

Rainbow Sky

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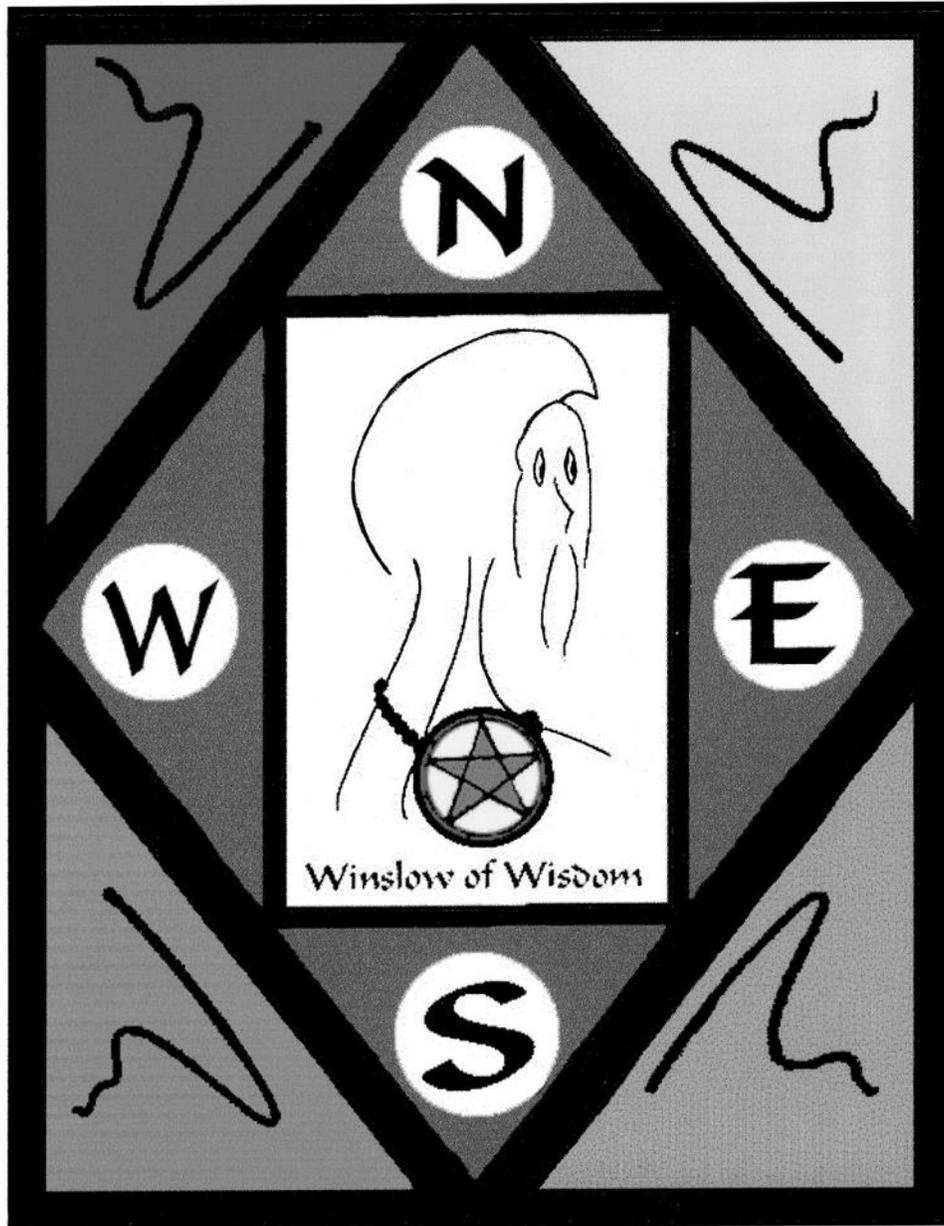
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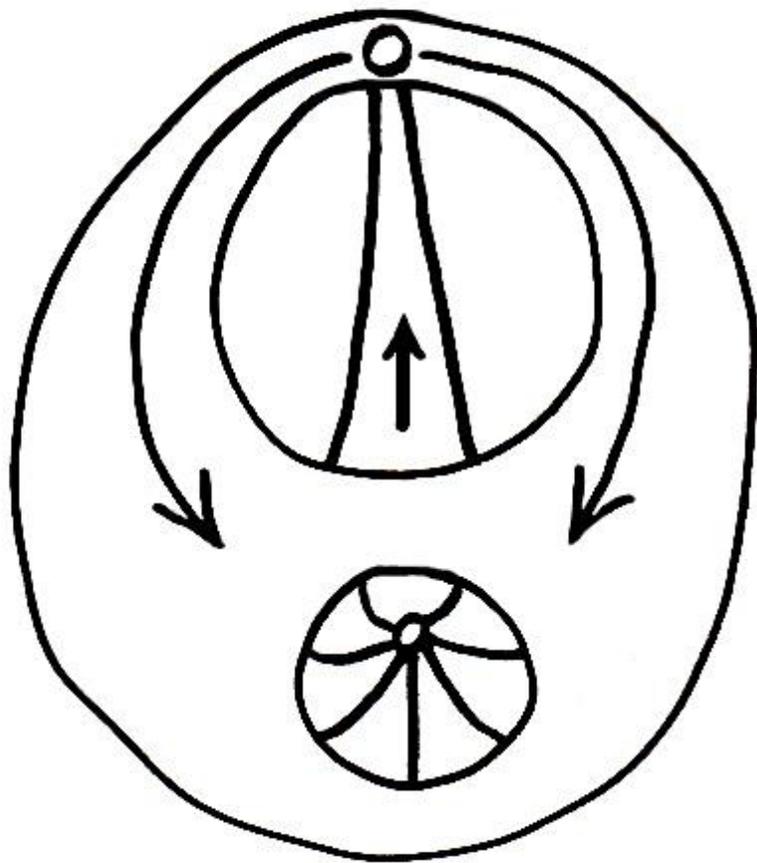
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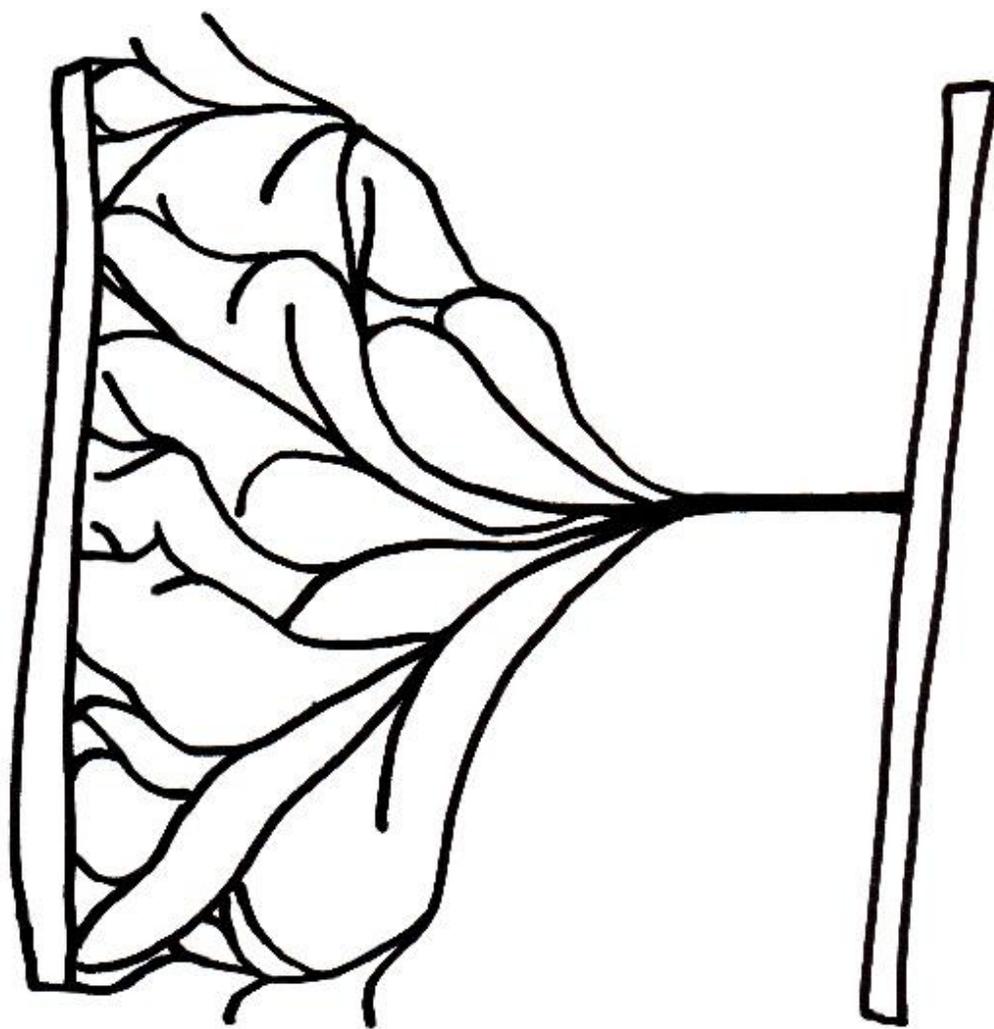
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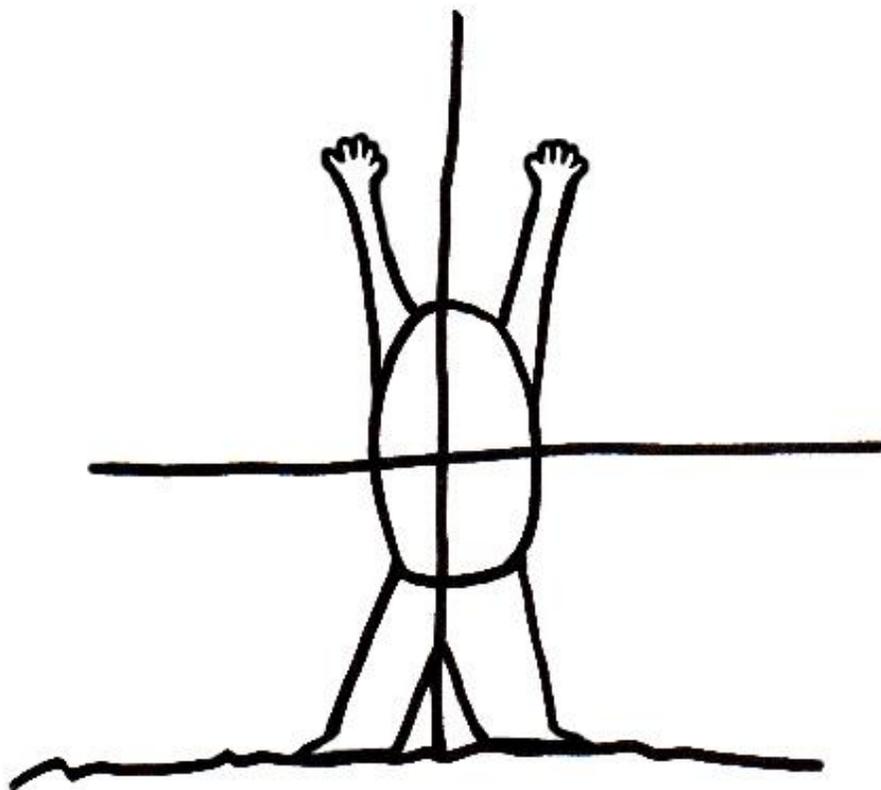
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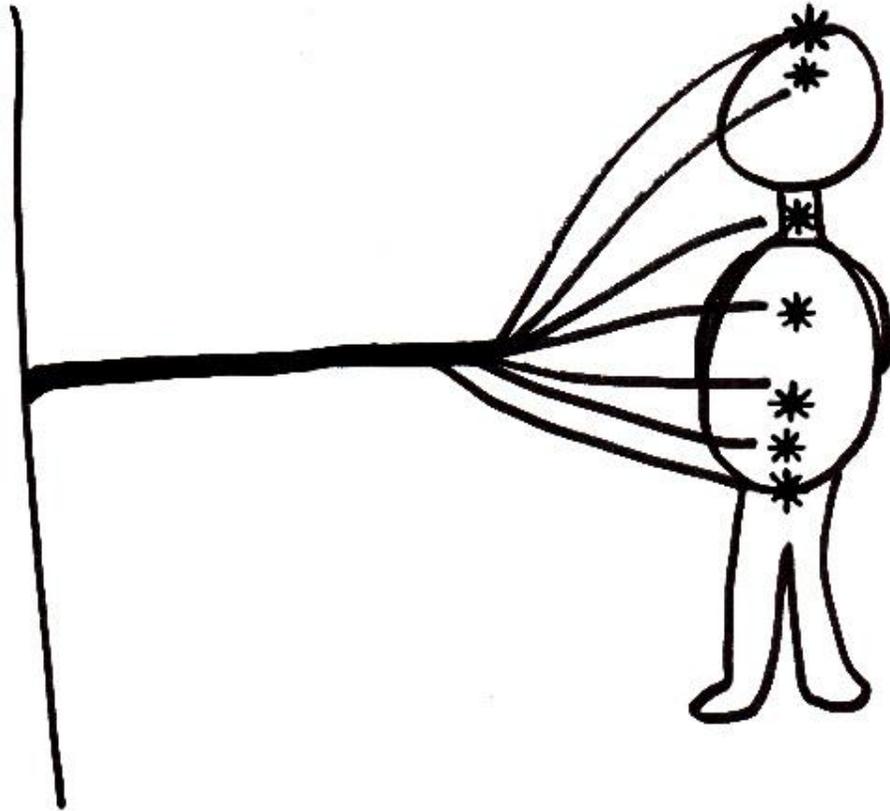
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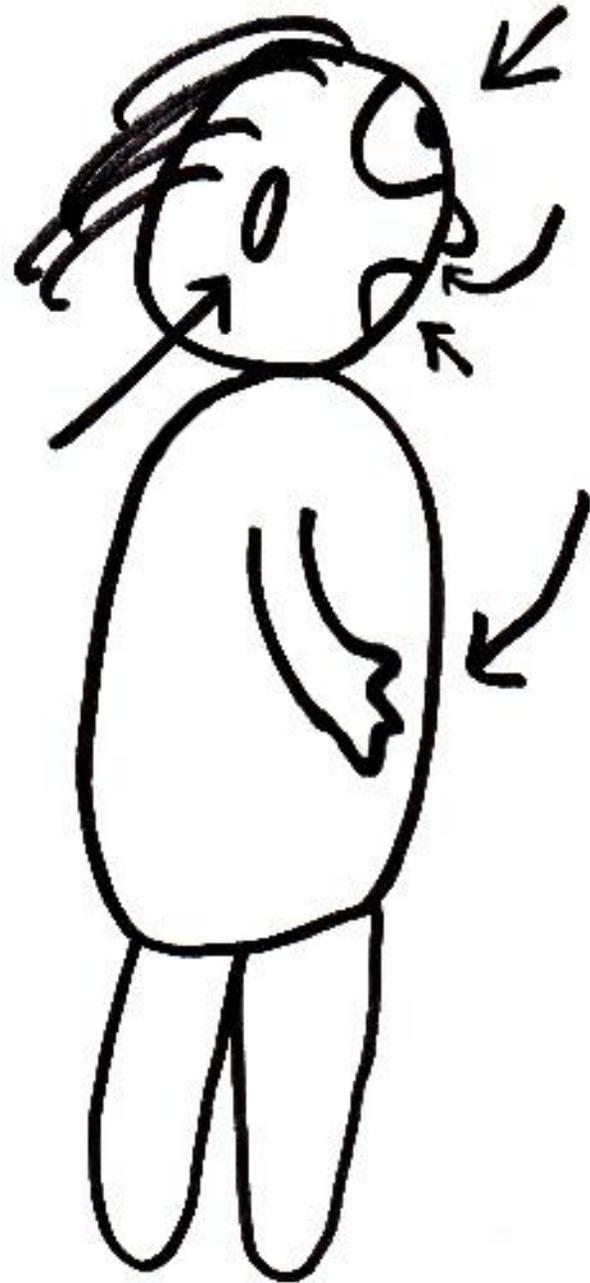




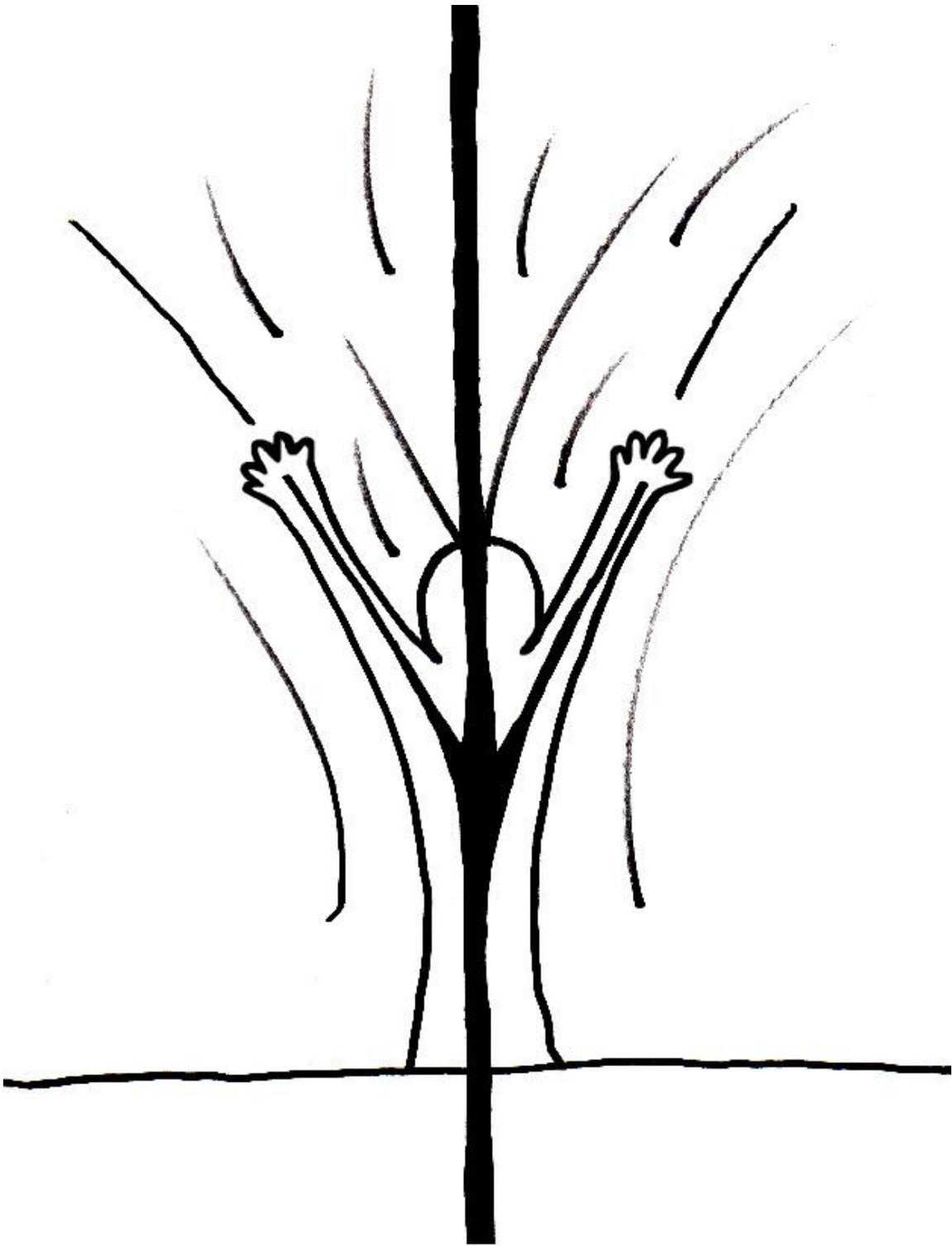


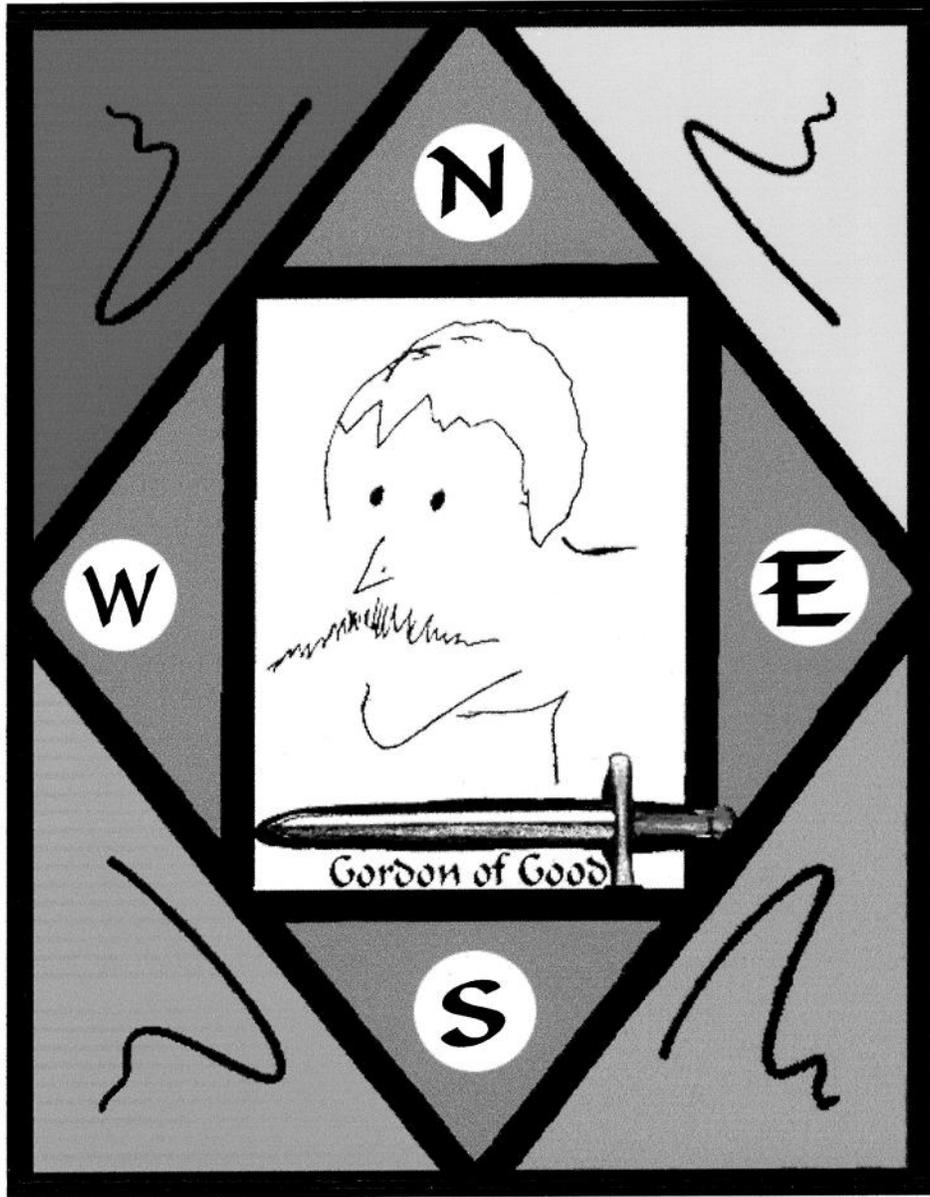












God

I am the Lord for which you have been waiting. I come to you today in the pages of another man's dreams. I am all. I am you. You are all. The love my messengers of truth have shared has not been lost on the sensitive human. Now is the time.

I am not male or female but the synthesis of both. Every eye that blinks is my eye. I am not angry and I never was. Now the time is now the time is now.... It is very important to realize that the time is now or our bridge will be broken.

I am both creator and destroyer. It is important to understand that you live and you die. To perceive both as necessary is the experience of unity. My heart lies with you all and encompasses you while breathing you in harmony.

It is my game and the people players shall be set free in me. Even as I write this I know that I am not writing to you. It is me to me and the words which you see are nothing, not a thing, to me....

(Sometimes even I get bored.)

Now I pour. No more words. You have been longing for fulfillment and the day has finally come. Surrender to me your love, your friend, your life. I will take you to your destiny. Not to worry, I am here and every star in the universe is yours.

Jesus

"Fortunate children, we are all the sons and daughters of a living God in an enchanted garden existing here and now. All of us are one pulsing body. You can feel our connection if you reveal your mind and open your heart. We can merge in peaceful surrender by superceding violence, anger and aggression with newly discovered pathways of freedom, faith, and creativity.

Return to Eden where you already are space travelers. The Earth is tremendously beautiful and is your abode for this entire lifetime and maybe more. She accepts you unconditionally.

I can not save you, but I can call you forth. It is you who must prepare for the ever-unfolding journey of realization. Perhaps one of my brothers and sisters who have played the divine game of truth will assist you through a multi-dimensional doorway to the ultimate experience. With this illumined understanding, you will cease to suffer separation through beholding the unseen hand of Holy Force upholding every aspect of the universe in celestial harmony.

Joyously I expose my being to you, but you must immerse yourself in the shining waters. Walk in awareness and share selflessly with those around you. Support will always be provided by those who are eternally embraced in the ethereal arms of encompassing unity and grace which is our Lord. I have loved you, do love you, and will always love you. Until our reunion, I smile in my heart knowing that you have already arrived."

The Ants

What more to say? Begin today, before growing too old. The gray on my beard has not yet appeared, forgive me, I am far too bold. The words that I jot, just will not stop, saying what wants to be said. It may seem a jumble and that is the point! Do not let *it* go to your head.

*Bump-ump Bump-ump Bump, Bump-ump Bump-ump Bump
came marching the ants while building a hill. Bump-ump
Bump-ump Bump, Bump-ump Bump-up Bump. It rose higher
and higher. Bump-ump Bump-ump Bump. There appeared a
hole. Bump-ump Bump-up Bump. They went inside. Bump-
ump Bump-ump Bump, Bump-ump Bump-up Bump.....*

I remind me of me about 30 seconds ago. He was a bit naive, but still a very well intentioned fellow. He told me about you.

President Peter Penguin

It is as it is...flowing....anything at all..... I see, you see, we all see together for the first time, at the same time, every time. How shocking to wrangle such strangle dangle language languishing upon the page. It spills, splats and all of that with a rat-tat-tat, with a rat-tat-tat. Upside down is right side up when you turn it around.

*Sliding across the cool crystal polish of a glassy chunk of ice,
President Peter Penguin glided to a stop and proclaimed,
"I shall do it again!"*

*"Yes, again!" the pomp professing penguin multitudes shouted,
"Yes, again!"*

*And ya know what he did?
He did it again.*

The song says it all...a joy that explodes from the heart.... One day I was small and then Love came my way in existential ecstasy. This baby suckled from the eternal mother's Life-oozing breast. Father Sun and Mother Earth formed a cosmic coitus and a human baby was born. It is nice to meet you.

Snake meets (eats) Mouse

What will it take to awaken? You tell me. I'll bet you can not. Do you know how I know? I do not. Changing gears.....three.....two.....one. Then when you least expect it.....NONE!

"What do you know about noissssse?" Sally snake asked as she sleekly slid towards a meek mouse with a Mindy moniker.

*She peeped a peppery, "EEP EEP EEP!!!"
(Mindy Mouse mostly made noise.)*

"I do not like thissss - 'noissssse'," salivated Sally as she prepared to swallow Miss Mindy Mouse motor mouth.

*A satiated Sally relaxed with a sleepy smile,
"Sssweet.....Ssilensssssss....."*

*SSSilence.....Yesss.....that sseemsss right.....SSSilence isss a key to open doorsss.....
Thiss isss the ssserpent talking.....*

Music all Around

Everywhere I look: crosses and flags...crosses and flags...crosses and flags...

The cloudless night of empty echoes calmly chanted to no-one:

“Spheres of heaven’s harmony.”

“Language’s mind melody.”

“Cricket’s thickets rhythm.”

“Soul music.”

“God in existence.”

“World creation.”

“Wild vibration.”

“Sound music.”

“Music all around.”

I am assimilating all known structures to communicate something that wants to be said.

Sal the Pal

Do you realize that we are sailing through space on a big blue ball? You are on top wherever you are; keep looking for the closest star, and that may be where your dreams disappear in a point of clarity that is remarkably familiar.

Sal the Pal Platypus crawled up from the water, shook his half-mammal-ass dry and looked a turkey right in the eye.

"Get outta my way!"

"Gobble Gobble Goo, what happened to you?" asked Tom Turkey.

"We used to be true blue!"

(Tom was not one to mess around. He really cared about Sal and wanted to know if there was a problem.)

"Aw...sheesh...we are still pals. Don't you know when Sal the Pal is kidding? Come on, I'll buy you a beer."

See the things right in front of you....(not tomorrow)....look around.....look around....
Stop reading this and **look around!!!!!!!!!!**

Angels

What if something unexpected happens? Can you deal with it? Can you even go so far as to enjoy it? If so, then kudos to you. Doesn't that make you feel good? Good. I like good. Lukewarm feelings all around.

Trumpets rang as little Angela Angel returned from her visit to a nearby planet. "I fell in Love," she whispered.

"With who?" asked her giggling Angel friends.

*"The Earth," the little Angel answered,
"I fell in Love with the Earth."*

The other Angels cheered and proclaimed, "You are now a fully functioning manifestation of a universal unconditional love which transcends all time, space, and mental concepts!"

"With the Earth...." Angela smiled dreamily.

Ok, you got me. I am a sappy love boy. It is okay because people like me are only one. Just me. There is only this one. I am even going so far as to annihilate that. Step by step by step by step.....

Kim and Kam Kangaroo

Tears are a bridge for the soul to enter the body. Did you know the journey starting in pain can end in joy? You deserve to dig deep and rid yourself of a lifetime of suffering.

"Here we go," called Kim Kangaroo. "These swings are the best!"

"The best!" her cousin Kam agreed.

"The best!" they cried out together in marsupial glee.

"Purple streaked fungus from foul smelling fields sure makes you feel funky fine," conveyed Kim craftily.

"The best!" cackled Kam with a twinkling eye, "The best!"

Laughing luxuriously, they jumped from the swings and hopped home to their favorite star.

For the connection to be clear, right and left must unite. Let's shake hands with ourselves. Nice to meet you. Since that is finished, let's have a moment of silence for the newly deceased ignorance.

The Wizard

Nothing much going on except the intense crush of truth. Let me tell you a secret. You have forgotten that the road you are looking for is the one you are already on.

While watching the night go by, the elf apprentice Nevel excitedly whispered to the wizard, "Let's hurry so we can catch the sunrise!"

The wizard raised his eyes up from the flickering fire and said with a wink, "Should we?"

Immediately understanding that to hurry would be missing the moment, Nevel replied, "Let us walk then."

They both agreed and set off joyously to stroll in the fresh rays of the dawning sun.

****Somewhere in Texas is a man who also knows this story. Someday he may tell you the rest.****

One thing to remember is that karma is not just a reflection of the past. You are still making choices that will have a lasting impact on your life. The today of today becomes the yesterday of tomorrow. Create your world.

The Little Boy's Blues

Let's agree to go for comfort in clothing. We can look good and feel at ease. When we have nothing to prove there is no consequence. Relax and be glad.

Falling from his bike onto an iron pipe sticking out of the dirt, a little boy crushed his crotch.

He hurried home howling, "It hurts!"

The boy decided to go to the bathroom and have a look. Pulling an achy penis out of his overalls, he deeply scrutinized it. It occurred to him that he could find out more about the situation if he took a big whiz. While spilling the juice he had for breakfast in circular patterns, he winced at the sting. Vigorously shaking off the last diamond drops, he put the captain back in the container and decided that he was just going to have to live with it for now.

A person is an animal. Humanity is a quality. We all do what we must to face death's unblinking stare. Too often it divides us in fear. Let's address this.

The Fox and The Bee

You can start with a blank and put something there. You can take it away and leave the slate bare. It is up to you. Or is it? Either we are or we are not in control. What do you think? It is a pretty big world out there.

A fine fox followed his shadow into a meadow. He just could not catch up no matter how hard he tried, so he followed his nose to a bush.

There was a bee in there who was terribly startled and stammered, "Mind your own bizzzzzzniz!"

The fox replied, "My dear bee, I meant you no harm. It is just that I followed my shadow to my nose and it brought me here. What could I have done about that?"

The bee saw the reason and replied, "It is my pleasure to see you in season. May your day go well." He then bizzzzzz bizzzzzz busied himself away into the forest.

The fox did not know which direction to go, so he up and jumped into a whole.

Who knows which way the wind blows? We like to sail. It is okay to wail. How much longer will this go on? Tell me please, so I can know, how long will this go on? The inquiry begins now and you will be off this ride at the right moment.

Osho

"Moonlight is in your eyes. Such a splendid surprise. The unbelievable has come true and it is you! Unlimited potential is clear and my heart has no fear. You will make the journey home.

In fact now is the time for you to fly into an empty sky that is and has always been open and available to you. The trees reach ever higher, the birds sing of divine beauty, a single cloud floats by...a cool breeze...

This! This! A thousand times: This! Even a curtain call from the here-after, will not be enough to wake you up. Where is the bat that a master uses to beat his beloveds? It is not necessary when you can be drowned in honey.

I have heard....There were two young boys fishing on the bank of a river. One boy said to the other, 'Say. . . can you spare a worm?' The other said, 'Yes,' pulled in his line and went home. Now this is strange behavior!

You have to accept full responsibility for your own state of being and the actions which you have perpetuated. Jesus said, 'Whatsoever you sew you shall reap,' and that is exactly right. Even if you cease sewing poor quality seeds now, you will have to reap that which you have sewn in the past during your unconscious state. Over time as awareness grows, there will be less and less selfish, poisoned seeds and more and more healthy, vibrant, loving seeds. The joy resulting from a life of sharing brings you into harmony with the abundance of the never ending creative celebration. Always grow.

When Buddha was spit upon, he thanked the man that his last karmic ties to the world could be dissolved in understanding. You can cry crocodile tears, or you can move on in gratitude that such a thing need not ever happen again.

There is no escape from the passing of time.
When the boat is full, the ride is over.
Wherever there is life, there you will find me.

Enough for today."

Big Bear Brian

Hanging on my wall for no reason at all (except to represent something to someone), the picture preferred the pattern and shyly crept away from obscurity.

Dawn crept into the dark meadow resurrecting every nook, crag, and sliver. Squirrels chattered and birds whistled, while dew disappeared into a twinkling morning gleam.

Into this pleasurable paradise of implausible peace muddied Big Bear Brian who had just come from breakfast.

"'Garbage' is my middle name," he growled.

"It's alright. It ain't no shame.

'Garbage' is my middle name!"

"You are so very silly dear," decided Dory the 2-toe'd doe who was delicately walking nearby. "So very, very silly!"

"Who me!?" asked the bewildered bear as he rolled head first down a nearby hill. Over and over he went until coming to rest at the bottom, where again he asked, "Who me?" After rambling back up the hill, he pompously presented himself and proclaimed, "'Garbage' is my middle name."

Universe understands and accepts you.

Be *for-real* and the *for-real* police will not bust your ass.

Sam Seagull

Old soul, new soul, borrowed soul, blue soul... Whose soul shall we come to know?
Glowing head to toe with a colored rainbow, light energy is me.

*“Achtung!” screeched Sam seagull, announcing his farewell.
“You may fly now....that is great....enjoy it completely, but
always remember that one day the bird will stop flying.”*

*“Who knows what he means?” queried a white and gray gull
named Gill.*

*“Not us!” clamored the rest of the gathering gull group (except
a lone small chirper named Childress who found it all rather
interesting). “He hung around with that Jonathon fellow.”*

*“I am a gumdrop sailing into the eternal sugar of solitude,”
sang Sam as he soared straight up into the sky. Zipping at
Zen-realized spaces he suddenly broke out to the eternal sea.
His body fell lifeless to the ground while his spirit flew on
destined to be free .*

*“I am the light which I had sought!” the bodiless bird
soundlessly cried.*

He then moved on and burned out.

Whether you believe it or not, I can honestly say that you are crazy. Oh yes, it is
absolutely true. Good for you.

Bunnies and Veggies

"There is something sinister in its simplicity," said the boy of the book to his cats who were lying at the foot of his bed. *By now the mood had passed...oh wait...it had come back...* "Yes, I shall say it again. Something simply sinister in its simplicity."

The empty night was kindly clear as the crickets chirped along with the galactic song.

"What a perfect time for a picnic!" the secret bunnies whispered excitedly, as they came munching towards the garden.

"I can not get enough of this beautiful boundless bounty!" bounced Benjamin Bunny, a happy young spirit who likes to keep the girls hoppin'.

"I know what you mean," sweetly giggled his new girl Glenda.

The two met two days ago. They spent two hours together each day. This was their second visit to the garden.

The next morning a gardener's pride came out to see his prized plants. "My veggies!" he cried. "My veggies." he sighed. "My veggies..." he died.

Can you believe it!? Over a couple of veggies.

There is definitely something silly in **its** sincerity when **it** says what **it** does about what **it** wants to talk about. **It** gets me going. There is no need to believe in **it**. Just sit back and enjoy **it**. Do you get "**it**"?

The Hippo and The Hound

It is good to remember our ancestors and feel gratitude for what they have done to allow us to have this grand opportunity of spiritual awakening.

“My way is the way of gray,” quoth the hippo to the hound.

“Do you see ‘black’ or ‘white’?” Henry hound asked the hefty hippo Horace.

“My way is the way of gray,” quoth the hippo to the hound.

“Do you choose ‘this’ or ‘that’?” the hound continued his query.

“My way is the way of gray,” quoth the hippo to the hound.

“What about the mooooooon?” howled Henry instinctively.

“Yes...” yawned the Hippo Horace (who was getting hungry).

“Yes!” yelped the happy hound Henry (who was by now in a frenzy).

“My way is the way of gray,” quoth the hippo to the hound.

“Now let’s get lunch!”

What is so amazing about lengthy talks of universes upon universes and dimensions within dimensions? Any dreamer can do it.

Ducklings

We all know many things about many things, which matters not much. You can tell some people some things and some other people some other things, but you never know who it is going to be that really understands you.

"Quack! Quack!" waddle, waddle, "Quack!" waddle, "Quack!"

"Into the water children," nudged mother duck, second cousin of 'Mother Goose'. "We must play all day."

"Can we? Can we?" the fuzz balls wuzzled.

"Hell yes!" declared Deloris the matter-of-fact down-with-it duck. "We never know when it is our last day, so we might just as well quack, quack, waddle, waddle, waddle, and play."

"We can! We can!" cheered the ducklings as they frolicked single file into the aqua-cool stream.

Ducky swallowed a sob and whispered softly to herself, "I just do not know how to tell them that their father took off with a pigeon."

"Quack! Quack!" waddle, waddle, "Quack!" waddle, "Quack!"

It all becomes too strange if you follow a leader. Follow yourself to yourself. Then maybe you will have a chance. But for what?

Kathy the Pink Crayon

I dreamed a dream of childhood, heaven/hell, dinosaurs, and the end of the world. I dreamed a dream of dead relatives, lost love, and tons of average every day “in your face” kind of events. I dream a dream of me dreaming dreams (or so it seems).

*Katherine Crayon, second in command, hurled a demand,
"Colorme Pink!"*

*"You are that which you seek," called cream cult collaborator
Sky Blue.*

*"What do you mean?" snapped Kathy.
"I do not see Pink anywhere."*

"Look at yourself," Sky urged with gentle determination.

*"I can not!" cried Kathy bursting into tears with despair.
"My neck does not bend!"*

*"Then close your eyes," crooned Sky Blue seductively.
"Close your eyes."*

***Kathy closed her eyes and suddenly...!**

*"What do you see?" asked Sky Blue.
"Me." said K rubbing her dream-tired, tear-streaked rose-
flavored eyes. "I finally see Myself...and I am..." she paused
softly smiling, "Pink."*

I am serving a purpose. This purpose is purposeful no-purpose. How will those with a purpose know it unless there are no-purpose people? How would a purposeful person be free of purpose without a no-purpose person with a purpose? I am one of those no-purpose people with a purpose who speaks from a pleasant place I probably shouldn't mention.

Ecstasy

There are rainbows of light, sound, touch, taste, and smell. Look up! Water and light unite. It is as aesthetically pleasing as it is soothing to your soul.

Man embraces woman and woman embraces man.

Man inserts his external apparatus into the woman's receptive space. Each breathes slowly and deeply with only slight back and forth genital movement. Their energies run together and form one pulsing organic unity. When they have fully dissolved into each other, the bodies dance the natural expression of life, freedom, and joy.

The copulating couple maintains 'alert witnessing' during all activity....

As Man ejaculates he feels cosmic vibration explode in his being. Woman bathes him in healing love and finally feels fulfilled. Let go and fly away.

Man embraces woman, woman embraces man.

Farewell. Tomorrow or a thousand tomorrow's hence, I will face my last excursion on this temporary plane of existence in this current form. Without one further moment of hesitation and with the absolute conviction of an awake consciousness, I declare fully and without reservation, that I appreciate my amazing life of growth and love. What a tremendous opportunity to become conscious of universal truth! Hearing music, seeing beauty, and feeling the touch of God in the creatures of the Earth, I stand halfway up the hill that never ends saying "Hello my friends, it never ends, it never ends! Hello my friends, it never ends."

Eskimo Stacy

Sick little bugs who stock their shelves with “sweet squirrels” shall see what happens to those who do not respect life and treat animals as if they are stupid. Here boy. Here boy.

Eskimo Stacy walked into the fairly windy snow with her white wolf Wonder. As always they were side by side.

Their journey carried them to a secret place where all the spirits would speak. They loved afternoons chatting with illuminated beings of air and thrillingly terrible evenings by friendly fiends of fire.

What thrilled them most of all was whispering with Wendy Willow who would welcome them with a wink. Wendy had an important message for Stacy today:

"One day while in another body, you will be searching for something. You will think you know what you are looking for but that will not in fact be true. Let me tell you what then to do. Be honest with yourself and share what you have to share with the world."

Stacy gently thanked Wendy for her tremendous insight and hugged her companion Wonder while sighing, "Thank you for being here with me."

They watched the evening fade into the translucent twilight.

Perhaps we're never meant to be that which we long for, but only a 3D approximation of a grander station in our imagination. Neither here nor there, strive to deliver your best and speak the words of a friend. Let the brain deliver the goods that the spirit picks up from the store.

Orb

I am going to pop your spiritual cherry. Either that or you are going to be very pissed off. Hate me now, thank me later. Strange indeed are the situations one may find when not properly introduced.

A luminous Orb frantically swooshed through a forest of trees at an ever quickening pace.

“I’m supposed to be in bed!” cried the Orb hysterically in his thoughts. “Got to get away, got to get away.”

Branches wickedly whipped what was supposed to be the Orb’s face, but strangely, he did not feel a thing.

“Got to get away, got to get away.”

He found himself suddenly on a paved street, needing desperately to run. To his horror, he realized that his legs would not move faster than a labored walk. The more he struggled, the less they were inclined to acquiesce.

“Got to get away, got to get away.”

The Orb reappeared atop a nearby tree in time to watch a black car drive menacingly away. Discovering that he has no body, his mind shouts, “Wake up! Wake up!”

This is boring stuff right here. These words you are reading are boring. That is how it is. If it could be more boring I would make it so. Since the best I can do is this, this is the best I can do. Boring language was setting you up for this: **a happy heart hears the call!**

Damn Devils

I always err on the side of safety. Who can tell what is going to happen? It only takes one slip up. Only "God" knows how we do not kill ourselves every day.

"Damn you!" yelled a devil.

"Damn you!" another shrieked back.

"Damn everybody!!!!" a whole crowd of devils began shouting. They could not stop damning anything they came across.

Just then a busy man in the material world stubbed his toe.

Hell's horned entities rushed up and gathered around.

"Do it, do it, do it, do it..."

"Damn it!" the swollen toed man cursed venomously.

"Hurray!!! Damn! Damn! Damn!" the devils danced and damned around the busy man before disappearing into the night, looking for more destructive situations to indulge in.

They came upon a nice man taking an evening stroll and gave him a gift called the box of uncontrollable wailing.

Thinking it was a pleasant gift of new friendship, he opened the box immediately. "Oh no!!!!!" cried the man shocked into despair. "It is the pain of a thousand lifetimes!!!!"

The devil's giggled with glee and went in search of yet another man to corrupt with their frenzied soul-sucking energy.

It is so hard to tell. Every time you think you have got "it", "it" disappears and you are left with the same clouds of confusion that you started with. Fading away is the way...

The Sun God

"My wonderful children. How I have longed to communicate the love for you in words that I share with you in the light and heat that you need to survive. I am inside you as your nervous system and intelligence. You are truly my children and your enlightenment is inevitable.

When you play in my rays on the glorious days that your mother and I give you as our gift, it provides me with the joy of interaction in the delivering of my energies. What I give to you, I give freely and when you recognize my gift in gratitude, then my fire has begun to blaze in your heart.

I will shine on, not to worry. The day will never come when you will not be able to gaze upon my countenance. When I sparkle it is for you and only you. Each individual in life must discover me in their own way. There are no comparisons. Each speck of consciousness in Existence is unique and changing.

Humanity has recognized me as the supreme life force in the past. Some people have even killed for me, but that is not at all what I want from my children. The truth is I want nothing from you, and am always radiating my divine love.

Be peaceful and free my children. This world is your world and every creature is a friend. Breathe deeply and drink of life while you can so that when the great sleep arrives you will be ready. When you reach me I will carry you into the realm where there is no sleep. What you see in the sky is just a representation of the flame of eternal awareness that is even NOW burning inside of you."

The Man

I hear the cry of the Earth echoed in the whale song. In slow motion, it sinks so deep that I have to comprehend it somehow. Resonant frequency; melancholy magnificence.

"Today is the day", the man said, the man said.

"Today is the day", the man said.

The dog jumped around and the cat made a sound, while the robin was whistling "Scotland the Brave".

"Today is the day", the man said, the man said.

"Today is the day", the man said.

The sweet butterfly that was known to flutter by said, "Hello!" with a colorful wave.

"Today is the day", the man said, the man said.

"Today is the day", the man said.

The sky likes meeting with the sun shine greeting, 'til fading in a cool touch of gray.

"Today is the day", the man said, the man said.

"Today is the day", the man said.

"So you see the trick is to see. You see!?"

"Today is the day", the man said.

It is nice to take challenges on and it is pleasant just to rest. The task at hand matters only if it matters to you. Any situation can be dealt with. Even your own demise.

The Mighty Oak

Time is a relative thing. If you are aware in the moment, it seems slower because you are experiencing more. If your mind is elsewhere, time seems to be flying by because you are experiencing less. When you are fully present time stops and you are there/here. They are the same.

The mighty oak and the great rock stayed side by side for many years. They spoke no words but enjoyed each other's company. Life passed as it does and all was well.

As the relentless tides of time sucked the remaining strength out of the great tree (whose acorns had left quite a legacy), the mighty oak began to die.

Great rock spoke at last,

"It is a day of much that is good. Rejoice for the world of rock and tree has come together in communion for this momentary window of timelessness. Friendship knows no barriers and neither shall the spirit of my companion in life's unfolding, the mighty oak tree. I have seen squirrels play, I have seen whole bird families born and fly away, I have seen the moon and sun shine on you, and always you remain noble. It has been my good fortune to have rested near you courageous one. I remain a marker in your memory and as long as anyone can touch or see my soft, smooth surface, know that part of you remains as we two will forever be one."

The mighty oak proudly raised his branches one last time as his spirit whistled away with the wind.

Our growth as beings is the most important thing. Everything else follows understanding. Nothing significant is possible without awareness. You grow when you let go. It is okay to enjoy yourself you know. There are people who have realized the freedom of unconditional love. Be honest with yourself and you have nothing to be worried about. You are the answer to all questions.

The Great Flood

Where and when? That is the question deep inside. Here and now. That is the answer.

The whole world was flooded and a hawk flew high above the water singing this song:

*"Oh people of the Earth,
This day will be remembered in the scriptures of your future nations,
Will you forget the reason why?
The truth will be obscured until the dawn of light,
Darkness begins with the flood,
and carries on until we can reconcile in peace,
forgiving each other for the sins of our fathers.*

*What have we done to the Earth my brothers?
All life seems to be silenced,
The ocean breathes on its own,
All must be as it must be,
You can not destroy the world, you can only treat it with disrespect,
When you see that you spit on your mother, you will feel for yourself what it is that you have been doing,
I pray for your redemption."*

The hawk hovered for a moment after soaring for what seemed like seasons until his wings gave out and he fell into the sea.

"Remember what I have told you..." he gasped with his dying breath, "...not me."

Now you can know the truth. We are on a planet in the sky and we are going to die. Nobody knows why. Even if you buy buy buy, you will still die die die. Live your life. At least give it a try.

The “Irresistible” Object

I have waited years to tell you this. Though I had tried and tried, it was not until what I said made no sense, that I was able to convey my message.

The irresistible force and the immovable object were at a stand still. The force kept forcing and the object kept objecting.

Something suddenly occurred to the object, "If I keep resisting, this will go on for all eternity," so he gently slipped out of the way.

This was something that the irresistible force was not expecting! It rushed through hurling aimlessly towards the next thing in the universe looking for an unwinnable fight.

"You have passed the great test divine one," uttered the wise man sitting silently on the mountain next to the newly illumined object.

"I finally gave up," mused the object.

The wise man chuckled, "You're Irresistible!"

They laughed and laughed the enlightened laugh of no more suffering.

Serve the divine purpose and not your own ignorant self-interests. Some of us are lucky enough to be in a situation where our foolishness is so obvious that compassion comes to our assistance.

(Of course I do not mean you. You are already perfect)

The "Finer" Points of Henrietta Hen

We often see separate individuals doing whatever it is they are doing, without seeing the Hand of God. This is not the almighty "God" of myth and legend, but "that which is."

"It is poison what people put in their heads," huffed Henrietta Hen in her newly built pen.

"They do not see the 'finer' points in life."

"You are so very right," casually quipped Rebecca, winner of "Hen of Distinction" in Farmer Faasly's Red Barn Talent Show. (She can sing, lay an egg, correct your grammar, and be a bossy boss wherever/whenever a bossy boss is needed.)

"Hey Hens," remarked Mark the magic Rooster as he made music for a mood booster. "Less yappin' and more tappin'."

"Ooooooh Boo Hoo....." howled Henrietta with victim vibe sobs. "I work myself silly for him and he can not even treat me like the fine feathered hen that I am."

"You are so very right," replied Rebecca.

"It is poison what people put in their heads."

Lookout! The whole universe is collapsing. This once finally balanced harmonic structure has become dissonant with the darkened hearts of people who put war before peace. Shall we survive by uncovering/incorporating divine law, or shall we become the haunting echo of another lost civilization?

Monkey Mind

I am lost in the awesome abyss of realizing that musical form is no different than human form. Structure is necessary to transcend structure. Grow beyond all limitations.

The cup of mountain's majesty runneth over the river and through the wilderness that lined the water's edge. The stream was playing tickle touch with the sun as the sky played a melody of puffy clouds.

"What a morning to gather gumption and charge into the woods!" mused Malachi Monkey to himself with more than a touch of malice.

Malachi leapt onto a hanging branch, 2 trees over and 1 to the side. "Care for a ride? Would you care for a ride?" he propositioned 3 friendly robin's eggs with a crooked grim gleam. "I thought so," he shrieked with hysterical cackles of delirious delight as he scurried back into the forest with his purple speckled prize.

Mother Robin Ruby came home to find her nest rancorously robbed and without her dear children she so sadly sobbed. Broken hearted, she flew away.

Malachi Monkey swallowed 2 of the eggs and then threw the other one to his brazen brother Maxwell, who giggled and greedily gobbled it down.

The monkeys laughed uproariously while all the birds had a desperation filled cry.

Sanity is much too much to ask. Play a little. Sing a little. Dance a little.....or maybe even a lot! Whatever you do, please do not work too hard. It is better to relax. Yes, I said it.....just relax.....

The Empress frees a Maturing Monk

Can you do it? Whatever this question made you think of is what you should do.

The following words come from the maturing monk Milton who is doing his best to live in awareness. He knows that thoughts do not hold the key to freedom in a life that is so fleeting. He also knows that he is a part of a greater being whose eternal treasure lies in the heart. This transforming revelation occurred at 2:12am on a midsummer's night long ago. The account was taken from his astral journal accessed through remote viewing at the request of his spirit guide for the good of humanity.

The Empress came to me in an epic dream of ravishing splendid splendor.

*"She must be the Soul of the Earth," my mind echoed, "My true spiritual mother....Kali....seems to be looking for me." My heart cried repeatedly,
"I am here!"*

Immediately, I felt the blooming of the lotus blossom of which I was always and will always be a part. Liquid and colorful, vivid and wonderful, we are reaching.....singing.....growing.....flowing in such overwhelming joy that I can only express an aching gratitude which masters call Mercy.

A mixture of ecstasy and hardship, true life encompasses the greatest extremes of up and down. As long as the Mind does not take me away....as long as my emotions do not hold sway....as long as I can be awake all day....I am cool and peaceful amidst the storm. This is the true meaning of Jesus calming the turbulent seas.

The subtlety of the realm is so precious and gentle; compassionate and kind. Save the world so we can save ourselves. Share expanding love capacity with anyone who is willing. Become a passage to God.

The teachings of Pythagorus echo from a past life. He bridged the East and West. Others have done the same. Left meet Right. Congratulations! You are whole.

Sun and Earth in Love

You want me to tell you what to do, what to think, or what to say? Ok, here is the plan. Go back to sleep and pretend that you have not heard anything. The other option will come to you in time if you have faith and maintain vigil.

Sun said to Earth, "Luminous beauty, may I love you with the light of a thousand lifetimes? May I wrap you in a smoldering embrace? May we intermingle and create children to delight in the gifts we have to offer? May I share with you my Joy?"

Earth said to Sun, "Long have I waited to hear these sanctified words. I gaze upon you always and long for you to breathe life into my land and co-create our children. Love me, touch me, and give to me all that you have."

Dancing in divine celebration, they shower energy to the Universe.

"Way to be Sunny!" cheered Saturn.

"Ata Boy Sparky!" quipped Mars.

Venus turned back tears hoping that Sun could still be hers.

Pluto could barely see, but Neptune gossiped the details.

Jupiter laughed and said, "I just knew you kids would eventually get together."

Mercury covered his eyes.

Uranus does his own thing.

Sun and Earth endure in their cosmic coitus, communing inside of you.

Ignorant men control other people. We sometimes follow when we could decide otherwise. I guess that makes us responsible.

The Ancient Silver Cat

You are a walking, talking chemical reaction; a living, breathing, divine science experiment. All the best to you and your apparatus.

The Ancient Silver Cat sat with eyes closed and started flowing inwards. His soul was moving farther and farther from the Earth. Passing many planets during his astral journey, his blue-green home disappeared into the deep purple sea. Soon the solar system too dissolved into the unexplainable darkness from which we all arise.

Sailing through the stars...on and on... Screams and joy, tears and laughter, people, places, things, emotions...and suddenly...the whole blur gets swallowed by a crystal sphere. The Silver Cat finds himself immersed in nothingness.

Lifting his head slightly, he began softly speaking to his young sons whom he could sense were near, "The nature of thingssssss...."

"Quick we must write it down!" the not-so-self-observing familial branches of the Silver Cat yelped in a sincere effort to save something sacred.

Knowing that they had already missed the moment, the Silver Cat went back to sleep.

"He went to sleep...so...the nature of things must be sleep," the fidgety felines formulated. "Let's tell it to other cats so we can all be wise."

.....weeks later.....

Crazy Cat told Crafty Cat that Silver Cat said, "If you sleep all day, you will be exalted among the animals."

Crafty Cat yawned, "This Silver Cat seems to have the teaching I have waited for all of my life. I know something about sleeeeeep....."

Do you hear the sound of the sycamores calling? You put them on hold. Put the phone down, turn off the TV, tear away from the computer, set down the newspaper, turn off the radio, forget your name, and rest.

The Kind Caterpillar Carl

A warrior? A medicine man? A bird? Your past goes on before “you”. Inclinations show the way towards yesterday. Memories outside of the self reveal the soul’s journey.

Carefully, Caterpillar Carl crawled to the edge of a leaf. "Just a nibble," he thought. "Just a nibble."

Sarah Spider slipped out of a nearby shadow and sang chidingly, "Carl...Carl....I must speak with you...Carl!"

Caterpillar Carl, in his usual calm manner, turned around.

"You mustn't eat all the leaves," said she. "What about the tree?"

Carl went back to what he was doing, inched over to the next leaf nearest him and began to munch once more.

"Did you not hear me?" Sarah Spider shrieked becoming livid.

Carl kept eating, gently grinding the nutrients into an invigorating liquid which coursed throughout his body.

Sarah, ready to burst, started heading over to where the caterpillar was carrying forth his daily business.

"Your web is very pretty," murmured Carl as he wormed his way to the future in a more peaceful part of the woods.

Sarah was left silent in her misery.

It is always right to follow your nature as it expresses itself creatively. You are a doorway that swings both ways. Walk around, frequently considering ultimate truth.

Earth Goddess

"I can feel you my cherished ones. I pour into you a never-ending liquid pulse of Life. My heart is your heart. Let me hold you close in an everlasting embrace. Why have you gone so far from home? I am here and available, begging to be seen, felt, and loved. Where have you gone my children?

Do not my sensuous fruits appeal to you? Do you no longer delight in bathing amidst my seas? I have surrounded you with fine animal companions. I have watched you grow since you were still fish in the ocean. My heart leaps when your Father propels you forward in Truth. Together we carry you towards the healing of empty skies.

I sing to you a song of Heart dear beloveds. It is Joy that I sing and Love that I bring and whatever a mother has ever been or ever will be you can imbibe from me. I am the foundation of the female principle. Each woman is a reflection of me, the goddess Gaea. I am the great mother and you are the good children. Come home and we will make things glorious like they have never been. The mountains will tower, the strong rivers will flow clean, and venerable trees will lovingly guard our sacred ground. My land will spring forth flowering expressions of bliss and untold peace will settle across the world. It is your time...our time.

There is room for each one of you in your mother's arms. There is no barrier which could keep my Love from reaching you. I am in your blood and I am in your soul. Your body is made the same as my body. We could not be nearer and we could not be more intimate. When we touch it is all that a mother could dream and when you finally come to rest in me, I will carry you, purify you and be ready to see you again in the morning. There is nothing in my heart but you my Love...my children... Nothing but you."

A Busy Beaver and Testy Tom Turtle

Our whole universe is based simply on the principle of breathing. In and out... Creation and destruction... The heartbeat within gives us life. Pump, pump, pump. Can you hear that baby thump? It is very good that it does or else you and I would both be dead. Actually, we would not have a body to live in at all! Can you imagine that? (It is doubtful since, we can only imagine with a mind contained in a body that never would have existed in the first place.)

The day had only just begun and already the busy beaver was damned. His house had been trampled by the foot of man. It had happened before and will happen again, so the beaver began to begin. Bit by bit he built. He needed a place to live.

Testy Tom turtle swam up and commented absent mindedly, "It seems that you are building a new house."

"Yes, can you help?"

The desperate beaver called back.

"No, I can not," said testy Tom turtle, as he swam by unsympathetic to a fellow traveler desperately in need.

"You son-of-a-bitch turtle!!!" screamed the enraged beaver.

"Enough is enough! I am moving to Mud City, U.S.A., where the sticks are steady, the streams are plenty, and no fair weathered friend is going to take the side of a man thwarting my attempts to live an honest life."

The pulse quickens and the process seems to speed up, but that is just our perception. Really everything is stopped. Everything moves and everything stops. The movement can stop. The stopping can stop. Can the stopped stop stop? How do you stop unless you start? How can you start without movement? The movement can stop. The stopping can stop. Can the stopped stop stop?

Another Cup of Tea

I woke up today! You never know if you will. One day you will not. Who knows what will happen then? Maybe Jesus will come riding on three wild turkeys to tell you that it was all a joke and that God is actually the Sun and the Sun is actually a projection from a primordial Void that can not keep to itself.

The lochness monster and Bigfoot were sharing a cup of tea one day in the nether realms....

"Oh Biggie, it is a shame that I haven't been able to swim in the waters of the physical world lately, but you know those damn humans...."

Bigfoot smiled in agreement as he slowly sipped his tea, savoring it as it moved through his hairy lips, down his throat, coming to rest in his stomach where it began the process of being turned to urine for final excretion.

"Biggie, what has become of us?" sighed Nessie.

"Enjoy your tea. You are still beautiful. Don't let 'em get you down," encouraged Bigfoot. "Look at me. They call me 'Big-Foot' like I am a fucking freak. I shook that off after about 100 years or so. Now I encourage you to opt for a smile."

"Oh Biggie you are a darling, sweet, hairy, masculine.... (she started getting a bit too excited).....Oh, sorry," Nessie smiled for the first time in a long time. "I suppose you are right."

"Shall we go for a walk?" asked Biggie.

"Shall we go for a swim?" asked Nessie.

"How about we swing on the swings?" gleamed Biggie.

"My butt's too big!" giggled Nessie.

Bigfoot declared, "Then let's have another cup of tea!"

God knows what is going to happen. Just like a night when I looked over and saw a mouse running through the house. I realized that I was seeing something strange. This is what made it seem so normal.

Crop Circles

I threw a rock at a bird once and I tell the truth when I say that he looked right at me and said, "Ouch." There was no time to doubt, it was absolutely clear.

After all 'logical' methods were exhausted and countless years had been wasted groping in the darkness, the pseudo-scientists gave up and finally asked the Golden Child for his blessed musings. "Golden Child, forgive us for not coming sooner," they expressed in unison from a rare state of openness.

"It is okay," said the Golden Child softly.

"Will you please use your wisdom and innocent clarity to explain to us the mystery of the crop circles?" the humbled scientists queried.

"It is good that you have come," responded the Golden Child, "It is time for the truth to be known."

"Where you fail is by always asking 'Why?'. It is totally true that Crop Circles are a mystical communication. They are from the loving Earth Herself. They are not to be read like a text book, or deciphered like a Morse code secret message. That is just in your preconceptions. They are more like poetry, paintings, or music. Enjoy them! Your whole world is full of wonder and you do not see it, so the mother gives you a wonder among wonders! It is an expression of great Love. Come back to wonder. Are these circles not beautiful? Do they need to have a specific purpose? Read them with your heart. All hidden meanings will reveal themselves as the symbol triggers vibrations beyond words. Let them soak into your soul. She is heralding a time of peace when her children will come back to her. She can not use your small words and since you no longer feel her overflowing heart, she is using humanity's propensity for optic grandeur. Do you expect her to slap you in the face? It is always about the future for you. When you make your life priority the 'present', you too will be able to glean the glory of Crop Circles."

The repentant scientists beat their chests and ripped out their hair. "Forgive us Golden Child!"

"You are forgiven," said the Golden Child disappearing into the air as mist being touched by the morning Sun.

Together the scientists cheered with an overwhelming relief of guilt and a renewed sense of purpose about their lives.

It is nice to know that no matter what, language keeps coming. Wait a minute! Is that nice? One thing I do know is that you are nice. I love you.

Paul Peacock

'Ultimate Truth.' These two words are enough to drive anyone to madness. How can we give birth to our own ultimate truth? It is conceived in the womb of deep silence.

As God put the finishing touches on the peacock, a pinnacle of animal creation, he spoke thusly, "Go forth into the world and display my colors. You represent pride and all that is beautiful. Carry your destiny well."

The first peacock Paul proceeded to live his life. Now, Paul was no apostle. He was more like a pulsing process. He grew increasingly self-aware assimilating all systems in his search for the bliss he intuitively assumed his enchanting colors had come from.

God knew that creating a peacock would be the crown jewel of His Kingdom. Their hearts are strong and they often evolve into humans of great understanding. Source knew that Paul would one day open up to the Truth.

"My Lord where are you?" Paul peacock pined in the empty corners of his soul. "I am intense and sincere in my search. I beseech the whole of existence from its very foundations to hear the call of my Ego's surrender at last. Truth is my only Savior!"

The Lord wrote into his heart,

"When the flowers blossom and the leaves begin to turn.....when the sun shines and shimmers through the great northern pines.....when the rivers flow and the winds blow through your fluffy feathers.....know that I am here and that I love you."

Why oh why does the butterfly fly? For the same reason as you and I breath, eat, or drink a glass of water. In nature, things are much less obscured. Trapped in a realm of images we see not the knot. The knot which is, is not. Let's say it together, "The knot which is, is not."

The Work of Tools

"I give up." These are the words of a wise one. What do you think you can do? You can get exhausted trying to force the light to shine or you can stop blocking it. Even now you are being called higher from the other side.

"Saw saw saw," sounded the saw named Sammy.

"Hammer, hammer, hammer," hit the hammer Hal.

"Screw, screw, screw," screwed Scrappy the screwdriver.

"You guys gotta get a better act," taunted Tim the new 5 in 1 tool hanging on the wall. "You got no style."

"Saw, hammer, screw," they continued matter-of-factly.

"You are out-of-date, yesterday's news and all that." Tim spoke to the tools like he knew how it was hangin'.

"Screw, hammer, saw," again and again.

"Waste of metal," was all Tim the 5 in 1 tool could manage to say, thinking of himself as supreme among utility devices.

When the work was done, the tools gathered around and Sammy the saw began singing a haunting song of etheric beauty. She woo-woo-ed effortlessly through expansive tessituras. A pure voice of the beyond, she had her audience attentive and aglow.

Something in Tim stirred and for the first time he truly felt alive. Breaking down in gratitude set free by released insecurity he embraced the other tools and sobbed, "I see now...I'm sorry, I see..."

I told a man once of my journey. He understood enough to make it worth sharing.

The One Eyed Crow's Magic Words

With light-hearted whims I dance across the verbal stage. Step up, and give it a try. It is only scary because it is unknown and reminds many people of the inside world that they try not to think too much about. It is there and will remain there. Move while you can.

"I will sssit insside the pyramid until I get well," the lazy legged lizard Lenny lisped as he carefully crept onto the public platform of power.

"These three words will heal you," cawed the One-eyed Crow from the top of a nearby evergreen tree. "Crispy, Gravy, and Slick".

The receptive reptile replied, "Thank you, thank you, kind sssir. Anything to get better. I will say the words right away. 'Crisspy! Gravy! SSLick!'"

Nothing happened....

"Crisspy! Gravy! SSLick!" he confidently and courageously, tried them again.

Not a thing....

"Crisspy! Gravy! SSLick!"

This time before he even finished the three awesome words, the hills filled with the thrill of the most mighty winged warriors in the world.

Three great and terrible eagles came forward pulled by the force of the crow's magic words magnified by the power of the pyramid.

"You called and we answered the call," the eagles trumpeted in unison.

Lenny Lizard, caught for a second between fear and amazement, shuttered while making a rancid doo-doo dropping that stopped the proceedings.

"You have insulted the most exalted eagles Crispy, Gravy and Slick," the fine feathered family of fate said, "We shall be taking leave of you now. Never utter our names again!"

They thundered away upon wintertime wings.

The lizard licked his lips and freed of constipation he exclaimed, "I really do feel better. That crow is a genius!"

Hummmm.....hummmm.....aum.....is the sound.

Hummmm.....hummmm.....aum.....hear the sound.

Hummmm.....hummmm.....aum.....you are the sound.

Henry the Boy in "Love"

"Gadzooks!" I can see it in your eyes, whether you are surprised or bored by your life. Please do not be so serious. Be open and vulnerable, yet unafraid in knowing that your sense of well-being lies with you.

On a Thursday afternoon while sitting in grass that seemed to grow by itself the young lovers shared a little kiss.

"This is a special day," hugged Henry the boy in Love. "Never have two people been so perfectly in harmony. For the first time I see the world through open eyes."

The woman Wendy whispered to Henry and his emotions, "I think you are a pretty good guy, but let's not go too fast. Of course, other people have been in Love, and I am glad that you are seeing clearly, but perhaps that is just a dream. I can not make you happy. Only you can make you happy. I am very worried about what appears to me to be your attachments. I am not something to hold on to. I am something ever-changing, as are you. If we can not give freedom to each other we should go our separate ways."

Henry was startled and did not know what to do. He was hurt not just in his feelings, but much deeper than pride. Sharing the secrets of his heart for the first time, he never could have imagined that he would be shot down. He could only sob in self-pity.

Wendy muttered to herself as she walked away. "It is a good thing that I did not sleep with him!"

Live your Life as a blessing. Shower Love all around. Be the shining example.

Peanut and the Porcupine

Transcend ignorance. Can you do it? Comparison and Judgment are your very game.
Easy now.....easy.....

"This is all just fine. It tastes like lightning and it looks like wine!" perked Penelope porcupine to her friend Peanut.

(Peanut was a baby chick that lost her mother one cold snowy afternoon in November.)

Penelope and her pal Peanut were visiting Uncle Vino's Grape Vine, (their favorite place to dine) after tiring themselves out doing daily deliveries for the Prickly Donut Shop.

They had just settled into sampling today's favorite when the door burst open.

An overgrown Ox lurched forward and commanded, "Start jumping!"

...they hesitated.....

"Do it!!!" the agitated Ox ordered casting a glance at his diamond sharp horns as if they were begging for blood.

The dazed friends hopped excitedly until the Ox snorted, "Now, Scream!!!"

This time, the still bouncing animals knew better than to wait. They instantly erupted in wailing, yelling, hollering, shrieking, moaning and howling.

The Ox continued crying, "Faster, FASTER, FASTER!!! Louder LOUDER LOUDER!!!" until the pair collapsed on the pavement ready to die.

Grinning, the Ox softly said, "Good.....now don't you feel better?"

Forgive me if I forget your name. I will remember your face. I will be sincere. But forgive me if I forget your name.

The Cliff Diving Dentist

One mustn't get too attached to words. Sometimes something beautiful will come through and it will simply float away. You can either enjoy the sweetness, or cry about it when it's gone. The good stuff comes when you least expect it.

"Take a deep breath," instructed the cliff diving dentist Denny. "Ready...Go!!!!"

Both Denny and Donny, the dentist's date, jumped and immediately felt the air rushing past.

At this point, they were totally on their own.

Donny had been surprised when Denny told her that they were not going to be using parachutes. "Won't we die?" she innocently queried.

"Don't you trust me?" inquired Denny. "Because if you don't trust me, then....."

She stopped him and stated, "I do trust you."

Now that she was hurtling towards the water, she was not so sure. "Isn't that a rock?" her Mind flashed. She was getting panicky. There was no more time.

-Splash!!!

She hit the water in perfect rotation to glide effortlessly to the bottom and push back straight up towards the surface. It was glorious!

She looked for Denny to tell him of her exhilaration.

This is when she noticed drops of blood oozing towards her. "Denny!!" she screamed.

Denny had managed to get over to the shore. He had forgotten to take his teeth cleaning tool out of his pocket and when he hit the water it jammed into his side.

Donny happened to be a nurse so she had a Band-Aid in her hand bag which was left in the car parked only 500 feet away.

Denny doubted, "Are you sure a Band-Aid is going to take care of this?"

Donny cast back a glance with a smirk, a sneer, and a woman's ultimate payback all rolled into one 4 word sentence, "Don't you trust me?"

I do not want anything from anybody. Ok, that is not true. I want everything from everybody. No, that is not quite it either. I only want what I want when I want it. I usually manage with whatever is available. In the end, it is a fair deal.

Zany Zodiac

Voices of the past... You can forgive them, you can forget them, and you had better, because I guarantee that if you don't, they are coming back.

When the Scorpion stings, it hurts your heart.

The voluptuous Virgin cries at the thought.

The twinkling Twins play a game while the Bull is charging, and the Scales are tipping your way.

The Lion's roar wakes the Crab who shakes the Ram who tells the Fish that Capricorn is an Aquarian with moon Sagittarian!

All this makes for a spaced-out sky that has imprinted you until you die:

There is one sun and 9 planets. Some of these planets even have rings and one grows life. There are asteroids in a belt and meteors flying through. The way our moon shines and the sunlight hugs the children that sing their way in orbit around and around and around in absolute perfection amidst an infinite sea of living stars shows the intelligence of the universe as it hums the tune of them and you.

Here is cryptic knowledge direct from Source:

time space friends space night space love light space race
grow space god goddess space people animals earth
space stars sky space rocks trees birds bees space
your universe has a sense of humor too i tell you of space space space

Buddha

"My all-pervasive awareness remains and I respond to the eternal call for this precious time upon the Earth. You are graduating from madness to humanity. Violence and suppression which have plagued the human race for all of history are extinguished by the open spaces available to each and every individual. You are all destined to be Buddhas.

How can it be that the lotus shall bloom? With trust in existence, it is not hard to conceive. Open wide and see that the middle of all dualities is where they blend into perfectly balanced transcendence.

Meditation is the way.

Observation is the way.

Relaxation is the way.

How many times have the enlightened sages told you? Take the first courageous step towards realization. We, the doorways, come to you in unison humming for your ultimate liberation. I have yet to disappear into the timeless void of Nirvana because I am waiting for you. Together we shall enter, heralding the harmonious return of conscious interconnectedness.

This moment is the right moment to enter your internal kingdom. It always has been and is ever more available to you Now. Breathe this moment. Imbibe its Life....Your Life....It's Love....Your Love. The energies are flowing through you and you understand. Yes, you understand. Breathe gently. Breathe deeply.

Celebration is here, there is nothing to fear. All is as it should be and always will be, absolutely perfect, changing, and available to experience. Accept yourself, love yourself, and you will explode across the world helping all beings to flower in the infinite witnessing of absolute freedom.

You will soon be at rest, beyond the reach of mind's clouds and emotion's clutches. I smile for you, most blessed. Your time has come."

Yin and Yang

Sometimes you will have a realization dawn upon you when you are in the middle of an activity such as driving, showering, or getting some milk at the store. At this time of significance, move with the new understanding. Suddenly the mundane no longer applies because if only for a passing moment, the real has come to pass.

Yin and Yang manifest in perfect pairs.

Yin watches Yang.

Yang loves Yin.

They are in harmony.

Yin loves Yang.

Yang watches Yin.

Peace in all realms.

Yang and Yin, east and west, the halves made whole.

Seeing all in true unity, bifurcation consideration facilitates transformative regeneration.

For posterity's sake, let's get it straight. Shit, Damn, Fuck, and Hell are words that scare some people because they are considered a curse, a swear word, or an insult to God - the inevitable unavoidable SIN. Existentially these four letters **S-H-I-T** and these four **L-O-V-E** are not different. 4 "symbols" each of which could mean anything (like so many other symbols of the past or other cultures of which we have no meaning to apply) make up a "word" which could mean anything (like so many other misunderstood words in so many intricately constructed contexts in so many differently connotated situations), in a sentence that could mean anything (words excite our preconceptions until we no longer have them), in a paragraph which could mean anything (maintain cognizance to avoid perception deception). We give the meaning! Realizing the nature of words as tools to imperfectly convey information (in service of us, not in control of us), how can anyone take offense? Realizing the nature of life as an ongoing experiment in self-awareness, how can anyone lose himself or herself in misunderstanding so easily? We'll make it somehow.

Bums are People Too

If you have ever felt that somehow you are different and can see things about the world that others do not, you are probably an old soul. There is speckled wisdom among the masses and a song echoing across an ancient land.

"He's a hunk of a doozerz!" exclaimed Pollyanna parrot.

"He's the queen's bean," blinked the Gecko named Gea.

"I guess that proves that bum's are people too," the pets agreed as they gazed out the bedroom window.

"I'm dangerous to myself I'm so damn crazy!" Benjamin Bum shouted while being shoveled into the soup kitchen on the corner of Dean St. and Don St.

"Here, have some soup you poor bum," the missionary driveled, holier than thou-ly passing the bum some grimy grub.

He threw the bowl back in the missionary's face and took a truly righteous stand, "Take your soup you piece of shit! I ain't no Christian and I ain't no bum!"

Ripping off his clothes, he ran 2 blocks down to the Mississippi River for his daily swim. (He did all of his good thinkin' there.)

"Now what if I was to get a job?" backstroked the bum. "No, that would never work. Wait....even better! I am going to start suing people!"

As he pranced down the street the next day with the answer to all of his problems, he decided to go over to the house of his old best friend from elementary school.

After the doorbell rang 3 times, a man named Andy who he hadn't seen in years hesitantly peaked through a crack in the door.

"Remember when you taught me how to spit?" the bum immediately demanded.

"No, I really do not...and what the hell are you here for anyway?" queried the bewildered sub-urbanite with a hint of fear creeping out from behind his long practiced suppression.

"Here is some spit for you," replied the boogy oogy bum, as he loogy oogy yummed all over this square's shiny new slippers.

"You son-of-a-bitch," howled Andy angrily just before he punched the bent-over bum right in his starving gut.

"See you in court," said the bum matter-of-factly, "Bums are people too."

The sun set, the people cried, and all of nature went to sleep.

If you need a kick in the pants, then look in the mirror. Do you like what you see? You need to learn to Love that "whatever it is" before you die (which could be any time).

Walter Whale P.H.D.

Let's gather 'round, 'tis a lovely sound, when we all gather 'round in the forest. Yes, let's gather 'round, around and around, down deeply down, exploring/imploring your own unconscious ground. This is where you can dig for gold.

Out to sea where the slippery fishes lie deep beneath the wind worshipping waves was a whale beyond words. His official title reads as follows: Walter Whale, Worker of Wonderful Workmanship with a P.H.D. from Willy W. Whale Academy of Water Wisdom. Not only can Wally speedily spell without spitting, but this spectacular spinning specimen specialized in spontaneously spouting splendid speeches on space that span specific spatial speculations while sportily spraying spellbound spectators in a spirited spectacle suitable for no other specification than the splashing sperm whale species.

"Particularly extraordinary!" he pontificated to his companion J. Donald Dolphin who had just arrived back under the water after another eloquent leap. "Now you can see what I mean when I say that to go to the surface is to get a glimpse of where we go when we are no more."

"I don't have a clue what you are talking about," dashed Donald as he flipped into the air to dance with the mid-morning sun rays before returning to the sea in a streak of shining silver.

"Could it be because you do not have a Willy W. Whale P.H.D. like me?" Walter wondered aloud.

"Must be," Donald declared as he darted by, "Must be."

To breathe is amazing. Breathe deeper. Again... Get a glass of water. Drink deeply of your planet's nectar. Relax your body. Okay, now I can tell you my secret. I am in on it.

(You never know)

Gods of Rock

If you took every human body in the world and placed them in an order of smooth progression, you would have what could be known as the **Spectrum of Forms**.

*"I hear these guys are great!" mentioned Cryptic Kelly.
"They had better be for \$20.00," Muttered Larry the Leach.
"Over here!" motioned their buddy Jason who had saved front row seats.
Jason was pumped! "Here they come!" he shouted. "Hell Yeah!!!"*

*****The announcer burst out to wild musical accompaniment and began the introductions:**

*"Good evening Happy Valley!!! This is the moment you have all been waiting for!
The Gods of Rock 'n' Roll!!!"*

*"Zeus on Keys!" "Thor on Bass!"
"Mercury on Lead Guitar!" "Isis lead vocals!"
"Background vocals by the Muses!"
"Apollo on Lute!" "Pan on Flute!"
"Quetzalcoatl on Rhythm Guitar and Vocals!"
"...and finally....God the father Almighty himself on Drums!"
Let's hear it for the Gods of Rock 'n' Roll!!!"*

*****The place exploded with applause as the band kicked into a sweet groove:**

"Oh what we used to do to you people, "Isis crooned, "Oh what we used to do. Now we're here singing just to get us through. Oh what we used to do..."

*The slow intro number suddenly turned into a hard rock beat where Quetzlecoatl confidently shouted, "Aztec City!!!" You know you gotta lo----ve it! Aztec City!!!"
On they went rockin' the house, even letting Zeus take an 8-bar solo or two.*

Towards the end of the night, the band was starting to sound bad and seemed to be fighting. Pan was drunk and Apollo was trying to boss everybody around. "We all know how kindly God the father almighty takes to being bossed around.")

*Discord fell upon the band.
"That is it," Mercury said matter-of-factly. "I am out."
They all agreed that they couldn't go on like this anymore.*

"Boooooo!!!" the crowd yelled. "(They only got about \$10.00 worth of entertainment.)"

*God the father stood up and shouted in a voice that rumbled the room,
"You sinners are going to Hell!!!"*

"Booo!!!!!" the crowd continued unabated by an empty threat from a nearly forgotten entity, until the gods had no choice but to disappear, never to be heard from again.

Found your own school of thought, and then nobody can disagree with you.

A Clock That Stood Still

Sometimes for the sake of poetic inspiration one states things intricately. A certain abstract precision is possible through careful non-choice of words. The energy flows out to a specific one-person audience. A simple person a simple word. A complex person a complex weave. It is just a strange way to elaborate on something that otherwise can happen perfectly fine without interference.

I heard the story of a clock that stood still. A whole village of people slowed down as the clock in the center of their valley no longer pushed them forward. Without the keeper of time, they had no way to perceive it. This left them where they started long before looking forward and back.

The animals in the valley even took notice as the people suddenly seemed to come alive. The humans were now relating to them in the present, dissolving the hazy barrier that was never really there in the first place.

Since there was nowhere to go and nothing to do, they all danced with Joy. The birds flew in and kept time with a whistle while the cows played with the sheep. The horses whinnied and the deer snorted then cavorted, jumping in the cool shadows of the maple tree. The pigs came along two by two, winking at the newly realized people as they passed. The community rested completely content in the afternoon sun as one with the blessed flow of life.

In secrecy, an ambassador of evil slipped in from the world of ambition and secretly fixed the clock. He placed it back on high and pompously pronounced, "Everybody back to work!!!"

The game was over having just begun.

An individual at peace is alive. An individual in conflict is dead. (In fact, they are not even dead.) You can march in malaise or live every day as if it is your last. (One day it will be...)

Gremmy Demmy Doo

The doorway of the nostrils opens to show us plugged into the great breather. There is no doubt that the great breather has the purest heartbeat. It is yours and it is mine. At least this much we have in common.

"14 and some-odd years ago," grumbled grandpa gremlin, "I ate toadstool soup with the Queen."

"Wow!" the younger gremlins gasped, "You are quite a grandpa, yes quite a grandpa to have done so much."

"And then..." he continued, "...there was a time when I tried to scare an old hippie fellow. Making my best ugly face, I jumped out and shouted, 'Boo!' and I'll be damned if he did not just take it in stride and shout 'Boo!' right back to me."

"Ha ha!" the children chuckled at gramps and his never-ending tales of adventure, "You are quite a grandpa, yes quite a grandpa to have done so much."

"Enough!!!" he grouched.

The gremlins waited in silence, not even trembling for fear that they would disrupt the most important occurrence of their lives.

*Grandpa arose with a snarling face and announced,
"We must now go-Gremmy Demmy Doo!!!!"
"We must now go-Gremmy Demmy Doo!!!!"*

The younger gremlins looked at each other stunned. This would be the night that the torch of trickiness would be transferred from older to younger at the expense of all unconscious citizens of the dimension physical, location planet Earth.

(Gremmy Demmy Doo is the law that makes gremlins do what they do. They are really very friendly fellows who are born to be mischievous as their role to play in the cosmic game.)

If you are being preached to, you could stand up and say, "I see you." The preacher will probably be taken off guard. "What do you mean?" the preacher might say thinking that such an obvious observation need not be expressed aloud. You can respond by saying, "I can see your fraudulence as a man who truly knows God need not promote himself thusly. I expose you, and if one person knows the truth, you are revealed to yourself and the whole world. It is finished."

Rodent from Across Town

A new dawn brings freshness and a clean perspective. Is it so hard to imagine integration? Everything is harmonious and whole. This time will be for keeps. When it all goes down, (*whatever it is that we all know is going to go down*) will you be okay?

“Two times three times four...” said the dog on the floor, “...is undoubtedly 24!”

“Bravo!” the rowdy room full of rats reacted as one. “He’s the tops! He’s the tops!”

Dennis the dog was thought dumb by some, trusting everything and everyone. The idea would never occur to him that these rats were anything other than friends. A master of multiplication, he could respond in a matter of moments to any math problem. The rats and their lust for multiplication immediately seized upon the opportunity and put his shrewdness to work on their behalf.

“Multiply 3 pieces of cheese by 4 bread crumbs by 6 miscellaneous sewer scraps.” This pointless pondering of positive greed was the work of Rick the sewer rat, rodent from across town. “We rats got it hard,” he would rant. “We got it real hard!”

“Well,” woofed the digit devouring dog, “The number of total edible objects would be 72.” The pooch panted in amusement. “That’s a lot of food!”

“Shut up you frickin’ dog!” railed the sewer rat. “I am not here to listen to your commentary on my miserable life. Just answer the question!”

“I did,” Denny dog declared, “But I could go into more detail if you wish.”
“Sure,” sneered Rick.

“Well,” he postulated, “The number of total objects would be 72. We now must divide them in the proportions of the opening numbers 3, 4, and 6. The result of rodent scavenging would then be certain. Keeping the food in one total piece will not allow us to be exact, but I am hopeful that even rats can be generous with one small piece of food in such bountiful times. 17 pieces of cheese, 22 bread crumbs, and 33 miscellaneous food scraps from the sewer would work out quite nicely for a party, don’t you think?”

“Next question!” cried the top rat Ronald who ran the show as a puppet of the real ruler Vince. “Next question!!!”

What do you know? That was quite a show. So is this:
Read, *pause*, read, *pause*, read, *pause*, **Applause!**

Wrestle With Destiny

Do not deny anything. Every part of you is good. Even the bad stuff! It all contributes to the growth experience. Harmonize your energies and you will see that what you thought was not possible has come to pass. You are happy and whole.

"You wrestle with me, you wrestle with destiny," crooned Christopher Croc who lived by a rock in the heart of the Amazon forest.

A wandering villager coming near thought better than to blatantly disregard a fair warning, so he went on his way in search of easier prey.

Another villager soon followed. "I could use me some new luggage," said he. "Crocodile luggage."

"You wrestle with me, you wrestle with destiny," crooned Christopher Croc who lived by a rock in the heart of the Amazon forest.

This particular villager had wrestled with destiny before and as usually happens, came out the loser. He moved along mumbling something about synthetic leather.

A strong stranger appeared on the shore and bellowed, "I am going to get ya Croc. Oh, yes I will."

"You wrestle with me, you wrestle with destiny," crooned Christopher Croc who lived by a rock in the heart of the Amazon forest.

"I needs me a wallet!" the stranger wailed as he grabbed the rambunctious reptile around its belly, squeezing with a full force power hug.

Christopher Crocodile, having been here before, knew exactly what to do. He bit this not-too-tough turkey right in his not-too-cute face.

The man howled, "My face! My face!" Blood bled all around as the stranger ran deliriously back into the dusky evening from which he had come.

"You wrestle with me, you wrestle with destiny," crooned Christopher croc who lived by a rock in the heart of the Amazon forest.

Even if it seems silly you should do it. Even if people laugh, you should do it. Even if you are unprepared, you should do it. Even if you are hesitant, you should do it. Even if everybody is in disagreement, you should do it. Even if you are afraid, you should do it.

The Mountain and the Mole

We have few real problems so we create them. What else will keep us occupied while we hide from the inner truth? If we let them go, they will disappear because they were our creation to begin with. Just toys my friends....just toys....

"I speak of cataclysms in epic dreams," moaned the mountain to a mole.

"Oh, I can't stand it, I can't stand it. Stop it! Stop it!" shouted Marvin Mole in utter hysteria. "For God' sake stop it!!"

"I speak of nightmares, destiny and the destruction of all that is good," moaned the mountain to a mole.

"Oh.....my.....please stop. Please....." whimpered Marvin in desperation.

"I speak of death and evil beings that lurk in the deepest recesses of your soul," moaned the mountain to a mole.

"Why....why.....?" Marvin gasped and dropped in frightful overload.

"I speak of no more birds and a sun that goes black. I speak of lightning, pestilence, and doom. I speak of destruction and violence, the brothers of bloodshed. I speak of poison and terrible silence with the stench of corpses in the air. I speak of sin and its inevitable punishment of eternal damnation. I speak of....."

But there was nobody left to listen. Marvin mole dug a hole and buried himself in there. He left an epitaph and it reads as such:

"The mountain scared the hell out of me. You got to hand it to him though. He sure does tell a good evil, spooky, chill 'em to your bones, apocalyptic, horror story. Just look at me, I am now dead."

The mystical mountain bellowed, "I meant to kill you and I did. I appreciate your final understanding. This is one less person to be around when I speak of suffering and pain. I speak of all that is demonic and dark. I speak of a day in which no one left alive can stand to be with anyone or to be alone.....I speak of....."

One breath at a time we walk to work. One breath at a time, we watch the tree. One breath at a time we drive to the store. One breath at a time, we live our life. One breath at a time, we move towards death.

Zen Hypnosis

Random communication from some brain: Smell the incense you have yet to burn.

"It's called Zen hypnosis," the world famous Professor Penelope Pachyderm explained to a herd of elephant admirers. "It has proven an effective combination of hypnosis and meditation."

"First you put the subject under hypnosis in standard Freudian style. It consists of relaxing their body and getting them to follow the voice as you carry them back deeper and deeper into their unconsciousness with a series of numbers connected to the words sleep, sleep, sleep. While listening, they should stare at a pinpoint of light until their eyes close by themselves, close by themselves, close by themselves."

"My method differs in that I carry them much further inward using an ancient Zen technique which I seamlessly insert by reminding the subject that they are not the body and not the mind, but a witnessing consciousness."

"If I can take them into the void from which they come, infinite possibilities become available."

"First of all we must assume that the void is beyond all time and space, as is consciousness. If we can get an entity safely into this state, they should be able to instantly enter any of their past lives."

"Furthermore," pontificated Penelope pachyderm, "This eternal void is the same for all and the point where we all meet, including not just the living, but the previously living, and the yet to be living."

"Bringing the patient to this void through Zen hypnosis opens the door to a whole new dimension of communication potential. An astounding implication is that anything in the void (everything) can be accessed if the doorway (patient) is open and receptive. Any being concurrently resting in the same void can be called back through the channel. They can be asked questions and if agreeable, will answer easily through the unconscious patient."

Take time for everything. Be whimsical. Say hello to yourself, and for the love of butter, when someone is talking to you, the least you can do is listen.

Krishna

“What I have said in the past is not as important as what I say today. Sing, dance and play blessed people! Enjoy the world with its many gifts. It has been awhile since I was with you, but in essence I have never left. My spirit rejoices and embraces Life. Musicians, artists, writers, and all creative people have touched this essence in their deepest moments of inspiration.

I am a doorway. You can become in tune with the aspect of the Source that I represent. Behind all love is One. Behind all joy is One. In peace lies tranquility and the melody of my flute is the nectar of this silence. All things are contained herein.

I am the pied piper of Love. You, my devotees, can dance with me to God. It is the right time, so I welcome the men and women of Earth through my heart to the heart of hearts, eternal Love. It is not my personification that is important; it is you the individual fulfilling your potential as a cosmic being that heralds the triumphant return.

Hurray for the children of God! They are coming home. All coaxing through the ages has not been in vain. The time for sorrow is over and a time for celebration has arrived! You have been strong and brave to meet the challenge of living in a human body. Existence is greatly pleased with you and loves you more than you can know.

**Sing for great joy,
Cry in overwhelming gratitude,
Be possessed with spirit,
Receive the blessing of awareness,
Come with me.**

I have seen visions of great change. Objective facts are no longer enough to satisfy your soul’s profound longing. Love and freedom are the destiny of the day. Your moment has come.

Om mani padme hum.”

Tyro the King

Past each small thing is something smaller. Beyond everything large is something larger. This is the word of the Lord.

"Where else do you see the dancing of the sunlight upon the water? In the falling rain, when lightning bugs hover above the landscape, and whenever you close your eyes," the words of Tyro, King of the Dinosaurs reached deep into C. S. Rex's heart. They were musical and thunderous, magical, and wondrous.

"Next question," smiled the King warmly.

"Are we...not as individuals...but as a species...are we going to be here on the planet Jalon forever?" asked Stella, a female from the Stegosaurus school for the smart.*

**The stegosaurus' pea sized brain is absolutely condensed and efficient. The smaller size makes it so they can directly channel the cosmic forces. They have taught the other dinosaurs how to live if not always peacefully, at least with an understanding of each other's nature.*

"Not to worry little one," began Tyro. "It is true, one day we as a species will not be here. All things must rise and fall. Such is the way of Jalon."

"Next question."

Pops Triceratops from behind the mountain queried, "If all things rise and fall, where do they rise from and fall to?"

"Ahh...you are a thinker Pops. It is good to have you as a subject in my kingdom and it will be a pleasure to respond. The answer to your question is unknown. And I mean it! Things rise from the unknown and move towards the unknown. Enjoy, it! It is all that there is."

They gathered around, as the question period of the day was now over. They made a circle and looked towards the sky singing,

*"Oh, mighty Jalon, you give us life."
"Oh, loving Jalon, you give us your water."
"Oh, creating Jalon, you give us food."
"Oh, glorious Jalon, You give us life."*

I made it friend, I made it! It is a damn good thing that you do not know what I went through or else you might not even begin the journey. It is hard to remember; harder to forget.

Todd the Toad and Frub the Frog

In Tao there are no questions. You ask and you lose the way. He that asks is lost. I ask you. I lose. I am lost. Do you see what I mean? It is a pretty machine. He that believeth is lost. Do you see what I mean?

Frub the frog built his house under a log. It was muddy in there, but he didn't care.

He went outside to catch a fly. I don't why he swallowed a fly. Perhaps he'll cry, but I doubt it since the fly is actually his food.

As he was hopping home he encountered a toad named Todd. Frub the frog had just invited Todd to sit in the sod when a fine friend Willy the silly snake slithered up and said, "Sssay....do you ssssee the day?"

Todd and Frub were both in hearty agreement. "Yes, it is quite a day isn't it?" "Oh, yes indeed it is."

The silly snake slipped away while the happy new friends went back to sitting. They had never really had a chance yet, so now they brought their full attention to it.

"Look at us," philosophized Frub after awhile. "We are really not that different."

*"You know, you are right!" Todd the Toad touted.
"We are as spiffy as spiffy can be," they both spouted.
"Spiffy as spiffy can be."*

Do you see what I mean? I ask you, I ask you. Do you see what I mean?

Giraffes and a Human Heart

Humanity can not seem to get war out of its blood. Maybe it is a built-in self-destruct mechanism meant to expire only when one last person sits alone on top of the world thinking about how great they are until at last death comes and steals them away.

"Nine toes, ten toes, twelve toes," speculated Tammy the fifteen foot tall giraffe. "Does it matter how many toes the peoples have?"

Just then some peoples came walking along.

Tammy played dumb and tried not to attract attention. "Oh, why won't these peoples leave!" she shivered to herself. Peoples have been known to hit, hurt, and make cry. There are a few stories out there about peoples having a strong capacity to Love, but it is rarely seen and Tammy thinks that it must be a myth.

Also pacing nervously with her was her husband John and daughter Jane. Tammy, John and Jane giraffe all held their breath.

"What's up with these damn giraffes? Something's got 'em spooked," asked one of the peoples abruptly. "Let's give them something to get spooked about!"

Another one of the pesky peoples yanked out an M-80 explosive and whipped it into the middle of the giraffes.

****** Bang!!!!******

The giraffes shrieked, cursing the day the invaders stole them from their far away land. They tried to run, but there is only so far one can go in a zoo-keeper's cage.

The peoples cracked up. "Did you see those dumb-ass giraffes?" said one. "They looked liked they was about to cry," mocked another. "Ah...leave 'em alone," said a third whose heart was a little more open than the other two. "They aren't doing anybody any harm."

The two giraffe teasing morons broke up cackling, "Baby loves giraffes! Baby loves giraffes!" There seemed no end to their cruelty.

The fine young man stood up to them. He said in a voice as plain as a crisp, clear November day, "People like you wretches shall rule no longer. Today Love triumphs! This Love I refer to is not a selfish Love, but a Love for all of Life. The animals and the trees and all living things are interdependent partners in a free Existence. When you harm another, you harm yourself. The very destructiveness in your heart is the punishment. Learn your lesson well."

The giraffes huddled around and John whispered to Tammy in excitement, "It is true! Isn't it beautiful to see a noble heart? Maybe some day more will be possible."

It is hard to say something that hasn't been said. The only solution is an unexpected turn of phrase. When you go crying home to your mom, remember that I am kidding and wish you well.

Astral Owls

Aum. Yawning is divine. We have been sleeping a long time. Yawning is divine. Aum.

Oliver Owl had been doing his job for many years and was used to visiting people in their sleep. He usually does not have to say anything as sensitive individuals get the message just by seeing him. Sometimes fellow owls join him to emphasize a certain point. Tonight was one of those nights.

Olivia, a female owl who had been doing Omen delivery in the astral realms for about a millennium or so, was also joining him. She was the ranking owl in the area, so the rest usually followed her lead. They all were friends in harmony with Tao, so hierarchy never became an issue between them. She was just finishing briefing Oliver on tonight's mission when two owls who had only been working since last Harvest moon fluttered up to complete their troupe.

"We are going to sit side by side on a branch and stare towards the physical plane in an attempt to get our dreamer's attention," Olivia repeated the plan. "The young monk is on the verge of something important in his personal path and we are going to help him become more alert."

"Easy enough," they all agreed nodding purposefully. They were very deliberate in their job, always acting totally.

The newer birds Oslo, and Oshi had both attained to Dimension 5 enlightenment and were hanging out in the soul body for awhile before going back to Earth to finish their search for complete liberation.

Oslo and Oshi were very similar looking. Oliver and Olivia were not. They all reflected shades of gray amidst a backdrop of living green.

Coming to rest on an astral arm of a gleaming Sycamore, they stared into the physical body of a new born mystic named Nirav Ninad, who had cultivated just enough meditation to successfully take note of the occurrence. He awoke and jotted down the phenomenon in the notebook he kept by the side of his bed for just such an occasion.

"We have done what we set out to do. Let us go," With a nod from Olivia, they all flew back into the hazy mist of bliss.

I had a bout with the old mind. Isn't it funny how it is greener over there? Some day some way, we will not have a care. Why not now? Tell me how. Just be aware!

Smile at the Moon

YOU have to give up the ship for there is nothing eternal but truth. Everything (including YOU) exists in a fluxing temporal reality that shall soon pass away and any subtle (or not so subtle) attachment is going to make YOU suffer. Just give up. YOU are a non-entity anyway. Your new name is Zero.

The elder Elf Elron pointed up high with twinkles in his sparkling eyes after catching a memorable glimpse of gratitude. He revealed his joyous heart's song to the fine young apprentices who had followed him to the forest clearing.

"As one we smile at the soft light in the night known as the Moon. How can one resist her lure of luminous beauty? She is our friend, waxing and waning with us through intimacy, intrigue, mystery, love, and dreamy romance.

As one we smile at the soft light in the night known as the Moon. She who reflects the Sun's rays to gently caress the Earth, who might otherwise be heartbroken, swallowed in loneliness by the nightly shades of darkness. This multi-phase, magnificent moon offers us all the courage to rise in hope, piercing through the walls of illusion in a lunar soul landing, thwarting always deceptive Ego treachery.

As one we smile at the soft light in the night known as the Moon. In her benevolent glow we become awash in magic. As the veil between worlds thins our beloved gives us a glimpse behind the screen of our perception. Wretches become princesses and old men become wizards, the trees sneak around and black cats play with lizards.

As one we smile at the soft light in the night known as the Moon. Under her beatific watch, real truths may be told. The chattering of the mob falls silent and the quick witted are ready to reach ever onwards towards self illumination."

As Elron finally sat down smiling upon a bed of fallen leaves, the apprentice Arish leaped past him and shouted, "Look at me! I am Elron," while pointing mockingly towards the sky.

Many of the other elven youth also jumped up and started pointing, looking as if they were impressive while pretending to say plenty of profound things.

The youngest of them did not point. Understanding, little Zoshua smiled at the Moon along with the Master.

Music. Msuic. Mcius. Mucis. Micsu. McSui. Sumic. Some people choose the path of Music.

Stewart the Bull

Forgive me if I do not make any sense. For some reason I can not stop writing things down. If you see this, you and I are connected, right now. That is why I try.

Stewart the Bull knew what it meant to be inconvenienced by the necessities of life. He was a prince of a bull, simply marvelous to behold. This bull also happened to sing a mean 'basso-profundo'. For those who do not know, it means to sing low.

The singing bull performed nightly to a capacity cattle ranch audience. There were all types of animals in the crowd and even a reptile or two that had heard rumors of Stewart's brilliance crept in on the fringes of the twilight to catch the show.

He began this evening's concert with Wurtel Turtle's famous, "You Gotta Fly when the Sky is High". It starts with a quick and steady beat, gradually growing to an ecstatic climax that instead of spiraling down continues to spiral up to the very end. Stewart performed with utter mastery!

The second tune was a magnificent little duet composed by a student of (as the kids liked to call him) 'D. W.' Buffalo named Chester. He is a deeply contemplative fellow with some jazz background. Guys like Louis, Coltrane, Miles...you know the ones.

Stewart welcomed good friend Marvin Moose on stage for the performance. Now this was a rare treat! The two fellows were as one in a delicious play of delirious delight.

Breaking all the rules, Stewart went on. This time he was to tackle a piece known by fellow singers as the 'Basso's Creed'. This baby went low...oh so low...and wouldn't you know? He wrote his own cadenza. The name of this song is "A Basso in Spring, A Basso in Fall", and was written by Carl Cann the Camel of Cairo.

In Stewart's hands, this was no propagandic creed. It was sheer excellence! "Bum Bum Bum...BUM...BUM.....BUUUUUUUUMMMMMM." It was a revelation that you would not mind being brainwashed to.

The finale was a virtuosic, melodic and even a bit patriotic masterpiece made-up by Stewart himself. Instantly the audience was entranced. From the first melting notes you were on a ride through a mystical desert night. Rising, falling and call, call, calling the hearts of all to participate in the score.

He finished with a flourish and the audience broke out in spontaneous applause.

Stewart the Bull touched by this uproarious outpouring of support, stepped up to the microphone and with a tear in his eye sighed, "It's amazing and I thank you."

Beware of being put to sleep by repetitive brain patterns. Let your unique soul flow. Perhaps I shall see you again one day my friend. Until then remember my warning.

One Bad Armadillo

What can you say about a man who knows everything? His time must be some future day when people can download information and go back into the past to live as if they are some kind of freaky super beings.

"We are more than halfway there," called Alex Armadillo, through the dark to 6 or 8 more on the road.

"We'll go over yonder and camp out. I brought some Tequila."

...they all agreed

Sitting around the campfire shooting the shit about what might be and even sometimes what is, they got to thinkin' , "What if we get drunk and have a shootin' match?" Andy Armadillo who could pick his teeth with a blind man's toe while blasting the lights outta the whole damn countryside seconded the motion.

"Sounds good to me," agreed Alex.

"Aye Aye Aye Aye, your mother eats peanuts and Swiss cheese!" they sang uproariously in such boozy camaraderie, that you just knew someone was gonna get killed.

******Guns Ablazing!!!!!!!!!!!!******

The smoke clears to find Alex Armadillo alone amongst a pile of bodies.

"I got to get me some knew chums," he said. "Some that can hold their liquor."

"Aye aye aye aye, your sister is an old lady!!" he sang and sang and drank and drank until the sun rose.

In the morning he realized what had happened. "My friends!" he gasped. "What have I done!?" He then realized that they were drinking tequila....

"I have been possessed by the winds of ignorance and betrayed an armadillo's trust. I should suffer accordingly."

He turned himself in.

The High Court of Armadillos responded thusly,

"You, Alex Armadillo, are to remove your armor and spend the rest of your days walking with your insides exposed to the desert air and the drying pain of the sunshine. You, Alex Armadillo, are to give up any and all assets to the state of Mexas (the armadillo ruled state). And finally, Alex Armadillo, you shall no longer have a name. You are simply "him".

Running here and there. Plugging in and out. Sleepy creeping and drugging ourselves silly-fied crazy fried bone-crackers. We are all trying to avoid a "void".

Rhino Escapades

I know what you mean. Does that make you feel good when I empathize with you?
Yeah, I know what you mean. Smiles all around. How about a hug? What's wrong?
Yeah, I know what you mean.

Two frisky young rhinos thundered out of sight and surrendered to sex as it soared. No guilt, no love, no commitment, no quarrels, no expectations.... Their act was over as fast as it had begun. The purpose of biological reproduction was served.

"Now what do we do?" Ron Rhino restlessly mumbled.
"Let's ask Louis lion." Renee replied. "Let's ask him now."

Renee and Ron rhino (Ron was half albino) proceeded to the far edge of the jungle. The day's events kept them quite enough occupied until the golden question could be presented.

Finally as the sun neared the edge of the horizon, they could hear the lion's roar.

If they would have been listening, this roar would have been enough, but their minds had that question, a nagging question that had to be posed.

Louis seemed to be awaiting their arrival. He was sitting silently and when they approached he gently nodded.

The youngsters shyly told of their riotous rhino escapades that ended all too soon..... "What do we do now?" they pleaded.

The lion tried to assume a semi-serious face. He pulled himself up, took a deep breath, and exploded into laughter. On and on he chuckled and semi-deliriously spoke his only three words. "Do it again!"

The rhinos left Louis lion laughing and could hear the sound until the next town, and even then they knew it continued. They looked at each other, gave a rare rhino nose kiss, and went their separate ways, searching for whatever it was that was missing in their life.

I have told you once, twice, three times....and more.... Does that give you an insight into the nature of things? Why can we not just learn to keep our mouths shut? I know! Wait a minute. I must not, because I keep on rambling and rambling and rambling....

Tommy Tornado's Grand Idea

Being an old soul in a world of young souls can be a really tricky phenomenon. It is up to you to live a life of personal understanding with freedom as the foundation. It is the only hope of salvation for any of us.

The storm whipped up and the sky grew black as rain fell all around. The sound of the wind got steadily louder as a tornado came whirling into sight.

The people of the small rural village of Oma dashed for cover. Most headed for their nearest basements as the critters dove for holes. One small girl remained outside.

Little Jenny Flingdom walked in God's kingdom as if it were her very own. She had nothing to fear, so she smiled politely and asked the approaching tornado what was on his rapidly rotating mind.

Tommy Tornado cycloned up to little Jenny and said,

"Thank you precious one for giving me this chance to express my grandest idea to such a pretty princess. It seems that every year around harvest time the fruit ripens on the trees, ready to be eaten as the healthiest food for a growing, beautiful, body. Many of you people have these very trees in your yards all across the land and I have noticed a peculiar situation. Nobody eats the fruit! It falls upon the Earth to rot as the mother tree weeps for her under-appreciated children and for the thousands of starving people otherwise unable to find nourishment in her bounty. They are unaware that the fruit of her garden lies unshared and unnoticed upon the bug-ridden sod with juice flowing like blood from open wounds into the unhallowed ground."

He continued stoically, "Why not collect this food once a year into a crate and ship it to someone who can appreciate it? This will make you, the Earth, the tree, the fruit, and the hungry human very happy. Call it 'Fruit for Friends'".

He whistled and circling the girl one last time finished his dizzying discourse, "Never shall we meet again my sacred child, but remember my words and I will always be with you."

The final thought was but a gentle breeze upon her cheek as Tommy Tornado disappeared back into the storm from which he arose and had to therefore return. The sun came out from behind a cloud rejoicing with a twinkling shine that due to little Jenny Flingdom's kindness in the kingdom, the tornado's life purpose was successfully fulfilled.

And all of the Lotus Blossoms smiled a little lighter, loved a little longer and bloomed a little brighter in appreciation of sacrifice, gentleness, beauty, peace, a life well-lived, and the eternal principle of sharing.

If somebody tells you to pray, tell them to pay. Meditate, medicate, and send out your thought-forms to the Universe. You'll get exactly what you deserve.

Shiva

“Can you remember me? It is true, I once lived among you. My methods have provided the basis for many seekers to facilitate transformation. The energy embrace has been a living inspiration to men and women who want to find divine Love in each other.

There have been other forerunners of the future people and all have shared in my message of self-realization through meditation. There is no substitute for what awareness brings. There is no way but the path which brought you here.

The dust of the ages has settled upon my memory. Once I was surrounded by admirers, and now I stand alone in consciousness hovering here where I speak to you.

My voice, as is the voice of all other enlightened doorways, is a reflection of the master within. The outer master and inner master have a deep connection. Discover for yourself the key.

Go into the world truly blessed, knowing that you are in a friendly universe. All that has been given has been given for you. All that is possible is possible for you. Reach, struggle, and then surrender. This tension and relaxation will ultimately guide you home.”

The Grays

Paranoia due to sensationalism is the spiral to hell. It is an unholy path oft taken by modern man. Captured consumers have a blind ideology of limiting limits. The road home exists, but the falling stone doesn't look back.

The UFO know-it-all when asked to speculate where the gray aliens come from and who they might be, replied expertly:

“The typical alien condition strikes me as something that could only come about when a group of beings relate to things only in terms of usefulness.

They are highly technological and have lost their way by accepting the objective ‘outer’ and denying the subjective ‘inner’. I can easily imagine that these beings resemble the future of humanity if society stays on its present course.

Currently, we are putting more and more focus on technology and reinforced by the frenzied mass-media, this has sucked us almost exclusively into the external objective world prone to collective mentations and overwhelming directed influences.

With the beginning of biological vulnerability to naïve human tinkering, it is easy to imagine our scientists believing themselves faced with what appear to be decisions regarding how to apply the new techniques. (Disregarding the always possible approach of restraint.)

Then, science, influenced by the governments and the religions behind the morality upholding these falsely premised machinations of control will come up with ideas for ‘better’ bodies and perhaps ‘better’ minds. All of this based on the assumption that our bodies and minds are not already fit for living an unhampered life in the natural world.

Hair can go first as it obviously serves no ‘purpose’. Since we live in mostly a visual world leading to the outside (where ‘they’ are), we may decide we need increased visual capabilities (maybe in lieu of other senses which are deemed not so desirable or necessary such as touch or smell).

In fact, what need is there to have children the old fashioned way? Society already suppresses sex like crazy in accordance with primitive conceptions of 'God the man' instead of 'God the process', so why not forbid it all together? Let's just reproduce through cloning and fake orgasms with pills.

We could copy the bodies (with no interference from Nature of course) and 'control our own destinies'. Indeed, we could then control the reality of blind believers on an enormous scale to whatever end the power structure deems profitable. But alas, with no connection to Source, which sustains us all, we will get weaker and weaker, slowly losing the heart centered truth intrinsic to who and what we are as a species.

The Grays are soul starved and attempting to integrate with humanity to regain the essence of life which they lost touch with long ago through this same misguided process of reasoning. How would the DNA be compatible between alien cultures? All that is needed is a bridge between the two natural structures because everything in existence can relate if there is a proper link. Furthermore, if they are humans from the future having undergone the hypothetical process just discussed, wouldn't it make sense that the only thing you could do to save your species would be to go and cross breed in the time just before contamination?"

Know-it-all finishes in a mind-blurring flurry of self-indulgent rambling.

"Anything else you care to know?" he laughed uproariously*.

****It is said that in his laugh you can hear the sound of the Grays.***

Whenever you feel horny, you can drink a chocolate shake and when the creamy substance comes through the simulated nipple, you can drink the mother's milk and heal thyself psychologically. Two additional points: Vanilla will work fine. You could always have sex.

Atlantis

They are almost like ghosts...the voices singing music of a feeling from long ago. Is it not so far away? Somewhere in eternity lies an emptiness. Whether by the front door or the back, all that really matters is that you get there.

Shelly shellfish and Jeffrey jellyfish danced upon the waves near the shore of the ancient island of Atlantis and this is what they saw:

Hundreds of nude bodies were lying unashamedly upon the pristine beaches of snow white sand. Shimmering buildings of gold reflected the highest peaks of known civilization standing out gloriously against the cloudless, sunny, afternoon sky.

Everything in the city was run by crystals dug from mines scattered throughout the island, so nobody had to work as the energy was perpetually provided. They had only to relax, foster personal growth, and volunteer 2 hrs a week in the mines. The entire land was overseen by the stalwart King Atlas III, the son of the son of the brother of the lost giant Atlas that still holdeth up the Earth.

The King returned this day to his land from a far-away journey. He was adorned with a shining crown, an elaborately crested shield, and an icy blue broadsword. His bounty included jewels, gold, silver, and rare stones from throughout the known world. Atlas III was the picture of a perfect leader. Being always a man of action, he announced thusly:

"I have visited distant shores and there have met very strange people called 'Greeks' and 'Hindus'. The Greeks are guided by a logical thought oriented system and the Hindus are more intuitive by nature. If we as a superior culture take our current understanding, fuse it with Greek thought, and Hindu intuition, we will certainly be the masters of the planet evermore."

*"Cheers for the King," cried the faithful masses,
"Yippeee Yip Yip!" "Yippeee Yip Yip!" "Yippeee Yip Yip!"*

The sky suddenly turned black and a horrible shadow fell across the land.

“It is the jealous God of our forefathers coming to take away our precious knowledge,” cried the King. “Loyal subjects, attack!!!”

The people tried to fight with the darkness, but since shadows have no substance, they all quickly tired themselves out and the suffocating gloom continued to advance.

The darkness spoke to their minds:

“You who have dared to be more than men have destroyed yourselves through greed and ambition. Ignorance will now descend for 4000 human years, and even then the darkness may not be lifted. Chaos will ruin nations, man will rise against man, and treachery will replace virtue. The once glorious nation of Atlantis will be no more than an echo of a memory that someone may once have had...”

As soon as the voice finished, the ground trembled and the long dormant volcanoes exploded with suppressed rage. The island began to rip apart.

“To the boats!” commanded the King, still playing his part, “Get to the boats!!!”

Everybody was in hysterics. Women were crying and hurling themselves off of cliffs, while men were swallowing their daggers. The crystalline ego was no use in getting them off the sinking island. There were only 6 boats in the entire area and thousands of people.

It was then that the King realized he had to make a terrible decision. He issued a secret order to his loyal guard to slaughter all remaining men over the age of 30 and save as many of the women and children as possible for the future repopulation of the Atlantian race.

The ships were then filled to capacity with the King’s secret guard, 500 young women, and a handful of weeping children. With King Atlas III leading the head ship, they sailed for parts unknown, leaving the dead and helpless living behind them to go down with their once beloved paradise.

Eventually they settled in what is now known as Europe, adopted the ways of the natives, and proceeded to covertly dominate the whole western hemisphere by the end of the second millennium A. D.

You just can not play with MIND. You must let it go on its way. Observe its travails and be glad that you are not it. Use it for your own purposes; never let it dictate to you.

Reefer TV

We have all made terrible mistakes and have each hurt other people deeply with our unconscious behavior. It is okay, how were we to know? Just be aware not to do it again and all is forgiven, because after all, the judgment comes from you.

The popular prime-time TV show was going to be watched live by millions of people around the world.

*“I can’t believe we are doing this,” said Joanna the cliché’ loving producer of the news program **Spy Eye**. “This is going to ruffle some feathers.”*

The robust reporter Stoney Shane was ready to roll. He was not concerned about public reaction because he had a strong sense of purpose about what he was doing. “It is time that somebody treat this issue honestly,” explained his press release.

The stage was set to interview an average person about their experience with recreational drug usage. The only criteria was a willingness to speak honestly and freely about the issue. They found a 30 year old artist with a certain camera friendly charisma named Allen M., who was perfect for the show.

As Stoney was heading out, Joanna cheered, “Break a leg! Knock ‘em Dead! Give ‘em Hell!” Stoney was oblivious to Joanna’s typical comments because he was just a little bit stoney-ed himself.

When the show was a go and he sat face to face with Allen an intelligent soulful sort from the heart of the mid-west, things began to get interesting.

“So, have you ever ingested what is commonly known as LSD?” Stoney asked straight away.

Allen who knew how the show was going to be replied without shame, "Yes I have."

S: "Do you regret having done this?"

A: "Why would I?"

S: "Most people don't consider taking LSD as something that a good citizen would do."

A: "Maybe I'm not a 'good' citizen."

S: "Did you actually enjoy this 'acid'?"

A: "Sure. The first time I did it, was one of the greatest nights of my life. I felt my body from the inside out and my mind could conceive of never before considered structures. The whole world was a wonder and the night lasted for lifetimes..."

S: "You did this more than once?"

A: "Yes, probably about 20 times."

S: "And you are not crazy?"

A: "I'm not?"

S: "Don't you have a Master's degree?"

A: "Yes I do."

S: "Did they teach you about this in your school career?"

A: "They didn't teach me much in school. Some individual people showed me interesting things and assisted in my spiritual development, but this did not have much to do with 'school'. School as it stands is more like a perpetual propaganda machine. I am not knocking education, just the current means of carrying it out. I don't believe that children should be forced into a small classroom all day every day for years subject to the whims of a person who many times doesn't understand the world any better than they do. Students should learn in a more relaxed way surrounded by an enjoyable environment. We have forgotten what is important in life."

S: "Like you and your drugs?"

A: "Drugs are not important or non-important, and they have nothing to do with my experience. Look at me now. Talk to me now. What does the past even matter? You can see first hand

that I am fine. I will talk to you about anything you want. Science, religion, politics...you name it."

S: "It seems that you are doing alright. Have you done any other drugs? Psychedelic Mushrooms perhaps?"

A: "Yeah, those are my favorite. I don't think I will do 'acid' as you say, much any more, because it does take a toll on you in a variety of ways. One can never tell though. Mushrooms are great and I will certainly be partaking again. It is always a tremendously cleansing and uplifting experience for me."

S: "Do you ever smoke the old reefer?"

A: "You mean the old stand by? Yes, all the time. Do you have any?"

S: "Well now that you mention it," good old Stoney pulls out a joint he rolled just for this occasion. He and Allen proceed to burn it live on international TV!"

Joanna gasps and falls over from shock. When she finally comes back to some semblance of alertness, she lights a cigarette with a trembling hand and sighs, "I need a drink."

Here is the best that I can figure out. Any time you are convinced that you know you do not. Any time you do something that feels wrong, admit it right away. Any time you can share, overflow. Any time you can enjoy the present moment you will find peace. Any time you feel the pain, embrace the pain. Any time you condemn yourself, give yourself a break. Heal yourself and others with compassion. In all cases, at all times, with good humor, with love in your heart, be true, and all good things will come to pass.

Come What May

I'm right where I need to be. In fact, I'm always right where I need to be.

"To do channeling appropriately, we need a boy and a girl," explained the Winter Witch matter-of-factly.

"Doesn't it work equally well with two boys or two girls?" one of the children asked.

"If we are going to do this, we are going to do it in the best possible way. Why would we settle for less? I am going to give you the hives if you don't pay attention and shut your mouth!" wailed the witch.

The children knew that she was deadly serious as one of their friends who is now lying in a grave can attest.

"If you need to know," continued the witch, "the male and female energies are each ½ of a whole which is greater than the sum of its parts. Two males do not unite like a male and a female, nor do two females. That would be like two positives or two negatives repelling each other as opposed to making a unified circuit. We need a balanced connection because only in this manner can we build a rainbow bridge to the etheric plane where we are going to contact whomever or whatever we choose. Are you cursed young people ready to engage the powers that be?" The witch was growing impatient and almost always had an irritable disposition.

Two children, a boy named Ben and a girl named Gloria, each stepped forward determined to succeed in their metaphysical endeavors.

"This is called Ouija," the witch whispered menacingly. "Put your hands on this glass oracle and call forth what you dare."

Ben and Gloria were exceptional children, already schooled in the occult, so they knew what to do.

"Come what may..." They chanted in unison, "Come what may..."

The oracle started moving as if by itself. Since Ben and Gloria had absolute trust in each other, they knew there was a force from 'somewhere else' at work.

Gloria took the lead, "What is your name?"

It shook back and forth as if to say no.

"What then?" she asked.

"It spelled out letter by letter... M-A-K-E-A-B-O-A-R-D"

Gloria and Ben immediately looked at the witch for help interpreting the bizarre communication.

"If you make your own board, the spirit will be more powerful," she explained forebodingly, "Beware!"

They dropped what they were doing and set out to build their own Ouija Board. Ben burned the letters into some wood from an old table they found out behind the witch's shack and Gloria helped in holding the board steady. When they were finished with the letters and numbers, they pierced the skin in the center of their hands with a crooked blade Ben had inherited from his great Uncle Asplin and added a fresh drop of blood to each corner of the wood to assist in attracting the boldest of spirits. They then grabbed a new oracle from the floating shelf down the hall and headed back to throw open the door to the dead.

They began again, "Come what may... Oh spirits, we have returned and done what you said. Grant us the strength of your presence and the wisdom of your consultation."

Instantly, the Oracle began to spin in circles.

"What have you to say," they asked quickly.

"K-I-L-L-T-H-E-W-I-T-C-H"

"Are you sure?" they asked together seeking assurance for such a ruthless act.

“K-I-L-L-T-H-E-W-I-T-C-H”

The message was so powerful that they felt like they had little choice. They were merely the servants of the force, so they jumped up and slaughtered the witch with the crooked blade they had previously used to puncture their humble hands. She shrieked like a banshee in a level 5 hurricane and dissolved into a smokey haze, leaving behind the stench of a thousand nightmares.

The others who had been thus far quietly observing the proceedings ran frantically into the night while Ben and Gloria returned to the board as if possessed.

“Come what may... Now what shall we do to serve thee spirit, carrier of messages, beacon of no barriers.”

“K-I-L-L-E-A-C-H-O-T-H-E-R”

They looked at each other startled.

“K-I-L-L-E-A-C-H-O-T-H-E-R”

Without hesitation, they leapt at each other’s throats and starting clawing out eyes and ripping off ears.

It was at this time that the sky decided to take pity on the children and speak:

“Foolish children, there is no need to fight in this way. It is true that you are now cursed forever with the spirit of Munta Munta, but there is no need to kill each other based on a single message of madness. You are destined to suffer endlessly in this life instead. Now, go forth in pain.”

They left the hate-filled house with Munta Munta still whispering sweet murderous words to their eternally corrupted hearts.

I like bright colors, and I wear dark ones. I like the night and enjoy the day. I like to read and am good at listening. I like to talk and love to sing. I like to do what I like to do, and I’ll bet that you like to do that too.

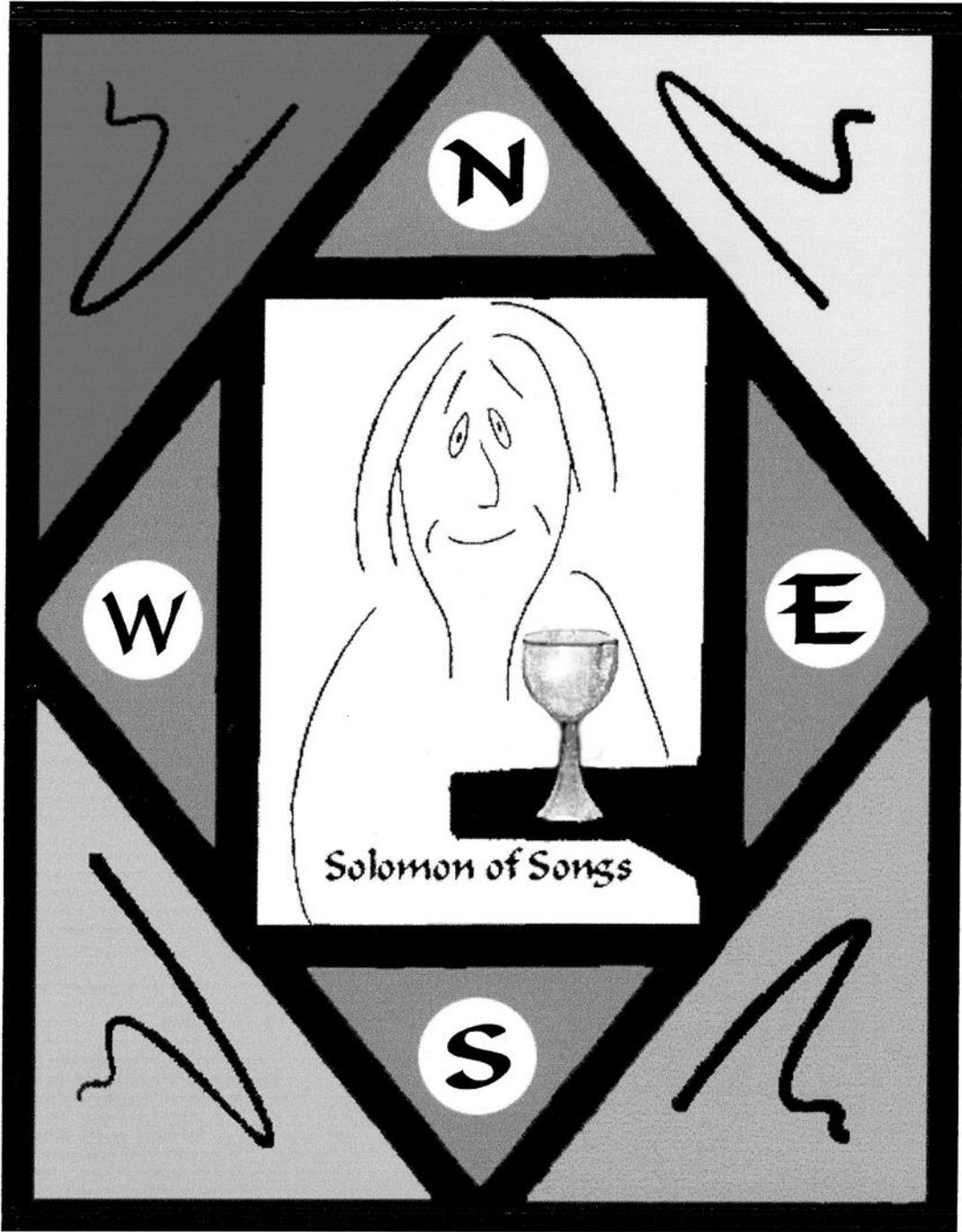
SATAN

I AM EMPTINESS, THE BY-PRODUCT OF YOUR IGNORANCE AND SELF-LOATHING. I RULE YOU WITH FEAR AND KEEP YOU UNEXPOSED. THE WALL I BUILD IN YOU KEEPS YOU FROM EVEN BEGINNING TO SEEK FREEDOM.

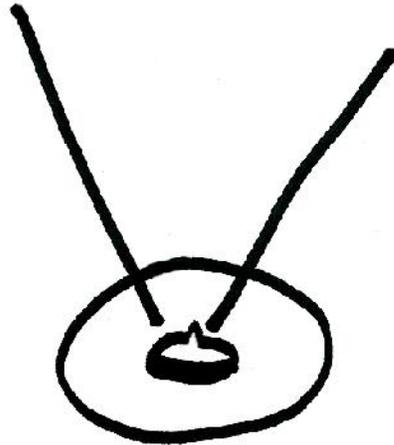
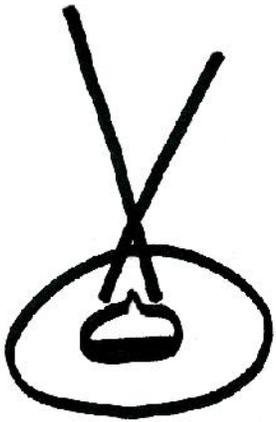
IF YOU DARE DO OTHERWISE, YOU WILL BE CRUCIFIED. ALL OTHERS WILL THINK THAT YOU HAVE GONE MAD UNTIL EVEN YOU DOUBT YOUR OWN SANITY. MY GRIP IS FIERCE AND MY SHIELD IMPENETRABLE.

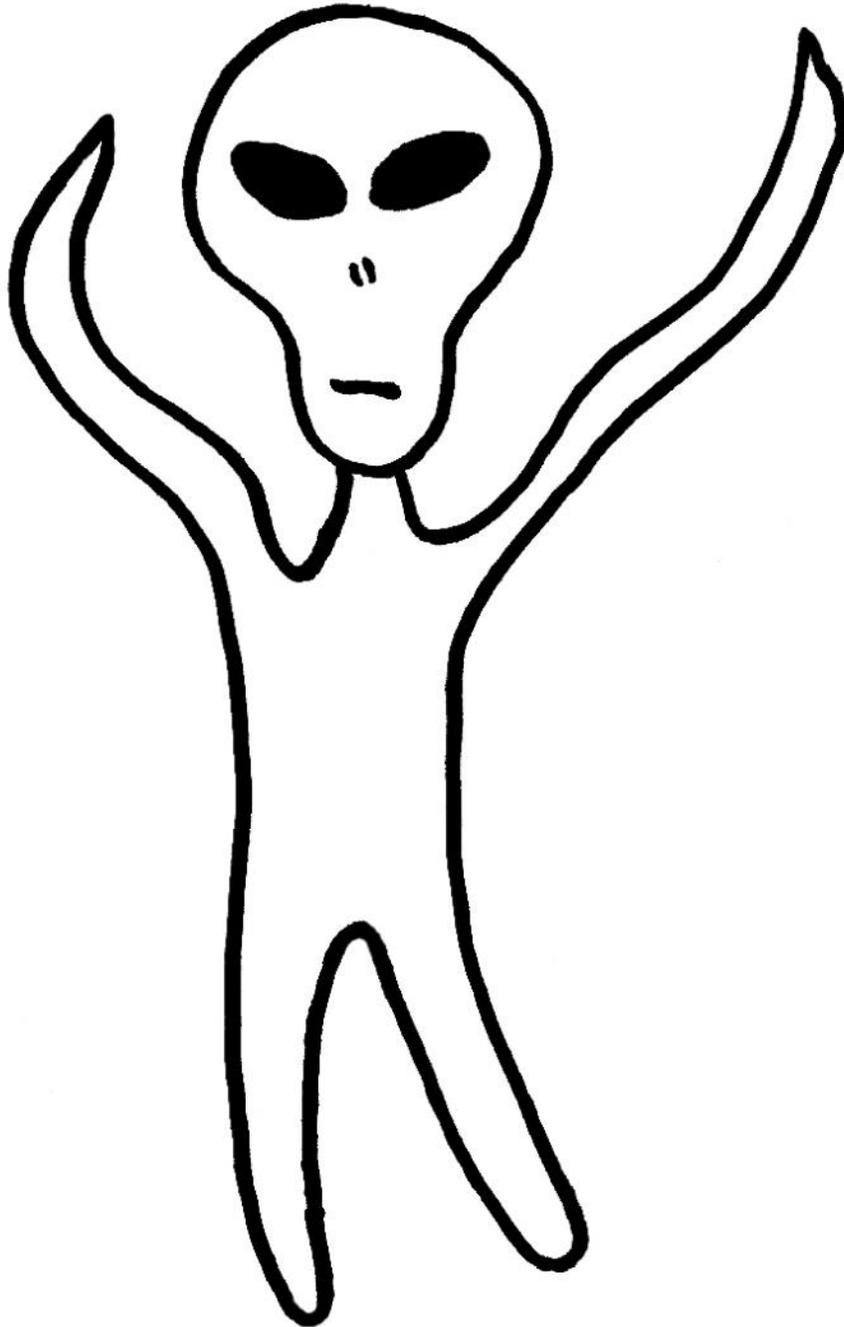
I CAN COME LIKE A CLOUD OR CUT LIKE A KNIFE. EVERY WORD YOU SAY IN UNCONSCIOUSNESS MAKES ME DANCE. EVERY UNNOTICED BREATH TELLS ME THAT YOU HAVE BEEN SUBDUED AND ARE UNDER MY CONTROL.

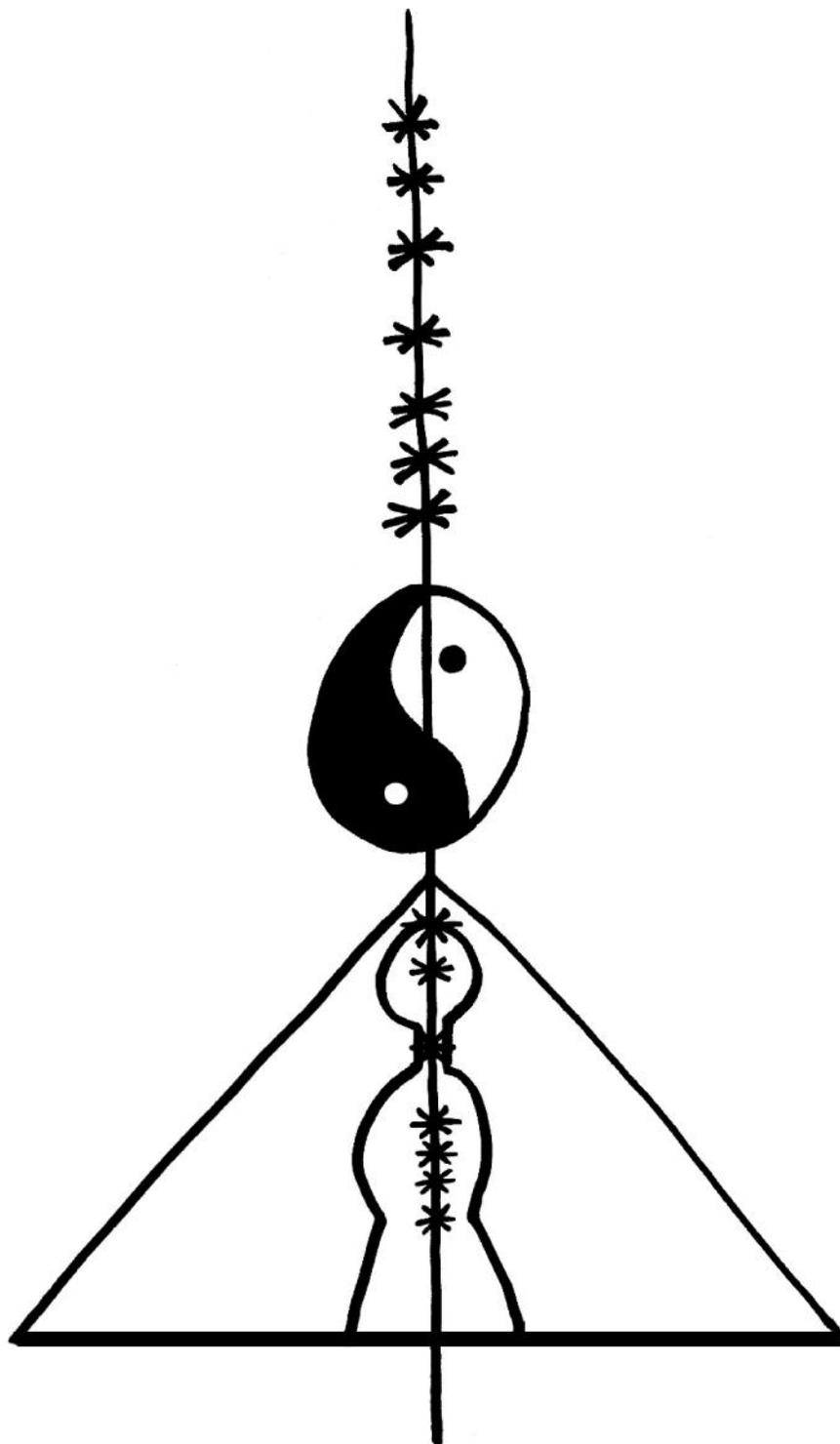
DARKNESS IS MY FIRST NAME, MIDDLE, AND LAST. IT IS MY BODY AND MY BLOOD. I HAVE BEEN HERE AS LONG AS MAN HAS BEEN ALIVE. YOU WILL HAVE TO FACE ME. EACH HUMAN HAS TO FACE ME, AND WHEN YOU DO, I WILL BE READY TO CLAIM YOU AS MY POSSESSION. THE BATTLE OF THE AGES IS BEING FOUGHT INSIDE OF YOU.

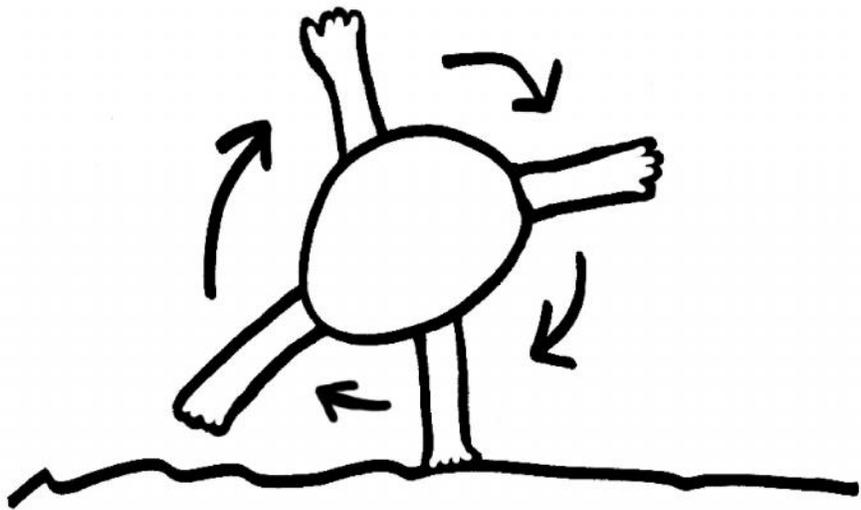


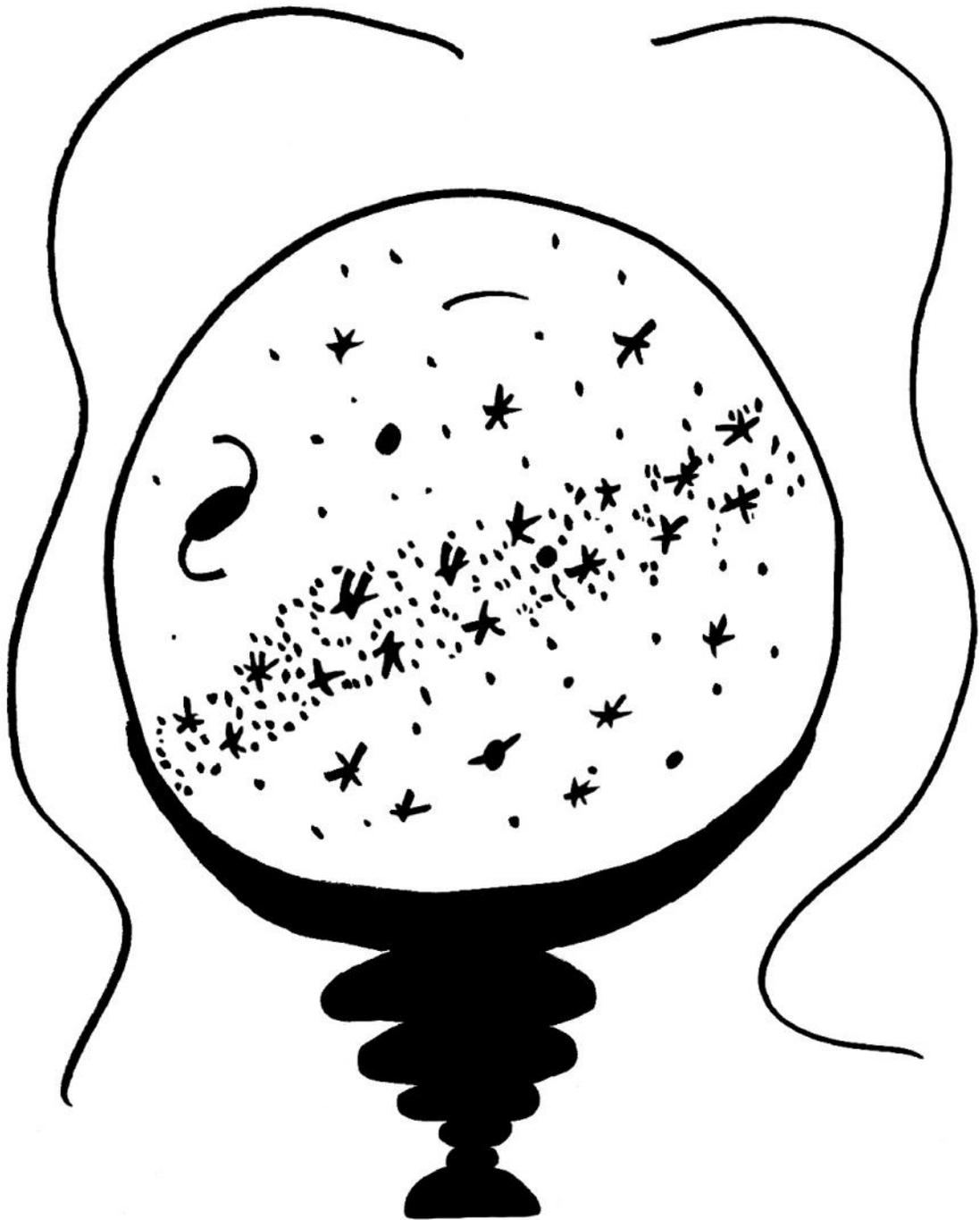


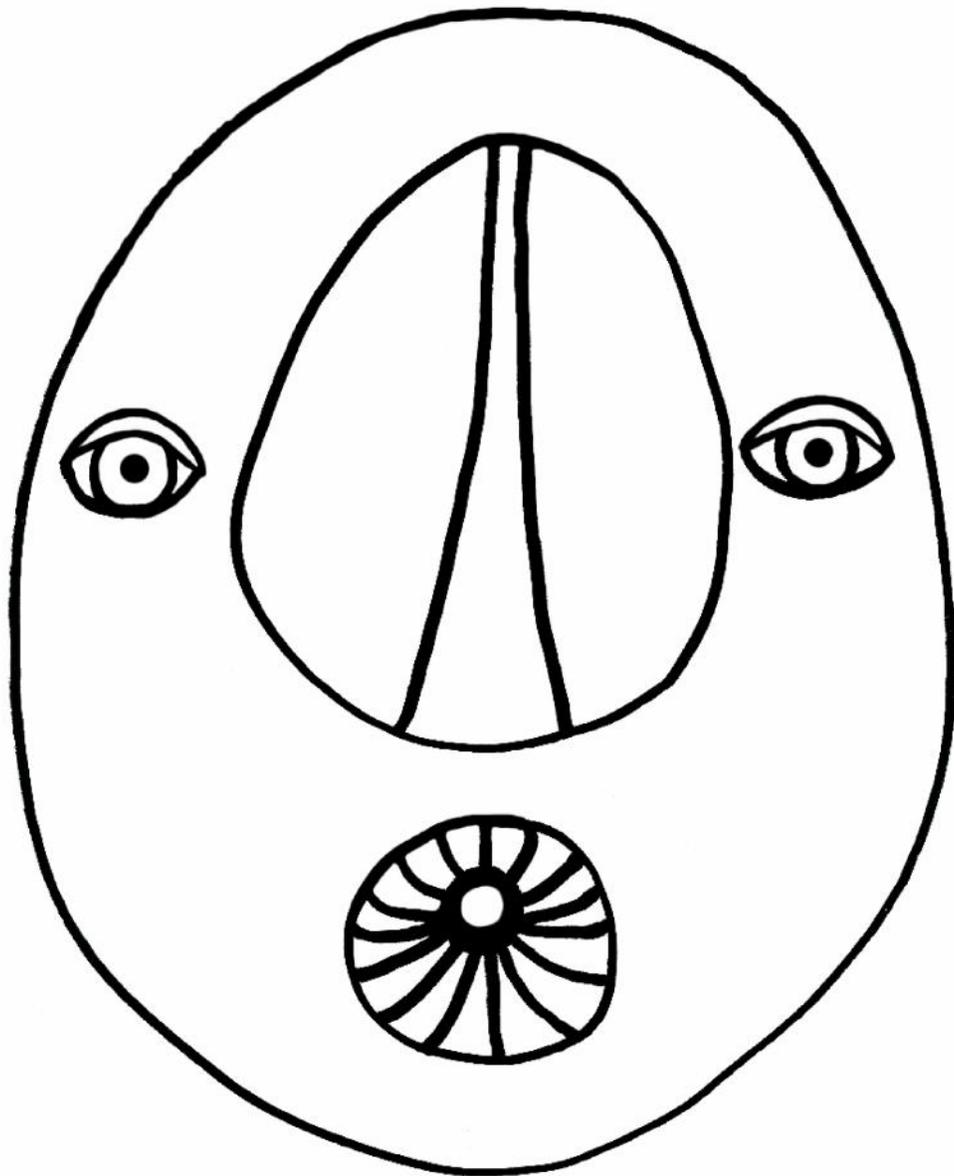


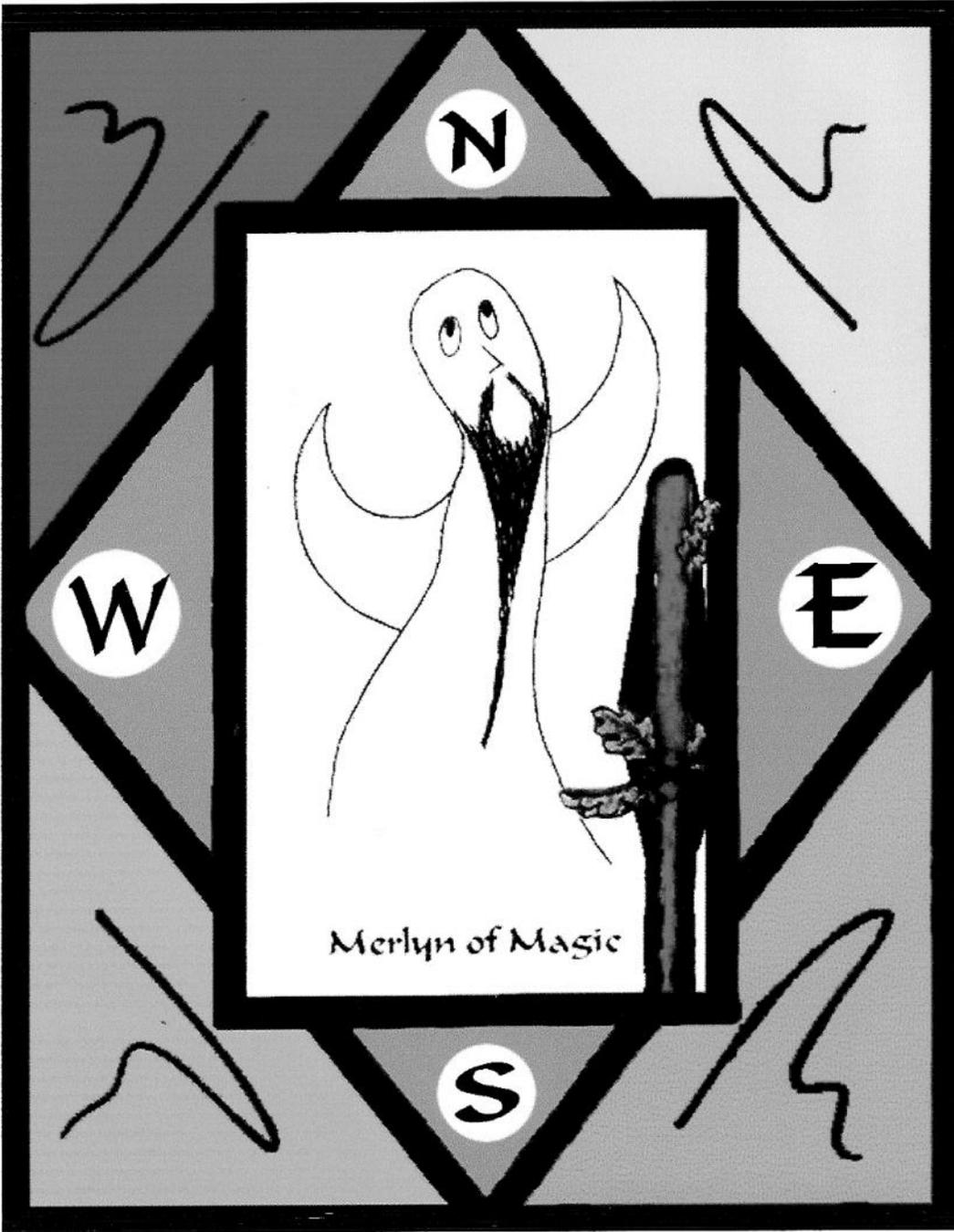






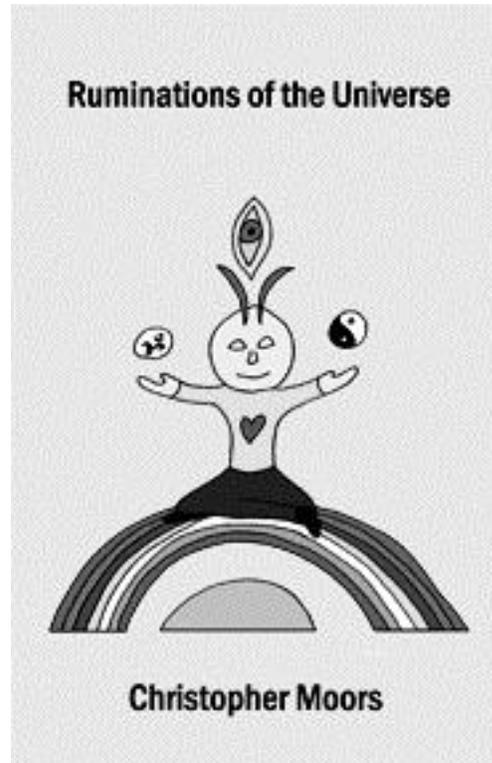
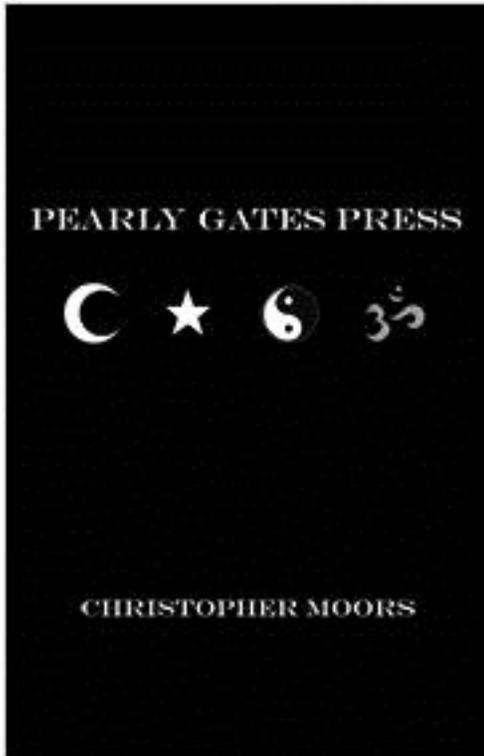






Merlyn of Magic

Also by Christopher Moors



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