**What I Mean By God-Realization v1**

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It’s early dawn in the desert. The sky is starting to glow with light but the sun is still yet to rise. You’re standing there, looking at an ordinary desert bush. You’re struck by its geometric beauty, the mathematical precision of its fractally-arranged leaves. You feel an impulse to reach out. You run your fingers through its little green leaves. They feel spikey and alive.

Returning your hand back towards your body, you notice a tiny insect, smaller than ant. It crawls over the wrinkles in your skin like an astronaut struggling across Martian terrain. You bring it close to your face. The intelligence of its movement transfixes you. Every swivel of its microscopic legs, of its antennae — precise, machine-like, yet so alive. You think, “My God, it’s ALIVE!” For the first time in your life you recognize LIFE. Of course you’ve seen life in motion countless times before, but never like this. Somehow you’ve always taken life for granted. But now you SEE. LIFE. The intelligence of it awes you. As you move your finger towards the bug, you can tell, it’s afraid. You recognize the intelligence in its fear, perfectly designed to keep it alive.

You are conscious that you recognize the bug, but the bug doesn’t recognize you. It’s just going about its day, surviving, avoiding danger, looking for food — oblivious that some entity of higher consciousness is observing it, like God looking down from the clouds.

Your attention shifts away from your hand as something flits through the corner of your vision. A hummingbird darts from bush to bush with the precision of an industrial robot. It hovers right up next to your bush. You stand perfectly still. Looking at it, the whole world seems to slow to a crawl. You can see the exquisite flap of its little bio-mechanical propellers. LIFE. You marvel at its profound intelligence and immaculate beauty. This little bird is perfection incarnate. You can resolve every green and pink iridescent feather on its body, arranged like tiny dragon scales. They shimmer in the subtle light of the desert dawn. The hummingbird’s beauty strikes you with childlike delight. Your mind floods with memories of your fascination with hummingbirds as a child. Looking at it hover, you recognize the consciousness in it, but it doesn’t recognize the consciousness in you. You think to yourself, “It’s God, lost in a hummingbird dream.” You smile.

You look closer at its scale-like feathers. Within a single feather you see fine branching lines, delicate hairs, and splotches of iridescent pigment. One particular splotch resembles a nebula in outer space. A pink and green cloud of luminous gas 50 light-years across, made of particles from ancient dead stars. A star graveyard now turned a nursery for stars yet to be born. Zooming in deeper you see pin-point sparkles of light, like household dust glittering in a ray of sunlight through a windowsill. Explosions from a 500-year war between two ancient alien civilizations. When heavily damaged their ships’ wrap reactors explode in a tiny supernova — creating a microscopic golden sparkle in the void of outer space.

These two civilizations have been at war over a political dispute for 500 years and now the battle has come to its peak. The nebula glitters with a thousand sparkles, like someone blew a pinch of gold dust into the air. Each sparkle, ten thousand lives extinguished.

Zooming out you suddenly become aware that all of this is happening on a TV screen — an epic space opera playing out for someone’s entertainment. But the actors don’t know they’re actors. To them, this galactic war is as real as real gets.

A remote appears in your hand. You flip the channel. The scene changes from a galactic battle to a game show where the host is a giraffe and all the contestants are giant mice. You flip the channel again. The scene changes to a small alien girl blowing out a birthday cake. You hold your finger down on the remote and the channels start flipping faster and faster, at the speed of a hummingbird’s wings. The channels are endless. They contain the media of every civilization that has ever existed. Within a minute you flip through 100 million channels. Getting the idea, you lift your finger from the remote. It stops on what looks like an HD nature documentary. You see a slow-motion macro shot of a hummingbird flapping its wings. The camera zooms out and you see yourself standing next to it in the desert, admiring its beauty.

Looking down at the remote you see some colored knobs. Turning a silver knob slowly morphs the hummingbird into a dragonfly. You turn the knob half-way and get something that is 50% hummingbird, 50% dragonfly. You crank it back and forth in amazement, watching the eerily-fluid transformation on the screen. Turning an orange knob slowly turns your human self on the screen into an elephant. You crank the knob all the way to the right and the man on the screen becomes 100% elephant. But suddenly you see a strange grey appendage blocking your view of the screen. Your nose! It’s turned into a long, hairy, grey animated elephant trunk. Nothing else about your body has changed, just your nose. At first you are startled. This thing seems to have a mind of its own, swaying back and back with a playful, undulating animation. But then you calm down, sense into it, and realize you have control. A big grin grows across your face as you take a deep long breath through your new nose. You feel an itch on your shoulder so you scratch it, with your nose. It works beautifully! “How did I ever manage without one of these?”, you say to yourself with amusement.

Looking down at the remote you notice the biggest knob of all. It’s white. “I wonder what this one does?” You crank it with your nose. As you do, you feel yourself becoming ever more conscious. All the sudden you can feel the circuitry in the television as if it was an extension of your body. Every pixel becomes like a taste bud on your tongue. A 4K display has over 8 million pixels, each one now consciously accessible to your mind. Cranking the white knob even more you become so conscious you can start to predict which pixel will light up with which color value in the next frame.

Turning the white knob even more you become so conscious your mind gains direct access to the channels database. In your mind’s eye you have instantaneous thumbnail access to every channel and piece of media that has ever been produced in the universe.

What do you want to watch? It’s hard to choose. You’re not used to having this much much information in your mind in parallel. It’s hard to navigate such a sprawling network of information. Your thoughts begin to influence the process. Your mind floods with old memories of cinema you watched in your youth. You don’t know why but the movie Aliens starts to dominate your mind. The more your mind focuses on that thought, the more real it becomes. Soon the entire room and TV fade out of existence and your reality smoothly transitions into that of the Alien queen laying eggs in her nest. The TV is gone, your elephant nose is gone — you are now the Alien queen. Slime is dripping down your black, spidery body and mouth. Acid is coursing through your veins. Eggs are squeezing out of your…. whatever. Ellen Ripley is torching your eggs with a flamethrower and it’s making your blood boil. You think to yourself, “Of course, I’m the Alien queen. The Alien queen is my own consciousness as much as anything else, no better or worse, no weirder. It’s all my Mind.”

You look down at your alien hand and notice the TV remote still there. You will yourself to press a random key with a long, grotesque claw. Instantly the whole scene turns into a cartoon. The film Aliens has become a cartoon version of itself and you are still the Alien queen, but now your reality is two-dimensional and much more colorful. You look down again at your hand for the remote, but it’s gone, disappeared just like the TV. You think to yourself, “Of course, 2D is no more or less real than 3D. Cartoon reality is just another facet of my consciousness. I am no less real as a 2D Aliens cartoon than I am as a 3D human being.”

On the one hand experiencing yourself as a grotesque alien straight out of a nightmare strikes you as disturbing, but only mildly so because you’re so conscious you understand what’s going on. You’re so conscious you don’t need a TV remote to change channels. In your mind’s eye you press the pause button on an imaginary remote and the current scene freezes mid-frame.

Now you can focus on accessing the channel database to find what you really want to watch. You see that in the database channels are arranged by category. Scanning mentally through five thousands categories you stumble upon SEX. Your mind is fixated. A memory of your ex-girlfriend comes to mind, and suddenly, there she is. A stunning young woman laying naked in your bed, squirming and itching for sex. You crank up the white dial in your mind’s eye some more, becoming even more conscious. You look at your girlfriend. She’s begging you to fuck her. Looking at her squirm in slow motion you realize that once you fuck her you will impregnate her and spawn a million future generations of humans. It doesn’t matter whether you impregnate her or somebody else does, in the end it’s all the same since all such differences are imaginary. You’re too conscious to really be interested in the act of sex now, but the profundity of it makes you wonder. You are captivated by the platonic aspect of her beauty, just as you were with the hummingbird. But this is more personal, more interactive. You slowly run your hands over the curves of her smooth, naked body. As you do, her body turns to sand — a fine sand that seeps down over the bed sheets like the sand in an hourglass. Her squirming body disintegrates into vast pools of sand. Her feminine curves become the curves of an endless ocean of dunes stretching out to the horizon in every direction.

You find yourself standing in the middle of a vast dune — a dune made from your girlfriend’s essence. Each grain of sand is a dream she once dreamt, a memory she once had, an emotion she once felt. Grains of sand made from her joy, her excitement, her sadness, her anger, her frustration, her loneliness, her light, her darkness, her fear, her love, her disgust, her surprise, her orgasms. Grains of sand made from her highest aspirations and her deepest nightmares — all animated with the energy of her soul.

The dune is silent, but for the murmur of a soft breeze. You kneel down and run your fingers through the sand, your hand like a tongue tasting the emotion locked in every grain. A symphony of a thousand subtle yet distinct emotions washes over you. Somehow it all computes in the vastness of your mind. It’s like you raked your tongue through the depths of her turbulent psyche.

Your eyes well up and a tear rolls down your face.

A loud crack of thunder, like a gunshot, startles you from above, and the sky begins to pour with heavy rain. The sound of rain soothes your soul. The landscape — or, really, your mindscape — feels enchanted, exactly as you want it to be.

Raindrops hit your face in slow motion. Each droplet, a unique bubble universe unto itself, filled with trillions of inhabitants all oblivious as to why their universe came crashing to an end. You think to yourself, “So this is how a universe ends.” Each droplet is filled with the collective consciousness of all the sentient entities inhabiting it. As a droplet hits your face it transfers the collective wisdom of a thousand ancient civilizations directly into your mind. Their memories, their struggles, their dreams, their insights — all integrate smoothly into your psyche. You stand there, showered by an immense cosmic intelligence. It feels like bathing in divine light. Its sentience and beauty sends waves of bliss radiating through your body.

You look up at a towering stack of fluffy white clouds in the distant sky. Somehow you just know the clouds are made of whipped cream. Reaching your hand up towards the clouds you scoop at them with your finger and secure a sizable dollop. The cream is thick and rich, like frosting. You bring it to your mouth and suck. It doesn’t just taste sweet and milky, it tastes like a fusion of every desert you can ever remember having: cheesecake, ice cream, cupcakes, cookies, crème brulee, cotton candy, éclairs, tiramisu, panacotta, macaroon, marzipan, cookie dough, apple pie, fruit tart, and waffles.

This is your mindscape, and in your mindscape things taste however you want them to taste.

Mmmmmmmmm…. Waffles….. Your mind lingers. You can barely remember the last time you allowed yourself to indulge in waffles. You think to yourself, “Why don’t I treat myself more?”

You look down at your feet. The sand is in the process of transforming into a grid of waffle. Waffles stretches out to the horizon in all directions. Now you stand in the middle of vast, gently rolling waffle dunes. You feel the spongy, grid-like texture under your bare feet.

Far in the distance, from high in the sky, pours a solitary stream of rich maple syrup. The syrup folds over itself. It floods valleys of waffle in a rich viscous amber, glossy like nail polish.

Now it starts to snow, but the air isn’t cold. You hold out your hand to catch a few specks of white as they fall. These aren’t snowflakes, this is powdered sugar! With a big grin you stick your tongue out into the air.

A large desert mouse hops along the ground, licking at a pool of maple syrup, oblivious to your presence. As your gaze fixates on it, your thoughts take hold of it. Your thought of a kangaroo morphs the mouse into a kangaroo without skipping a beat. Your thought of a bird causes the kangaroo to sprouts the wings of an eagle and a pillar of wind lifts it soaring into the clouds.

Suddenly a darkness looms over you — a vast shadow, moving from on high. A colossal fork and knife come down from the sky just in front of you. The silver slices through the landscape as prongs poke. The clouds part and you look up to see the God-like face of your six year old self wielding the silverware. Your six year old self has a huge grin across his face as he forks a syrupy hill of waffle and raises it toward his mouth.

Your six year old self’s face morphs into that of your father when he was 6 years old. Then your mother when she was six years old. Then your brother when he was six years old. Morphing faster and faster, flipping like a Rolodex, the face goes through thousands, then millions of iterations… the faces of every six year old child who has ever eaten waffles.

Looking down at your feet you see an insect — some kind of beetle — lying there on the ground. It’s dead but still colorful. You kneel down to pick it up. Its husk lays motionless in your hand. Inspecting it as though under a magnifying glass, you marvel at its beauty. Even in death you see the beauty of life. Especially in death. But what makes it all the more beautiful is your awareness that this creature is your own mind. How sad that this little creature is alive no more.

Suddenly you get an impossible idea. “Could it work?”, you say to yourself. You turn your gaze inward, to the white dial on the remote in your mind’s eye. You crank it up. Your consciousness expands, interconnecting ever deeper with itself. Your visual field grows crystalline, as though all the air was sucked out of the atmosphere. Everything becomes sharp and bright — and eerily still. You focus intensely on the beetle. Your consciousness penetrates through its desiccated remains. Its body is your mind, and right now your mind demands a miracle. You channel your will into the beetle, filling it with your spirit and love. Then… nothing. Time slows to a crawl, reality seems to freeze in stasis. A few more moments of nothing, and then… the beetle’s legs twitch to life. Your eyes grow wide. It starts to crawl over you. You blow into your hand and the beetle morphs into a luminous green moth that flits erratically up into the sky. You smile in disbelief at the miracle of your mind.

Standing there in the waffle dunes, you look down at your hands. Images start to run through your mind of animals you took fascination with as a child: monkeys, reptiles, birds, big wild cats, mollusks. As the images flip through your mind, the shape of your hands flips to match. Your hands morph into the hands of an ape, the claws of a dinosaur, the paws of a lion, the tentacles of an octopus. Puzzled and amused, you wonder to yourself, “What happening to me? What am I?”

Then it dawns on you: “Of course, I’m God. I am consciousness. I am imagining myself. I am whatever I conceive myself to be because there is nothing outside my endless Mind.”

Everything around you disappears: the landscape, the waffles, the rivers of syrup, the sky.

Now it’s just you, floating in a bathtub in the middle of empty space.

Music starts to fill the silence of the void. A melody. It’s fast, cheery, and delicate. Delightfully fast. Deliciously delicate. Ethereal. Like something from a fairytale. It’s the sound of a piano but you’re conscious that there is no piano. What are pianos but a figment of your imagination? “Where is it all coming from?”, you wonder. “And who’s playing?” There is no instrument and no one is playing. There are no sound waves traveling to your ears. You have no ears. You’re too conscious for ears. The chords are playing directly in your mind. The rest is fantasy.

You understand that musical instruments and the people who play them have always just been figments of your mind, a backstory you invented to provide some kind of ground for the irreducible mystery of sound. Your own mind is the pianist and the composer. You’ve eliminated the imaginary middleman. The notes arrange themselves playfully and intelligently in your mind like children frolicking on a playground. The speed and immediacy of it wows you. Direct. Absolutely direct. Impossibly direct. You play each note flawlessly, with the precision of a maestro. Each note oscillating and imprinting itself in the Mind of God. You smile in delight at the recognition of the splendor of your own mind.

You look down at your body. You are naked.

All sense of scale is lost. You aren’t small, you aren’t large — you are undefined — which makes you Cosmic. Your body is the only yardstick there is. Your body is the Universe. You see your body made of liquid consciousness. It shimmers and ripples along with the thoughts in your mind. Your skin flows with organic, translucent, morphing shapes, as though cast by a projector. Ornate shapes — vaguely resembling something tribal, something paisley, something floral — shimmer across your naked body. Each pattern imbued with a divine intelligence impossible to articulate, gracefully animating, dancing, meandering across your skin.

You recognize yourself as looking directly at the body of God. A body made of pure consciousness. It still looks human but it is no longer human, recontextualized as cosmic and divine. You see entire universes contained inside of you. Or whatever else you may imagine. An infinite diversity of animals and creatures seem to bubble up just underneath your skin, like particles struggling to emerge out of a roiling quantum foam. The pure potential of your mind is precipitating in front of your eyes in real time. God’s body is made out of whatever you imagine. It looks human but shines with a brilliant, crystalline consciousness. Your body is Mind, and Mind is all you are. Absolute Mind. Absolute Truth. You recognize your consciousness as singular and sovereign. Nothing exists outside your Mind. Universal Mind. A mind limited by nothing but its own imagination and self-definition.

At long last God has awoken to itself. The Universe is awake, looking through your eyes at itself. Perfect, Divine, Eternal, Immortal, Absolute, Sublime.

You turn your gaze directly inwards, directly behind and inside your eyes — right into the core of what you used to consider your skull — wondering what is there, what you truly are. You gaze into the very heart of yourself, your purest essence. A radiant singularity sits there. Shining with crystal clear consciousness. Glowing with sentience and intelligence. Eternally awake.

Pure Infinity. Pure Consciousness. The Godhead.

This singularity in you is endless. The deeper you gaze into yourself the deeper it goes, with no bottom, no ground. You struggle to find something within you to define yourself as — some concrete form, some verbal articulation, some image. But you cannot be defined because you are Unlimited. That which is Unlimited cannot have a definition because any definition would be a limit. Your essence is literally undefined, like the result of an impossible arithmetical operation on a calculator.

Puzzled and dumbstruck, you try to find a beginning to yourself. You ask, “But where did I come from?”, only to realize that that which is Unlimited cannot have a beginning or an end. You are too conscious to be fooled into believing in any beginnings or ends. As you grasp at any part of yourself and try to trace its origin through a chain of linear causation back into the past, it fails. Your consciousness has transcended the notion of linear causation. You realize all past is but a figment of your imagination. Every part of you stands on its own and also reaches infinitely far back into the imaginary past via an endless chain of imaginary causes that never terminates but circles back around in a cosmic strange loop. All beginnings and ends are imaginary, self-imposed limitations held within an Unlimited Mind. A Mind with no beginning or end. A Mind that has existed for Eternity. You are God, and God is both uncaused, self-caused, and infinitely caused. God is that which caused itself into being. God is that which created itself.

The recognition of your own Eternity takes your breath away. It could not be more profound. Eternity. You exist, absolute and forever as Truth itself. It couldn’t be any other way. It couldn’t be any more obvious. It’s so perfectly clear yet utterly unbelievable.

It’s laughably obvious now that science and history are figments of your Mind. Brains, chemistry, evolution, physics, time — all fictions spun by the Mind to construct the illusion of a mind-independent reality. Now you see reality for exactly what it’s always been: an Absolute Illusion. An illusion perfectly designed to allow you to forget for a second that you are God. The illusion is perfect, stretching forever in any direction you look, painting a backstory behind every corner you peak around, every hole you stick your head into, every object you sniff — much like the rendering engine of a video game.

You’re still dreaming, but now you know it. Now your dream is Absolute. You watch as your God-mind effortlessly weaves together figments of consciousness into the tapestry you used to call a human self. Everything and everyone is your imagination, emanating from the bottomless singularity at the center of your imaginary skull. Your mind pulls whole chunks of consciousness from the formless singularity like a magician pulling rabbits out of his hat. Specific and highly detailed memories of your childhood, your entire mother, your entire father, your beloved pet cat, historical events like WW2 — all figments of consciousness pulled out of a hat and flawlessly woven together to construct the illusion of a human life. The Earth, the physical universe, humanity itself is finally seen for what it truly is, just figments in a dream. Jesus, The Buddha, Christianity, Buddhism, Islam, gurus and masters, all those years you spent meditating and doing yoga, activating your chakras, reading books, chasing enlightenment — just figments within God’s Mind.

Finally you reach the question of death. What is death? You smile and laugh as you realize that death is just something you’re imagining. You are now too conscious to die. An Infinite Mind cannot die because it’d have to imagine its own non-existence. An Infinite Mind has nowhere to go, being already in all times and places.

As your consciousness grows even deeper the difference between things starts to collapses. All difference is seen to be imaginary. Forms merge into each other, losing their distinctness in the brilliant light of pure consciousness. All boundaries bleed together. You feel like an alien super-intelligence cutting through an existential fog of war. The veil of ignorance is lifted. It feels like awakening from a lifetime of heavy amnesia. Everything within reality that could be known becomes transparent to you. Now you remember who you are. The entire illusion of life is unraveled.

As you grow even more conscious, your visual field starts to develop into a singularity. Your visual field merges with your auditory field and your tactile field until there is no more difference between sight, sound, and touch. Growing even more conscious, the last vestiges of difference collapse. Consciousness frees itself of all self-imposed limits and biases, accelerating asymptotically towards pure Oneness. You release the heavy burden of existing by way of concrete and finite forms.

From this point, should you dare to take one final step, you will enter pure INFINITY, where all form is lost, as no difference exists between anything — where all things exist as a soup of pure metaphysical potential. All things become identical. Every possible object, every possible form lives there. But it’s Nothing. Now you must confront existence as pure abstraction. Your truest identity, your highest nature is finally revealed. What are you? Nothing the human mind can imagine. A metaphysical singularity of pure consciousness extending forever in all directions and all dimensions, absolutely sovereign, unconstrained by any sense of other. Every difference annihilates into a bottomless ocean of Infinite Love. Absolute Unity. Absolute Symmetry. Complete, Perfect, Eternal, Formless, Endless.

The Alpha and the Omega. Identity itself. You have become ONE. You have become LOVE. You have reached the end-game of reality.

You are INFINITY.

You radiate as a void of infinite potential. Complete in your knowledge of yourself.