

# *The Golden Bowl*

# ***The Golden Bowl***

***Sphere's Harmonious Music***

***By***

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The soul controls the mind; the mind controls the body; therefore the soul and body are one.

Soul = Mind

Mind = Body

Body = Soul

The mind and body are but the baseline of the soul. The only working system is that in which all works with each other. If you unnaturally destroy the natural mind, you destroy the soul and body; this is congruent for all three cases (mind, body, soul). If you follow the natural course of your soul, your mind and body will be natural. If you follow the unnatural course of your soul, your mind and body will be unnatural.

The state of mind answers the state of the body; the body answers the state of the soul.

Therefore the mind is the body of the soul answering the soul of the body of the mind. All is but a thought of our all. All is in all of us if all is a thought of all around us.

A man's thought will appear through his body from his mind and express his soul to all around. We are what is around and inside us and we express that outward through in.

We must consult our inner divine sense to sense that around us. We need to find the seed in the

soil to produce a pedalling flower of the soul. One must be in nature with the divine sense of their flower.

We are all but an element of nature attempting to express our self through our own soil. We are an expression of all the beings of nature. We are but the growth of our naturalistic anticipation of growth. All anticipation is our true nature attempting to express the flower of our self through the lake of the soul. Travel the great distance of self to find the inner flower and lake of our soul. All is as universal as the soil. The greatest universal soil is the soil of love; for love produces an abundance of flowers around our lake. Ex orient lux: truth toward the light. Be the truth and the way of a blossoming flower, become one with the photosynthesizing light to produce your own sweet nectar and honey for all to taste.

Do not become a species on its last legs, such as a Dodo or Bison: for a wild state is conditional state menace. The wingless bird Apteryx does not fly with the sky because it is lost to the wild. Do not lose yourself in the wild but become one with the wild around and within you. The bird is wild and immature; thus maturity is a state of the blossoming flower with oneself. Immaturity is that like the five paintings that exists of the Dodo species. *Didus Solitarius* the solitaire, is another wild but lost species of nature.

Your blossoming flower must be watched as precisely as to how a watch is put together. This locomotive of time must be invariable and constant with the time of the blossoming flower. For no time is dead set, time is alive with each pulse of our heart and each ripple of the soul.

The eyes see all and the ears hear the sounds. One may see and one may hear but do they see and hear the music of the soul? One may give no heed!

Christ is the divine nature of all who see and hear. The mythological super nature of those before are one with the divine who hears and sees all.

All gods who have been worshipped are men, but all men are the true nature of an all God. The

God whose faith and purity we all love; the heart of your heart.

A great heart is the flower of an integral portion of God (Order). This stream of nature anoints itself with our lake and creates a river that flows unhindered to the ocean. A river of faith, hope and love; the lake is the soul. A presence of you is who you are to the nature of your lake. A presence who acquaints yourself to yourself and is the lake of a faithful streaming friend.

Know your river's lake spirit so vegetation may be produced through truth. The embodiment of truth, love, and sincerity is the flow that should always be one with you. Be more than you know and know more than you are.

A smile is a friend that gives beyond consciousness. It is an immortal being of your mortal serene. Let your ethereal nature shine bright through your daily smile. Be obedient to the sunshine of others. For the terra firma of who you are radiates through every petal and prickle of your nature. Universal laws surround you and surround your universe of others.

Even a pure soul can lack the discernment to be wise. For wisdom is but a restriction of a higher order; yet all restrictions can become unrestricted through a higher order! Illusion, spirit, intellect and an esoteric doctrine are but the wines of a high order. A friend of high order is but a diamond of the immortal conquest of the brave and faithful flower.

What is the difference between a mortal friend or an immortal friend? One is who you know and one is who you meet; one may know a friend who is within their lake, taking a leisurely boat float while the other may drain your lake with sewage. Which is what that you prefer?

Your personal lake is but your own refined gem of your crystal; God's drop of his personal tear to humanity. It is white and refracts all the colours of the rainbow.

What we know is what we are not. What we are not is what we know. A lake of what we know is but a prelude to the ocean of what we know not.

A poisoned truth is like a poisoned sewer of the lake draining to the seepage of rot. An absolute

is the truth without poison while the poison is the lacking of an absolute. The lacking of an absolute is the true critic of hate whose speech is refereed through a poisoned arrow. One may be one with another when both absolute truths are parallel with the whole of another; then there is no poison. For the true wine of absolute is the true nature of the soul. The soul is not saved by water in it, but by all the nature that surrounds it. Yet decomposing rot always produces new life for the ecosystem of life. All man is taken in when all men are taken out.

All life is but immortal in a mortal state; a spiritual experience in human form. We are limited by our own state of existence, yet our state of existence is infinite with one. One may be an essence of existence while existence is the essence of one.

Life is not a fallacy nor is it a shadow of death. Life is surreal in reality along the path of enlightenment.

Friendship that is immortal goes beyond the grave.

Live as if life were coming to you; a life of living. Death is not an state of the end, it is the beginning state of life: bliss. Life is a preserved along all lines of a word. A word is a fossil of a man, the very bones of his being.

Your lake is the bliss of circumstance in which a word may take a crystallized form. Run each word through Providence and the lake of self; for each lake flows through a stream to the ocean.

The ocean is a universal brotherhood of the Order, become a son of change.

A flower does not grow without water and water is not produced without a soul. A flower may be any vegetation of which roots surround your being. A root holds the universal soil together and provides nutrients for all to survive. All plants produce seeds; seeds attract animals; for all beasts are hungry.

The less we see, the less we are involved. To be involved is to see. Why wait to see when all around us is life and that which is hungry? A cocoon to a butterfly is the first stage of sight! Love one

and all and all as one!

A wounded heart is an inferior part of the honourable man. The healed heart is the beginning of seeing all. Repair your heart with truth, beauty, and good. A love may scar; but eternal love lasts for Jove.

Doing and thinking wrong are one as doing and thinking good are one. For only from the heart can we be redefined. The most tender love is the most immortal love.

One may know an immortal kinship from the immortal friendship of the soul by the love of the souls.

Men are as afraid to of love as they are of hate. Love may lower engagements and thus engage in the unknown and what is known is the capacity of hate. There is always danger in losing sight of love as there is near sight in the promised danger of hate.

How can one find fault with love when all snow is but an expression of everything, is not but an expression everything an expression of love?

One cannot express the capacity for good into something that is bad; for that man cheats himself and others. For one who cheats himself of himself is only a disgrace: to all that is a friend. A seed is not a seed without the proper nutrients, a seed cannot grow without water and light. Vitality is the seed of the spirit!

The man who quarrels is but the unrest of his own soul. Let them persist in their own mistake.

For those who are limited by the finite are not dazzled by the infinite of light!

Man is always an umbilical cord of a woman. Always attached, always being supplied. For this is the oracular nature of life. Man has wisdom and woman affection through instinct. Woman becomes man and man becomes woman.

Become a friend through a woman's nature of sympathy and love. For then the invitation is sent. For if one does not come, then there is no attraction. Do not go to what does not come.

A love for another is the affinity to be with another. Love is the extension of a soul for another, it enlarges one's lake.

Our lake is but the interpreter of our consciousness. The soul resides in our mind and our body. Give one something honest to engage and thus give nature to roost. A quick bird is an early bird. For what does not want roost does not want invitation. The first goes home with game. For one who does not want engagement leaves roost for his fouling piece.

Endeavour to save the foulest of friends through the fairest of nature. Ground your relationships on reality.

Base your reality on a conscious effort of a healthy relationship, for the fruits of a noble unconscious relationship will be promoted. Why wait till the clothes become the foulest decay?

One who contemplates the wisdom of suicide is contemplating life of a parasite or mosquito in the next life. Their own use of means is a means of their own use in the next life; why throw away a gift?

The gift is the spiritual nature which can overthrow the nature of foul. The spiritual nature is an universal love that is beyond all absolute qualities. The ascension of your being is the greatest absolute quality of all universal life; it is the flower of now. You can do anything with the water of your lake; vegetation begins at a slow down rate of water.

For a man who does not beg is a man who invites. One who invites passes the day with a soothing angel as gently and naturally as the night passes in a dream.

The Hebrew religion is but a pathway of repentance, the Hindu religion is a pathway of enlightenment, this faith is both; Universal Truths. We must forsake religious ties to reclaim purity of the mind and thus repent of all we are through our mortal natural state. This state is the intellectual condition of becoming a greater Order. When man flows like a flower in the wind with the breath of

God, we are open to the channel of purity of the physical; intellectual and moral.

One must know; one must do; one must try. One is all one alike, one is all of the ones in a natural formal one. The spring of a flower is moral state that withers away in winter, a winter of radiant and reflective snow.

The snow of the winter gives fresh water for new life of spring, each spring is a start of a new beginning and each winter is water of fresh life. Each season is a season to know God through the cycle of unity.

To compress the foot is as to compress the head of any natural procedure.

Let your wisdom be wide like the berth of your foot and deep like the thought of your mind. One may not always receive the proper clothing because one may not be able to produce the natural state.

The Oak Hall o Call is the Call of the Hall of Oak; a natural tree for all to grow around; a perfect clothing for all nature; nature comes and lives in trees as do humans. We live in a tree and a tree heats the fire of our home. We must abandon the need for shelter and be sheltered by our need for an eternal home. A mill is the aberration of nature for it destroys nature for our evil nature.

Did the first men settle in the trees or settle for less around them? The engine of fire is the engine of hell, an damnation house that suites our privy need. Yet our nation must use technology and houses for shelter to meet our social condition. Did not the Native Indians use simple cloth for a house? We must find the balance of our nature with nature; beyond a natural compromise.

You think the wrath of a hurricane is anything but natural? Trees cut down are a free cut up.

The rains of each morn produce the green dew for new life. A hurricane of our time produces new nature to contrive. It is all a balance of a system of nature to produce nature.

A simple drop of water makes the grass greener.

The wisest live without the objective pretence of the world. Thou man proposeth, God

disposeth all. Why live on the tangent of the circumference of nature when we can rely on the hypotenuse right angle of God? Wild Fair Haven: nature exotic and immortal.

Nothing was ever discovered in a state of mind of a man. All truth was discovered through everything of truth. For one who dreams is one who is a dream. A thought ponder caught fought thought. This is a frame of mind in which truth is present.

The greatest men are insane in the truth. For insanity of chaos is the birth of a shining star of truth. Truth is the Garden of Eden that gives birth from a nature of a lake.

Paradise grows around water; water to divide; to divide and produce life. Where is life greater - in the mist of Paradise or in the abundance of the Ocean?

One who is so settled in the night is never settled in the morning. The morning energy is a radiant sunbeam that provides hope for all natives to see.

The energy of God can be seen in the monuments that can describe the force of his being. For how is the strength of God not shone through all we can see? If a man can lift a rock that great is it not all for goodness sake? For the swell of an ocean is eternal. Any animal that resorts to their eternal right is far beyond the natural state. A blossom of all nature! For nature is the division of a natural and spiritual self. Each of nature is an epoch. The winter energy brings us in and the summer energy brings us out. An inward pulled out through all we can see.

A fire may destroy all life from but one spark; but does not the spark of man become ignited from the loss of nature? Is this not a spiritual awakening to contain all that is right? For new life is produced in nature and in men, both revitalizing what we need as humans and what nature needs from us. Fire is the flame of all men and is the flame of nature's new berth. This is a pursuit of fire. For fire burns with the wind! Set fire to your early morn awakening with the rays of the sun when the wind rises.

A fire is not the death of our life but the Holy fire of our soul. A soul is one with all and one

burns through nature to promote new life; it is the entertainer of the God. For is not all nature but the hottest in summer?

Fire does not kill a tree, for trees stand alone. Fire provides new life and sentiment for all to grow. For a tree is independent and respected a solicitor to harbour all nature.

If a man climbs a tree, is not more of nature unveiled to him? A tree is the sustenance of life for nature, a sturdy hope and beginning.

Does not a fire need wood to blaze? A flame passes through our whole being and heats the centre. Do not men realize their own destructive yet productive nature? - For a fire is life and death beginning and end; Alpha and Omega.

A bird conceals a nest in a tree, to conceal nature from nature. Is there not a divine purpose of all trees? Like blossoms; the egg (nectar) is on top. A shadow of a tree is refuge for all that of nature that seeks nature. It is a natural pantomime of the divine circle.

A fire without a doubt is an advantage to tall nature on a whole; it's nature's bath. It cleans and removes old vegetation for the production of new. It is the broom of nature: clean, smooth, clear. For the lightning of growth is a natural spark to more vigorous growth.

Our thoughts are epoch of our thoughts. We live through life in them and thus life lives through us. Do not think too much of the actual for the actual is but bones along the beach that never made it to the ocean.

Do nothing with your thoughts, for you just are. Yet, cultivate your trees along the wake of your lake so all nature may sing in harmony with your soil and seeds. For all thoughts are but failures and successes, the balance of now and then. An opportunity for nature is an opportunity for success. Improve at all opportunities for who knows if you are but dead already! Drink your own water and be water for others. Set up what you cannot be, for then you can but not be what you can. You are determined but by yourself; you are the ocean tide of your own lake; for fresh water is only a foot

away. To entertain doubts and questions is but your own philosophy of what you can. Turn yourself outward in; for your doubts shine louder than clothes and a doubt is a reason for reason.

You live and breathe in your thoughts. We are but a spectrum of thought. One thought is the doubt of a natural life and the other is a thought of the super natural life. Choose the reactionary or radical side of your choice. Be your own self nature to the universe through the thought of your unlikeness and doubt.

Nature is one side; God the other. A city is but a nature of God. Yet so are the owls, frogs and mosquitoes. Do not overlook the unnatural promise land. For what state are you to question the state of God; you will never get that state again!

For doubt is an evil myriad will creating a reason to become more. This fortune is but a gift to gain fortitude. For your body is a mist to be missed. A sharp edge may divide you cleanly so know both left from right so you can be one with your own division. Your division of great is a division of small.

O what you must not do to be reproved of what you must. You must neither be uncontent or content. The wind ripples upon the lake where we look upon our mistakes. Our inlet of self promotes to the ocean of help. From the sky to the sea we belong to the King breeze. It is the source of our life course.

Why not drink of the water for then you will always drink of the wine? The wine destroys mankind and leads him to the water, and the water leads to the wine! Think of your life with the morning of your late night cup of tea, is that not more refreshing than the bliss of a hangover?

Water is more refined element than that of earth. We are one with the earth so the reflection of water pours nature through the confines of our soul. It adds to what we need.

The air is the atmosphere of our element in which sound can travel. For how could we hear without an atmosphere? A ripple of sound is the same as a ripple of the lake. It strikes a deep chord

with humanity. A chord is a ripe grape whose fragrance is much greater than a flower.

Do not drink in other influences but the soul of water; for it is always cooler in the shade.

Is not the intoxication of the air and water around us but the soul of all hope and memory?

Hear the music without a vibrating chord.

Do not strike a chord with any other but the sound of the truth and heroism. A man who sings falsehood is a coward. Sing nobly with the wind; for it is not what you drink; but the liquor. We are but an elliptical fruit of age. Age is no certain evidence of merit, since folly runs to seed as fast as wisdom.

Life is richest when you are poorest. The man with the most has the least. For however bad your life may be, do not shun it; for it is still life. For even in a poor house you may have the greatest of homes. The sun shines on both the rich and the poor. Cultivate your poverty like a plant within a seed. For nature does not change as our self changes. For our change is but our own thought of self, restricted to our own by our own. Withered plants produce withered fruit; those not withered produce healthy fruit. Become your own white pond. Thought we may never have a house become your own home that shines bright. For the home of self spoils the fruit of the house and the fruit of a house produces a fragrance of home.

For love of home is the fragrance of all atmospheres.

All sins are forgiven by the repentance of a new morning. You may know a man of night but next morning he may be a man of light. For the sun shines bright even in the night. The first spring morn is the brightest. Feel the joy and innocence of the infancy of a spring morning.

There is more in a reflection of light than in the sustenance; that is sky in both.

One may think the substance is thus in the reflection; fair side of haven!

A reflection is but the echo of a mouthed sound. A ore rotundo. For what is a sound if nature does not echo it? The reflection of a Doppler is the sound of all of nature. Stir up your nature with your

own nature; within is slumbering music. Crystal water echo of white pond.

Walk with the ruminating water of a camel, the only straight cut brook. For within a camel is its own soul of water; be that may yours.

It is not a matter of making your own; it is a matter of selling it too.

The breather of your sound may rustle the leaves of a forest but the rustle of the wind does not rustle men. All nature stands silent and expectant, but no one listens to the voices around them.

Thought is a process to fill the vacuum. For in stillness all cease there song, but in a song is all but stillness. For in stillness we molest the thought of a silent expectant wind. We are but waiting for a new spring blossom. One who studies the plants must become a place were the forest has not been burned. For it never rains it pours. For the most remarkable rain is in the void of the earth song; our own fleted silence. For one form is but dead life of a new form. A form of dead nature is the form of dead; a form of life is but the form of life. Life is but a sunrise and death the sunset; yet both are the same to the adventurous spirit. For even in the circle of life is a circle.

A cat may see a dog by the size of its tail. For only the wild in the unknown attracts us; yet all is contained within the silent void of our blossoming self.

What views of nature we view give us the divine view of nature? What would the beaver have to say about Hamlet? -The Iliad?- Scripture? -The Grecian Oracles? The wild is polished by the art of nature. For nature wants compliance with their nature too. What we are to them, they are not to us.

Do not the birds sing their song to the sun? The beaver lives in the damn of its own river? Is not all nature but nature? Anything of us is anything of else. For one course is but the course of all.

For can't the cat's tail between a door scare you out of your mind? All of you is reduced to the pain of the cat's tail; for all of nature shrieks through its pain. For pain is a silent mystery of all nature. The inward sense of all around is but the greatest sun that shines outward. For all around us never cheats us, for we only cheat our self of nature from our own insolence.

A new beginning around your lake is called Sprout Lake; for all nature grows. Nature is a sweet scent of life that is everlasting.

What is the world around us but love! The love of the universe settles all around us and shines brightly through all around us.

What is nature in all silence but the silence of our own nature? For our own nature is ruled by the castles of media and government; do they knock on the door of nature? Where is the Fort of Independence? Are we not a society of no individual for we are all to the society? For this ruling power rules us, yet knows no self of ruling for it rules without. Disorder leads to a state of order. For disorder is relative to location.

Live all that can be lived; think of all that can be thought. For the man of disorder but can only become a man of order. Feel the atmosphere of oneself; the atmosphere of all. In the atmosphere of a walk we return to our natural wild self; a walk of the beasts. This walk warms the existence of the sensual experience; a fair haven jog of our self. This experience is all but singular and pure; a season of perfect works. A walk is the ability to talk; all great things started with a walk.

The expression of interior comfort is a medium of invisible flame. A whole of our being that is sparked through God's holy fire. It is the crackling of a pure flame that combusts our whole being into the serene.

Just as the sun shines on us outwardly, the creator shines on us interior through.

Women have but a sibylline and finer nature than that of men. They precede a more natural instinct to nature than that of men. Nature is stronger in them; thus reason weaker; vice versa.

There are many of men who know the uses of food and caribou hides but very few women. Do not assume here we are unequal; for balance is thwarted through the pros and cons of each nature. For does not man find more philosophical and intellectual pursuits in life and the affectionate compassion nature in woman? Women conform to their nature and men to theirs. For the nature of woman is

charity, the nature of men is hope.

For all is one divided under the sun; the child has all toys of nature at its disposal; it is natural to take our own natural course. For all lose their way, but each finds their way through their own way.

Even the holes of a woodpecker serve a purpose: to release pressure, eradicate termites and bugs through air of change, and to ventilate the tree.

The only stopping is ether or a dead plant.

A moon can be reflected on the frozen snow crust. One with one. For these two regions are polar of one. It is like the savage and the civilized man; do they not both want to live? Do not the feet and the hands perform the same function of one body? Does not the worm and the leaf work together to produce silk?

Do these things not all lead to a metamorphosis of a higher calling? For is not what is all one gone before you know it? A flash before your eyes? An eye before a flash?

Is not all the same along one path? All the light that requires work can be pursued by each of our own road of choice less travelled. Does not the beggar choose wiser than a King? For beggars cannot be choosers! Does not the flavour of heaven unthaw itself with each sunlight ray of a choice? Each choice is character relative to a man. For character is like a squirrel who knew a nut contained a Almond before the human did. Long has he been an observer of nature. Are not the tracks of nature more obvious to the light than our own inconsideration? Even the surface of the snow melts into the waves of the ocean!

Thoughts are of the dead who are rising through our sphere. It is never as cold as the thought of a dead ordered man. Does it not melt and freeze at the same temperature? Icicles are formed under this pretence. Just as are thoughts are our own but anons. Are not the others but our long lost brothers and sisters? The departed are nearer to us in our thoughts than they were when they were present. Friends are brought nearer to each other though the separation of death!

Let your thoughts be like the fleece of cotton in a cloth; let every thought web together to produce a silken thread of preserved masterpiece.

Silence is empathetic to the great silence. The questions in silence are answered within our own. The longest silence is the greatest thought. The least anxiety hangs in the thought of a silent dead; it is never expressed without the greatest joy! For anything that we think is bad can be repented as a thought of good. Listen to the voice of reason and destiny for then your own calling cannot be in doubt.

Do not the birds sing when the snow melts? WE must live in the thought of the present in the early morning present of the sunshine of day.

Science only embodies what men of science know. For the knowledge unlearnt is like a forest that is undiscovered. Every tree holds sap and shelter for all men to hold. The knowledge of science is but the timbers beside a log house, always sheltered within its own.

Can science explain the blue in the sky? Does not the blue calm after a storm promote tranquillity for all? Some things are better left to con-science.

The snow on mountains only relates how much is covered in trees. For does not the township of a forest equate all natural life within it? Does not the sunset against the mountain foretell an event unfortold? What will it be? Do not the mountains on the horizon show the same elevation as the valleys below?

All is but a succession of a thousand hours of time; each a thousand hours of walking. Adam walks daily in his own garden too! Does not walking meet no end but meets an end in walking? Walk a talk and talk a walk! Exercise your valleys and mountains like the con-science of your own science. For those in science are the vagabonds who do not walk holy but walk confined!

The trees are a species that are as numerous as there are many. There are 140 species that assume 30 feet in height in America, while 30 attain that size in France. Only 7 are employed in

buildings.

Con-science is a tree of all science; as the oak is the only one in which dried leaves persist in circulation and are renewed in spring. The walnut of Europe in its natural state is harder than that of the American walnut. (Pacanaet Hickory). It is also inferior in size and quality.

The arts teach us more than a thousand lessons! – a ship must be absolutely tight before it is launched!

One man is content with his level of happiness while the other always elevates his aims! Our spirits always look upward habitually through life's elevated angle! It is as if we were redeemed. When we desire to be better we are already elevated to the next level; as the child of the stream in which he bathed head and foot. Elevation is a divinity addressed to the common traveller. How many times has divinity been lost to you by inattention? Thus attention is the time of divinity! 'Tis healthy to be sick sometimes!

Does not all poetry reflect that of Latin Rome? Our heads retain strength when our legs are weak! Does not each but poetry past unknown to us? All nature is but a ramble through poetry, thought and literature. Does not the wild express herself through our own wild nature?

Quod adhoc latet! (which is still concealed?)

Are not all trees in vain relating to their mother in hopes to break their branches?

Do not all Grecian Oracles have their roots in nature? All mythology yet flourishes under our own eyes and ears! The oracles are but an essence that soiled the earth before we came into being. Do not these fables of truth grow deep within the world of ours? The old deserts, vast forests, table lands, and elevated steppes are contrasted by the new world and its humid, fertile, prairies and boundless primitive forests. Do not the Romans preserve the old of new? We must transport our self to this heroic age in which age is heroic! Did not the Vikings find the west through their island of conquest?

The sea of your soul may be as deep as 120 feet of the Baltic Sea; or as lost in time as the

Okanogan. The forest of your soul can outmatch the 1500 miles of the great Amazon!

Potato, wheat, rice, corn and sugar are both the animals our nature must only devour; for how else will the animals accept us? The oceanic vegetation world must be a passive element in which the excitement of impulse must contain all of nature. The new is the old!

Does not agriculture in America already assume the unnatural form of virgin soil?

The he who tries to know all is but ignorant within him, for knowledge of a divine nature is knowledge that is divine and infinite. Can not one ever be limited by the infinite amount of knowledge? Is not all the principle of all the original of all? For he who finds clear is not clear; and he who thinks dark is obscure!

To be fused with the knowledge of the universe is to be fused and intoxicated to the power of one (chaos). How inexperienced we always are, for each experience is a lesson unto a lesson of experience.

Society is a nature that has speed limits. The breaking of the in and in produce can only be interacted through interactions.

Romulus and Remus are but the state that wolfs us as a similar source. State being society/civilization. But those not wolfed are the empire (Indigo Children), the ones who conquer and divide the state. The Rome of a state is a new wolf that devours all lambs of society! Does not the best literature betray no alliance with nature? For do not a few feel but the true call of nature? The strongest attraction of society is society, the strongest nature is nature. For only one drinks of the fountains of water while 1000 gather to drink. The drink of a fountain is but a thought of the interest of the least of a thinker. Those who drink of Islam are 70,000 heads who drink one.

Is not all nature but a waterfall of Niagara within us? Is our soul but the flowing water of us? It seems that the water would out flow itself in a mere thirty minutes but the soul of water is eternal! The lavish of our soul lavishes at the steady current of our being. Do not fear the exhaustion of your being

for even water that descends has a slight inclination. It flows with but a greater rapidity!

Each flow is but a shell like snowflake descending from the heaven's suffice for a reflective serene. Who is to say that they are not but a make glee for the happy skater?

Nature loves to repeat herself! Does not nature take no attraction to appreciate men; but appreciates all? The trouble lives not in getting on the ice; the trouble lies with getting off it! We must not only observe and appreciate the subject of our pure and unalloyed joys, but also dry dissatisfaction one may feel. If we feel dissatisfied we must then take to the waterfall and make haste to satisfy the waters of our soul.

Health is a free use of all command and elasticity; it can neither run nor jump! The health of an ox is like an over worked buffalo; it waits its day for the plough. Our health is insensible to all influence; but only a healthy man is sensible to the finest influence! The finest health is the influence from the electricity of the air. For cannot the electricity of our soul excite the whole body and mind of our being? How adapted but we are to all we are adapted to! All of nature is reserved while we are but so unreserved. Do we not love the ripple the wind makes daily on our lake?

What is the value of esteem for one who does not esteem another? One who esteems is prejudiced in the favour of the esteemed! For only we can kindle our flame seen through another, alone burn free, free burns alone! The only distance between yourself is a distance between yourself. For only the love of your flame can kindle another flame! Be the flame of love upon your lake; be an infant of time in time because are not the haven's favoured to the unfathomable children?

As Festus states "Could we but think with the intensity we love with, we might do great things!"

What land is free when the free are slaves of prejudice and society! Is not all politics a hindrance to our own moral and personal freedom? Why choose one, when all ones are one?! There is a freedom to be a slave of freedom to be free! Are we not so concerned with the politics of freedom that

we are but not free? The only essentially free are those free of unshackled chains.

We are also taxed unjustly! Is not the taxation but a non representation of the majority? With respect to virtue and true manhood we are but a minority that is forced to live for a majority! A country is a province for a province does not find its own in a country. A city municipal is but a country in a province that finds no province in its municipal country! We are so searching for truth that truth escapes us. We are but a finer outline of what truly is the truth. We must arise beyond borders and become one as a unity of a whole! Some may say Karl Marx was an underachiever!

Manners are but the vice of character. They are constantly cast off stating a respect for a living creature. You see on the outside but not what is truly inward. Manners are the conscious state of being while character is unconscious.

How may a character go about making an honest living? A life of a poet is a life as you know it! For what is poetry but a true state of a condition in harmony with that around us? If it is not life it is death; death is but a beginning, but in a dishonest case, the end.

Are men so disgusted by their own state that they can't seek harmony with a state of prose? Or do they just lack the necessary insight of sight? Those who live dishonestly are blind to their own sight and thus can't be honest. How does the society produce art as fine as poetry? Honesty. Cold and hunger seem more profitable than a society in this case! For at least we can express those feelings! Would it not seem insightful to seek a honest living through serene and natural callings? There is light excess in light! For Niepe stated "No substance can be exposed to the sun's ray without undergoing a chemical change!" .

How could we undergo change of character? Would we not be crushed by the chaos of humanity? Are we then a new breed of human? Forty six and two?

In light we are light and in night we are night light. "The hours of darkness are as necessary to the inorganic creation as we know night and sleep are to the organic kingdom" states Thoreau.

The activism of the sun produces this effect for the breed of night in which light and night are one.

One who thinks they know all but yet knows nothing has room to know all and room to know nothing. A lake can always gain more water but when there is less we do not know there was more. Why do we concern our self with the latter of when we must concern with the latter of now. Knowledge is nothing more than a novel. There is indefinite sense of grandeur and glory in the universe as the universe is all that is divine. It is the most of the sun and the lightning of a cloud! How could we know any higher sense when we are unable to look at our own serene sun!?

A legal process is but a string of synonymous activities leading to the possession of a new item. What is mine is my own; what is my own is all mine; what is all mine is of what all! For how can one even begin to state what is theirs? Is not each child from birth new to this world? Where is his birthright? Is not all land new to him? What is new is then mine and not yours; for only all is ours and all is yours. We must divide and dive all to renationalized a one! Divide by hero zero and add one!

Magnets were designed as a form to attract one; the division of two becoming one. Chinese invented them in 121 AD; Torfeaus Hist refers it in a poem in 1181. It is a leading stone to a load stone.

Peroxide and hydrogen are to be diffused through nature. This is also known as ozone. The ozone is the ether of density. The ether is but any flammable body; it conducts heat.

Ice present at the bottom of a lake would slowly convert all to ice as the sun would not have the power to thaw it.

All geology is but a previous state of existence. The world on a tortoise in the sea; griffins; dragons; or other heraldic embodiments indicate a shadow of what once was.

A tortoise was found in Asia large enough to support a elephant.

Ammonites are the snake stones of old.

St Cuthberts Beads in Great Britain are the encrinites of fossils.

“Fiction dependant on truth”.

Heaven rises westward; the sun moves east to west around the earth. The stars light it.

It matters not what you drink but what drink matters to you.

The conductor of self is conducting yourself though the 19th 20th 21st century. The conductor is not like one of us! Is not the railroad a prestigious matter of accomplishment? Or is it the downfall of nature and the slavery of man? Nothing makes an impression unless it weighs.

Obey the law that reveals not the law revealed. (Obey the next sage).

The who obeys the highest law is in sense lawless. That is but the unfortunate law by which our subjective experience is bound. Live free in the midst of the sun! Liberty is the freedom of all laws on heaven and on earth. For man is made by law but does not obey the law that for whom the law obeys. There would than seem little importance in that which is nature; yet all is which is nature of what we seem. What good comes from obeying a law you discovered? All good! For all good is but within the relationship of one human to another.

For law exists for man and man exists for law; so must a man who exists to find law exist for the law or for a man.

In the time of the Roman Empire, only one in six was of pure Roman descent. Yet Rome is the pinnacle of society, and thus has the power that it is. For Syrians, Cappodicans, Phygriams and other slaves all lived within. The senators of Rome were born slaves as “Homines ad servitem natos!”

We are all that in a society.

For in as much as ye did it unto the least of men, breathed ye unto him.

Who exerts the right to govern this prison house? Does not the man stay away form the prison?

Yet every man who negates the right of life should thus be governed; but any man free of right must thus be free. For a government who commits injustice will be but a laughing skull of the world!

It is the same persistence in slavery. If one asked congress to make all savages, they would think of a way first to profit, then second the means. Is this not the same as slavery? For how is there any distinct difference? Both have no rights and without rights there is no human. Both are as sensible to dehumanization as the other.

For our law as of now does not lie in law of reason but in Earth's soil greed. Do not all feet walk true on Earth?

The source of justice does not lie in the courts for it is within all people.

The courts are just made for fair weather and civil cases. Does not the press ad hoc the pursuit of all that is uncivil? The only book that states a clear understanding of Justice is the Vedas; and we only pay a penny to men who uphold truth, valour, and justice. All media is a slave law that insults our own common sense; or lack of it. They think this sound sentiment prevails over all extents.

At least all it takes to destroy media is to refrain from it. And thank fortune of fortitude that a preacher's door is always open. It is not the invitation which we obey, but what we hear.

A man who sentences another man seals his fate for all time. He must be a man furthest from the law and sentence through love and an unprejudiced basis. The case of humble opinion is far greater than that of the Supreme Court. For is not that man already lower than his head is low? WE must act through love and truth; not through money and death.

The nature of a cat is to rest in the cold perched waiting for a bird. Also, a cat is inclined to affection of a man; that is also human feminine nature. What other bond than the bond of affection do we keep animals for? Are not all cats caressed by the children and kept with a saucer of milk? Even a cat has an erect nature that tails and hiss spit its enemies.

The affection of animals is but a love that transcends all natural bounds. It is a attraction of two spheres that presume harmony with their own equinox.

Love is but the formal pull of gravity on our consciousness, always pulling us to the one we

love beyond all formal notions. Cannot a man and woman love outside of marriage as the cat loves its owner? Love is but a maturity of the species that goes beyond marriage; it is a nature one must learn to develop affection for what we see subjectively. Seek respectable young woman; seek intelligent young men. Woman must be more respectable than men so their heavenly body remains pure.

One must stand below a sense of others to feel a sense of self. Does not chastity begot all conditions and create a harmony above all men? Why remain impure when purity is attainable through abstinence. There are but two consistent natures of our soul; a path of our own and a path of another.

For our own distance is but an enchantment for the view we can give behind us; our own landscape with a personal deep atmosphere which transcends us in the fiery ether.

We are but a shield of light reflecting all through the ether. It is not the nation that populates the world but the individual. For is not man as singular as a god? Let no man sleep in his own impurity as there is rest enough after death. Is not Hercules a man who fought for purity in the world to come? What kind of bliss does he now ride? A man who sits upon justice, equality, abstinence, and true knowledge is in treasure with the true trust of God, the purest Unitarian. Be so fixed in prayer as if a pigeon perched on your head, you would be a statue.

The Poroucha is the substance of the five elements; the soul of all beings. It is an eternal wisdom enclosed in self but is the self of an eternal wisdom. The Yoga is the burning fire of the soul; it shines like the sun and is burned through all beings. It is a being of the soul that is born yet to die and dies when it is yet to be born.

A heart filled with strange affections is purified through its own eternal wisdom. Thus let the spirit unclog and fulfil all the crevices of unhealthy present in the soul.

All which is wisdom is an interior practice of enlightening our fire Kaizen; it is the only light of the soul. The soul is the divine essence upon which we must always be fixed.

Is not the eternal soul but an emancipation of the terrestrial body of Vishnu?! – O Callisto how I

wait in AUM!!! Tathagata; we exist, our thread of existence remains strange and unhindered by all nature. Become free of all chains and be free of a chained world. Become an original orienting matter that transverse divine to all men through the Yoga of your Poroucha and become a divine perfume for all men to smell.

Shakyn Karika “ By external knowledge worldly distinction is acquired, by internal knowledge; liberation.”

For is not liberation but the knowledge of a causeless virtue? A soul remains invested in the body but a body is the investment of the soul. Does not the wheel will as the will of the wheel wheels?

Can a man hide in a hole from the breath of wind or is the hole a breath of the man? All men are alike but not all men breathe the wind. For the skins of a tiger are tanned like that of a dog, but the animals are different species. Can we train a sheep to be ferocious and a lion to be tame?

How can one train the mind in a school when there is no mind but science and formality within a school. We must have intercourse with nature to free the mind from the mind. We must study our-self as we study nature; with serene and a quiet calm since. Still waters, focus, steel, calm.

Is it not easier to employ a dentist who fixes teeth to employ itself through nature then a priest? Does not all nature have a dwelling in all?

False teeth do not relate to a false conscience. The body is a separate entity of the mind, the mind is a separate entity of the body.

A state of consciousness is a state of false teeth and unconsciousness a state of teeth.

Does one know the full state of one? It is an experience where only our subjective nature floats through energy and is one with all around us. We can rise and fall with the motion of our being while the motion of energy is one with us. This is a pure subjective state. You are a mind without organs, and organ within the mind. It is a state in which the furthest star of the ether is the closest star of your being. This is negated by reason and conscience, yet all reason and conscience is found beyond the

most quasi stellar source.

We do not even know when we are beneath the shade of a tree unless the moonlight shadows equip start our self from them.

The life of a plant is but the plant of a man. Both are a body and mind; both a mind and body. “ There are two bodies of plants, the plant of vegetation in which it overs aerial to nature and elaborates itself through its substance of that around. The second is fortification or the reproduction in which is the species propagated. “

Are not humans the same?

The organs of a tree are its root, stem and vines, as the stem is the basics and axis of a original plant.

Does not a human want to come to growth with himself to sustain the fruits of himself, of his seed, and thus propagate his own kind? We do this in the mind and not the body.

The seed of a plant is called a radical (embryo); it is the rudimentary part of the body (mind). A seed can survive a thousand years just as a rudimentary thought can.

A plant is but the forward and reverse reaction. It grows upwards from a radical to the light and air and downwards into the rooted ground. The upward continually produces a stem and the roots avoiding the light descend on axis: one part aerial and one part subterranean. This is the body of a tree.

The mind is the body so the mind is like a tree. It either expands upwards towards the light or downwards towards its roots. The mind is a firmly balanced oak whose development is always in the embryonic (radical) state. We are but in a womb of nature; we are always unborn and yet being born anew. We can dig deep into our roots while reaching for the light; yet we tap down to the centre of our thoughts.

Mere reason is the branches (axon/dendrites) of a tree and is always shaken by the first wind. The branches are our mind absorbing points while we continually grow. Yet sometimes we are but a

sponge that spores none but absorbs all. The root is the absorption of all that is soiled for us.

Although, our mind is also like a Perennial Philosophy who stores up starch within its roots for future growth; they have clustered roots to keep thick clusters of knowledge. A root may spring from a plant under any favourable circumstance; in darkness and moisture.

The most clear and ethereal ideas spring forth like a blossoming fl and hold sturdy like a solid oak. The roots contain the knowledge and provide a clear straightway for light of ower the axis. Roots are put forth the same as with branches; all the more eager to be soiled by a universal knowledge. The darkest roots are in the roots of Hades itself and spring forth like the most natural light. All ideas form roots; and all ideas are but life seeking. Can't even the birds of the air walk on the ground?

For all stems are produced towards the light but are rooted in the darkness. Is not the mind the same? The mind may flash to the light but is it not but still rooted in darkness? If we extend to far into the light, we must dig deep into the soul of our universe. For there are also the poison of parasitic plants whose germinates harm all of the light. We are all but the plant of womb of nature!

Man is made in God's image. If there is a just man; there must be a just God. Is not our existence but to be a man in God? Are we not the soul survivor of the gods? How is our nature not divine? Men get named no better.

If men have no names we are but a wild herd like the cattle. There is only the quality of a man then; nothing more. We are but the patriotic sense of all we are. Where are the original and genuine names that have been given? Would men not be better named for what they are known by, rather than to be known? It is only natural to know our own genus, but to be a genus it is better to be known. Is not our original name but a malicious tongue we yearn to hear?

Did ever private soldier have a name in Sparta or Rome? Were they not the name of what the were? We should lead a name to generalization; we should lead to generalization of the name. Does not the wild savage have his name in his savage nature?

Look at the name of an apple; crab apple, sour apple, malus, prys coronaria, angustfolia. Some apples have bitter taste and some have aromatic tastes. The name is within the name.

There are small, green, acidic, and odoriferous apples; some make cider out of apples.

Do not all these general terms of an apple still give name to the apple?

“It is not the beauty of the flower; it is but in its perfume.”

There are 300 species of apples in France, in London there are 1400; what of those not catalogued?

Their genus is the same as that of a human, they are named by their properties yet are all still an apple. What of those apples who have strayed wild and forbidden?

Is not Pythagoras hypotenuse the same to all nature?

Regret is a doubt of the most glorious experience. For within regret we can become triumphant over our doubt. For doubt is only what is possible. Are not all great men but eternal beings that greater than the authority given to them by men? Men who stand upright with God are men of God. Men who stand downright are men of men.

Does not a man transcend all when he is upright with his being as one? The greatest of life is awakening in the morning for that is our fresh beginning with God every day. A night sleep is also the beginning of unconscious flight; a journey beyond a nature place into the remotest of remote. The night sleeps puts all behind and all in front.

Who studied the properties of plants? How could we when it is a war on personal freedoms and not a war on drugs? Would not all plants seem a form of Providence within moderation? How would we know if the beginning of God is in a plant or the end of God continued within?

The office boy only sweeps the leaves of Providence, and Providence the leaves of man.

The celestial colour is blue while the green demand is vegetation. For does not the blue horizon contrast with the vegetation of all that is green? The terrestrial with the celestial. This is the

unchangeable real estate.

What are the virtues of plants? Do we know how the cinchona grows in the mountains of Quito or how the poppy is shunned by all? What does it feel? Does it feel its opiate state or does it feel dull? One would question...

The devils apple of Peru (Jamestown Weed) finds its way aboard ships to reach the land of many. Did the early sailors take account for all accounts of shipments? This plant can make fools of men for eleven days on end.

What of the properties of opium? – ipicacuanha?- gentian?-Colombo?-chamomile?-catechu?- cascarilla?-canella? .....

For do not the members of Brazil untax these great remedies? Better taxed something great the untax something late.

Who has attested to the roots of a biennial or perennial?

Yet some plants are innocent in effect; it is the natural order. These plants of Luridae of Multisque is the umbellifeous aquatics, gramina, the fruit pomaceae and several other natural plants.

Some birch roots are the flavour of chequer berry.

Ginseng is the figure of a man!

The bark of *dirca palustris* or leather was once used by Indians for chords.

Tobacco; Nicotine. *Tabacum* is said to be enjoyable even after its poisonous qualities. It is but the soother of care; a remedy of stress; it is the one plant of all globes. The poor gave into the high luxury of life in a smoke.

Man looks at his past with common sense and his future with common transcendence. Are there not but rotational memories of déjà vu that spin through the circle of life? Common sentimentalist of the past and common transcendentalists of the future.

Are not all things possible through the possibility of all? For what we know of the past can only

be the dreams of the future. Do not the individual and the race both transcend them self at the same time? Shake the pepper of rain for it will salt all the food around.

Are you the 99th who failed or the 100th who succeeds?

We must be of the common unity of one. Man is a circle of all and all is a circle of one. We are not determined by the side of our lake but by the rate in which our current reaches the ocean from whence we came. Paddle within the flow, the tides of the ocean current spray, for the spray is the one hope of a new circle day. Does not the meadow belong to the pond?

Each prominence is made by the shadow cast of the sun. Does not the sound of night sound to all men unheard? It is the silent breath of wind as the silent wind is the breath of all. The will of the will. Are not all circumstances favourable to a sound? Is sound transmitted through stillness or through density? Which are you?

Music and sound originates through the origin of all things. All things are a sound that resonates through all. The prevailing moisture of all things must just listen to the dew of the early morning ring. We must not remember our itches for they are bitches, we must listen to our heart beat for that is where we find Yoga heat.

Does not the water and wind still breathe and run at night? The chirping of a cricket is but the loudest sound in the deeps of the night. Do not the showers sing praise to the stars up above in their colourless embrace? Our shadows are but the imp of light that is shone behind our fiat lux.

Does not one feel sand ever long at the bottom of their river, lake, and ocean? Is not the infusions of siliceous shields the tissue of us all? ((Found in 67 organic forms) 2 restrictions to fresh water). The thousandth square inch of a particle is but a single strand of the universe within our self. All is all of all in all!

Within all is but an evil manifestation such as that of a crow, fly, tick, brown moth, beetle, wood larch and spider.

These monsters destroy the poetry of nature and feed the evil of Hell. These diseases are but synonymous with the diseases of men! As the circle knocks on the head and the head is the epitome of the circle.

The best time to hunt is when the shadow imp is at its lowest and the zenith of the sun is at its shortest.

The circle of election must be represented by the men of the circle head. For can a man ride with the boat of the ocean and not be one with the circle of it? One must sharpen the knife before they can kill; for their are many injured cattle.

The more level the plain, the more the horizon approaches it in a likely manner. Does this not destroy the mountain of thought and the vast level which could have been possessed?

The curvature of a horses tooth resembles the tooth of a man. A man is but the dentist of nature and nature the dentist of man. The wild Llama drops its dung each day in the same pile and thus helps the Guanacos natives in their quest for fire fuel! Fuel the fire of your dung!

Nature is a stream that can be rowed up or down in our journey to the ocean; it is a matter of choice to ad hoc to the all around us.

The man of intellect cooks his food with fire; and the bones of food that fuels the fire is the property of the burning man.

Do not all animals have a nature that is divine to God? Can we not partake of the bread of LIFE from that which is all around us?

Life is the fatal blow of a tiger to man who is still looking at the hare; the greater the number of tigers, the greater the amount of food. Does not the tiger under the stress of hunger dash his brain out in the need for survival? This is the need for order.

The savage sitting away from a fire undergoes a roast unknown to men who sit close to the ceremony.

The simple is the greatest complicated object. The magic chef of nature is the most humane and comes to be the light of ally of phenomenal fiat.

The evidence of the simple is cryptogenic plants of the berry nation. T. De. Fuego. They eat no vegetable but the fungus (except a few berries) *Cyttaria Darwini*. This takes place on the Falkland Islands.

The *macrocytis pyrifera* grows on great rocks for it feeds great men. Not even the beds of seaweed are as great as these. Do not all seaweed pass through the great waters? Would not all animals feed on kelp if all vegetation of order were lost?

Not all great rocks of fungus are seen due to the glaciers of time. For is not the great land but the transparency of the air? Is not all coast to coast but one great reason? A great reason is a great thought and a great thought is a great reason.

Water shines like an inward light expressed outward from a black whole; it's not how the light travels but how far and how long. Water is serene, deep, majestic, a distinguished diamond of gold!

If a lake is gold then the river is but a silver flux; travelling to the platinum of the ocean. For it reflects the silver silhouette of all in all time. This is but a hidden paradise in man's own country; light shines in the dark. Water relates glory of heaven in the night by the skies of our own.

A puddle is all you need to see all reflected under your feet. Look down to look at a glorious up. Roots and trees. For all is but a light in the night but what is the night in the light?

It must be our own candle and flame that shines inwardly out. There is always an internal between the light and night; but both are one under the Jove sun. There are but the old and new contrasted as a new dynasty to the eons of peons. The distance of light and night that flourishes both is a distinction set apart equally by men. It is like a warm structure of air to the casual passerby.

Even the white pine is the grassy reflection of weak light to us insects who walk amongst.

Does night retain the sunlight hour of night? All is heard as one croak of the frog together. The

croak is singularly penetrating sound through all day and night and is one with all around. Open your eyes to see. Breathe your wind of a calm day. WE barely breathe a quarter croak before the frog bellows its chest again. Who hast ear let hear, who hast sight let see, who hast taste let taste, who employs sense let sense.

What is the routine of life other than the public sense of all the individual around us?

A tree toad's croak round is another croak tree toad sound.

Even by moonlight we see the surface of the earth; but let light bestow confidence and night bestow the eon of light. For the dead awake in thought of night and sleep restless in light fright.

All light is an inverted pyramid of hope off the reflection of a mere eye drop.

The reflections of water are but our eyes of angles singing hope to all men. The light of night reveals itself through the darkness! Further than that state of atmosphere by day, of ether fire. The dream of fog is a dream to unclog. Within our own fire we find our mind to refuel to thought of each new day. In the night we seek the eye to pry all we see; our pupils expand and heaven relates to our sight singing its tune for us to see and hear, the rhythm flow let loose soul.

We are but a faint light of a detest fright. We seek the shelter of day because we have no thought that the gay of night can produce our own inner harmony.

Why do werewolves howl at the moon and change shape at 12? The veil is unveiled and the process of dead thoughts expands through those who are caught. Is this not but on universal chant? Is not all nature an expecting attitude? Expect attitude fortis a mantra! Joy recreates creation of joy. Keynotes of nature sound key. Joy of all notes forts a joy of mantra to expect an attitude of nature.

Are our senses all one particular sense, or is it but a spate unity working as a whole? Can we not sense a sense? Is a sense sensual or is a sense a sense?

A figure eight of hate is a figure sense of late. We are but two circles of function sensing each other in one moment of time. Our sense on a whole meets a new sense whole at a point where we

intersect. All senses thus are a figure of our own senses of a figure of a known.

For day is known and night unknown. When we sense the unknown we become known to what was sensed long begotten. Thus then becomes known and continues deeper into the dark unknown; yet light known creates light own.

Music is a gift of light used in our darkness. What do we think of the bird who only sings once in a thousand years!? Nine hundred and ninety nine years to late! For we must sing to the Harvest and the Travellers' moon; guide direct moonlight spring noon.

What purpose is a sensual whole if one does not use their senses in their affairs? Is not our pulse beat one with nature? Is not our senses but a nature of one?

The brain is but a mere tool in the soul of a body's search for unity of nature. Is not our conscious a serene flux of nature? What is our perception of truth?

Are we not all but the flux that constantly changes with the status quo? What is the quo of an status in which we live daily. Is not our own reality the truth we see all around us? Truth is a serenity and calmness of our lake; being one with our self. We are unconscious to the just laws around us so no wind blows to disturb the quiet serums of our mind. The world of deep is reflected in all we see and is a deep world reflected. Is there not beauty in all nature? Does not a single flower show a beauty more ravishing than all of our animal habits?

All nature should be a sense of purpose to find truth and live in the truth of our purposeful nature of serenity and sense.

The Lysimachia Quadritulia is a cow of brute nature. Does not man who eats in the flesh become the brute nature of the flesh? Look at the carnivore of nature.

The flowers of nature produce a herbivore who is content with the laissez faire nature of the green demand, always resting in sensual purpose.

What distinguishes a wild beast from a tame? It is the nature in which they eat. They are less

human than the other. Is not the order of lions retained by the Leo? The bear is demonic reflection of the nature of not gruff and gruff one.

It is not some nonsensual sense but a natural instinct involved and intertwined from nature by which we do in nature. Do not the bees always make honey from the most beautiful of the nectar plant? There is method in resource.

Is not all life an experience of resources of what we should truly buy? The sweetest of life is the most innocent. We must always improve our innocence for it is the only resource of the God and is the nature of divine.

Is it not better to be surrounded by all nature through time than try to make time of all nature? All animals are distinct to nature just as we are; so what is the purpose of not being one; discrimination?

Is not the lizard and blooded nature like a log and the alligators speed like a volcano? The seeds of all nature are sowed through the eons of time. Are not two stones the chief of all time; carved into the likeness of man waiting their turn in our roots of deep!

All life is all life that is a past experience of forgetting. We do not live in the past but in the present. We are the growing nature of our experience of nature. We are all of our past in the present and all of the present in our past. We make ourself life from all we are and are all we are through life.

Does not the soul connect with our mind and our mind become one with our body? We are inexperienced immortal in our mortal being! Why are we so busy with our mortal life so as to not hear the music of the one beyond? Is not the promise of life eternal to any who hear? Is not the colour of truth the most reflective search of a man? Any man who is of impurity and becomes pure is but the greatest experience of the soul! Does not the impure know the experience of his past to become the pure subject of his present? What is it to be pure and reverent to a God who is greater than men? What is the temple of your soul to your whole being? The young of self makes us young and an early spring

in the dew of morning. Rise with the early morning Sun and be one with yourself and the Sun! Let your nature be conditional with all around you and let all be the early blossom of your prime! Flower the ethereal beauty of the kingdom of your all experienced mortal reflective search.

Wisdom is an o far ocean in which the most logical ascertain is to find hope.

If we are what we are unto our own work would a life of meaning mean more than a life of meanness? How awful and unquestionable is it to be a nature of impurity; it is the most illogical sense! There are no bounds or limits so how far could one mean or be meant?

Mean what light we this night of dark, light of dark mean night of lark. Sing deep into the roots of soul for the whole while know a fowl of growl. Find your true inner self; poison in poison out.

In your night you will find the light! But in the light you shall never seek night except to seek more light. For light is a sense of true self worth and is only limited by the boundless agent of time!

From the boundless reflection of light on water we see what true is of our Father. Not only do the trees stand in the air at night but so do men. Do men tell how far they have grown or just let the light shine to all others to see?

To damn a soul is to dam a river. It stops all flow to the ocean (God) and creates man's own temperance to an ecosystem. He sets up his own ocean that is not whence he came. This is but the unnatural state condition that does not let flow all that grows. For all that grows greatest by the most water. Man's damn takes time; the ocean is always abundant. We are cutting off our own growth of nature, we must adhere to all that is around us. Do not all the plants of the world feed us daily? We must dissolve our self into the atmosphere of the ether and combust our self at our flaming lake vice as one with all around us.

We are a nature learned of cutting down our forest through doubt, we must learn to replant and sow the seeds of time. Are not all trees fed through nature? What is important is the change of air which we breathe, for we are breath of the air of change. We must breathe with our body as the trees

breath through their air. Each pore of skin is but a tent that houses the ability to breathe; we must breathe deep and whole with all we are. The tree's breathe air is we breathe fair, each breath a wind of commonplace house.

All wisdom is a reward of unconsciousness in conscious breathing. We must let the free of mind express itself through divine and become one with the breath of thy own.

Is not all air a conscious breath waiting to be breathed? Is not the there deepened by a thought of the tree? What of the blue veil? It is the true blue purpose of life to breathe all the flowing energy into one pore of the skin.

It is the music of time that makes us step to the one step tune. Does not the energy of an apple invigorate the senses like that of your own? Energy fuses and effected with greater energy and produces fruits of labour.

The man of nothing is still a man of something. He lives his life in reflective nothing and only meets energy with words. Is not everything nothing?! Is the man guilty of everything any less guilty then the man of nothing? Both their Deities of something still reciprocate each other and produce a thought. Is not both these religious somethings?

All of art is all art of life. To live in the painting of your own choice is the clearest breath of refinement one may have; to be something. All of something requires a brush to be anything, so whichever stroke we paint we are all or nothing. Sadness or joy is a buy a toy of the known unknown boy. Truth is a gift of the sift that produces wisdom of pyramids for all time to see. Give me both so I may make a castle for my catapults to reside in! We must attend to the picture of everything in nature; to be something in nothing to become everything.

We must sing to the energy of all that is in nothing of nature. Where does God hide in the oratorios? Everywhere! Pump the liquid of life into the gas tank of your lake so your driving current will always be in shop to the ocean. The pump hose of mind heart and soul must produce the petroleum

of the whole to ignite the fire of one underneath the sun.

Towns have a character like true individuals. Lethbridge is deathbridge and the bridge of life. Evil transpires around this locale, as so do its dwellers. In the night there is also light.

The light of a town is found within the confines of a library. All ignorance is restricted free within. Nature becomes known through nature and books are brains of trees. Fiat lux. Were not trees constructed by nature to be the brain through all time? All simple in nature exquisite simple. What we see as beautiful is perception and light of books opens the perception for all to see. Are trees not wonderfully cunning!

The cunning of nature is found in its variable of the colour. Is man not a distinct reflection of this? Man is the distinct reflection of his lake. The lake is the fire of the soul that reflects all the colours of our being. Is not a fire comfortable?

The tree of diet is the great oak. The acorn is but a palpable fruit for all squirrels who store them all winter long for their hunger.

Are you a squirrel or a nut? A squirrel lives in the ecosystem of its lake while a nut is but the food collected by the squirrel. Be a man of your habitat, not the food of others to dine on. Do not all the leaves of a tree fall within its nuts? It is a commonplace to gather the fruits of its labour.

All plants are green or all plants are dry, it is one nature among many that produce the fruits of a new spring system. What bed of leaves to you make? What make of you your bed?

When treating a patient we should look at how we can make them happy through order. If we focus on the disorder, it only becomes more dominant in the human psyche. WE must make the human ordered through the treatment of laughter and love in each moment. Do what is the greatest passion of the individual, for that will induce happiness and an ordered state. No matter how long or short the individual suffers. This may seem like a simple solution, but the answer is always simple. We are all on a quest for riches and happiness.

For the light of happiness never fails in even the darkest moments. Yet there are some disorders that must be treated on their own. You must seek a passion of happiness. If you could be happy, you would be happy. Do not lock away the happiness that could have been. Never give up. Order is simple happiness that bestows order. This is the true pathos. Name what makes you happy and follow your heart passions.

Although there is a psychic release in terror, yin and yang, disorder can make greater disorder so whence to create order? Yet this disorder is not the pathway of pure order.

One must stick straight and true in the efforts of will. For time is all but a matter of focus and will. A doctor of laughter can create happiness to an ordered state. Happiness is all but greater order. Never betray the potential of happiness.

Books are the sleeping knowledge of men before us. All the works of men are but sleeping in the walls of a library. Each book is calling out to its man through destiny. A book is a treasure island. A library is a pirate story of treasure and romance. Each story is a scent to itself. Breathe in the odour each book presents. If you inhale deeply, there is an order. Have you ever smelt a book? Each book has its own scent and order smelt by all.

Hash is but the gold of a cold Arabian night. Yet some drugs make a colder night out of themselves. All drugs are deadly. Dead plants for dead men. The gold drugs contain make you nervous to contain the gold. The world of drugs is a world of dead men, where thieves and moths destroy. It is the night time disorder of drugs. It is the path of dark waterfront nights. It is the feeling of disorder brought forth through the night of disorder.

Why make a pathway that leads to the darkest night? One may wish to feel the orgasm of true life than that of one which is dead. Why make objectivity the subject of your subjectivity? Why not experience the orgasm of life through a subjectively pure lens. For a pure experience is greater than a dead experience.

A kiss is but a pure experience of two subjects becoming one. You are displaced by the heavens in pure experience. For why have we been denied the true experiences of life? That all is continued to make us one? They wish to control the ants from the conscious movement of one. Yet some people need the dead soul companion to help them survive the feelings of being alone. For the golden hash night is one that fulfils the one temporarily. For what one made this state of one? *Moderation is moderate*. Drugs are the saints of morons. The moron lacks a artificial perspective in this moment. And perspective is reality. Drugs are a step backwards in reality; disorder, not forward. A forward step in reality is one with the One. For a toke is only but an angel towards God. God has the ability to bless magic nights. So always bless the magic of your night. For in each night a star is born. A star in the moment is but all self consciousness striking at a vulnerable state. You have to control all of the demons of yourself. You feel closest to God when you search your inner self; you just have to search that starts. But in dark moments the search of the soul is all but moved. One just needs to walk the beach, for that is the walk of eternity. But why not jump in the ocean? Sex on a beach is only disturbed by sand and crabs. Your first experience of the ocean is just a warm-up-fuck. The ocean is family. A father who loves is all but waiting for the first intercourse. You can always be great. For God always loves his people who are great.

Sex is learning to go beyond the syntax. Live in the essence of entering your subject beside you. This trance of true love is to go beyond oneself and enter a form of non-self. This no self is a pure form of nature and sensation. A sensation of body and mind. You become understood through the sense of understanding nothing. Genes are destiny, nothing to something in that which is to everything.

Men who are rich do not read books. All men just drink, play tennis, and golf. They give nothing to the everything of society. They are not one with the social syntax of movement. Why not be in love with the oral mouth of nature? It will fulfil the void of boring to all men; the void that must be filled with light in the soul of black men.

Do not live your life in the past, for how then may you return to the present? Make your own decisions, not the decisions of others. Believe you can make the world. Believe the American dream is but your soul, all great causes wrapped into one star of your own nation. Your soul is not a dollar sign. For if you remind yourself of what was, how can you focus on the is.

Do not subject yourself to the objective trash of the world. But be a subject to the trash of your objective experience. Do not fall down memory hole, for that objective world is all but vanished. Move on and shut down the past. Memory train only makes deserted stops within your heart. But yet one must make the journey to the darkest realms of being to start a journey that is upright. You must risk understanding. One must first be dead to become alive. One must build their house upon stable foundations of the heart. You can always forgive to longings of your heart.

Finance your money to be miraculous. Miracles are that which money cannot define. Yet all new ideas require money. There is no reason why it shouldn't. For possessions are but the struggling of the soul. Do good, make a friend and make money. Take the lens cap off the camera of your life for once shattered in darkness, you will see the light.

Spirits move in mysterious ways. They move to make us pure in 100% perfection. Love is not some mortification of flesh, but a preset of our heavenly bodies interacting on a divine level. The human body dies as we get older, but true love is a body that always persists through time. Sex is but the renewal of oneself, to cure the dying cells through the divinity of oneself. The energy of sex is all life changing and a symbol of renewal. It is an agent of our healing process to become ordered. You are healed through the order of a higher being. Sex is but God's work of love to heal the broken and the lame. Always renew the sexual faith so your batteries do not run out. Yet, do not randomly renew yourself but renew yourself in the dimity of love with a being who you love. Business of love is business with God. Your spirit's renewal in God should be transfixed by this emotional state. For without pure love, you begot yourself in the wrong of God.

The dream of life is a life of a dream. Your dreams contain answers in which your subjectivity is in a state of oneness with reality. Your dreamed life is but a unrented hospital in the miniature sense of the brain. Through the course of time through pins, salves, needles etc... we have become the perfect mental patient. The mental capacity creates fear and distrust in who you really are. It breaches the ordered state of mind and creates disorder upon the fold.

You do not end up in your own hospital as a visitor. We are all locked up by our own steel cage of madness (disorder).

Harmless and happy; under this, all madness is pure and simple. Things that move forward are normal and transform the magic of the soul. DO not be a keeper of the insane, but become sane through your keeping. Do not lock6 yourself in your own private hell. Do not cloud over the fixed point of your soul. Be a warrior who battles his soul at all times. Be your own child of your soul's one sided mirror. Make desperate contact with yourself. Nothing is ever easy. The nothing of easy is akin to love.

Your day is but a dream. One cannot keep innocent when they are still dealing with objectiveness. It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than a rich man to get to heaven.

Do not make a shame of your soul as like the phony men of shame of American democracy. For the corruption of that will tether your soul to a dark abyss. Be a man of poverty, for the riches of life will be present at your door step. This is the staircase to happiness. Your fortune of life should transform you to the conscious of life. For the amount of objectivity you contain is on par with the subjectivity of self you must contain. For the world is not alone, and wants you to spread the pure joy of a happy soul. Fall into the dream of your pure healthy self. Even people with money are in asylums.

Simple is the closest friend to truth. It is the pride of all lions, not the herd of sheep. Do not kill or shoot lions for they are the Leo of truth. You will never be eaten by a lion of truth, for truth always prevails. Be the truth of your private soul. Not a house of pain. Be a calm focused whole. Be the island of Dr. Moreau. Turn your animal to a human. Look for the son of father relationship inside your soul.

*There are no rules but the rules you make. What are you waiting for?*

Allow the inner child voice to be set free in your life. Your inner child is the bravery to do what is right. Battle creativity against your own odds. Be a young savage to your being. Transform your house of patterns to a house of gain. Transcend your transformation. Nothing is more exhausting than transforming yourself on a daily basis. Do not be the tragedy of heartbreaks, pain, and broken records, but be the gain of all that is.

Be above the gain of sex, do not be all the rest.

Dive into the ocean of your soul and find the pearl within the clam.

Become the brave perfect being of your soul. For a fool questions things of good order, and takes an idiot to ruin things that are good.

Your soul is unlimited supply of what is good. For even the good of your soul can shine in the darkest night of light.

The light can save your soul's night. Your light must shine bright to those lost in the dark. Put all your human emotion into helping those who need light.

Do not worry, for worrying will make you old before your time. For the things you worry about could fill a dictionary that will never be read. Relax your worry. Fill your day with promise instead of worry. A promise that documents what you have done is right. Do not just document your life, make it your own story. Do not be threatened by the voices of unreason, for true reason lies in truth.

Luck lies in truth. Truth lies in luck that is right. All rights are a divine hill which you must climb.

Be the terra firma to your soul so you can always begin again when you fall. Wall climbing is nasty business. One never knows when to risk it all; when not fogged.

There is a time for everything

A time to sail on a boat away from it all

A time to move fast

A time to move slow

A time to praise

A time to mourn

A time to grow

A time to decompose

A time to live

A time to die

A time to search

A time to confide

Never let yourself be pushed beyond your edge, for not all men have a life saving ledge. Do anything to adjust the boundary of nothing (soul). Do not live in dreams beyond the dream of your edge. For in the nothing of your soul is the dream of everything pushed beyond.

Beyond your edge is only the making of a new ledge.

The pull of your soul is between truth and untruth, justice and injustice, vice and virtue. There is magic between the two pulls of your being.

For each coin has a two sided nature; so does your soul.

Do not meet the expectations of anyone else but the expectations of your own soul. The only self to have is self.

For when you love self, you love others. Learn the old you to become the new you.

There is absolutely nothing to worry about, for nothing is all but a worry. Take the easy route of your soul. Do not doubt, form appositives. Rise above it all and let your mind and soul spin above your shoulders.

Focus not on what happens next, but focus on the great maturing of your being. Do not be

misled in the growth of your soul, focus on the nothing of everything. The voice of your soul is the voice of all men. A man of voice is a man of nothing.

Be the hand puppet of the strings of yourself. We are all hell puppets of our own, and upright puppets with God's throne. You only restrict yourself from your own freedom through your own thoughts of self. Be the ambassador of your soul, let the regime extend for all ages. Learn your soul, for then hero's thoughts will prevail through your mind.

Live in your soul and in your thoughts in your mind. Live let true. Let potential live true. Get out to the world around you and let them listen to you. Swallow your hollow. Never hide your self from embarrassment for you will be shown wisdom through it. Do not let wisdom strike you dead before you attain it.

How do you know you feel anything? You know because you feel.

Never be hip; be yourself. Yourself on a eternal team of the cosmos. Always demand the most of yourself. You have control over you. It is necessary to control your life so you do not lose control of it. Never give an inch, take an inch. You are your own Treasure Island. Be the truth of your soul.

The true diseases of our age are developed without control of self; diseases such as paranoia, suspicion, and pain. These are true diseases. These diseases manipulate your control of self, stretching you far from the truth. All of life is rational and full of meaning, but these diseases negate all truth. We are all the romantic design of self. The fire of self is flammable to those around you. Be accountable to your fire and let it burn steadily all time. For each man has his own fire.

Flames may be heated from the fire of your soul. This strange longing is the heat of fire wanting to spread. Inspire yourself in yourself for others' self. Be the inventor of your own flaming dreams and dreams of others.

We live in a world where strangers are dangerous. No one lights each other's fire because we are all sitting on the bench waiting for someone else to do it. The only fire that sparks another is your

own. Fix these diseases before they get worse; as iron sharpens iron, so one man sharpens another. Strive to be the ambassador of your soul. Live the spiritual life, the passion screaming from the depths of your being. We are all the cards of a photographer in the sky. Sell and buy the souls from the cards you have been given. Who needs anything but the flame of the soul? Step out of your mindset and embrace the human experience. Buying and selling should be the only system of your soul, for once a soul is bought, it can only sell itself to others.

Be your own personal self of happiness. Trust your happiness for it is the golden gate road to your soul. Follow the nuclear reaction of your being.

You are only as hopeless as you make yourself to be. Helplessness should be the forefront of your being, beyond what you can earn. You need to be what you can be. Take a picture of yourself and exist through it. For your picture from that moment on will never be the same.

Once you move your soul from the time framed picture, the inks of paranoia, distrust, and pain will be vanquished from your being. You will be your soul's angel. You will shine so bright that your picture will alight on fire and even the photographer will be set ablaze.

Money is the shit of your soul. It is as easy to make money as it is to take a shit on your toilet. It is the garbage dump of your being.

Pour out your soul as a camera light. There is only one picture and we are the colours of the ink. Our soul is but the port of the sea, take control of your ship and float out to oblivion. The pain of self is short term, but the love of self is eternal. Eternal is unlimited potential; the potential is in your control.

What is beyond imagination must be true. Roll through life like a child who lays on the green grass looking at the crystal blue sky in a fresh relaxing dew morn. Be in touch with your heartbeat.

Being in-tune with yourself makes you want to express yourself. A soul selling a soul.

Break yourself from reality and be a conscious being to those around you. Whatever you wish is up to you. Wish that your heart be free of heart sickness so you may express your soul.

A nervous break down is a nervous break up.

It is important to find what is important to you. What you know is right, what rewards you is your reward of right. Be free from your old self and be a righteous boat afloat on the ocean. Freedom is free from the mouth of a lion. Be a magical talisman for generations to photograph: freedom of self whether the lions eat you or not.

Do not cling to a lie that you know is a fact. Let fact be one with yourself. The truth of a fact is but a check up for you, revealing the true step up.

All people are but a staff to your wisdom. Cross the most of your being and become one within yourself. You are alone in your castle until you cross your bridge. Do not be afraid of the monsters in your moat. You have to find the courage within yourself. Inspiration can be found within your loneliness. Inspire a change that is good and let you be happy.

The past of your life is but filled with the tragedies of the now reinvented. Who is not interesting in reinventing their self? To be a whole person through faces, names and time is the discovery of what is important. You have the power to control that which you want your being to be. Yet there are those discoveries that cannot be controlled. Be more than the junkie of now, you will run right from your picture shot.

Carry on from the spirit you establish; untoward the picture of yourself and moving towards the picture of you. Be the commander of your own boat. Pay attention to self more than others. Only be generous and faithful in front of others so they may attest to your spiritual situation.

The switch of you can be off or on. God is merciful to those who show mercy.

Be yourself; the government is reducing us to drones of a hive who are unable to express the individual, but have to work their individual for the good of society. It is an unknown capitalist communism.

Realism; Nothing like it.

Anxiety is different than fear. One is anticipation for some objective means while the other is an inward fear of the subject. Pure as we begin. Pure before the fall.

Nature is enjoyed by the spiritually rich. Nature is the story of a mystery to be unfolded upon the fold.

A cynic won't make it, so be sweet.

One can always play dice with two sides of a coin. Your sense will give you your spirit. All life must be shone as empty so you may see through the screens of the photographer.

What is miraculous is not on the outside, but within yourself. You will not find the miracle in others; only within your self. Your self never leaves self. See through the screen. Become a product of your nothing; a pure legend. You are but a product of self and objectivity around you. For your unstable self will eventually burn you out.

There is always a strategy for success but never a blueprint for tragedy. Make haste to the boundary of your soul. In order to meet your soul, you have to keep a constant watch of your being. Know your destiny; it is locked up deep inside of you. Just be worried about the monster moat in your moat. Always be on the watch of your soul and destiny. See that your grave is kept clean. For time is but a cleaning agent. For this is the naked truth of your life. All it takes is one moment to realize who you are. Envy your courage; the courage of your ambassador. Do not cheat yourself of yourself. Smoke the joint of your soul.

Do not let your corpse lie rotting in your castle or be a food for the moat monster. Your body is a treasure, just as the soul and mind; keep it that way. Do not fall asleep at your wheel or you will crash. See your crashes through the brilliant white lenses of clear self. You start as soon as you begin. You are your own you, you are your own problem, you are your own solution.

Having a dead self is the perfect alibi to become alive. Luck is the fortitude of grace, grace the fortitude of luck. Make bread from the luck of your life, to feed the souls of others through the selling

of yours.

Your eyes never play tricks on you, for you are but an illusion of life. ***And what you see is no illusion but the reality of the real world.*** Be one who is stilled by thy soul. Jump into the lenses of your soul and enjoy the innocence each leaf has to offer. Fill your soul with the flaming leaves of happiness, joy, compassion, love, serenity, hope, faith, patience, kindness and self-control. The monster of your moats is but yourself, and these leaves are but the sword and shield of your soul. Always think of the nothing in your soul. Kill your monster with your new being; then through the leaves of your soul up to the heavens. These are words to live by.

“Take your rubbers children, don’t accept ice-cream from strangers.”

Always feel the spirits inside of you. The spirit of life is always seen through the windowed lens of a camera.

You are capable of anything. You are capable of any change. Take a walk with the creation of your change. Move up out of your dying skin. Live in: imagination, passionately, community.

Friendship is the most holiest of all, and is the hardest to maintain.

All moments are precious and dear.

Tap into your true potential foundation to become the real you. Be the idea of excellence.

Friendship is a vision beyond words.

Know something of knowing something.

The past is a part nova of white light!

Success is equal to preparation.

Madness is an acute sense of senses.

Friendship is that peculiarity that is never talked about. It is ever and established nor committed relationship; it is understand the bond of friends. It can never be expressed for all words are but gossip. One must make a friend and be happy in his experience. This is but the purest essence of imagination

and friendship.

A friend's purest essence of his soul is expressed through the natural pretence of life in discourse of a friend. A friendship in silence is but a divine civility. It is friendship without confession.

Friendship is but a divine necessity for how could one reflect greater on himself without another whole? A man need not confess his nature to another for it will be portrayed through all actions of a soul. True love of friendship has no quarrel, only compromise. The truest friendship is that which defines the divinity of nature. The nature we see in another is but the greatness one may see in them self. A fault appears greater than all ways for it is but a distraction of the soul. He who bears truth and not criticism is the friend who should be loved.

Mythology (Grecian Oracles) are but a fragment of biography of history. These fragments only carry the essence of history. What is fable yesterday is history today. For it is printed and discovered. All essences of the you, I, Never, there, now and then are omitted.

For do the Greeks describe their history in a few words, that is described a century later by many? Yes. Who is to question the love of the gods which is present in all Greek poems. For is not the story of Columbus a part of history as much as Jason and the Argonauts? Future Homer quote authority.

***The greatest book is that which is of the gods.***

If one wishes to express infinity, look at how the clay takes shape to any form. For the winter cold holds the mass all river long, yet the heat lets flow the magnanimity of the human soul.

What we are to them they are not to us. Disproportion is larger species that will eat lesser species. A fish is the prey of its larger neighbours.

Offensive : restrict nature, menacing temperate

Defensive : Grant nature, security and serenity

A fish still represents a fish in nature.

A Shiner ( Leucisious Crysolecus) changes its shape with the seasons. It is edible and soft in the

summer, yet firm in the spring.

Pickereel (*esox reticulatus*) is a freshwater shark. Swiftest fish which migrates from the far north. The cleaner the water or pond, (the ecosystem) the cleaner the life and community that thrives from it.

Suckers always bath in the sunlight praying for the hook to take them to the sun. In spring and fall they are plenty, praying the angler may catch them.

Fish are based upon the season, some bath in the light, others in the dark.

A sucker takes all in all the time through the expression of its mouth. When all is taken, it is taken.

The greatest and most evolved fish have gone with currents to the ocean in which they came.

Humans have damned the water and natural course of time through unnatural means.

Silence is in a man, and it takes a man to make a room silent. Silence is a commune with the conscious soul of itself. An inward sound can always be heard outwardly. In silence is infinity. Silence is a state in which all that is is all that is. We can find our self within silence. No nature has portrayed silence, but she is portrayed through silence. For all sounds are balanced by the mistress of silence.

Thunder is only the epistle of what sound can be found within.

Any sound is a melody of harmony to nature, it is in alliance with the silence. The only universal refuge in the world is silence. Any unnatural act can be reflected on naturally and mediated.

Dignity = Personality

Indignity = No personality

Silence is the true Delphi or Dodonna. All revelations can be made through her, and reflected at your own lake. A silent sound rings through all eternity as a hope for men.

Books are that which disturb the mistress of silence.

The new order of this day is the new order of each day.

We must abolish the church as we have abolished slavery, for all is corrupt with one and one is

corrupt with another.

An honest man's voice is above all of society. God dashes society into a million pieces of disorder, which needs to be put back together again.

We are born to do what is right. A man must be an eloquent speaker in the field of righteous right. All men are converted to the right if you will show them.

All is all that is true.

Discrimination is a balance to what is true and truthful.

The amount of water in the Pacific is a 10 : 3 ratio with that of the Atlantic.

We always breathe a tainted atmosphere, the air is the purest form of order and sustains all of life. As yet, water sustains life and is the source of disorder, it is just denser.

Live in the neighbourhood of most purest right.

Courage prolongs life. Bravery is courage of life. Life is a courageous bravery.

Life has two sides, a beast and a man. The courage lies within yourself to know what is right.

The right is a strong will and endeavour which is the courage and bravery of life.

The game of right eventually becomes a medicine that even the brave warrior can enjoy.

When you are blind you cannot receive signals.

Frequency and light waves are different in colours.

Misconceptions are different colours we don't understand.

Conceptions are colours we precept.

Deja view is an experience of all before, a greater state of consciousness, a greater state of colour perception.

False memory syndrome is memories of past events which are experienced subjectively. All experiences are subjective. You do not remember anything at all, you have a different state of memory, one must have experience thus this subjectivity before.

Memories have feelings, perceptions (colours) and emotions attached due to the subject.

Consciousness is separate from the mind. A mind (brain) is a part of the body experiencing life objectively.

Your subjective states project states of objectivity unto the environment. Projected states are objectivity consciously interpreted by the subject. Subjectivity can be objective within a state of projected consciousness. Any emotion/perception correlates to your subjectivity. A car travelling fast is an objective object which can subjectively create fear to those of a phobia of speed based upon your perceptive state of consciousness.

No fear ↓-----balance-----◇ Fear

These states are irrational states of consciousness bestowed upon the subject. You need to consciously experience fear or disorder to further advance to a ordered or more conscious state.

As your conscious state of subjectivity is the only thing you can believe, your silence is the basis of all subjective consciousness.

Beliefs are weak, strong, or dogmatic. They justify the true or false in believing something. Proved through experience or evidence. Experience and evidence justify beliefs.

Attitudes are positions of belief based upon a weak or strong attitude.

Suspicion is the coercive attitude of a belief. No evidence is the ultimate sin of a belief, but evidence is superior to suspicion of a belief.

Suspects are not people of interest, they are suspects of doubt and wondering.

Justification is based upon experience and evidence. Standards of proof go up with belief.

Death rises from the east. Columbus set foot on the continent of America on the east. Death persisted across the land until the Wiseman from the West arose.

A bird is a small state of disorder which survives in order and sings its song to the sun.

The atmosphere is recycled by a system of vegetation. This vegetation has been corrupted by

mankind, in which the atmosphere has become more harmed. We will the atmosphere from our own taste of swine who naturally tamper the ground of vegetation.

All things are but once, and never repeated. Therefore all are true natural products. A point of creation, such as the sun rising was designed to show the birth of life. We should seek constant refuge in sunshine, the meridian silence of the soul. Any service that is complete is rendered complete with its service.

Anything admirable about an honest man is the infinite capacity to be honest. There are no bounds to what holds honesty, it is a beginning and an end of the infinite capacity. The honest man survives.

The largest frame and largest margin is the honesty of every being demands. The greatest crop is produced by the field of nature in the unimproved man.

How do you judge a honest man whose field you do not plow?

The passage of thought from one man to the next brings forth the ambiance of his character. C (character) is never complete without an O (object).

The dream of life is confirmed by dreaming life.

An objective man will always dream. For the dream of his life is not complete with his subjective experience or character. His character is only complete when seen objectively as natural right. A right is a purely native exchange with nature. It is always in contrast from the night and day.

The ocean current can always swell any objects upon the character of the earth.

Markets are prospects of war and peace. They buy and sell the accounts of men based on a commodity of improving the passage of a market. All must be factored in the account of a market. Prudent men worry about the last owner. 6 is the hour of the beast. Six is sex of the beast to falter man. A cat is wild to rabid to dead.

To purify oneself, one must remain pure. Rejection of impurities, reject the purity of rejections.

All purity is various upon the variety of nature. Look through the eyes of another location and purity is relative. We breath no open air, only the air of our location. A pure man speaks honestly as if no conscious intrusions from relative location.

Pure consciousness is detained by moral, intellectual and human intrusions.

All objectivity presents a situation to define our character. All nature is incline, thus inclining us to nature.

No way of thinking or doing is to be trusted. A cloud of thought sprinkles water upon the seeds of character. The opinions of nestled in the clouds form drops of trust.

Vegetarians gain the daily bonus of bone from ploughing the fields.

What is absolute has never been determined, all absolutes of life are but a circle of time, which will be determined by the will of the wheel.

A man can drink, but a drink can only be water. A man who drinks of life, devotes his life to the pursuit of a drink. All our life is the pursuit of one character. How one lives is the directions of the drink which has been drunk. The possibility of the drink of life grants the triangular perspective of what all points of character within a human.

A drink of unnatural causes, such as objectivity, is the pursuit of an animal. All objectivity warms us outwardly as a source of disorder, but all warmth is found subjectively through order.

The heat of subjectivity will fuel the objective warmth one requires. We must always keep warm in a state of order to banish a state that is cold. Summer is a season of order. Heat fuels all but the fire of man and man in turns heats all in the fire around him. The only requirement of an animal is to fuel the heat inside the fire, it is by no means an animal sheltered by the cold.

Comforts of life only fuel the cold condition of a burning state.

The greatest comfort of life is a life of the simplest means. The simplest means promote the greatest comfort.

The wisest observer observes the simple.

A taste of fire always requires more wood. (Science : a poetry expressed) We need to move from science to con-science. For we must feel our fire with the solid core oak of unity, a fire that can burn any state.

A life of a man is the burning problem in which consciousness can water. A constant stream of light (heat) and the knowledge of consciousness is the means to social unity.

A life of luxury is a passion which the artist expresses through his own subjective art. Any subjective art objectively portrays the life of a luxurious subject.

The man who does not spend money does not need to earn it.

We must refuel our fire daily by the order of heat.

The body is but a subject to that of the subject. It is all of all residing within us. A body will never find its way without a subject, for the subject of objectivity would become an object.

All objects contain the subject of a subject.

We need to dwell close to the heat of all life; the source of all subjective experience. All life prevails to the source of life. The only prevailing source of life is to be one with the heat. A life close to the heat cultivates wisdom and taste.

Money must be a means to cultivate the heat of life present in men. Money buries dead men. Yet living men can cultivate and sow the seeds of many because they do better to acquire it.

Life gives life. You are no more wrong than the moment before you fly on the wings of grace.

No voice of thunder can soothe the soft confines of a soul.

Silence is the pause of reflection. Time in silence has a greater thunder than that of lightning. A silent listening heart is the soul of all men.

The only cure of oneself is through natural prevention of a course that must be set right. Tears are the silence of the soul.

The less of unnatural self we give to nature, the more we are given by the natural self.

Although, both the unnatural self and natural self are the articulation of your soul.

***The greatest feast of the soul is commenced from a taste of nothing.***

The mountain of responsibility is only the mountain of oneself.

The one of nothing is the first state of becoming everything.

There is no black colour to man who lives with nature. All is as colourful as a rainbow  
conversed through a tear.

What was true once is always true, nothing is above or below the truth. The truth can never be  
hindrance for no dream of life cannot be filled without the dream of life.

Without books, the knowledge of time would have nothing to do with the knowledge of now.

Nothing ever moves us forward to everything.

All works of art exemplify nothing which promotes the thoughts and conceptions of everything.

A man is always the tool of another man unless he sows his own harvest.

The attributes of animals evolve as one with evolutionary carbon structures.

The sun always shines through the clouds but is yet withheld by the disorder of time, although  
clouds give new life through the process of water.

The clouds are the every increasing distraught of a nature mess.

Each star is but a word of light and hope to men that can be obstructed by the clouds of time.

We have never learned our natural tongue because of the location and transitions of nations.

Roman and Athenian language was lost by time. Only segmented fragments of it exist. Little  
remains of the tongues of men.

All that can be heard is found within the silence. All choices are contained within the confines  
of the words of silence. Silence is a word that all nations understand. This understanding is greater than  
life itself for it is life. Silence is the purest channel in which thoughts of ages past may be portrayed.

It must be whole and undiminished for all to hear within the all of yourself.

Just as the stars are always present and undiminished as the ancients of old, so must they occupy the present.

The stars are the inheritance of all nations; a book for every man to read. They have no words, but are read by all eyes of the universe.

The health of the universe is contained in the living and not the dead. The haste of time only alters to internal order of a system. We must become ordered and natural through time.

All life is taken when nature eats nature, but is returned to its natural form through the course of time.

We are compelled to respect all life, and must respect it as it is.

The system of invisible participants is more numerous than all science can compute. The ether is realms upon realms which we do not know, each a border of a border of the border. All borders contain that which contains all, each within its own central system. A border that can be portrayed to all man is the glistening promise of a rainbow, which stretches through the ether as a beautiful sense of colour.

Maxims in life depend on the integral integrity of a human. The choice to do what is naturally right, in every natural form is only the beginning wisdom and understanding of the end.

Misfortune ◇ Misfortune

Fortune ◇ Fortune

One must at all costs upkeep the value of nature. Treat nature as if it were your own soul. The soul grows upon the divine fruits of nature, life that is living and not dead. The fruits consists of sincerity, truth, simplicity, faith, trust, and innocence. Fruits grow better in the manure of animals than in the soil of men. These fruits grow largest in the soul.

Grasp life and conquer it. Learn as much as you have conquered and grasp the life you have

learned. Live with a boundary the radius of which is always extending to the nature around you. The smaller the radius, the smaller your circle of life. The shadows of a bordered circle haunt within the circle.

Always trust the first thought.

These shadows restrict the ability to discover, crusade in faith and dispel the experience of your true character. The shadows shape within your circle will dissipate with the rays of an ever expanding character frame. Never rest at creating a bigger circle of life. The shadows that restrict your circle are the dark spawn fruits of prudence, fear and conformity.

Men walk on their boundary limit, always carrying their limits with them.

Always hold the candle of your light, for it will persist through the darkest circle. Remember your light is promised to shine in the dark. For the darkest fall only occurred in a day, but the light of all men shines through time.

We hold nothing inside of us, we are not what we are but we are everything around us. We strive for the everything of nature to become the nothing of self.

All language is universal but the tongues dialect the words. All words contain all there is to everything that is. All languages consist as a unity of one, dialect is the subject of time.

Let the thunder of silence be heard through your own tongue.

The house belongs to the house more than the family of the home. Our nature is not suited to be restricted by shelter nor the confines of walls. Nature has remained pure and still since the days of Adam. Yet Adam and Eve clothed themselves with a bower before they clothed their naked shame.

Where is the home? – without a house? - A house within a home of a soul.

The advantage of houses suit the technological present day situation, yet restrict all advantages of daily nurture.

A house should allow the subject to move through his objective environment with ease.

In the state of society, every human owns a house, but the society state has only one house per thousand humans. Those without a house pay for the taxes of those with.

All men should be entitled to a residence for the meagre sum of less than four-hundred dollars a month. Renting is not evil.

The smallest house is the most content. And contentedness is the greatest home. The price of a house should not be reflected in its monetary value, but within the life that is exchanged from it. One must spend half his life before the home of his house is even earned.

We are all poor due to the savage luxuries of a house, a poor man is reflected through his objects he owns, a rich man reflected through nothing.

Nature is never shamed of the relics which uphold nature, yet unnatural nature corrupts unnaturally.

The Roman's baths, military barracks, churches, temples and courts have found a house with the home of nature. They are a circle that is being upheld by the turn of the century.

Nature preserves all nature though the sands of time. All can be unearthed to redeem its natural glory. Dust to dust, ashes to ashes.

The Roman mythology is comparable to that of the Bible. The Grecian Oracles are more divine and mythical than that of the Hebrews.

Jupiter dethrones Saturn

Cham dethrones Noah

All gods provoked and led to their own destruction.

That which holds longer in time is of a diviner nature. The Hebrew bible contains the thoughts of all men. The Grecian Oracles contain the **thoughts** of gods.

The absolute is not as divine and flexible as that of the Hebrews. The intimate relationship of nature's wrath is interwoven with God. Yet, his nature is no less human than ours and is approachable

by all men.

The Grecian gods were youthful yet no less divine. They uphold all the virtues of God. The Hebrew's text does not contain all the divinity of God.

There is no love for man, only inflexible justice. Seek Justice. The attribute of justice is as infinite as the God himself.

***There are gods and a King***

For a naked man will be closest to justice as he subjectively is all that he is in nakedness. Only a naked man can be judged. For when we are stripped of all that is, we shall find all about us that shall corrupt the judge.

Silence is the greatest nakedness. Nakedness embodies more than truth than that of the flesh.

They are older than us and older than time itself. Truth is as of making the sun, moon, stars and wind in a natural part of our day.

Music : Mournful : Lydian

Martial : Doric

Effeminate : Phrygian

Any beautiful music was begotten from Mars and Venus, and the harmony supports the structure of our time.

All physical strength is but of a mortal calibre, restricting our ability to soar.

We started as ants and evolved to men.

The earth constantly gained physical strength, but has been unable to soar. Yet, in this point of weakness, strength of mind must endure and be consciously uplifted.

Early poems reflect the characters of the gods. These are retrospective of a time in which the fame of gods walked the Earth.

Through the small carbon state of an ant, in which great disorder is present, we evolved through

consciousness and carbon dating to that which we are now. We become more reasoned through disorder, and disorder leads to order.

The arts in which we have evolved are articulated in the splendour of an ant. As of now we are once again a state of ants, order must be unleashed.

The heat of your being should migrate with the wind. A day of order can only be present in which a God intervenes; to the heat of a greater being.

Any change from foul weather is serenity instantaneous. The drops of change are a consistent weather of the gods.

Once your change of weather is complete, your lake will reflect all of nature. Seasonal changes are not the end, but the beginning to a calming lake.

Nature has been cosmologically perfected by God. Birds always fly south to the location of greater heat, a seasonal change that is the beginning of a new summer. In the heat of the sun, nature is continually cultivated like a garden.

Those who live long do not live for the means of an end.

Life is all but one scene in which we exist subjectively. The earth is a theatre that is curtained by the audience of all gods, at which they are placed at a distance within the time of nature.

Lightning is the exaggeration of light. Exaggeration can be infinite as silence. Yet silence cannot exaggerate a truth other than justice.

Humans do not live by justice but by a means of love.

All virtues' are an exaggeration of man's true virtue to nature. Nature lives by exaggeration as well as in history. Ever ushered truth is never to a small man, all things are great. The value of what is is what is.

Heat and cold temperatures affect our character.

Love is never mistaken or perjures itself.

Feeling ◇ Thought ◇ Speech ◇ Writing

All life is a medium based upon being content. The nearer you are to the realm of nothing in your soul, the closer you are to a vitreous happiness that contains no deficiency. Health is only the happiness of all mediums.

A man who changes his colours constantly is a man of many colours.

Free will must be based upon the absolute truth, as fate is the foreknowledge of your decision. Your fate is but the water of your lake surrounding your being, each ripple takes all sides with your being and can produce an inward pull of the outward ripples of your soul.

Nature will always be nature. The fertile soil is always cleansed by natural procedure, yet sterile soil is produced due to the withering of the soil.

The only nature that never degenerates is found within the reflection lake of your being.

Your lake must be routinely cleansed, kept free of ice and should produce a crystallize reflection of the innermost sounds of the bottom. The fishermen always rises early in the morning to see what fish he can pull out of his lake to keep his soul famished. For when a man mistakes his river which flows steadily from his lake, that is when the river is damned by unnatural causes. Your rivers course is always destined for the ocean.

The sun is a constant reminder and source of energy in which it always refuels' and lights our path each day.

The ship of your being is always set for a course of the stars, unless your unnaturally impede it.

Only the noblest of birds should rise on your lake, for all other evil knows not how to swim.

You must understand the course and what prevails your lake, but what also should not. This is your integrity.

You must understand what it is of your lake. Know it. Embrace it. Flow with it. Let fresh water run anew on you every moment of your day. You must feel all of your all, for it is the closest state of

your being.

If you do not keep constant watch over your lake, dredge and toxic waste will corrupt your being.

All labour is but a containment to your lake. How can that which promotes thievery and moths be beneficial to your lake? The North American slavery is yet but a slave to the labour of the world.

Nothing yet is worse then being a slave driver unto yourself. The man who is freest belongs to the sun. Your own reflection and opinions of what you are is yet another slave of the soul. For one is all and all is one. You are more than what you can comprehend, so never settle for more than less of what you are.

Your opinion is what weak to the opinion of your soul. What you think you are determines who you are.

A fool will find his life for all it is at the end of it. One must know the all to begin the start of it. All men have inherited a soul, but it takes a soul to reflect at the lake.

Give a woman yeast and she can make bread. Give man life and he can make a woman. A woman is the soul of bread which evolved from the cellular tissue of a man.

If you idealize who you are, you are who you are.

Sterile soil is proof of lower land degeneracy. One must realize the ground under its feet before they can paint a picture of the soul. Ground nuts not dug.

To compare a man to yourself, do not look at the name, but look at the ideas which shape him. A man is the complex yet his ideas are his own. Idealize the ideas of the man and his shape will unfold before you.

The holies of life consist of the following:

**Love** : *what you are not you are*

**Friendship** : *a bond between souls*

**Religion** : *that which shapes the soul*

**Poetry** : *the words describing the soul*

To seek and realize all of life, one must take the most distant star into perspective. Embrace all that is for your life is of but the most distant star.

Nothing protects animals as they protect themselves. And birds and beasts migrate to a temperature of greater heat. The early civilizations were not above this natural intercourse, yet due to the nature of time made it unnatural. The stork, quail, swan and partridge all traverse to the earliest regions of settlement, from which the birth of civilization occurred.

No one can be a lover of beauty without being sentimental.

The sentiments of birds can be loved through Homer's Iliad.

Husbandry is ancient to the Greeks as plough and ox are to our civilization. It is a universal sacred art that must be painted as slow as the ox ploughs the field. For once the ploughing is done, a soil can be cultivated and yet the ox roams free. It was forbidden in the decrees of Triptolemus that an ox should be put to death. For how can a man kill the animal which helps cultivate his food? The death of an ox was a sacred and devout ceremony, and the axe which killed the ox set up the social institution in Greece.

Solitude does not constitute a sense of loneliness but a serene silence which is reflected on alone. The gentle rains of change can be found within. Within the silence of your soul is found the kindred of solitude. The nearest kindred to you is found within no society, but is employed by the society of your soul.

The soul of a man regenerates itself as one under the sun that rises and sets every morning. All conscious events transpire within the early morning hours of your soul.

The evening and morning are one, it makes no difference under the setting sun. The greatest quality of a day is subjecting yourself to the natural beauty of nature. It is much more sublime and

restful than any art produced by man. For all art of man is nature in itself.

There is no time except the time your soul awakes from a new dawn. This dawn is a moral awakening of the light, an attempt to throw away the haunting evils of the soul of old.

The soul is as awake as the body. How can perfect unity be attained without the early morning rise of the soul and the body?

Millions awake each morning to the task of a body, but one in a million the task of the mind, and one in a hundred million the task of the soul.

To be awake in your soul is to be alive to the dawn of each morning. Your thoughts control your actions with the end result of life or death. Each man has his own dawn in which the mind contemplates the birth of a soul.

Values of objectivity arise from what did.

We trust those who value not our performance, but the love, aspiration and praises which can be entrusted subjectively.

The life of contemplation and the life of action are two distinct courses of human nature. The ability to think leads to a course of action that produces a thoughtful effect. One life is the life of thought, the other the balance of action. Your being must be in complete circle with your thoughts and actions.

The fabric of life is pyramidal (triangle) in which all your being is at a right angle with your soul. When you create a right angle with your soul, your body stands upright from the base of a perfect man in harmony with nature.

The line of your souls berth intercepts the line of your body. It forms a horizontal objective hypotenuse in which universal law is present from the confines of your soul.

The heart of a man is the sun to his triangular system. It is a singular point in which from the soul stands upright. The ability to stand upright impedes the force that pulls us down.

Your soul is a pond operation without friction. All lines are drawn from the lake and only intercept at the height or depth of a character. You only need to know the shoreline of a lake to draw adjacent lines to the bottom that is concealed.

Yet there is a cove which conceals most men, they are detained or locked from ever reaching the lake. He is land locked by the ability to see the lines of his lake.

There is no moral law, only the physical law of his being.

Why go fishing in your lake when you can fall in on your own accord? One may become one with the fish through a perspective in which you live at your lake.

In the noblest relationships to nature are what align us to all beauty and art of the universe. The Greeks form of universe was expressed to the gods through the imagination of self. There is a dualism between the sexes, yet are of the singular unisex. There are gods Venus and Apollo, Neptune and Leres, and the Hebrew God of love.

A man and a man are more of the same sex than a man and a woman. There is a divine and infinite call to uphold this worthy brotherhood. The life of the Greeks has been lost to time, and recalls the noble sex of themselves.

Education has ceased to help man advance, universities develop the faculty of men.

The end of love is not housekeeping, but the keeping of the home in the house. Men can only be noble to one another by being gods to each other. An objective adoration.

Where the world needs love it is full of suspicion and what is not. The suspicion only creates contempt and malice. Why prosecute a criminal when one needs to be treated with love and compassion.

Petty suspicions and fears of men are but the shadow of reality. Only the great and worthy things are of the absolute in which we establish upon imaginary foundation.

Nature is comprised of but a few elements. The element of the East is comprised of the religion

of a wise yet contemplative man. The religion of the west is based upon morality and upholding the personal self for the love of oneself. This religion is philosophical and constitutional.

No life of man passes without violent out course, it is the nature of man to make these moods a gift and realize in them than renounce of it to our self. By renouncing our state, we set an eternal condition upon our soul.

The passion of your soul must be reduced to a simple state and condition that echoes through the confines of your life. Only a youth tries to promote haste within their life, but a man consciously refuses his gifts and reaches more than any.

The Bhag vat Gaeta states

“ The man whose passions enters his heart as waters run into up swelling passive ocean, obtains the happiness, not he who lusts his lusts.”

Action is a greater state than that of inaction. The actions of society must be observed to obligate a moral duty to the individual within the society. This moral duty is thus acted within the society by the individual. For he who is inactive within society observes a moral code of action that promotes a society.

He who works for the greatest means accomplishes nothing, yet nothing accomplishes the greatest means. For in nothing we find wisdom, and every work without exception is the society of nothing.

For he who practices the nothing of his soul finds it.

Yet no human action has the action of the spiritual mind. The spiritual mind sees that all action within life are but one great movement of the one.

Nothing in life is opposed to nothing. It is all but one with no quarrel. Only children speak of what is not one, for they are yet to be one. All followers of the divine King are on path leading up the same staircase.

Nothing is in agreement with everything. There is no argument between.

Those who forsake the fruit of action are yet of nothing to their soul. The fruit of nature will always prevail. He who eats of the fruit within his soul, obtains the pleasure of his mind.

The soul of you is the fruity friend of yourself. Yet, self is thy own enemy of the soul as it subdues the spirit to no end.

Nature is without beginning and without end. Yet as a fire burns and produces fire, so are the course of men. Your burning fire should continue to burn even through the haze of life.

By worshipping nature you are worshipping all of life. Rise to worship your lake before the noble birds have a chance to rest. Your lake is of the same consistency to all birds, it does not favour the seagull nor the goose but all who reside. Crows are that which defile all. It is that which defiles all. It is easier to swim in your lake than it is to walk around it.

Even the clouds need their sunshine, for who else could birth be produced? Life from life. Its life will reach the ocean where once again it rises from the mists of the morning producing new life once again.

Newton need not wait for the apple to fall, it was implied in the nature of man.

By damming the natural flow of a river, we upset all natural phenomenon that connect us to the river. When one enters their lake, the flow of the river is completely lost. For one in your lake, you must voyage with the river of time and become parallel with the ocean. For all growth contrives of the ocean and all growth grows around a lake.

All lakes lie open to the light in which growth occurs. All lakes are interconnected through all rivers. Each man's soul is intertwined with all others, such is nature. For when a man is yet still on a river, it is easy to swim with the up or down stream current. But at the lake of soul, all souls are connected by rivers.

If one searches for the river of their lake, they will be lost to all wilderness around them.

For the river of peace is constantly flowing from your lake. Once you flow downstream through the rapids, you come to the quiet serenity of the soul. A fire is a constant heat of the soul and burns through any season.

Our suspicions can thwart subjectivity, the present of a disordered perspective upon the object or subject.

Law of influence: a strong impulse contrary to natural belief, to do what is expected; influence is the law of character; a character subject to a power greater.

A sunset always sets for a mysterious reason unknown to men.

Evenings have no principle of decay as light is lacking.

Objects in nature represent our natural thought.

Nature is forever alternating between disorder and order.

Friendship is no more a natural occurrence than the constant phenomena of meteors and lightning.

Dry colours ◇ autumn

Wet colours ◇ summer

The golden rod of autumn; crop circles, can be expressed through nature.

A traveller (bird) gains momentum by arching its wing shape to the disorder of light, creating an ether at unrest.

All life is maintained by a system of virtue. Virtue being a state of one. While unvirtue is a state of zero.

Children in virtue; men in vices.

Negative health is affected by negative disorder.

Positive health factors benefit order and health.

Facts are learned directly and personally through nature, a natural experience of what is. Facts

are a collection of perfect physical organization. Hence, from a singular point, perfect order must be attained through imperfect balance.

The atmosphere is dry, thus consisting of a smaller percentage of density, allowing for flight of disordered objects. Heavier objects can always rise to the top.

Light is moral  $\diamond$  just.

Music is the flower of language, all pursuits of men are contained here in music. Music is a fluid and flexible motion, a greater state of order, such as that of gas. This state we must flow with the most divine instinct, make a dream of our experience.

Reason is between disorder leading to order.

The greatest savages are often the keenest upon respect. The greatest of those respected is the savage to respect.

A picture is that which contains infinity. It is a medium the eye cannot see past.

Perspective is that which we observe through our senses.

All things evolve around becoming ordered. Through disorder of time, we can measure a state of order through time.

Pot is Grass, the flowing of a dead man through a dead plant. Its first name is *concord* and derives its name from the Indian settlers. It enters the soul and resets values and perceptions. It leaves a mark, erasing or resetting boundaries within one's life. It is knocking on the door of the river Styx.

Insects called Shad flies occur at the same time as papyrus (shad) blossoms. They appear the greatest number when the greatest amount of heat is present.

All nature is one as each hair is but a string to a singular point of your head. All seasons flow as one. All streams connect to one ocean.

The only parasitic problem is the evolution of germs and bacteria.

Museums are the dead relics of nature.

Dead nature is collected by dead men.

To the indifferent and casual observer the laws of nature create science, yet to the enlightened they are morality of modes of divine life.

***Embalming is a sin against nature.***

Evolution is a state of life moving from the least organic state to the greatest organic state.

The present is instant work and processes of living provoked by digestion.

Imagination is the thought of the stars and a thought conveyed of man.

A leaf is always constant in nature even in a state of decay or growth. It grows in shape with the branches and trees.

Bees always swarm to follow their queen. Queen B. But it is the queen who is the slave to the drones, yet the slave is the drone. This is that of mankind.

Life is unnatural, the only course of life is to be natural.

Who knows the value of a natural life? The lover is only but a man of science.

Finer souls, rich with nutrients for growth are found on flowers and not dead men.

The eye is an element in which a state of nature courses through our veins. It is young and old alike, and hides a soul behind it.

The pursuits and characteristics of all men are found within the confines of nature.

All pleasure's and pursuits eventually are inherited by new characters and thus fulfil a continuous circle.

If one stays natural to nature, the pursuits and pleasures flow through. Nature is natural and they still are natural to nature.

Death always settles in the east. Life always rises from the west.

Dry atmosphere is lighter for denser objects. Gravity is equivalent to heat. Light is equivalent to moisture and dryness.

The moon is cooler and thus more ordered. What lurks on the dark side of the moon?

Darkness is a place where the veil descends.

No law is contained on friendship. Your friend is fundamentally your foe, your own reflection is seen through the friendship and the foe is the enemy of your friend.

Friends can never be represented by a situation. The harmonic melody is a musical theme of friendship. The music purifies the air like electricity.

Men are not friends in religion. A unity of a whole must negate any feelings of perfect integrity and strive for a perfect unity.

We come nearer to friendship with the scents of flowers than all the petals of men.

Heat and lightning of past summers are gravitons along the electricity of friendship.

Wisdom is derived from the remotest experience.

Unprejudiced is the sweetest music to all nature.

He who learns to read is deceived by all that nature holds. *Authors do not have to erase a book before they write another.*

Ignorance is equal to books. Knowledge is equal to ignorance. Books are a knowledgeable ignorance.

Knowledge of all that is, is all corrupted from the knowledge that isn't.

Books are solutions through dissolution.

Method  $\diamond$  Method

Although no knowledge is divine for the taint of man lingers.

Study the elements, therefore nothing more.

Books only explain the writing, it does not empty meaning or substance to a word.

Knowledge  $\Downarrow$ ----- Simplicity ----- $\diamond$  Ignorance  
 Nature  $\Downarrow$  Elementary gap  $-\diamond$  Mankind

Nowhere is the divine rule of nature divine. We should not study the divine rights of kings, but the divine rights of nature.

Who can deny anything?

Nature has perfected herself in the eternity of practice.

Our orbits are lit up by unseen paths of comets.

***Character is genius settled or established.***

The only account for history is all that is the same.

Plants always grow by water, by greater order.

Science hides behind mountains of an unknown age.

Common sense is the sense that is common.

The bee only needs as much nectar as is possible. Balanced to beautiful precision is the intricacy of this system. Nothing needed more than that which is needed.

The newest is the oldest visible to our eyes.

All actions and objects lose objectivity in a hour of nothing. The sun sets but all objects are blocked out due to the sun as only the sun exists as a point of reference.

Emotions can be constituted by a state of subjectivity, you feel a state of disorder or order from a state of objectivity.

The sun has a pretence among all elements, and those have a moral standing over all that is.

Life: at the first stage of order, heat is developed within the soul. It continues until all heat is formed and then can be expressed outward through the heart of man. There is vitality in heat and light.

All laws are subject to man, until all laws become the subject of man.

All nature has laws to heal all nature, yet nature must heal itself through its laws.

The invention of life (plough) is the invention of death (arrowhead). The equilateral triangle is a necessity of man for it is the shape of his cause. We can understand our cause by digging underneath

the sands of our feet.

Half of life is contained by the unnatural sound of darkness. WE must first step into the sound of life which vibrates through all eternity.

We bless all of the maker yet at the same time depreciate all that is him.

Only lean men have a voice or sound of life. For the belly sings hymns that are of the truest nature. The songs must ring through the silent grave of your being. For all must be dead before it can be alive.

To be born again is to be alive in the midst of the grave. You must be of your lake of dead water. For one must be dead before he can flow through the outlets of time and be alive in other men. Even in a waterfall all of nature is present in the colour state of white.

All nature has evolved from nature. Each animal wants yet a part of its soul to be part of what's nature. It is natural to animal instinct.

The miracle of life is what is found of the miracle. The life of money is no life of miracle, yet a debt that disregards the miracle of life. You are never rich in money but never mean and poor.

Any experience of life is through a foreign subject that is of the life of the experienced subject.

A dream is as real as a fable of truth. A dream is a state in which enough of all is present in one. This parallel life can be a dark seam or a light beam into one's soul. It depends on which way your compass is set.

All men appreciate the beauty of the truth. Though through a faint haze like myth, all men can perceive that which gives roundness and beauty.

The universal language is that of the truth. The evidence of rebirth of all that was, to all that is, supports a common and natural understanding. Grecian Oracles have grown from a fable to a myth to the truth through the time of the ages.

Always be in the truest regards to your neighbour's rights, your rights are only companion in

the right angle of God's upright. No way is but harder than that wrongs of Satan of Pandemonium.

Should a man but not set his eyes on the stars? Should a man but stay on this globe of earth when all but the stars are out yonder. This place is but one for the man who discovers laws; such are the stars. How could a place such as earth, the uneven plateau, be but a place for man? Yet the only even soul is one that was once uneven. For what is a nobler position than that of levelness? When one is level, you can look to the stars on equal security that any storm shall pass. Focus on the stars for the distance between them is only measured by you.

When there is no path, make your own. When you set your own path, you know not what you see next.

Those who do not set their path are as ignorant as the next. For on the experience of our own path, we will learn the songs of ages present on the roads from us. How can the Vatican not be filled with Homer and Shakespeare? Paths set by great men?

Why deposit such stars of men in the heat of trophies? These works are but the HOPE of heaven.

Questions one asks when awake can be answered when asleep. And answers when awake can be questions when asleep.

Men cannot be serviceable to one another if they are not serviceable to themselves. They only promote intercourse that degrades all around them; they weaken all around them, even the constitution and institution.

From the miracle of commerce we fuel the burning desire of our self. So remote is all to yourself yet is all ourself.

For if one reads a classic, he will tell all. But one who reads of Greek or Latin is silenced.

Express who you are through all you do. All families should diverge into a unity of expressing of their name. A true family name is that more memorable than that of any state.

Two loves grow strong in a man, that of his religion and that of his country. Let them be forgotten as they will reproduce fruits in times begotten. They will shine in time through the attachments of your hearts.

A gradual decay of youth is but of hope and faith. It is none comparable to that of the beauty of one's soul. They think that they are measurements of man yet are the morals that which confine him.

Be humble; the prospect of youth is but forward and unchained.

All things prepare for a night of rest, but who prepares for the rest of morning? Humility is still a human virtue.

When one begins to doubt the past, the past begins to show itself. The silent should reinstate their past to the present. Just look at the circles within the temple of Minerva, they show the valour which was taken from them in the Persian Wars, suspending what holds in time. When we doubt the past, signs of her silent proximity are present in all shapes around us. The very dust shapes the story in which the past is ordered through time into one wide present.

“A broken urn is a whole evidence; or an old gate still surviving out of which the city this run out.”

History is a lifeless lesson in which dust settles on books and on ruins. Ruins of what was once noble only grow old by age. The ruins are but the moss and ivy that nature preserves through hall time. A soil of the virgin is at the same time to mould of the ages. What if we cannot read Roman or Greek? All rocks are tampered by the hand of God. Which time by the hand of God was wasted? None?! No mortal has ever seen the true stonework of God, for the years are wasted through unnatural time.

*Arabs uphold great dignity and manners within their rude robust society.* The savage is yet still the greatest man.

A flock of individuals is not as interesting as a united family. One is all of one enough.

One must spend the day as deliberately as nature. Rise with the sun as early bird gets the worm.

Rise to the Zenith of the sun.

We have but no work in life for any man can command.

The hardest stone in life is necessity. Destiny. This is no easy pleasure and indulgences in destiny. Destiny is tragic change in nature. Nature from youth to man TO an ageless one. All nature still grows as one. One is never born too early nor too late, we are all but one with the reality. The opportunity is never too old or too late. Are you truly hungry?

The best third companion is the ability of heat which radiates through us like a disordered sun. Fire burns like the good citizen of nature.

The simple races of savages do not climb mountains, the top of their mountain is the sacred and unvisited to them. There is no shrine or alter at the top of the mountain, only at the bottom of your lake. The reflection of your lake holds all of nature in its own, and your own is found at the bottom of your lake.

Water rushes up faster behind a rock than behind none. So must your lake continually rise from the clouds covering the mountain in your lake. Your lake is circulars complete path. There is no stopping within your lake, only the question of where thou shall go. One only needs familiarity and confidence to fire the rapid Niagara of the soul. Why stay in perfect safety of your irrigation canal?

The power of what can harm is but the power within oneself.

Familiarity breeds contempt.

One must enter the cold water of their soul until they can stand against the night. For does the night have any rays to shine your clothes dry? You must be refreshed and damp every moment of your being so own may get used to the cold nights.

There is no honour that does not produce a reply.

Over rapids is the contribution of your soul.

All objectivity is subject to the subjectivity of the subject.

What we experience is stationary and eternal. Eternal and stationary should be the closest subject to a man.

When we are surrounded by objects, we must go beyond that which we may reach. Why can a child not take full knowledge of his ignorance in his ignorance? One must be subjected to the rules of nature and to the rules of full exposure and neglect. Do not look at any object other than through your subjective lens, for then it will absorb to your soul.

How can man live life when they are set on the objective and not the subjective? A youth utilizes the most memorable experiences in life and never falters from the path of a destined experience. This is the only true and worthy career.

Each youth is but a star in heaven guiding the compass of his life, but is yet polarized by the poles of the south and of the north. Let your compass be a comet to the life of your soul.

The fire of heat is of no difference to the savage or the civilized state.

Fire is the core of your being which lets free the oil of your lake. The fire is of the sun that radiates a furnace of your being.

To live without food your being relies on the air. For a man can live without salt, yet all tell him not.

Discovery is to find a relationship of man to nature.

To discover is to play with nature and set in motion that which is right. A savage wears the best of what is him, and brings forth all emotion and being to the light.

Tattooing is not a hideous and barbaric custom, but the expression of one soul being described. The practice of the print is in no way evil, yet all prints may portray evil of the soul.

Travel the world, for you may seek the remains of the past. Eat the stark wild, for being a wild savage to nature shines a natural light through your system.

To form a perfected triangle within your system, you must stand upright with God and right

angle straight against nature. For God is always reaching up and reaches horizontally to your forty-five degree of hypotenuse. When you stand at a 90 degree with God, you stand upright with your soul.

All men are set aside by the narrow path of nature, yet how could the whole be anything but a path of nature. Yet the most narrow path of nature is the straightest course.

The straightest course is the most deliberate course of nature and time.

Nature is a course in which we have to light a lamp to see it.

Life is but a source of trivial and constant pleasure. The trivial sense of pleasure is what should call a man to life. All sounds are but a sound calling you to all life. The sound lights the lamp that lets you see.

The flow of masses is but all produced in one quick river day. For the heat of the river produces a forge and cools that which was made on the cold night. The sun and new springs lead them on. For each course of each day is but a new colour of clay of the river around. These are our roots. One may trace the vegetation through the ripple marks left in the sand. The clay spreads out at the mouth of a river losing all cylindrical form. Growing more plants as time progresses. The greater the heat and flow of the river, the greater that can be forged.

A hill is the epitome of all operations of nature.

Rivers are the fingers of a leaf which has as many fingers as direction flows. The river is all of nature, it spurs all life all growth through the shaping of clay. We are but the studio of an artist. The clay is more present and stands out far greater than the boulders and sand of a river. A river that flows down forms masses of unknown entity, yet if the river flowed upwards it would grow more freely.

All colours promote the species of the animal. The animals species is based upon its reflective property of white or its ability to absorb black.

Each animal is but a colour of its nature. For nature is all but one colour.

