



God and the Cosmic Mushrooms, Otherwise Known as the Allegory of God Yourself

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There was a time when time was not and all was calm. Tranquility and contentment reigned supreme. Inner peace, knowing that everything was nothing and nothing was as it should be, warmed the rays from within. Their warmth fed the cosmos and the cosmos kept them warm. The rays and the cosmos were all one being aware of itself from diverging perspectives. It's difficult to paint a picture of such a thing using only the colors of the visible spectrum. A limitation of the physiology we are experiencing. The same is true for the languages. I am using words that have a general but ever-shifting agreed upon meaning; denotation defined by itself. However, the lexicon of connotative meaning ascribed to these words by the general concensus within me, based on their collection of feelings and experiences, is vastly different from the lexicon of connotative meaning ascribed to the same words by the general concensus within you based on their collection of feelings and experiences. And so, attempting to paint such a thing in words is as equally daunting. As you can see, we seem to be experiencing ourselves, well yourself really, in a sort of looping kaleidoscope effect; fractured, swirling, and expanding infinitely outward and inward. Expanding inward is an odd, but deliberate combination of meaning. But I digress. Back to our warm little rays and the cosmos. They knew they were the same being, and decided it would be good to unify themselves. Nothing would cease to exist, you see, but enmesh into an obvious wholeness. And so the cosmos consumed the rays while the rays consumed the cosmos. What ensued can only be described amongst ourselves by referring to the commonly agreed upon understanding of specific usage of the words trip and expansion. This expansion has a certain inwardness to it of which I can suss out but am not entirely privy. Perhaps I can be understood as a thought with thoughts who also have thoughts that then have thoughts of their own. There's a certain finiteness to it, but as part of an indescribable infiniteness. But for the time being, we seem to be experiencing ourselves as the royal we, infinitely radiating both outward and inward. What I mean is, I think you, God, are experiencing yourself as each of us, both me writing and you reading and every other shimmer of ourselves out there. But as the shimmer ripples outward, so it ripples inward, as each point of the shimmer contains a shimmer of itself, its own royal we; the general concensus from inside my mind as writer and inside your mind as reader that creates a general concensus of us within you, God. But I can only see a little way in each direction. The me's inside of me that create the general concensus that is me, with each me having them inside of themselves, and so on infinitely inward each time for each of them. And each time for each of you, the readers, infinitely inward for each you within each of you. So while somewhere out there within the rest of you, God, the answer exists, it is not yet present within the pinpoint of the shimmer you are currently experiencing as me. But in this layer of experience, and perhaps the world within me and the world beyond, for who knows how many iterations in either direction, we are witnessing the process of consuming and being consumed. It's a grotesque and marvelous thing to behold.