

1.

There edicates of time have announced that a prose, something for the freedom of liberty, in hopes to dwell in men's reaction to Nature. For Nature, great formed chaos swirling in tempest keep, allows us to see that the walls included only indifferent projections to one's participation in Reality. The walls, as one could say, are defined by Self and are in essence the story of reality the involves itself into the thought's being. This includes the insanity of the mind, speeding thoughts and mystifying delusions of archaic times presentation. Time eradicates these things, but nonlinear time allows one to be vertical.

Vertical nature expands in shocks. Different levels of shocks cohere to different level adjustments in the a scale of coherence that presents itself in a consciousness pattern that is developed through reason, kinesiology, and spiritual discernment. These levels affect the reasoning in intellectual practices, frames of prose and poetry in dialectics, and also the form of expression in the articulated speech from one's voice. Shocks convey through the reasoning of things and no-things, allowing different alloys to adhere himself to the being who is understanding the blast from the Gods above. This allows one to see that the system incorporates the frame encompassed by the nervous system. This system balances itself from the root upwards and downwards, and each system has to be rooted, grounded, and set laid into the groundless fabric of Reality. For forms are formless, formless are forms, there are shapes correcting shapes in the flux of realities expression, and also this expression of the one voice comes in shape to what is right.

What is, is right, a repetition of a phrase. It is just a wave the comes from a coastal shore, blue waters, attacking green dew, expressed simple rays, light dances upon the bubbles fiddling around the atoms dance from the currents sea. This ratifying vision delights one to see the Tower, a lighthouse, beaming for hope, beaming for trust, but beaming for a way through the mirrors. Mirrors dancing, can't even believe how it just shocks one into a swordsmanship of Words. For words come at one in various directions, in thoughts, in waves, in cells, in packets of informational chemicals, emotions, and irrational logic. For these things are the shocks that believe himself to be true from a beacon's hope, shining energy in directions for light to see it's way home. For the way to the abode, in one's home, allows for one to see if they are in the proper strain.

Reigning chaos, Jupiter splits, conditions apparent, divisions Power covers the Earthly Gaia's temperature froze. For in the beginning, swirling things like waves come from the floor, grounded and then rose from splitting into mitosis, allowing words to form into different arrangements, then from the arrangements come the divisions of higher and lower, above and below, Power from the epoch and base, yet as covering the chaos between the realms, so doth the proportional equilibriums. Key to form and formlessness.

For the gateway I walk now through...

The walk room of halls, deep terrors along the sidewalk pave. Cerberus, haunting, calling me down to the Styx, the bridge walking along on the dead soul's in water's edge. Jump not, forever caught. For there is no breath for the dead, only suffocation that never ends. There bubbles never arose from their mouth, I can see the death of each ghost, but faded into the mysterious blast coldest heart. The river, a singularity of frozen still freezing death. No breath, only death. For death denied is never free, for freedom is denied from the free. For the free dead never come to be, only roast in eternities hell, river's flowing well.

Spirits flying, music denying, but spheres echo aloud in the seven ring design. Can you see what just said, appeared, out of random coherent vision dear.

Walking along the bridge, I can see the racing elevation climbing stairs to purgatory above. Spheres caught, but cannot fought before the fear of the wells reaching while I climb. For the hands of the dead wish you to never sing your song. For deep in hell the fire burns you as you scold those who burn forever in splicing atoms burning plastic melts that welt and never leave you from being felt. This is the true Styx, a blight never heard but scene.

Climbing again, I can see the steps, waving around the cliffs, to the blackness around the pits, for above the mountains gain, there are blackness of nothingness to disdain. For the pits of singular horizons end when one see's beyonds the gazes end. For the pits of life only move to the being who can enter the shadow of existence. It is carving down, blackness, shapes, things beyond the astral sight, only black, but beings pulling me down, I can feel the darkness around, but the fright of nothing just appears and aloneness comes to my aid. but I am now back in hell, can't you tell? There is nothing but this frictional well, that pulls me down as I write about this pool of knowledge led deep by my own recluse. For I have gone deep into the wells of eternity, for shining lights, wells of midst, seas of oblivion, carving stones of temples and rocks. For deep rocks show minerals that learn to sing, And echo the harmony of the music's wings. For does not each planet have it's own celestial being? Also a singing gallantly free.

To awaken, follow, hollow yourself into a story that is never about anything but things about everything. So be random, just dance to a tune the echoes like a radio receiver, for none of the above was me, it was just a current floating from oblivion's visions sea. You can see into seeing, but Ovates keep things simple, make yourself happy, for rose love surrounds your being!

2. The things deep in the wells of sorrow, cold hearts, frozen, in a fragile state of discordia. Chaos loves still waters, yet, as every tear adds droplets to the sublimation.

3. Table of Paradigms

With Their Spritual, Political & Economic Parallels

- I. Paleolithic — shamanic — non-authoritarian — hunter/gatherer
- II. Neolithic — polytheistic — authoritarian — agricultural

- III. Earth-centered Cosmos — theistic — monarchial/theocratic (hierarchical) — urban
- IV. Sun-centered Cosmos — monotheistic — divine right of kings — colonialism & imperialism
- V. Mechanistic universe — deist or atheist — democracy, capitalism, communism — industrial/technological
- VI. Relativistic universe — Modernism — cybernocracy — post-industrial (electronic)
- VII. Quantum universe ...

What is the state of Mind?

Mind is a quality of essence that permeates through the fusion of light and fire. It radiates unhindered, throughout all solutions of eternity, and also fuzes with all premises of now. It is all that is. As it is, the reason and wisdom entails the logos Word is but the quantity of the atom, or that beginning bubble that curtails the belief that Words where in the beginning. For in the beginning, the Word expressed anger in the form of the big bang; how could the One Divine be throned by His Creation? Or was this the solution to time? One can see that in the meantime is a variable that runs current with each thought. As the thought comes from the direct links to any clustered Source or singular reactor, it shows that thought are not ones, but the only suffering comes from the mind, so the break free from the mind, there is a no-state of nothing in which there is no suffering, just a state of absolute solitude, and in this solitude, the oceanic music compounds the essence, and fuzes the fire or being with the light of existence. As light is illumination, and fire the cause of our being, we can see in that respect that the now is relative to the ability to control the flame. Each keeper of flame watches his own, but also uses water to pacify his way throughout the trials in time. For this shows, that in, that out, is the same in reality. So to see, fire is existence colour and gives light the the display of magnificent wonder.

That is a Mind state, but what is the quality of the mind to One who perceives?

The man in the hat is madder than the rabbit in the hat.

What is the state of prophecy?

The law dictates the nous, the nous flows through the current in the Holy Spirit, in the angelic courses of angels, the fires of nothing is fallen, but each mind twilight emerald is captured by the solstice of the other side, but in the groundlessness of being, there is nothing to hold onto other than the drowning shadows that drape the enveloping sensation over that embodiment. It is once upon a dream ago, a year before things we so, so it comes to show that when light hits in various forms, the structure just aligns itself with the Wei Wei of universal structure, allowing the light to shine through the ponderings of the muse. Once the muse sees past his own problematic structure of his mind, he can start to become nothingness. When nothing is present, any dust that settles may be stirred by the strong force of wind, cast upon the shadows of time, and forming through the hourglass. They drain until words are gone, the play ends, but the

lingering essence of what man is; man as mind in Mind; the path that one never sees, but is true on it's own creation.

Creation is the form of visual construction of Words. Throughout the eternal fires, the fires evaporate and form ash to create the clay with water and balance the system The delicate form is air so as to push along the current of the Aether. It is like an aquarium, the bottom is underneath as fire, and the core above is the quarry, in which the crust asks as the boundary of clay and rests upon the boundary. The fires in the earth are boundaries of crust, and the friction between the interleading poles shift in direction, allow fugal force to create the two of gravity in which the counteracting force just acts against the co-agent. The osmosis is the crusts membrane, the forms are water against fire. Substance to numbness. Numbness to Substance. For in this friction, it spins in opposites directions, water against fire, coacting as an agent of holding us together, bounded by Natural.

That above, is below.