

Vivid Visions

From Body to Light.

Part 1: Soul Tether

Part 2: Rebirth

Part 3: Result of our higher Time Accumulator

Part 1:

As I pass through the cold dark endless oblivions' wake I sense what can only be the seem of my fate of light guaranteed to reach its destination.

A star, Reaches Far and wide as a Signal Beacon it'll not be missed on the darkest of nights.

Universe, oh,.? Universe is just another mirror parallel mirror around us all, using both light and dark to cast our inner essence back at us.

We see in another Concave and Convex format allowing optimal focus, as Flesh and Bone we are science in the raw consciousness is the window through the mirror gazing on us with just another scientific Equation in mind.

Our universe is 1 marble in a bag of Different chemical alterations of consecutive time. Earth is our Pinnacle of Consciousness Created with a new concoction each and every marble is touching, rubbing across one another ever.

Yet our clearest inner Auras allow the Holder to separate us by a specific color is seen in a 3rd dimension Chemical Clouds dispersed over generations yet frozen amongst other forms of Toxic Concoctions in an enclosed environment.

as the frozen aura of our evolutionary current is melted by vibrant inner auras blossoming from another nebula, a whole other universe can be entered.

Another balance to our ecological requisition intake of time.

Conjoined as sphere on sphere, melted matter rifts a subtle seem as vibrations reduce pressure particles begin to settle just as an icicle is formed.

A portal with no resistance of pressure,
an invisible funnel guiding the flow of remnants.

Sands in the hour glass of time, Unseen by a reflection of light off dark, Clear makes the 3rd dimensional characteristics form. The White of our eyes wraps our dark pupils as one, almost as if 2 universes conjoined to form one host.

As I flow fluently through the cold waterless current without a body to feel, I still can sense the Pressure of cold around my souls beacon of light, an encasing current carrying me down into our black souls stream.

ohh, what a gentle feeling of a trillion year spa calmly crawls down with a vacant transcendent being formed beneath another surface waiting to emerge as my consciousness light burns from within I breathe off continuous motion of passive accumulation and soul concentration. My every creative thought is passed with only an inner visual of weightless time formed for eons of hold / cold meditation creating sub-live in every unique form. a Crust to hold a reptiles cold blood in with warmth allowing survival in damp dark region.

My crust is a surge so vast, soul compression allows me to pulse straight through a nebula's sun as my bloods 278 mph current was the kick to start a larger biological mechanism.

Faster than a cataclysm my Speed is amped from just one of our polar universes my back pressure of repulsion conjoined to a Surging chain reaction of magnetical-attraction.

Without a body my internal clock is fried, with every second sensed through tempered layers is another billion years in the perception of my old human mind.

Part 2:

Removal of those unseen shackles, Inspires my new body to accumulate within a genetical pool of my own inner-magnetism of pre-developed subconsciousness.

Creativity has returned to me, only slightly without sight, scent, touch or algebraic algorithms.

If I have no developed senses what is my inner creativity drawn too..

Another surge, another dark corridor. Accept I feel somethings essence in the form nothing, recognizable.. *At least you are there* I hear as my brain begins to form, finally layers of time accumulated a corridor, my sound is based off of surges of magnetism derived from other subconscious substances.

The voice was to be of my own, as if I was speaking to myself.

With all the essence of my soul in a confined inner ecosystem, I have yet to disperse my genetic abilities for our initial emerge.

Somehow I remember everything as it was before only in the form of a substance, Any brain uses unique substances and algorithms to store relevant information conveniently.

Those senses where developed over time each formed from one another until microscopic consciousnesses conjoined for ecologically dictated evolutionary attributes. as my essence festers my residue is reduced and mixed with an unknown amount of diversified DNA developed attributes.

As a form of electric bacteria the heat of an inner crust seeps inwards my soul begins to absorb more particles as these electrons cause rapid accumulation.

Instead of feeling one inner voice, I feel hundreds a second and they inspire and drive my only source subconscious acceptance.

Part 3:

I've defined my life to only myself it seems, all through past experiences, in this state I have 278x and the potential of an even higher grade of thought processor and cognitive capacitor. Without my internal clock my Cerebral Balance is non-existent and my thoughts are spinning too fast, a trillion thoughts inside one no difference in temperature that I can use to cross calibrate my whereabouts, of where, why and what with I am spinning upon.

as this unknown planet quakes, my new sun burns a little brighter.

A stronger fluctuation of dense rubble could allow an initial cross calibration every organism uses to sustain an inner current.

Time Multiplied by Time opens a whole new corridor of increments, I see what I was feeling before, Now.

I begin to sculpt my own vessel out of my unseen matter, Still pondering on what I was before this. Unable to match anything besides the opposing surge I felt before my awareness of mathematical endeavors.

I begin to tune in to all the sounds I felt compelled without will to avoid for so long.

I begin to feel my own sound ripples, Without a static conflict I adjust to a mimic on other unique ripples. A form of morse code I discovered within this planet, after a quake I now feel a shift downwards as if I am still at the bottom of my new universes river.

As I continued to ponder am I, are we, the only one? I Feel a quake and I mimic the pulse that'll come down and I hear an echo from behind as my mimic rolls at me from behind. what

Liberation upon knowing I am not alone, I feel attached to something now.

I have rooted my minds tree under a body of a warm water, I feel relaxed as stiffness melts away.

With the morning sunrise, crusts both above and below feel warm, as my inner branches feed they begin to hone.

Within my matter I feel time, equally and not randomly.

With steady heat variations as my internal clock I begin to converse my time by resting in the cold dark unknown nights and by opening my intake valves during the warm light when my cells begin to feel elastic and not numb as they have for so long.

With every morning my internal clock never misses the chance to grow by stretching I begin a layer that holds in more of my little essence, allows intake of substance and keeps by pressure neutral so I do not implode or dissipate as I only sense will happen with my common instinct. as I grab weighted Substances, I begin to float low at night in the cold, and float high in the heat of the day as my weighty substances expand with a dry gas substance that has started to allow me to emerge off the coast of a vast shore.

With frictionless rotation a massive force is slowly pushing me and others in one direction, even at night I feel colder and dryer with the nights wind.

I've been at the top, and other auras are felt pondering all around me, I even notice more vibrations colliding than before, auras are telepathically discharging upon one another so they can find one another after each quake.

With common communication being exercised daily, and our vessels floating in one direction the surviving vessels of the countless quakes we begin to develop the ability to concentrate incoming vibrations, rather than feeling them through our entire vessel they are redirected to an incoming and outgoing side, we are now allowing binaural interaction and we begin to express our creativity through our own orchestra of inner chants.

as my essence fades once more, the thought from our logical scientific standpoints that our universal imbalance could precede to an empty existence, with a small hollow charge from the ends of existence release one single force as time-forged matter from another clear-marble world the surge was tuned to my internal-clock reviving a creation from an eternal slumber We transform through a god like gust in an instant time merges with matter with which an unforeseen force grants a cognitive cataclysm Merging mind and sound, to a spiritual temple of bone.

A temple of concentrated Spiritual Essences, Allowing common sense to calculate even the smallest fraction of information the universe leaves behind for our own content analysis. As time unfolds our new temples have powers beyond normal human control, as we sat with only wakes our genes where splicing with thoughts from countless other dimensions of our universe.

with a new form of intake our bodies are stable with this planets unique gravity. With a simple command our inner-light can rapidly reduce weight, enough to float on water while sitting, and even with a deeper level of cosmic concentration our new bodies have the genetic ability of physiological shape-shifting of positively charged atoms.

when we can hold a single conscious thought we have already reached the ends of our newest universe for the first.

Time is as Physical as Mass.