation. Nothing could be further from the truth. Everything in existence is touched by the prime creator. It's here we flip the narrative. Yes it is a hologram. Yes it is contained in sound and light frequencies apprehendable by the body, the DNA skinsuit — which is all it really is — but that sound and light is generated by the prime creator. It has a unique color and sound on each dimension. It is, in fact, a divine hologram. The sixteen shabdas originate from a place that itself has no sound, but is not silent, and no light, but is not dark, the final riddle from the illiterate weaver, Kabir Sahib.

It's a hologram because it is light projected into a three dimensional manifestation. It's divine because the light comes from the prime creator, God. When we use the word hologram we are the victim of something. Nothing could be further from the truth, unless we can victimize ourselves, which we can and we do, because drama needs tension, and tension is stress, and volunteering for stress by manufactured tension is masochistic. By calling it a hologram, we make an object of our reality, something acting against us, a god, a devil, an angel, a demon, anything but ourselves. This is why we objectify our reality. This is why we call it a simulation, a matrix, a hologram. It's a lack of consciousness, a failure to attribute the divine to the light, and a stone deaf ear to the word, which is the sound which is the light, sustaining all the worlds in this sound and light manifestation. It's funny, because when you clue into it; it's everywhere.

She should have died hereafter.  
There would have been a time for such a word.  
Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day  
To the last syllable of recorded time.  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle.  
Life’s but a walking shadow, a poor player  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more. It is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.  
  
Macbeth  
William Shakespeare

Why would the end of time be marked and measured by syllables? Because it's all sound, and light is a form of sound. This is, of course, why we have so much tonal prayer and trance, whether it be Sufi dervishes spinning to an intoxicating Arabic song-like prayer, heavy on chanting, the persistence of mantra in yoga and meditation, long vowel sounds drawn out on the breath, or the deep throat singing of the Mongols, which, they say, allows them to speak to their ancestors, and Gregorian chanting in the Christian tradition. It's all about the sounds.