

My journey has been long and arduous, from fig trees to the many nations upon the road. At first, greed, lust, anger, sloth, deposition to the virtues, yet strength upon the mind! By analyzing logical prioris, syllogism, and various foundational expression in absolute Reality; consumed the will in my reason. Yet this gut, this belly, this will within the laughter's expression, comes as an echo throughout the means. For once was, shall be, what is, is was, was is now so shall be.

At first, my departure from family, friends, for the complete journey of the inward Self, lead me only to eternal suffering, agony, and spinning. Forests whispered in my ears and the coastal lines of sand produced an essence that glared my vast oceanic soul into the complete radiance of being. This time, a time of need, reflection, due to past pain based upon the deep relationship of love, left me empty, empty as a hollow bamboo. There was no sugar inside; only a black death that would result in my ultimate failure; realizing life is hopelessness. The forests, speaking in tongues, echoed this deep hurt, calling me, surrendering my reason into the natural breeze, nothing against will. The ocean that came upon me, was a sweet memory that lasted like a simple breath of a fresh flower. It was everlasting, turning the tide of my soul and allowing me to feel whole. It soothed the pain, but brought me back to the beginning. Who am I? What is the point of this existential journey...I could only reason that the meaning of life was a life of reason, so what reason did I wish to will in my life?

I willed the reason of fate, hopeless dates, surrendering to the Daemon of thought who whispered elegantly into the minds of men. The will of fate, was destined to be my chosen path, but purity in my life was already the self-fulfilling prophecy; for purity is pure within the rules of Self. Alas; the Self must be broken until one realizes the body and all that is, is not, and what is not, is. This is the paradox of reality, Reality subsides and reality emerges. The time on the beach was a coastal understanding that the writer within, the poet who comes as a form of muse; was internal to my use and fractal field in which I was developing being. Being is to be, to chose to live in the full potential of your Reality, in whichever, subjective or objective, arising leads you to see all is One.

*One is always One, yet Zero is always Zero. So we can see clearly that One plus Zero is still One, so One is always their with the vacuum of Zero to. Hence the abyss is around us at all times and we are the expression of Zero, while the Realm is One. This leads to show that energy arises from Zero-point center and Oneness is created within the realm that there is no-separation.*

The journey then, took me to various islands, towns, and city in which I could find safe haven for my difficult journey rationalizing all the logical foundations of my life. Yet the faded line was there, the wall was being torn down, to the bottom of the ground. Yet my ego did not like this, so my mind further advanced into the realm of misery. This nightmare of the fascination of central ideas depicting universal constructs is the realm that existentially plagues mankind since the moment we conceive perception of what is an Absolute. This absolute came upon me, not by choice, by fate, by chance, by asking the right question at the right time. Simply knock, and the door will be opened, but once you open the door, you can't go back out, for it remains unlocked.

It seemed to me, that due to all logical places, that the structure defined would assume form, but the form of the formless came to be in me. The source I connected to was within, and developed from a trip of intense suffering. I realized I would not wish to suffer any hell in this life or next, so the will of reason overcame, and the life changed to realize the Pure-Lands. The Whiteness that encompasses the land that is white, suggests a complete abolishment of the veil, while the blackness absorbs all from the veil, so two merge into one, no grey, but as one form on a drastic scale of colour. This shows that the form of whiteness in me came from the white, and thus from the expansion of awareness, I was given rise to things through the veil.

How does one go from nothing to full awareness? It is like a change that nobody can even suggest will happen. It just takes you from one moment and moves you to the next. It encompasses the whole, and all moments are now. This short term sight, eventually in the long, can be tapped into by the past life or the spirit guiding the derivation of Sons through the process of time.

Each time, each moment, is a moment to behold, every situation, every action, every thought, is to be presented in pure awareness and one must see into the relations to what is. What is, is right, so what is right, is what is. Thus we can see that light comes from the process of natural surrender to the frame of whiteness, not to a black absorption that will only cleanse until the need to cathartic; for hope always leaves one filled with love.

This trip of my mind, which collected and organized patterns from far out reaches, esoteric, eclectic, physical, mental, astral, and even factual all grow as an psychotic condition that presented me into other realms without any balance. The balance is now found in the middle way, seeing that the path of life is never to be too extreme. But in the process of revealing, I have understood that with the self-realization, that deknowing and no-knowing of anything is the greatest sense of serenity one can achieve, for without serendipity, one never reaches beyond the hopelessness of reality into the hope that all men share; for a nice and brighter future.