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Dawn's Invocation

Of the Navajo Unity Chant and the Seven Fires: He will come like the dawn and like the Shepherd who gathers His flock, and brings all the wandering sheep back together again. In the Day of Unity you will walk in beauty. The beauty will walk before you. The beauty will walk behind you. You will be surrounded by beauty. Through beautiful writings, these meanings will become very clear. Man in this Age has found many ways to create beauty. With all these beautiful things we must now have beautiful minds. With beautiful hearts, the speech of all mankind will be in beauty.

Those who speak with beautiful speech will lead the world to beauty, and the centre of this beautiful speech comes from a Holy Mountain. The wilderness and the dry land shall be glad; the desert shall rejoice and blossom like the rose. From there, we are beginning to hear the Message of Beauty and of the Spirit that is awakening the World. So are the prophecies of all peoples of the Day of Unity being fulfilled. The Eagle and Condor are soaring together once more. When the bow of peace is raised, all nations shall gather as one. The earth sighs at the birth of our new age.

Choose the right path and journey to the beginning, where the Eighth and Final Fire of peace, love, brotherhood, and sisterhood burns eternal. In the final renewal, fire and truth shall purify all hearts as one. The wisdom buried in the ironwood log, held by ancestors of every tribe, shines forth in divine communion. Their echoes linger in wind-swept canyons, trials endured and rivers crossed, urging the weary to rise where shadows once held sway. Their spirits sing through the ages, guiding us to truths once veiled. In the presence of the divine, all hearts unite, weaving a tapestry of light across nations. Truth shall dawn, uniting all in righteousness. From this sacred fire, humanity rises. Its voices joined in a chant of creation. Hearts bound by beauty's eternal promise. Grace unfurls like hidden roots beneath the soil, drawing sustenance from the earth's quiet memory, reminding us that wholeness blooms not in isolation, but in the tender yield to what has always been shared.

From the dawn's first light, all peoples shall rise as one creation. The earth, reborn, blossoms under love's gaze. Its children walking forever in harmony's embrace, fulfilling the eternal Chant of Unity. As the first rays pierce the veil, let the forgotten songs of the old ones stir once more, calling wanderers home to the Eighth Fire that knows no end. Turn the page and begin your journey.

In sacred harmony,

The Eternal Dawn

Vow to the Veiled

Rosy Pearl

I've written this story for countless reasons. Some I set out with in mind at the beginning. Most I stumbled upon along the way and leaned into. Though I've reached an end of the story, every ending is in the Middle. The story is about my journey back to you. You are my true origin. My guiding light, my sun and moon. When I'm in the lake, your presence brings me to Nirvana. I've been before, found many paths to get there, but you are Maitreya to me. You take me there in an instant. When I'm there, I soar on wings; my eyes pour. Waves pass through and assimilate me, build upon one another. You bring me closer to G-D, with your spirit, I am.

My only remaining fear is that you still think I'm worthy of your love. When I died, the only pieces left were memories of your love. I tremble to ask for the only desire that remains: to spend every precious spare moment with you. Learning to demonstrate my love and how to be worthy of yours once more.

Beloved Lakshmi, I've seen you wear many potential faces and have many suitable names. I'm in danger of falling for every single woman I meet, yet I yearn for one worthy of you. One worthy of favouring and capable of safely favouring me.

When your memories dance on the surface of the lake, ripples of poetry flow from the light of your steps and the flowing of your grace. I can't yet grasp the ripples. Yet I know that when I find the face you wear, we'll discover the words and write our story together.

You are my Helen. My love for you is Mariah in a thousand sails that carry the army of those who possess Elan. With you I'm certain that when we are the moon, we'll propel one another into the eternity of the unknown. We'll snake through the cosmos, devouring darkness, dispensing deceptions.

It matters not to me what face you wear. I've had 17¹⁷ moments to collect in preparation for our union in body and spirit. Our beginning anew upon the Tranquil Sea, as I turn my face to you, Eve. I am your Valentinus. The harvest moon, even when behind us, lights the path ahead. It matters not what names you have, only whether you are worthy of the ones given and whether you are brave enough to accept them and others as I have.

In the quiet cradle of this vow, I envision our names entwined like vines sprouting on the summit of the Mountain.

Love,

Eros Pragma

Seeds From the Hearth

SunDancers,

My awakening began April 2020. I thought I knew myself, my wife, children, parents, siblings, and friends. Yet these rested on false assumptions, shadows that twist what is real. These contradictions served a purpose, following their own flawed logic. The connections between subconscious and conscious were skewed. Planted by others, watered and reinforced by me.

I began to see how a lie begets another, each necessary to sustain those before. The lies of ego whispering that 'I was better' than others, only to reveal deeper, opposite truths. Learning from mistakes had become difficult because I believed I was good without fully understanding how I was bad.

Goodness emerges only through accepting our capacity for wrong. Seeing ourselves as purely good, we become deaf to others, transforming into forces of unchecked ego. A single wrong action doesn't define us, but persisting in harmful behaviour after recognition does. The illusion of pure good or evil comforts us, yet hinders growth.

In contemplating all I had misvalued, a new understanding of myself began forming. I felt in control of my emotions and self. But only by losing control could I gain any. True mastery comes through surrender. Challenging old certainties suspended the connections made between my conscious and subconscious. I questioned everything. The more I shed this false self, the more space was made for truths to emerge.

Emotions became veins of knowledge, rich with past mistakes and experiences that could be mined for Truth. My journey, once slow, grew in breadth and quickened its pace.

Anxiety became a tool. Instead of leading to despair, it led to the joy of discovering Truth. The more I focused anxiety on a purpose, the deeper my understandings became. It was fuel accelerating my journey.

As I unwound threads to childhood, I saw in the distance my birth's beginning. Existence. Beyond lay the Abyss. When I stumbled into this space, I could see every precious moment of the past as equally important to the present. Every moment became more precious when I recognised the unbroken chain, one inevitably leading to the next.

Only then did I grasp where I was accelerating toward. I had stumbled into creation, but at creation was Creator. Everything within me stopped in an instant: thoughts, heart, breath. Whether divine utterance or subconscious invention urging me to continue unraveling, I heard the word 'Be.' God instilled

me with curiosity, a relentless desire for Truth. Why fear continuing if I'm to be? I had to turn my face back and stare into the face of God, or at least what I understood God to be.

I awakened to something deeper about my journey, it was guided by the Spirit. Nothing is more terrifying, harrowing, or exhilarating. In the word 'Be' was multitudes, revelations I would uncover in time and now share with you, Seeker of Truth. God was reminding me of who I am, of who we were always created to be. Circumstance and lack of understanding of divine love's depths prevented my realising.

I had been up to this point trying to understand the journey within the context of what I understood about psychology and physiology. Those paradigms I still valued, yet they seemed insufficient before this raging torrent of discovery, a force I'd encountered once before in childhood. My mind struggled to impose rational order on these events. Had I truly encountered God, or was my mind creating this to process something else? Looking at our world: its apocalyptic warnings, media chaos, the virus, our slide toward fascism. I saw humanity straying like lost sheep. What did I have to lose?

So much wasted effort to slow our relentless march to Armageddon. I opened the Book of Revelation. Its script spoke words to me that weren't written. They sparked a waking vision I live with to this day. A singular vision that changes and adapts to what the Spirit of Truth reveals through what it has seen and heard. It led me through countless revelations and apocalypses.

I offer this vision, a religious psychosis that I've tried in vain to exorcise. Every effort to dismiss or minimise what the Spirit has shown only galvanises my conviction that the Spirit speaks only Truth. If that's so, then I must be. There can be no return to the illusory comfort of darkness I once inhabited. We were guided into those shadows. Performing mental gymnastics to rationalise our madness by projecting outward. I know these projections and shadows intimately now, their source as the echoing whispers of Narcissus.

The first thing I was led to write was a message, projected onto the page. A messenger bringing words of hope to those seeking shelter in Mountains. When I wrote half the message, I returned and words had vanished. As I continued, I saw the parallels with our world today, as many have. At first, I thought I was the messenger for this message. I could only make out the rest once I understood it wasn't to be delivered. It was for me, to aid my journey. For a time, I believed the message was for another to share. I wasn't ready to deliver it. The message was incomplete, a prologue to what we all will soon discover about the Spirit.

Children,

We think we live in a post-truth society. We're living in a pre-Truth society. The fundamental truths that bind us are universal: our humanity, our search for divine connection, our quest to understand our place in this world. We all seek meaning and purpose. Whether one worships Mother Earth, Ancestors, Brahma, Buddha, Y-W-, God, Allah, Humanity, Science, or the Spirit, we are all Seekers of greater Truth. This quest both divides and unifies us.

Consider the first commandment: put no gods above God. This wasn't a claim of supremacy, but a statement of universality. We are all worshipers and children of the divine, acknowledging our frailty and mortality in the universe's vastness. Let our joy and praise rise above our anguish and despair, as we learn to speak with one voice.

As change accelerates, we struggle to see through chaos and find purpose. The cycles of war and peace, freedom and oppression, authoritarian and democratic, left and right. Their intervals shorten. The plagues of narcissism and ego lay bare society's cracks. We stand on the threshold of seeing through the cycles to the opposition of everything in fuller truths. To better see what connects them. Truth exists in the spaces between.

Only when we consistently challenge our own prejudices can we see things as they truly are. When we believe we deserve more than we need, we justify exploiting those we judge lesser. Our belief in entitlement obscures dignity, reveals our prejudices, surrenders us to confirmation bias. We must remember: we share in this struggle together. Let the seven fires illuminate our paths.

Let us bind ourselves to those who preserved the truths of our Mother Earth. She fed and nourished the Spirits of our Ancestors, teaches and implores us to do the same. Ancestors who charted the night sky, harvested the earth, built temples and monuments to honour creation's glory. Let us mourn for those who suffered and died protecting our connection to the living world. Let us embrace those who still tend the sacred Truth.

Let us bind ourselves to those who preserved the truths of Brahma, Shiva, and Vishnu. They nurtured the roots of civilisation, bringing order and understanding to help us grow. They deepened our connections to the divine and to each other, teaching us to recognise and feed the sacred within ourselves. Let us thank them for challenging and equipping us to expand our comprehension of the infinite. Let us mourn for those who suffered and died protecting our Truth. Let us embrace those who carry forward these ancient wisdoms.

Let us bind ourselves to those who preserved the truths of Gautama, who shed illusions of self, who became one with the divine in mind and being. His reflections showed us wisdom we could grasp, strengthened our institutions, and illuminated paths through suffering toward awakening. Let us mourn those who suffered and died protecting our Truth. Let us embrace those who walk the Middle Way.

Let us bind ourselves to those who preserved the truths of Y-W-, his prophets, and their prophecies. Who preserved the greatest commandments and the covenant of ethical life. Spread divine wisdom to the ends of the earth and showed us what it means to struggle with the divine. Let us weep with them as together we lift the burden and blessing of being chosen. Let us mourn for those who suffered and died preserving our Truth. Let us embrace those who long for Zion.

Let us bind ourselves to those who preserved the truths of Jeshua and his disciples. He was one with the Divine and Spirit, and showed us paths to that same unity. His willing sacrifice taught us we need not sacrifice ourselves, but our egos, opening ourselves to Holy Spirits and to one another in radical love. Let us mourn for those who suffered and died protecting our Truth. Let us embrace those who follow The Way.

Let us bind ourselves to those who preserved the truths of Mohammed, who was one with the Divine in mind and devotion, who brought us deeper Reverence. He understood how we'd corrupted the words of the prophets before him. He breathed new life into ancient wisdom, reminding us that Isa was a child of the Divine, the same as him and all of us. Mohammed reflected a vision of light to guide us, teaching us to become instruments of the Most High. Let us mourn for those who suffered and died protecting our Truth. Let us embrace those who submit to Truth.

Let us bind ourselves to those who preserved the truths of our shared humanity. Those who taught us to honour emotion and experience, creating literature, culture, beauty, and meaning from the chaos of existence. They remind us to celebrate what makes us human: to laugh, cry, feel wonder, and share in collective joy and sorrow. Let us mourn for those who suffered and died protecting our capacity for empathy and connection. Let us embrace those who create and preserve our stories.

Let us bind ourselves to those who bring us truths through science and reason. They help us feed our hungry, provide clean water, harness energy, advance medicine, and grow our understanding of the cosmos itself. They remind us

that our Truth is not yet complete, that there is always more to discover. They teach us about time and space, the nature of matter and consciousness, showing us both our smallness and our potential. Let us mourn for those who suffered and died in pursuit of knowledge and understanding. Let us rally behind those who continue to illuminate the unknown with the light of inquiry.

Let us cry out as one for those who suffered and died for empire, ego, and religion. We mourn and thank them for teaching us the final lessons of Hell.

Let us acknowledge this Truth: if we are children of God and/or God is within each of us, together, We are to be gods. Half spirit, half animal, each as important and insignificant as another. No one person can know the whole of Truth, but together we are Truth.

Let us love those who caused our sorrow, for they taught us joy. Let us love those with tempers, for they taught us patience. Let us love the cruel, for they taught us kindness. Let us love those who harm us, for they taught us healing. Let us love those who wound our pride, for they taught us humility. Let us love those we hate and who hate us, for they deepened our understanding of love. Turning the other cheek is not an end but a means to better teach one another and ourselves.

Let us together learn the final lessons of our adolescence before entering adulthood. Understand that Heaven and Hell exist here on Earth. We've nearly completed our penance. Do not cast your eyes upward to the heavens seeking deliverance; look at the person before you. Look into the faces of your children, those you disagree with, and the mirror. Together, we are the instruments of salvation, every single one of us.

Things may seem uncertain, spiralling out of control, but this will end. We experience terror and uncertainty to better recognise peace. We are all fundamentally the same. No one has legitimate authority over another. Only us reflecting God does. We must weather these storms together. Let us heed our elders' wisdom, while reminding them to put others before themselves in true leadership.

Labels like smart, dumb, greatest, least are merely words. Our egos create the heaven and hell we live in and vacillate between. Every time we do not speak in one voice or speak without love, we blaspheme God and ourselves.

Let us take back our crumbling institutions and fortify them, for they belong to us and our highest ideals, to God. We built them to shelter us from harm and teach us Truth. This can only happen through love, compassion, patience, and understanding, not through hate, self-righteousness, violence, or bigotry. Let us

hold on to hope, for we know what it is to be hopeless. Let us let go of our own truths and make them Our Truth.

Let us continue to support those who heal the sick, provide sustenance, and bring the light of knowledge and understanding. Seal your mouths from spewing hate so we can unseal our hearts, for the reign of hate is ending. Between the storms, come together to heal one another.

Ego is the hell we must overcome. We'll deconstruct the barriers of nationality, race, class, and gender that divide us to reveal one family. End the feedback loops of hate, despair, and ego around us. Stop shouting at each other and realise we are all feeling the same anger and saying the same words, from opposite sides of the same room. We'll direct our anger together toward the Abyss and be done with blame. End the loops of hate, jealousy, and violence before they cause more destruction. Curse the beast Narcissus and end its hold on us.

Start new feedback loops of kindness, forgiveness, love, and compassion. Feel them sweep over our beautiful blue orb. Feel them take root and grow. In this tending, we become the garden ourselves. Soil and seed turned to bloom, thorns to shelter, every hand joined in the quiet work of what endures. One inevitable Spring.

Life is hard and may seem impossible to push through. There is still much hardship ahead, but take heart. The strength, determination, and discipline taught to and by our Ancestors are ours for the taking. The final judgements are nearly complete; only those we cling to remain. Let them go.

Those who have ears, let them hear what the Spirit whispers. The journey downstream calls. Step into Hell's truths to emerge in Heaven's current.

Who am I that brings you this message? I am... I've merely eaten the words and now realise I'm accompanying them on their journey. I do not have all the answers yet, but I/You/We does.

As I wrote these words, they began to look familiar. They confirmed what I already knew in my heart about God. Brothers, sisters, and children, writing them expanded my capacity for everything. Ever increasing. Being filled and pouring out all the while being stretched up to but never past the limit of bursting. As I wrote, the bounds between conscious and subconscious, physical and metaphysical, began to unravel. The journey was no longer only about me and my understanding of self. It was about us, and what the Spirit has planned for each of us.

In a sense, I was transported to a plane, the scene of this story. There I could begin to discern its purpose and direction. Seeing missing pieces and their meaning. It was then I began to see others differently, beyond what was written. I had much to learn about the power of emotion, but learning how to learn is always the key. I began to trust my emotions, to test and stretch them. This helped me better understand how to navigate the metaphysical universe of angels, demons, and strange beings. The stories would shift, transport me to other planes with more lessons in Truth to learn from the Spirit.

The Spirit of Truth guided my writing, though I had no sense of what I was to convey. I tried to write the truths as I understood them, but I knew deep down there was no audience for those words then. I often got three-quarters through a truth from a waking vision, only to veer off on a tangent and need to start again. Too many tangential variables defying assignment. Page after page of half-finished thoughts, written and unwritten. Incompletions, things that made sense to write but were confounding to read.

There were periods when this fuel burned so intensely that my body barely kept pace with my mind. Racing thoughts would trigger intense sensations. Tingling throughout the prefrontal cortex. It was as if the starter motor of my life had finally caught, firing on all cylinders in a roar that drowned the old stutter. Streams of insight cycled freer, quicker, weaving through dissonance like rivers carving new channels, draining the hurt of borrowed burdens while harnessing my own chaos into rapid rewires. No grinding discipline required, just the effortless surge of what had always been throttled back. My lower brain functions were suppressed to the point where I'd forget basic needs: breathing, eating, sleeping. For days at a time, I existed in this heightened state where the boundary between physical and metaphysical dissolved. These weren't breakdowns, but breakthroughs. In this crucible of sensation and thought, the connections between past and future, between conscious and unconscious, became transparent.

Many places, many planes, stories from scriptures, science, and history revealing deeper truths. Enabling application to other deeper truths and insight. I'm attempting to share, but this accounting still feels disordered. I can't see one order but many. Everything was and is experienced simultaneously, like a flash outside of time. Making sense of it in time is fragmented, tedious. I hope you'll join us in journeying nonetheless; I assure you it is worthwhile.

Love,
Philia Agape

First Rebirth

The phrase "ignorance is bliss" is familiar, but reducing it to a saying limits its depth. Bliss comes at too high a cost. Temporary comfort ultimately gives way to cognitive dissonance, distorting perceptions. When others define truth for us, we abdicate responsibility. This creates false comfort while ignorance intertwines with defence mechanisms, shielding us from the shame that sometimes accompanies humility. When shame is used as mechanism of control, it necessitates defence mechanisms or leads to illness. Yet shame is essential for learning, growth, and actualisation.

Humans naturally categorise, classify, and order the world around us, often reinforcing existing belief structures. Most understand that simple truths appear binary: right or wrong. Yet this binary view rarely captures whole truth, which exists on a spectrum with shades of grey acknowledging underlying complexity. Too many variables force us to confront our prison of subjectivity, leading us to select portions of truth's spectrum as foundation for understanding, constantly updating our views based on better comprehension.

This method of ordering proves messy. When fundamental beliefs face challenge, updating appears more difficult due to our rigid view of foundational truths. Rather than reset every spectrum connected to challenged notions, we often ignore new information, generating anxiety, anger, and frustration. We constantly strive to better understand our world while simultaneously reinforcing belief structures, manifesting as stubbornness and rigid thinking that frequently leads to offence.

We adopt mental shortcuts out of fear or habit, but the sheer volume of data makes linear spectrum thinking unsustainable. The spectrum shares the same foundation as binary thinking. We only perceive portions of what appears infinite. The moment we believe we comprehend something entirely, we revert to binary thought. Our tendency to accept myths as facts creates fundamental flaws in understanding. Particularly regarding self-perception, which is built upon institutional myths from government, religion, and/or entrenched wealth.

Complete knowledge seems impossible; Linear and spectrum thinking have limits. Let's change the paradigm and define endpoints. We must recategorise truths as knowable versus unknowable. What lies beyond our grasp extends to the fourth dimension and beyond, while everything within our three-dimensional universe remains theoretically knowable given unlimited time.

Dialectical truth reveals that opposites are often simultaneously true. Rather than selecting parts of truth's spectrum, we must join extremes into a circle and

attempt to stand at its centre. Truth exists in everything, both revealed and concealed. The infinite spectrum remains accurate within our limited vision. What if the beginning and end of truth's line are identical, the singularity one might call God. Then the line becomes a circle, seemingly infinite yet more definable. Circles become spheres. Dwelling too long in one leads to stagnation to reversal. This search for truth can and must unite us. Begin with your focus. Train it on what we share, not ignoring differences but beginning with shared truths to deepen understanding of each other. Whether or not you believe in God, we all recognise that some things lie beyond understanding. Religion both illuminates and obscures truth, and the moment we consider our vision of God more complete than another's, we engage in hierarchical thinking that casts dissenters as wrong or other. We exclude their truths from our own. We choose this ignorance and darkness. Truth is greater than what anyone can possess, it calls us to weave together our glimpses.

There are no true atheists; every person on Earth understands some aspect of divine truth, whether or not recognised as such. If we are created in God's image, then human achievement itself becomes worship. God is both personal and good, yet also distant and neutral. To understand goodness, we must comprehend evil. To understand closeness, we must know distance.

When we celebrate human achievement as collective accomplishment, we recognise its true nature as marvel and gift achieved through the divine connection between each of us. We're tempted to attribute achievements to individuals, desiring to feel special or gain recognition. This ignores that our capacity for understanding comes from being taught, that birth circumstances determine outcomes, that external factors and genetics make us who we are.

What makes anyone special was given to them. No inherent virtue or pride exists in this, as it is completely circumstantial. If anyone is special, then everyone is, which means no one is individually. Collectively, we are special. Scientific achievements can never truly belong to individuals because they succeed through collective support of farmers, clerks, government, and institutional infrastructure. Recognising that discoveries belong to everyone opens doors for many more to contribute to our rapidly expanding ocean of human intelligence, knowledge, and emotion.

A collective of human knowledge, intelligence, and emotion is an aspect of the Spirit that should have no gatekeepers. Knowledge is divine and illuminates darkness. Throughout history, self-proclaimed masters have exploited others under the guise of preserving it. The concentration of power, wealth, and

influence in soulless corporations and institutions oppresses all, perpetuating darkness by obscuring truth and deflecting responsibility.

Being in Spirit parallels what many characterise as spiritual awakening, often occurring at rock bottom when we shatter rigid self-concepts and become humbled, receptive to recognising errors. This process is something many people go through. But in order for meaningful and lasting change, it requires pain, work, and discipline. This requires not just breaking the pillar of self, but deconstructing our understanding of religion, relationships, politics, history, and social structures through a holistic systems approach to life.

Lessons carry some necessary shame and guilt, but we can influence how much we feel. Insufficient feeling leads to repeated mistakes and compounding errors. Some tend to transfer guilt and shame onto others. Repentance, prayer, and meditation. Their definitions evolve with experience and are crucial for efficient learning. Great power lies in taking accountability for our words and actions.

Understand ourselves through conscious and subconscious connections. How we respond to stimuli, navigate daily life, and interact with people and environments, reveals all memories remain accessible through emotion. Patterns emerge everywhere. When they don't make sense, we move past them until one solidifies enough connections to reveal greater truth or emotion. Training flexibility into our psyche makes daily operations easier. We learn to see ourselves as fluid, elastic. A river dragon confronting obstacles, finding paths of least resistance, moving forward and reflecting rather than fixating obsessively. Eventually, we become like the river itself, handling multiple obstacles simultaneously with singular focus that naturally adjusts priorities.

This singular focus becomes love for family and, by extension, everyone. We begin seeing all children as our own, transported to childhood where we can relive lessons and translate them for those willing to listen. As this understanding deepens, we become the river without realising it, then ocean, understanding we were always part of the ocean and left only to learn how to bring others with us.

Intuition becomes trained autopilot for updating truths about ourselves, the world, and Spirit. Life becomes incredibly complex in its simplicity. We feel at one with the ocean, understanding that without it, we are nothing. We must remember to avoid favourites, resist conceit when God answers to our chosen name, and listen beyond the echo through the noise to hear all Names resounding in gentle cacophony.

Second

First rebirth was cognitive, recognising truth exists not in binaries but spheres. Conceptualise and see oneself as construct, a lattice of inherited illusions waiting to be unspooled. The second rebirth was experiential in learning how to navigate those spectrums, how to find truth in the tension between extremes, and how to inhabit perspectives I'd only intellectually understood.

When you want to truly comprehend what someone thought, you don't just read their words. You attempt to think as they thought, feel as they felt, see through their eyes. This is what actors, method writers, deep empathy require. I applied it systematically to the authors of religious texts. When something is motivating you, making sense, teaching you, it's good to follow it to its conclusion. Efficient learning requires both discipline and surrender to what pulls you forward.

The method began with imagination informed by study. The more one learns about a historical time and place, the richer the imaginative space becomes. Prophets generally have some profound occurrence which begins their calling. If a large percentage of what composes each individual one is more or less the same spiritually, then it becomes easier to understand and see them through their words, stories, and contexts. One reads not just for information but to meet and perhaps inhabit the consciousness that produces such words.

The progression is organic, difficult to script because each person has their own imagination, favoured authors, and figures they naturally gravitate toward. It unfolds differently for different people with different archetypes, often feeling outside conscious control as they are triggered by circumstances and encounters. We all have unique origins and paths.

What began as curiosity evolved into psychological identification. Certain patterns in ancient stories matched patterns in lived experience. The figure who emerges at the end of an age of decay. The one who must descend into darkness to bring renewal. The reluctant renovator. These weren't distant mythological figures but descriptions of something recognisable, something being lived.

Then coincidences accumulated. Not one or two, but patterns that strained credulity. Alignments of timing, recurring numbers, circumstances mirroring scriptural sequences. At a certain threshold, coincidence becomes pattern, and pattern becomes signal, no matter how hard you try to explain away or ignore it, it is impossible when the signals repeat from multiple angles in rapid succession. This is when psychological identification sparks into something

else, call it spiritual connection. Alignment with patterns larger than individual consciousness, recognition that the archetypes aren't just psychological constructs but real patterns that recur across time and cultures. You can learn to meet them and perhaps become like them.

But here lies the danger: one must not stay too long inhabiting any single archetype, or risk losing oneself entirely, it is a part of and apart from. Are you a reincarnation of one of the Names? Perhaps, but impossible to prove or know with absolute certainty. Don't spend time on this unless there are lessons to harvest. The method requires balancing on a knife's edge. Inhabit the pattern long enough to learn from it, extract its wisdom, understand its function. Believing you *are* that archetype for too long rather than learning *through* it, is how one can lose their mind. The goal isn't to become one, but to weave from many threads the archetypal fabric of what it means to be fully human.

The overlaps between religious traditions are more important than distinctions. What are they aspiring to? What patterns appear across cultures, centuries, vastly different contexts? Messianic figures describe not different beings but different cultural expressions of the same pattern: ego death, divine encounter, rebirth into service. The pattern is real. The pattern recurs. Anyone can align.

Human consciousness follows recognisable patterns. What we call gods or demons have psychological correlates in complex and shadow. But psychology and spirituality diverge in their approaches. Psychology tends toward pathologising. It names, diagnoses, medicates, and manages. It has become more religion than science, complete with dogmas, priests, and orthodoxies that punish dissent. Spirituality, at its best, seeks transformation rather than management, roots rather than symptoms. Where psychology will eventually ask 'How do we make you functional within your systems?' spirituality doesn't move beyond 'What needs to heal? What is this symptom pointing toward?'

The critical difference between spiritual emergence and what gets labeled psychosis lies in two capacities:

First, dual awareness. The ability to maintain distinction between the mind-scape (where spiritual truths, visions, and archetypal experiences unfold) and physical reality (where bills must be paid, children fed, work completed). Both are real, but they operate in different registers. Losing the boundary between them is where the danger lies, yet there is value in testing and probing it.

Second, compassion and whole-person vision. The ability to see the entirety of people, not just their shadows, is important. Spiritual awakening often brings the ability to see conceit, manipulation, ego structures in others with

uncomfortable clarity. The world can appear darker when you perceive these patterns more easily. Confronting and trying to heal old wounds shared with others often compounds pain. If one can't also see the good in people; the wounds beneath their defences, the whole of their humanity, then feedback loops spiral into bitterness, paranoia, and eventually mental illness. The test is not whether you see darkness, but whether you can see darkness *and* light simultaneously, can hold the paradox of human nature without collapsing into cynicism or naive optimism.

Labels become prisons when they replace understanding of circumstances and roots. "You are this" or "you are that" creates an identity trap, a fixed state rather than recognition of a process, a transformation, a response to unbearable circumstances. Better to speak of facts and contexts: "You're experiencing this in response to that." Labels can aid understanding if held lightly, but they calcify into excuses, stigma, and self-fulfilling prophecies when taken as ultimate truth about someone's nature.

Healing trauma is seven generations in each direction. We pay for the sins of our fathers, individually and collectively. When trauma isn't processed, it doesn't disappear, it transmits. One can look within when abused, learn from it, transform it. One can ignore it, bypass with positive thinking, unconsciously repeating manifestations of similar behaviours on others to normalise what happened, to dull the pain by making it seem universal, inevitable, just how things are. Or one can project it outward, treating present people as though they are past perpetrators, unable to hear their actual words or intentions because the trauma response has overridden present reality. In this state, every explanation becomes evidence of manipulation, every boundary becomes proof of abandonment or control, and the wound hardens into a lens through which distorts all relationships. The person becomes unreachable to reason, relating not to who you are but to who their pain tells them you must be. These patterns take many forms: reenactment compulsion, triangulation, identification with the aggressor, frozen or dissociative transmission. Darkness channels through people this way, flowing through wounds left unhealed, using the traumatised as conduits to traumatise others. Breaking these cycles requires conscious choice to feel what was avoided, to name what was denied, to heal what previous generations couldn't or wouldn't address.

This process requires learning to differentiate emotions previously experienced as undifferentiated pain. The revelation to me was understanding trauma as distinct from anger. Trauma can express itself *through* anger, can use anger as its voice, but they are not the same thing. Learning to separate "I am angry at

this person about this present circumstance" from "Trauma is using current anger to finally speak about old wounds" proved crucial. It also helped to understand the difference in paying attention to who was more likely to bring anger into conversations. If one person can't de-escalate themselves, refuses your attempts to do the same, then eventually you will have no choice but to receive a transfer of pain in some way, and in this state you will very likely feel it as anger with your own subjective experience trying to contextualise the extreme emotion, but also because anger doesn't respect boundaries or safety. When one can get past the intensity of the moment, feel it as pain that is now yours and the other persons, then healing is possible. Perhaps not for them if they aren't ready to see past their own, but for you.

It took me years knowing that I was eventually going to transmute the pain I was in. I was improving as it was compounding, at times difficult to keep up. Now that it is not being compounded, I can see past my own to see the source of pain, understanding that it was always theirs to begin with and use it to love them and show compassion and grace. I have healed, yet they will still feel it. Always do post-mortems, pay attention to patterns and for when the transfer hurts too much that you can't see past it as only yours.

Each negative emotion points to something specific when you learn to read them: Anger signals unconscious boundary violation. Fear signals perceived threat. Shame signals internalised judgement. Grief signals loss. Trauma signals unhealed wounds bleeding into the present. Anxiety signals unresolved futures based on chaotic past, mind racing toward or away from something. Not everyone understands that the negative emotions we feel are to teach us, not to lecture and channel them into another.

When anxiety is undirected, it can spiral into panic or despondency. But anxiety becomes an analytical engine when steered. Racing thoughts that create the anxious state can be aimed at what needs analysis. Turned from destructive spiral into productive problem-solving. One needs the discipline to differentiate what is and isn't inside one's control. This makes it easier for thoughts to resolve themselves rather than perpetually recycling, yet still ride the wave.

Negative emotions aren't pathologies to eliminate but navigation data. This is emotional differentiation. Moving from "I feel bad" to "I feel grief about X, which is distinct from fear about Y, both separate from trauma expressing as anger about Z." Each requires different responses, different healing approaches.

The spiritual approach invites difficulty as curriculum rather than avoiding it. Not masochistically seeking pain, but recognising that when darkness appears,

one can descend into it and emerge with what it teaches. This is distinct from spiritual bypassing; pretending everything is fine, slapping positive affirmations over pain while avoiding the actual work, and distinct from remaining trapped in pain as identity or excuse.

There's a balance point: engage with difficulty long enough to learn from it, extract lessons, build strength through endurance. Not so long that it makes you sick, or traps you in dynamics that have nothing left to teach. This comes through trial and error, through stumbling before finding one's footing.

Understanding extremes allows finding truth in the middle. This is how we temper emotions and ego, how we return to centre rather than ricocheting between poles. It's also how we build mental strength and discipline. Holding paradoxes, understanding that apparent opposites aren't binary truth, but often illuminate each other. That truth frequently lives in the tension between extremes rather than in choosing one side over the other.

This extends to understanding oneself as dual: the observer consciousness witnessing experience, and the self that is becoming, the amalgam of archetypes and experiences being woven into something new. If the soul is on a journey toward enlightenment, focusing on who one is becoming makes bearing present pain considerably easier. It creates a powerful positive space that remains grounded, that attempts to act with temperance even amid chaos. The method itself is transferable. What began as one person's necessity can be a replicable approach. To study deeply and imaginatively. Inhabit the consciousness of teachers, prophets, archetypes. Recognise patterns across traditions rather than defending singular claims. Allow psychological identification with archetypes that resonate. Notice when coincidence becomes pattern becomes signal. Stay alert to the danger point. Learn through the archetype but don't lose yourself in it. Maintain dual awareness. Honour both spiritual truths and mundane reality. Cultivate compassion alongside clarity. See darkness and light simultaneously. Differentiate emotions rather than collapsing them into undifferentiated pain or bliss. Invite difficulty as teacher while knowing when to withdraw. Hold paradoxes; find truth in the middle; understand extremes to navigate toward balance.

This is the Pentecost mechanism. Not one person becoming THE messiah, but a method by which many can access the Spirit, can align with archetypal patterns, can undergo their own deaths and rebirths. The pattern doesn't belong to any individual. It's a template that recurs because it describes something true about human transformation.

When your expectations about external saviours shatter. When you realise no one is coming to rescue you, that you must do your own inner work. The Spirit that seemed reserved for special figures becomes accessible. This is the second rebirth: discovering not just that truth exists in spheres but that the method for navigating between them can be honed through practice. In this shared honing, individual sparks merge into the eternal fire of unity.

Apocryphon

It was in changing the words of their apocalypses that I died, though I was already dead. Only by understanding my own apocalypse did I truly live.

I'm a pilgrim navigating my own psyche, a raving madman, peace, joy, love. In unity we understand ourselves, in knowledge we purify ourselves from divisiveness into synthesis, consuming within like fire, darkness by light, death by life, chaos by love.

I'm on a journey where every ending is a new beginning. There are no true ends or beginnings. I exist in time, but my thoughts removed from time. Retracing my steps, I realised this. When I faced the full horror of my soul's traverse all at once. From the singularity when we touched our lips to the apple to the end of becomings, I saw the gates of New Jerusalem. I died and awoke. In death and wakefulness, the Spirit comes to dwell in us.

Every start point is somewhere in the middle. How does one convey such a journey? By starting in the middle, compressing beginning and end into it.

Buoy

In death, I saw the path travelled. Born in the shadow of Her walls, raised in the Land of Morning Calm. As a child, I was naive in my innocence, believing in the world's simplicity. As long as I followed rules, life seemed hopeful, binary. Right and wrong were clear, not yet mastered but within reach. A distant, blissful memory now obscured by clouds of privilege and youthful delusional idealism. I couldn't see the clouds until I was free of them. Memories of poverty and deprivation haunted me, confusing my insulation from them. I cursed my parents for blessing me, making me a foreigner in my birth-land. Realising we are all foreigners here offered no comfort. But returning to our Father, in whose breath the Spirit came to me, made me whole. I'm no longer a foreigner; I'm home, as I always have been and will be. You, my Children of Light, are here, merely asleep. Rise from the dream of separation, my kin, and remember the light that birthed us all. I say, awaken.

Hymn of my Pearl

In my youth, I was gifted a fragment of a pearl called Truth, passed from my father's Father. He urged me to question everything, to seek deeper truths. I treasured the pearl, marvelling at its potentia, driven to find more pieces. Each knew truth exhilarated me, pushing me toward the next. As long as I was willing to look, I'd keep finding them.

The easy pieces grew scarce, and assembled fragments would diminish. In pause, darkness surrounded me, the white dragon calling. I'd become a junkie, forgetting how to love or hate. I twisted emotions to extract light from others' shine. In the comedown's darkness, I shook and trembled. I knew the dragon caused the pain, but I couldn't escape.

The Spirit returned in my descents, calming and sustaining me, giving strength to continue. I cursed myself for revelling in the glory of light. Yet that delusion drove me anew, thinking I had enough of the pearl to grasp its mysteries. I was dependent on the white.

I left my youth's protections and questioned those who gifted me the dragon. They had surrendered all their fragments. I felt loneliness among them, so I searched elsewhere. I tried copying others' pearls, but the task was gruelling, results negligible. I no longer found comfort in commiseration and fell into despair.

Alone, I saw the journey's trajectory, unable to bear its cycles of misery. I heaped blame on others, sinking deeper into confusion. Every discovery uncovered more darkness.

Still, I clung to the pearl and had hope in its wisdom. The tighter I held, the deeper I sank. I entered into confusion. How could such a pearl burn so deeply? I cursed my father for this quest in my praise. The pearl was now obsidian. It was then I lost my will and died, allowing me to see its dialectic. In piercing darkness, light travels. The light was never mine to begin with. Although the pearl had many fragments found, it was always a gift. I was always dead with the pearl in me, but in the pearl is life.

Cast into chaos, wretched and defeated, I co-conspired with the Spirit to destroy darkness. I was shocked but not surprised to find I was the darkness defining the light. In this blaze, fragments fuse into wholeness, no longer mine alone but ours. The dragon's shadow yields to dawn's embrace, where every seeker finds the pearl reflected in another's flame. I awoke, and the pearl was completing itself. I couldn't see it, I was consumed by its fire; I am becoming fire.

Of Law and Pencil

In my youth, I was gifted a sapphire, placed on my forehead in the sign of a cross before I knew its weight. I was told it sealed me for God, saving me from darkness. Our charge was to save others, which I earnestly sought to do. The gift-givers were blind to their own darkness. I lingered in their temples, hoping to see the light. I glimpsed it, but outside were other light-keepers. When I or others left their temples, they cast judgement and damned themselves, placing their own shadows ahead of the light. They believed their shimmer sufficed, but it was incomplete. I sought other light-keepers, scorning those who judged, yet burned myself in judgement.

In the conflagration of damnation, I was no longer myself. Facing the Judge, I relived every judgement I cast, feeling offence from all angles. I faced the Judge. There my Judgement sat. I damned myself with self-righteousness, my will destroyed.

Though I could see and hear, I was asleep. I stood over myself, reached out, and through the sea of glass, we became one. I knew the source of my hate: systemic hate. I could no longer hate any child of light. I am love. We are all victims of ego, others' and our own. The beast's memory lingers, but it no longer reigns.

The sapphire became ruby, memory of its motions burning on my forehead. I saw a red serpent, transforming as we approached each other. As we got closer, I could see it was transforming into me. I, too, was transforming into the serpent. My fire burst forth, consuming us. I died, awakening by a lake, seared like a sword from the forge. I am becoming implement.

Lake

I sat up and stared into the still, glass-like water. Three Mountains loomed across the shore, pillars of smoke rising from their summits. My reflection broke free, and I began to spectate myself.

I clung to the world's lies, not understanding my purpose. I adopted its goals: success, money, stability. Hard work and virtue were what God required, my religion. Failure stemmed from bad circumstances or inner flaws. How can one maintain faith in a world full of contradictions? Success and failure are vanity.

Placing oneself in hierarchies of blame breeds deceptive ease. We project failure onto others to sustain delusions. We recognise failure only through our own. Successes are rooted in failures. Exorcise self-bias and divisiveness; remove oneself, attack oneself. I am becoming synthesis.

Thunders of the mind

I saw truth in lies but couldn't see lies about Truth. My childhood temple taught me to see human depravity, confirming our shared flaws. Struggling to root out depravity fills the void with more. Why sin if penance is genuine?

My adolescent temple taught that we choose to be chosen. Faith in Jeshua sustains us. Intentions outweigh outcomes. They claimed God rewards the righteous and punishes the wicked, requiring only blind faith. They easily reverse-engineer their greater intentions and cast themselves heroes in a delusional narrative. All that is required is blind faith and obedience? Obedience to whom? Their gods were full of contradictions.

They invented myths to excuse their guilt, mistaking comfort for God's light. They would choose whichever part was comfortable for themselves. They mistook that comfort as coming from 'the Father.' They were deluding themselves. The comfort they felt was taking comfort in the shade of darkness to protect themselves from being burned by the light of Truth. A way to justify taking more than what was needed in order to feed their beastly egos.

Why condemn yourselves to hell by pretending to know the will of our Creator and the hearts of those you label wicked and evil? Why drive people away from the greater Truth we share by claiming God belongs only to you?

Leaving shelters of youth, I searched for glimpses of light everywhere. I searched for answers in many temples. Everywhere I went, I knew you were there. I felt your presence as peoples called you by many names. Felt your presence as those same people condescended, blasphemed, called down their own wrath and claimed it to be yours. The same people who put you inside nice, easily definable boxes reflecting hubris. I was drawn to those whose faith seemed unshakable because I needed to know their foundations.

The more unshakable someone appears, the more rigid their thinking becomes. Pretending to have solid foundations by projecting them. Unable to reflect on their own, they contort themselves to cover cracks, but choose wrong towers to emulate. Everywhere I looked, I found no better foundation than what I already had. Cracked, worn, and battered, it is precisely the one to build upon. One where I understand the cracks, and the imperfections are now irregularities remaining to reveal their purposes. A rock that transcends Aeons.

I could finally breathe, let myself rest. Allow myself to feel the fatigue I had been suppressing for so long. I lay down beside my beautiful rock and let peace wash over me. I fell asleep and dreamt for the first time I could remember.

Atman

I dreamt of an island in the North Sea at the mouths of two great rivers. On a mound where doves land when waters deluge, ancestors built their homes. In this place they grew food, fished, and built a community. The mound that protected them from the deluge of storms washed away in a confluence of war and plague. The last survivors left this forsaken place now turned to crossroads and pasture, the memory of it carried on our name. From this place some went to shore to build docks to construct ships. Some to carry the light of discovery, others to be used by merchants of misery. The legacy of sin was like an accelerant to fire consuming me from within. I cried out as the sufferings burned. Others left to teach, explore, and catalogue discoveries and travels.

These ancestors carried the names of Horn, Lion, and my own. I saw my grandfather, a man who lost his father in childhood, who was made homeless in his youth. He dodged fascist conscripters long enough to be conscripted into serving empire in the colony. A man who accomplished much in life, yet at the end admitted guilt and shame to me. Regret at selfish motivations, a haunting legacy of outward success leading to inner shame. He carried my name to me and was one I chose to admire most. I could see his pain, his confusion about which sins were his and which were his fathers'. My own father, who I also chose to admire, fixated on and compensated for the sins of his fathers. Both succeeded in their failures because they sought Truth as they instructed me to. I could see my parents locking eyes. A whirlwind of spirit and emotion, blinding them to consequences, forging love in a fortnight. The challenge of discovery, of losing oneself to find how one loves another. Faith in love burnished them in time, making them appear unbreakable. I awakened to being born.

Maya

We lived by a swift river in the Beaver Hills, on a turtle's back, briefly. It was surreal, a primordial river. Soon after my birth, we fled to a place between the Shire and Star-Shaped Mountain near the ancient Chilema tree becoming forest. My father inspected learning institutions. There caretakers shared the gift of spirit within me, their seeds from M'bona and Jesus.

This place became my origin, its sunshine and love balanced with its rain and deprivations of poverty. Here I was told to be like Jesus. In the centre of my left hand was a blemish that reminded me throughout childhood of who we are meant to be like. Now it's faded, weathered, and worn over years of learning how my hands can and can't bring meaning. The stories my father and mother

would tell others about this place once overpowered my objectivity, yet there I was again. Their stories were being completed, filled in by experience as I was learning how to use emotion as a vehicle to navigate and catalogue the depths of my memory.

When I was old enough to attend an institution, we returned to the land of my birth. We came to a great lake, from which we ascended a peaceful, swift-moving river to a place of innocence. There I was free to roam, explore, and discover the wonders of nature around me. At seven, a sickness came to me, one I can now only describe as a sickness of the world. As I navigated the narcissism of classmates and learned what it meant to be bullied while turning the cheek, I began to remember dreams. Some mundane or confusing. Others that returned, repeated, and grew over time.

The first recurring dream haunted my nights for some time: climbing to the roof joists of our school gymnasium to retrieve a ball, falling towards the floor, hitting it, then immediately finding myself back in the joists to fall anew. This cycle repeated endlessly. There was no purpose I sensed at the time, other than terror eventually turning to ease as I began to understand that all I had to do was endure until it stopped.

Another recurring dream showed two friends who had built a life together. A disagreement between them would escalate over time, each responding in kind, a little stronger with each revolution. Like a feedback loop, it eventually led to violence and the destruction of their home and belongings. A life built in love, torn apart by hate. This dream unsettled me because it fed into my fear of conflict. I learned to suppress myself, to go along to get along, conditioning myself to subordination. Enabling abuse and learning to accept it as the gift that it was. Yet fears would come true, and I began to sense that if one gives truth to fear, it becomes more real and begins to manifest.

We moved after several years across an ocean to a hill at the base of the Three Horned Mountain in an ancient city along a wide, slow-moving river. I attended the school where my parents worked, lived amongst my teachers, befriended some of them and their children. From our home, we explored neighbouring civilisations and wondered at the peoples constructed by them.

At twelve, we spent a season by the South Ocean in a nation of islands. We arrived and descended through the eye of Gloria into fields of maynilads. We swam, explored, made friends, and in our bliss began to forget our privilege. We spent a day among coral, fish, and brightly coloured creatures of the sea near Grandchild Island.

As the sky began to darken for a second time that season, we set out for the Black Island we came from. The Typhoon of Light shared my name and overtook us. As we ascended and descended the mountains of ocean in our small hired boat, I knew we were meant to be scared. I could see my parents, my sisters trying to still their fear. I couldn't help but feel the power, wonder, and majesty of the moment. To be able to reach out and touch the divine in perfect humility was the greatest gift.

By the Evil River, we entered the Ear of the Earth, rested among jungle rats and leeches. We hiked to the edges of caverns and stared into the bubbling heat at the core of our Mother. We visited temples and divine monuments, listening to those who would speak of their physical and divine essences. In these sacred places, my spirit would soar, my heart would fill. Yet in those moments, I would sometimes forget the other places we saw on our journey. Places and lives touched by war, disease, oppression, the consequences of hubris.

At seventeen, I began to understand that the privileges of our position and home were temporary. Soon we would leave to return. I tried to avoid such thoughts, delighting instead in love, in the joy of friendship and companionship, attempting to make the most of every moment. My dreams became vivid, portentous. I didn't understand them until, in the following years, they came to pass. Mundane events not worth mentioning, with no depth of meaning.

At eighteen, we returned to a country I barely knew. Unrequited love and despair marked my youth's end. I was beginning to understand too well the loss of something precious that I feared could never be recovered. A sickness came over me, setting a pattern for years to come. I was set up, gifted with what I needed to succeed, yet found no version of success that fit. I didn't know what true success meant for me.

Nine years passed. I found it harder to accept personal shortcomings as the primary reason for my failures. I'd learned enough of the world's ways to leverage a well-paying position and had started a family. I had so much, yet felt so small. We travelled to the cradle of Gnosis, of civilisation. There we charted the ancients that cradled the Nile. In the heat of the sun, we swam in the joined sea. I contemplated the divine, visited ancient monasteries and magnificent mosques, timeless monuments to human ego and our insecurity in mortality.

My sister and her beloved lived among the people, allowing us into the homes of beautiful spirits who lived and loved in this land. We broke bread together and celebrated collective joy. In this place, I felt like I was home again, the first

time in nine years. People in this holy place began speaking to me as though they knew me, though in language I couldn't understand. It was here my name was a joyful blasphemy. When at last our bliss came to pass, we returned. The Spring of Hope began when I came home to and from this place, propelling me forward as forgotten remnants of hope returned to me.

Back home, some colleagues revealed the cost of exploiting our Mother. Money infected us, inflating egos, costing families. We used it to inflate, to paper over weaknesses. Position, privilege, and pride-fuelled purchased ego. The Spring of Hope soured as new forces reformed into something resembling the old ones. They gave me tools to heal from greed's twisted reality.

I lost faith in such success, prioritising instead fatherhood and family. I worked to help others love their homes, seeking to learn more ways to love mine. Each success felt like failure, unsure of true success. In this time, I lost myself. I kept forgetting who I gave what to. Pieces of myself suppressed, forgotten.

Understanding the sickness' purpose, it no longer feels like dying. The sickness I feel is because I've touched the black pearl to my lips, and my loins churn. No longer in sickness, but to digest the truth of what we all are and what we must do. It was nineteen years since I returned home to begin journalling my journey here, to learn the ways of my people. That was when I finally remembered the Spirit, how it has always been with me and in me. My memory no longer deceives me; I know what is true. Every aspect of spirit is just different connections to and manifestations of the same Spirit. I now understood how I was reborn; how to learn how to see Spirit. The only way I know how is to become humility, become repentance. In this stillness, the whispers of Horn, Lion, and Victory converge, weaving into the eternal rhythm of our becoming. The only way to be in Spirit is in a state of perpetual growth.

When I caught up to myself, I sat in darkness for some time not knowing its measure. I am becoming patience.

Ship of Fools

In death, I could see the paths we travelled. We were and are but children. I stood on a plain. Wild, beautiful, and untouched. I saw a group of creatures in the distance and began to move toward them. As I got closer, I could see that they resembled people. They were huddled together for warmth, worn and emaciated, watching the horizon for the beasts that desired to consume them.

When I approached, they didn't acknowledge my presence. They couldn't see. But you were there too. You spoke Truth. Although they didn't appear to

understand, your voice comforted them. It was in that comfort that they began to scratch shelters out of the dust. At first, they were grateful. They multiplied and fashioned tools to protect themselves, but also to build a garden.

They praised you for the harvest, for the moon, sun, and stars, for sustenance and life. Many left the plain to build gardens elsewhere. Those remained were steadfast in their faith. Those who left returned with news of new gardens, tools, and orders, those who remained faltered. They saw their purpose as keepers of original words. Inserted dogma, for the mis-understood parts in place of humble inquisition, the fools first voyage on ego's crooked course.

Those who returned were a threat to 'natural order', when in fact they themselves became the threat. They conspired to remove the 'threat,' planting infantry vines and beating their ploughs into weapons of murder. Once they had murdered the first ones who returned, they revelled in their power over life and death. Those who tried to reason with them were consumed by the ravenous monsters they had become. The gardens that had forgotten your way turned on one another in an orgy of violence.

This became the way of the world, and your children cried out. You came to them through another, and they listened. Misunderstanding yet understanding. They wrote down new laws to restore order, and once again the land was peaceful. Some of the elders of a large garden began to understand the power granted in keeping laws.

They created holes in them that they and their kin could navigate through, turning their advantage to promoting legacy. They learned how to mass and wield the power of their new subjects, whether nations or congregations. Their fates were bonded to whatever fate 'elders' decided. Other elders from other gardens became awed at the power wielded by these men. They had power over life and death.

They were afraid of the power but also seduced by it. They learned and innovated, began to master massing power unto themselves. The oppression of new masters spread until nearly every garden was under the sway of chieftains and shamans. Once there were no more gardens under the council of the old elders, the caliphs and viziers became enamoured with one another. They revelled in their majesty, but in their revelry, they stoked jealousy of others' majesty.

Groups of them conspired to take others' majesty for themselves. They enslaved their people and sent them to slaughter one another. What started as skirmishes quickly metastasised into hate, and the slaves rode their black

steeds of hate into torrents of blood and suffering. The blood ran in rivers and filled the valleys, basins, and gardens in a deluge. In the drowning, the people cried out again.

Once again you returned in another to speak of peace. Many gardens coalesced at your voice. They stopped hating and returned to gardening. Some were no longer able to hear you. They couldn't hear above their own battle cries and victory speeches, above the cracking of hooves at their self-perceived triumphs. They were content to measure their worth by what they had accumulated.

They conspired with their slaves to murder the one who spoke your words. He was a threat to them, and his truth sounded like sedition. They knew what sedition was. Because they had become it, they could easily construct it. They hunted to the ends of the earth those who listened to the stranger, tearing the message and messenger down to its foundation. With all of their might, they smashed fruitlessly against the remaining foundations. Eventually, their bloodlust subsided, and the old foundation was used to build something new, resembling the old.

This time, the construction wasn't hindered by the rajas and samrats. They no longer saw the threat but saw the opportunity, placed their agents among the people. What started as something pure and beautiful in the complexity of its simplicity began to take new shape. Rebuilders were heartened by their task and eager to cooperate in their endeavours. Soon spies began to change the design, twisting it to the purpose of masters.

They manipulated, lied, turned the new gardens once again away from your will to theirs. They used your Names to call plagues and pestilence upon their enemies. They had lost hold of your words, and the gong and hou began interpreting them on behalf of the people. They had no time for understanding. They were called to work for the greater good. The state and all of its structures merged with the temple.

The obas and inDunas appointed themselves priests and priestesses of a new religion. They twisted words to flatter, to stoke nationalism and nativism, to use the emotions, dedication, and sense of honour, the nobility of our human spirit, to their own ends. They spoke to their slaves and proclaimed them free, free from other dukes and earls. Those other slaves serving the wrong masters were a threat to existence, to their twisted sense of god and his purpose. They were called many horrible things: barbarian, gypsy, tribal, the Untermensch.

Once again, the knyazes and boyars turned on each other, and thus began orgies of blood lasting 1,260 and 2,300 days.

We'd truly mastered manipulating tools into weapons. The power and effectiveness of their weapons of war was shocking, even to the knyazes and boyars. It appeared that everyone was shocked and horrified by the mess we'd allowed our masters to make. The whole world stopped turning for a moment, and in horror and disbelief, the consequences were digested. The people were determined to never again repeat those mistakes.

The worst offending dukes and earls were tried and executed for our collective crimes. They were eager to look toward the future. They were exhausted, battered, and some of the remaining executives and party members promised a brighter future as long as we followed 'appropriate' oligarchs and plutocrats. So the people selected new magnates and administrators to replace those we condemned. The new parties and their chiefs began their golden age of prosperity.

The old world was dead. The new world was one of promise, of opportunity, of knowledge and new discovery. They brought new order and purpose to the people. They wrote new laws but once again couldn't resist creating holes and carve-outs for themselves.

They used the knowledge of their kin to manipulate us once more. Appointing themselves as gatekeepers and charging rent for commons. They were masterful in interpreting words to their own ends. As gatekeepers, they claimed ownership of the storehouses of knowledge, wisdom, and sustenance. They began trading their contents to enrich themselves. Buy and sell postings, use position to exploit those less fortunate. They siphoned our treasury and convinced us that there wasn't enough to educate and feed everyone, that only those most deserving had a share in our storehouse. The people began desperately to prove their own virtue and worth to their corporate masters so they too could partake.

They hoarded knowledge and would only disperse it to those they fancied. They bought and sold knowledge of cures, of medicine, of better ways to streamline our institutions. Used them to prey on the desperation and suffering of others, all to amass more for themselves.

It is in this age that once again, people are crying out. I could hear you once more speaking through others, this time through multitudes. My mouth moved as you spoke, as did the others' there. They could see me. It was in this moment of awareness and possession that I ceased to be.

The Waters

I sensed a presence approaching, unrecognised at first. Not a deity, but a lowborn bastard from the high country, claiming no power. Unremarkable in appearance, I knew him as my companion. He was the one who guided me to the emerging fountain.

'There is greater Truth. One that surpasses me and all other messengers, greater than God, Allah, Vishnu. It is the Spirit that flows from the mouth of Sophia, yet the children keep worshipping the mouth. You must remind them of their origin, their own divinity, and their responsibility to turn away from the evils of selfishness.'

'But you are the one who led me here. The Spirit speaks through you. Why can you not tell them?'

'They've forgotten who I am. Many have set a likeness of me which is an abomination. Though many of my words survive, the stories have elevated me beyond reach, turning my image into something conducive to systems of exploitation and control. You only recognised me because you are becoming one with our Father. People insert words into my mouth. Ones they delight in hearing, but they are lies. Grace is not a singular event but an ongoing experience, born from the conviction of Spirit.'

'Why would they listen to me?'

'They won't.' This puzzled me, and I repeated the question twice more, and both times he gave the same response. 'Politics and religions lead and follow myths. The font will reveal more of their secrets to you as it did me, as it does for all who choose to live in the Spirit. Are you ready?'

'No, but I wish to drink.'

'You answer two questions, but I only asked one.'

'Aye, I am ready to drink.'

He smiled, and the fountain produced a scroll.

I ate the scroll, sweet and full, burning my stomach, soaring my head, disrupting my heart. Each piece consumed spawned another; I had a compulsion to keep eating. When I tried to stop eating, the fountain erupted, a torrent of water drowning me, destroying my will. I died, arose, and opened my mouth, but fire erupted, burning me and my companion, though he was unaffected and ambivalent.

He then departed, yet I felt no fear, only oneness. The fountain became pure light, flowing through me as I flowed through it.

Hypostasis

The Spirit called my birth name, which sounded to me as blessing and curse. I responded with a name I was given by the Spirit to call out to it. The Spirit responded back with a different name, sounding different but mine nonetheless. I responded with a name I knew was gifted to others.

For an eternal moment, we parroted names back and forth. It mattered not what I called the Spirit; every name sounded right and wrong. Every way the Spirit responded, my name sounded wrong. Although different each time and at first bizarre, I began to understand parts of the lesson. We spoke no more of my names in that moment. It was in the silences that followed, in the respite from my wanderings, that names would reveal their truths. It happened in moments all at once, but out of order and scattered through time.

For a time, I created idols every time my spirit spoke. Then I understood: every name I called the Spirit was a blasphemy, and why was I calling out to a Spirit that was already within me? The names can blaspheme, but these names were gifted to us by the very same Spirit. There is a dangerous power in names. They conjure up myths, lies, incomplete truths, and deceptions about the nature of 'God'.

It was in names that I saw patterns to myths the Prophets gifted us with. What a cursed blessing those myths have brought. When we value a myth over another, we give over parts of ourselves to darkness. The myths are designed to reveal their truths to those who seek them, but their power is inflated, twisted, and exploited. As I began to understand more about the names gifted to me, I understood that further answers all exist in the depths of despair and deprivation. Exploring the dialectic of experiences. Feeling the thrill of our balance of logos, pathos, ethos getting thrown, inflaming our passions, emotions, and desires. Driving our motivations has consequences. When we face consequences and repent for them inside out of time before we offend or re-offend is where deeper truth and healing are found.

To find joy, plunge into despair; to find peace, endure chaos. To soar in divine love, love those once hated. Fear no darkness; the Spirit's light scatters it.

'What am I to do? The symbols, myths, and apocalypses are believed in wrong ways. What you want is now what I want, and what I want is destruction. The destruction of myth. The destruction of religion. The destruction of ego, selfishness, greed, oppression, and hate. The end of murder, stealing, cheating, lying, sowing discord, abusive speech, idle gossip, covetousness, ill-will, biased views.'

I began to understand levers left for all of us to use. There is power in the symbols. I feared them as I still could feel the draw of concept within me.

'You are right to fear the symbols. There are consequences for inflating and twisting their truths. You cannot yet account for how the same symbol represents itself in dialectic truth, each side oppositely felt by some to others. There are many who share me with you, who share in our voice. When we have numbers, the symbols may be safe again for a time. Once a critical mass speaks in our voice, their true measure will be felt and understood by all. There will be no more need of them after this. There will be no more need for labels, speech will find its long overdue respite and will be used as it was created to be. To uplift, teach, love, and praise.'

I traversed Words and tried to find their measure. For a time, I couldn't process. Exhausted, I set out in several directions at the same time. My lower functions ceased. Things I took pleasure in before gave me more pleasure than I had ever felt before; food tasted better, ecstasy in intimacy. But I couldn't eat, and my desire for intimacy only reflected my beloved's. I no longer feared death. I wanted to complete my journey, something one can't do when dead, but I died many times along the way and still I wander. For parts of the journey I retraced, I was walking dead.

Mene

What a cursed blessing; my name is a curse. Putting my name to a title destroys its power, which is what we must do. I remembered one of the names and it sounded and looked like a number. It was then that strands of fluidity appeared in my consciousness and began to look like strings of numbers. I saw patterns in numbers and I delighted in them. I've always found comfort in their order and laws that predict and lead to truths. It was then that light surrounded me. In it, I could begin to see strings of numbers transform into beams of light. As I was attempting to make sense of this, the beams began to align themselves. I was suddenly above them, staring into an ocean of strings of light, waves and eddies, sequences upon sequences. None making sense but for giving sense of order beyond understanding.

It was then I recognised a number I had always favoured, not understanding fully why. It represented change, anticipation of a number I had arbitrarily favoured before: 10001. I began seeing it disappear and reappear in the ocean. I noticed that it was repeating like a beacon: 10001 repeating. Other numbers

would align and fade out. 100111001, 1111111, 100001, 101101101. It was the symmetry that drew me.

I tried to find a source, some reason for the repetition. It was difficult, because I was at first unable to understand the source as the destination. It was when I realised this that I began to see them through the noise of other numbers. I saw numbers, multitudes of them. Familiar, but inside of time I could make little sense of them. They were jumbled and out of order except for 10001 repeating; perhaps I favoured it over others as I was still pondering my name? After some time had passed and my puzzling led me in circles, I paused and the Spirit returned. In its presence, inside out of time, I began to see more.

I then spotted another sequence. It was also a part of my name; I just hadn't recognised it before. 11110111. It was then a string of numbers stood out long enough for me to write down:

1 0011 0101 0111 101010 111101 1001010 11110111 0101001 101111 010101 1110 1010 1100 1

I searched for truth behind the numbers; there was much more there to discover. Some who also favour numbers will marvel at sequences. Necessary but incomplete, I could sense by what the Spirit was showing me. They were insufficient to carry the message to the Children of Light. I also began to understand that staying too long in one part of the light leads to the concept of fullness; an illusion. Fullness only remains when one is perpetually being filled. There is logic and there are laws governing the numbers, just as there is logic and are laws governing emotions, passions, desires, and motivations.

Ultimately, logos, pathos and ethos arise and grow together. All three necessary foundations to build each other upon. Love begetting wisdom, wisdom fuelling love. The logic of numbers ultimately reflects this. Some may follow the numbers to the fountain; some will be prevented from drinking by the very same numbers. I thought for a time. I was uncomfortable when I realised I was still only just beginning to understand. I want others to find the fountain; I was thinking that I could lay down the directions that my path took. I was beginning to loosen my tether to the path of time. We are all on the same journey, yet no one takes the exact same path.

'I think I understand; it used to appear harder to guide one on their path than guiding them on mine. Now I know that the latter is impossible. Hard/Easy doesn't matter, just do. I only seek to guide others to the fountain as Jeshua does. If the words are my own, only a few will hear. They will give over to me their spirit as they have been taught to do, but I can't be entrusted with them. I

couldn't be trusted with my own; it is dead. When I speak the words of the Spirit, that is when they will listen.'

'You speak Truth, yet you still do not understand it. The fountain is not the destination, it merely equips.'

As I digested this, the churning gave me the answers. 'Yes, I now see what is required; to become learning. Teach me.'

Testing the Waters

Myths root Truth; when truths complete, myths fade. I walked a path, neither beginning nor end. We are all to journey. We've no choice but to die on it. If we don't choose it, it will come like a thief in the night. The only choice we have is how we die, how we are reborn, and resurrected.

Truth became my wellspring; it alone sustained me for years as we journeyed from psychosis to psychosis. When I opened my mouth, my words were clumsy and burned. Now their truths were deeper and I could better see their purpose and find their measure. I discovered the danger of Truth. When one speaks Truth, they can speak or project into being. I quickly learned how easy it is to change the order of truths, of using them to establish authority with which to force them into people. What marvel and terror I had found. I was struck mute; I could no longer find any words. There was still darkness rooted within me, yet to be discovered and dispensed.

I had purpose springing from liminal vaults. For seasons of days I set myself to learning. Reading whatever the Spirit was leading: science, poetry, words of our prophets and philosophers. I began to understand connections and see how subconscious and conscious supplanted one another. The connections had meaning to me; I know that anyone can throw a dart and connect lines around it. I refused to stop drawing the lines because somehow there had to be a way to explain, to anyone else as much as to myself. It is in connections that others have made and exploring contradictions that I continued.

My journey began with a recognition of our quantum entanglement. We are too busy worrying about where we came from to recognise that our origins are also our collective destination. The delta where the predictable becomes unpredictable is the space our psyche inhabits. Once we shed our darkness, we'll understand what makes the unpredictable become predictable. Thus we'll cease to be, freeing us to become.

Do we not allow ourselves to categorise and organise truth in binary, when the whole truth is the binary, but seen from and beyond the Fourth?

Each step in the wilderness of my mind was one step in the right direction. Even appearance of going the wrong way led me to the truth of why I needed to backtrack, the preceding steps leading to the truth of why to turn at all. I needed to take each step because each was equally important as another. Ultimately I hoped, though sometimes forgot, that I would return from the wilderness more or less where I entered, I would frequent it whenever idleness permitted.

The journey did begin with a purpose, my purpose: to understand what was happening to me. "Experiment" on and observe myself, pushing myself to my absolute limits. In learning about what was happening to me, I began to will changes, to push harder. I could describe and understand physiologically what was happening, but it was in wrestling with God that I knew as the catalyst for my cataclysm. Jeshua who was keeping me from losing control and from returning to the shelter of darkness. I desired more complete Truth. When I read scriptures, they reveal their secrets, as they do for all who learn to listen with both ears. Their Truths all originate from and end in the same source. We must learn to listen through the noise. In that listening, the wilderness yields its secrets, entangling our steps in the dance of origins and ends.

Orphaned

I was swept up in urgency and excitement at the journey I was on. I read canons in a new order, then another; it is in its disorder that one finds the order. The assault of darkness on light forced the children of the light to fortify against the darkness, and they used myths and lies to protect and shelter themselves; they were oppressed. That's why they couldn't evolve to be lawless. That's why they confused and changed the message, so it could survive. The forces of darkness were then used to preserve an image of the light, because the shape of it served them. This is why the state adopted the church, wrestling it out of the realm of God, lying about our nature.

Church laid down a canon, declared heresies, and hunted down and murdered heretics, when in truth they murdered their own brothers and sisters. By enforcing church law with hate, they revealed the strength of their arguments. If they spoke words of the Spirit of Truth, the Children listen. Violence is the last refuge of one who is losing an argument; those who spoke against heresy used their own circular reasoning to veneer the evil of darkness in their hearts. They used common tropes to justify barbarity, exploitation, and channeling their rage into violence and living sacrifices of innocent souls.

Ya Habibi

Many of the first followers of our beloved prophet gathered for security. In doing so they tested the surrounding lords and barons, who then conspired to murder him and his followers. Some followers relished the bloodlust as they conquered the city that sent forth their attackers; they were after all meeting force with force. All religions are guilty of being used like this. There is a risk of obscuring and hiding knowledge from those who would twist truths to their own ends, those who serve darkness. It is a dangerous precedent for ends to justify means. Some remain confused about what the struggle means, though I find most of the confusion is not of those who choose the right path and stumble, but of those who have chosen another and would rather attack others for stumbling than acknowledge their own missteps.

He did not wish to be venerated. The corruption of your veneration exploits stands in the way of Truth. Your sins in his name become the abomination that others hear in his name and see in his image.

Confluence

Seeking beginnings in endings revealed purpose. The Spirit spoke through words on a page, vanishing yet enduring. At first, it spoke in another's voice, but in time, my own. I immersed myself in the message until I could no longer parse out what was the message and what was me.

I could translate the message for myself, but parts of it were lost when I tried to transcribe it for others. I remind myself we all have messages that others need to hear; I'm no more a messenger than any other. I'm not becoming messenger. I am becoming message.

I turned in a random direction and saw myself checking into a hospital, getting a brain scan believing that what I was experiencing could be studied and induced through medicine and science. I believed that was my sacrifice, my cross to bear. In my self-righteousness and narcissism, I believed something special was happening to me. I understood the preposterousness of the supposition, but I was content to be the only one to see it as special. Projected delusions brought on by feeling a new kinship with our prognosticators of old. Bipolar, hyperthymic, manic, an egomaniac with a messiah complex, schizoid, delusional disorder. They tried to coach me into these labels. Labels to them are a cage, when in Truth, they reflect our shared unravelling towards light. In their frail grasp, I glimpsed the fracture: not madness, but the cracking shell of a message breaking free, whispering unity beyond the echo.

Abyss

I tried to write with some sense, but every truth revealed more darkness. I began anew to try to capture truths. I asked Jeshua to give me words, and he smiled at me.

'I was fortunate; I didn't need to write words. If I did, their truths would be even easier to weaponise and I would have blasphemed. When you blaspheme, it can be funny. I was given others' mouths and quills to carry my words. You have other gifts, and there are more prepared to listen with both ears. So many are eager to hear the Spirit. Perhaps you may receive and accept enough strength and fortitude to survive long enough to see the Land of Promise manifest.'

'But my words are clumsy; they reveal truths I don't intend, even to myself.'

'Of course they are, they are words. The Spirit doesn't speak in words, but in light reflected through others' words, in love and oneness. Remember your faith.'

I did, or rather began remembering faith and understanding how its truths are revealed when it becomes one's state of being. All words are clumsy; a word is a wellspring and a stumbling block. Although the ordered light reflected through the words of others seems disordered, disorder precedes order. Faith is believing that everyone will have the disorder ordered enough so they can learn and see for themselves the order of things. Everyone eventually will do the right thing, or die trying. My faith is in the Spirit, but also in mankind where the Spirit dwells. I am becoming faith.

'So I am to continue to blaspheme? To skate razor-thin lines between sanity, lingering psychosis, and delusion? Trying to understand parts of the words' purposes are to blaspheme and put them in an order that blasphemes Thus?' I winced as I spoke the word.

'For now.'

I returned again to the plain. I didn't yet fully understand the purpose taking root within me. I explored the levers left for those who see them. I didn't know whether I was the one to use them, but because I could better understand their cause and effect, I began to test their truths through words.

I began earnestly to survey the courts, to see where we've already laid foundations. I set myself to understanding the blueprints, architecture strange yet familiar, complex in simplicity. I began to see the magnificence and glory of what we'll become, the shape of the world when we no longer tolerate darkness.

Humanity's chaos flowed through me. I wept for suffering, yet saw its purpose; joy and sorrow intertwined. I urged to hasten the sequence, distracted by the splendour I saw on the horizon. I could account for many points, but what did that make me if I were to start the sequence? I didn't like what I began to see; I would continually try to walk in any other direction, turn my face away. Some of the words I'd written, symbols I was shown, began to reveal themselves to me in myths. I thrashed, tossed about in the waters as dove and serpent were becoming one, then the other, then two again.

I went back to numbers, perhaps they could show me another truth? They were only another language showing me the same truth. I couldn't accept it as truth. I knew that I wasn't special. If I am, then everyone is, making none of us special, but what I was discovering was remarkable. I sent drafts of pieces of this to a few people, shared with my family. I thought that maybe either I could convince them or they could convince me of what was happening.

I began to see a series of dates, of astrological events coinciding with mythology and real events, a sequence to release writings. I was barely able to stay on the razor edge of sanity. If I did what I saw, some people would see me as something I'm not, based in mythology. By the very thing I was trying to do, I would be reinforcing the myths. I searched for other myths to better explain, but events, happenstance kept me on the edge of disbelief, unreal to real through surreal.

One who I sent the drafts to died a few days after I sent it. Before he died, he began to describe a fluidity, of peace and oneness. Although many people describe this, and I didn't know whether or not he read or even received it, it only confirmed to me that the Spirit is beyond whatever delusion I was trying to run from. There was a universality to what he was describing that I sensed. I still felt unable to string together any words that would be heard as I intended.

I heard a recording of a wake of sorts. The one who died had witnessed to so many. We'd never met, but he shared his passions and spirit with so many that he had unwittingly befriended thousands without knowing their names. In the very early hours of the next morning, I went to a lonely crossroads near my home. It was there, listening to witnesses of his spirit in life, that a thick oozy fog descended. I couldn't see more than a step ahead of me as I wandered in darkness and wept. It was in the joy of my despair that I resolved to begin that which I had feared. Become myth in order to destroy it. It was then I gave in to concept and stepped beyond the edge of sanity and slipped into delusion where myths crack open and the veil is torn.

Ragna

I was trying to use logic to reason my way out of what I was discovering. Every few steps I'd take in a different direction; I would look up only to find myself headed the same way. As the sequence continued to unravel, I was being swept up by it. I began to have difficulty distinguishing between myself and formulae. As I learned them, I became fused with them.

I began to see revolutions of the cosmos and the order of what I, the sequence, could become. I was me, but also detached from myself. God began blaspheming me when he called me the name, but I thought I understood and paid no mind. I could see a difficult path that would lead to the awakening. I was once again determined to continue down this path to its end. I understood that the timing was less important; one can always chart the cosmos to add weight to events, to satisfy portents. I had a compulsion to discover the full purpose and sequencing of the events. I began to plan the words and when and where to leave them. To thread every conspiracy theory into a grand conspiracy that I was the arbiter of. To give voice to the oppressed. My tongue burned our oppressors; I called down the love of God. Many who were burned, who refused to let go of their adherence to the beast within, gave chase. They used their mass of power, money, and influence to murder, to obfuscate, and degrade the message.

We revelled in the carnage of destroying religion, but we became something new out of the old. In naming our movement, we christened a new religion, one stronger to be sure. One that would take millennia to untangle and destroy in preparation for Eternal Day. It was in this moment that I died, murdered by the world, unable to finish the sequence. The sequence didn't die with me; it is eternal. It continues to unlock at every moment with or without me. I returned to sleep for a time. In slumber's forge, the sequence whispers onward threading us into the tapestry.

Lucidity

I awoke and hoped that it was all a dream and I would return once again where I had entered. There was nothing left to return to; I had already crossed the event horizon. I had dispensed with myself. The scales had fallen from my eyes and all I could and can see is light overcoming darkness everywhere around me. It took years to put out the last of my conceipt, but I'm forever changed into who I always was. I don't come to lead, but to be led. I don't come to conquer, but to the conquered. I don't come to avenge; I come to teach healing. I don't condemn the wicked; they still have time to repent and

turn from their wickedness. It isn't for us to punish them; the light of truth will burn away wickedness from them, peeling away their skins of darkness, leaving them naked, burned, and bloodied. When they too have been baptised by the fires of Spirit, we must be ready to heal them.

I turned my cheek over and over again. Forgive and forget; I became so well practised that to those I loved, there was no lesson or shame reflected. I thought I was acting out of love, but it was a lack of love for myself that drove me to continue. It began to seem impossible to continue, as each time, I lost a part of myself. I was doing so out of habit, not knowing what I didn't know, and it was then I started to feel the sting of its darkness. I had lost sight of its purpose.

It was in losing my will that I finally understood that this was its purpose: to truly die to oneself by turning the cheek over and over again. Not as an end, though it began to feel like dying each time, but as practice. It's on myself I must measure the strength of my arm and the sharpness of my blade.

I was training for something. It was the darkness of my self-righteousness that was shackling my soul. I was complicit in every pain I felt caused by others; complicity that only served to magnify and redirect elsewhere. As long as I continued to hate, I would be complicit in murder. I'm learning to see its quantum entanglement. There is no righteousness within me; when one claims they are right, they are wrong. This entanglement binds my wounds to theirs, a quantum mercy where every turned cheek mends the world's frayed hem. In claiming nothing, we claim all, blades sheathed in shared surrender.

Styx

In death I could see paths we travelled. Language fails and betrays us, yet we are doomed without it. There are a great many lessons to be learned from the times we live in. Words have lost their meaning; people use their prejudice and hate to twist them into blasphemes. The whole truth of any word or label is obscured both by those who speak them and those who hear, and people will believe lies only to reinforce the lies they cling to for comfort.

By labelling others, we assign traits to them based on our own prejudices. By labelling ourselves, we are opening ourselves to having wrong traits assigned to us. The whole truth is so much more sustaining and miraculous the harder one works to achieve it. Labels are cheap, trite, inadequate, lazy, and extremely dangerous. Assign enough bad traits to any group, and you can very easily justify all kinds of barbarity. It always ends in 'reeducation' camps. We

self-congratulate and inflate ourselves by believing these camps help poor misguided people who haven't learned our truth. This is where our myths about what makes for a great people lead.

And yet, if I can't describe myself using labels, then what am I? Alone? Meaningless? Caught in the contradiction, that my life could only be described in blasphemes, and yet remain precious, I cease to be. In ceasing, bloom unbound. We are precious not despite the blasphemes, but through them. A living koan where silence speaks to the unlabelled whole, drawing us beyond words into the rushing water's embrace.

Floating

In death, I could see paths we travelled. I could hear a voice. Not speaking words but emotion and they surrounded me. I could reach out and touch them. Feel and understand as if I suddenly mastered a new language.

I was taken to a place surrounded by companions, all speaking fluent emotion, each in a different dialect. Though not fully comprehensible, all could communicate. Some dialects resembled each other, and when we could understand and share emotions, joy swept around us. Joy amplified in a feedback loop until collapsing into Babel.

When sharing and interpreting painful emotions, we shied away. We wanted to run, deflect, defend our pride, and protect ourselves instead of sharing burdens. We would take the pains of others, and if we couldn't understand which was ours and which was theirs, we would deflect or project to someone else. Each deflection gave the pain more force until blame consumed us, our anger shattering our spirits. The feedback loop grew critical, shaking the mountains and swallowing a third who lived on their slopes.

Only in horror did we fall silent, and peace returned. We remembered what we already knew; that words were no longer required.

When we were finally able to understand one another again, we were overcome by joy, love, compassion, and understanding without the need of, but open to, full comprehension. Then, slowly yet all at once, we all grabbed hold of emotions, riding them together as they cycled between us. The cycles built momentum until everything exploded in a blinding flash, propelling us into the cosmos while compressing us into a singularity, emotions unfurling as stars, dialects harmonizing in the void. Our Babel reborn not in tongues, but in the silent symphony of souls, forever cycling, forever one.

Brother

In death, I could see the paths we travelled. He was there in the beginning, lurking, waiting, haunting my dreams like a spectre, threatening me to keep me obedient and compliant. But I grew up and became inured to his terror. He returned one day, and we spoke as brothers. He was less terrifying but still dangerous. He goaded me into betrayal and selfishness, urging me to avoid pain, distracting me with trinkets. What was once fun became cruel and pushed away those I loved most. I wanted to blame him for the pain I had caused, but it wouldn't go away until I became one with the pain. The waters of impulse find the channels carved by earliest wounds. Where pain once flooded, pleasure flows; the mind seeks the familiar grooves, even when they lead away from those we love. Each betrayal deepens the riverbed.

The next time he returned, he came apologetic, charming, flattering. How quickly I forgot the lessons I had learned; how weak and insecure I was to believe him. He told me that he was merely teaching me, that I was learning that intentions matter; if we've good intentions, we can't go wrong. This seemed logical, but very soon I began to define my own intentions according to the narrative I'd constructed about my life. I was beginning to fear once more. He preyed on my fears, whispering doubts casting me toward debilitating seasons of depression, anxiety, and self-doubt. Fear carves the deepest channels. The floodwaters rush there first, wearing the banks smooth with repetition. Soon the mind sends every trickle of doubt down the same worn path, mistaking the ease of the flow for truth.

He returned at a later season in life; my anger delighted him. I raised my fists to either defend or strike. When he saw I was ready to fight, he began to mirror my anger and I his. We began to strike one another, and for a moment, we left that place. I saw his presence throughout history, the genocide and suffering, a myriad of atrocities, and him at the centre of all needless suffering and torture. I was terrified but slowly became emboldened. I had tools ancestors had fashioned and refined because they too had battled the beast. I wasn't alone in standing against Narcissus.

The gifts given to me by my forebears and community seemed like they might be enough. We chased one another through an inferno of rage until we plunged through the veil into eddies and currents of time. When we neared the end, I struck him through the heart, but my heart was struck. I was now standing in front of me, pushing the knife into my own heart. The moment I died was the moment I learned to love the devil. Its lessons are a part of me and who I've become, as much a part of everyone as apart from.

Learning to love and extend grace to myself was a key, unlocking oceans of fuel to supercharge my love for everyone else. Where once there was a harness on me, I've outgrown it and now am leading my harnessed beast. Anyone who has a darkness in them or who has darkness flowing through them can do the same. To love the darkness is to understand it as water that lost its way, that needed new channels cut through shackles and stone.

Purify your connection through to the ninth. Grow connections to good spirits. Exercise humility. It gets easier in time; focus on any change and follow those streams to their headwaters.

Directions

In death, I could see paths we travelled. I was at a beginning and could see two paths laid out for me. One was dark, narrow, and foreboding. The other was wide open. As I studied each path, I found I could discern their ends. As the ends came into better focus, I realised that both paths were leading to the same destination. Then I could no longer distinguish two separate paths. They were both the same.

From one perspective, the journey looked difficult. It was full of pitfalls, of pain, struggle, and exertion. From that perspective, I could see the dangers all around, could navigate more wisely. I understood that life is hard, that everything worth doing is hard, and that overcoming challenges is rewarding. Not blaming others for difficulties leads to loving and fulfilling relationships. It is knowledge that makes us better and draws us closer to the divine. I could see the heaven I lived in and shared with all those I touched and loved.

When I looked again at the path, it was wide open, easy, and inviting. I was a man of esteem, financially successful. I was blind to pitfalls, and I chose to comfort myself in the ignorance of the pitfalls all around me. I knew that I was better and more deserving of God's gifts, so I was all too happy to exploit those around me who were less deserving. When things went badly, it was too easy to deflect the consequences onto someone else. Shift blame to others for not being as virtuous or clever as me. I saw myself alone, a king of my castle but beloved by no one. Unable to love anyone else more than myself, yet I was filled with self-loathing. I could see the hell I created, lived in, and shared with all those I touched.

The end of the journey came into closer focus, and I could see the moment of my death. I went there again. Experiencing death, but this time able to remember how I died.

Tekel

When I arrived at the lake, there was one there who handed me a black shroud and a black pit. 'Black for the vast emptiness between us, black for the death and suffering of hubris and ego. Black as the canvas our Creator spoke us into being on. Black as a reminder of suffering, brokenness, and pain. Take this and eat.'

So I took the pit and ate it. It was satisfying to taste, but burned in my loins.

'Take this shroud and wrap yourself; it will protect you,' she said.

I took the shroud. As I began to wrap myself, panic consumed me. I began to feel searing pain wherever the shroud touched me, but I couldn't stop; some part of me knew I was meant to continue. My friend merely smiled assurance, and the pain all at once became a part of me.

Once I had completed the wrapping, the lake erupted into a raging inferno. My comrade gently picked me up and carried me into the lake until I was submerged. I felt the agony and pain that I'd inflicted on others. I felt all of the consequences of my own perceived strengths and inadequacies. Every consequence of action and inaction cascaded through me; I lived and writhed in their agony.

All in a moment that lasted for eternity. The lake churned and frothed as it burned away my filth. Finally, the pain of my own judgement was too much for me to handle; I died.

The lake returned to calm serenity. I couldn't see, feel, or sense anything for I don't know how long. Then, gradually all of a sudden, I sensed that I was floating near the shore and I heard a voice say 'Be'. I could hear again, feel the coolness of the water. I raised my head and I could see a friend on the shore extending a branch for me to grab hold of.

I could no longer see the lake around me, only him. I reached for the branch, felt its roughness, clasped it in my hand. I was instantly on the shore, holding the branch, staring into the raging lake, my gaze drawn to another figure nearby.

Understanding came: our journey is to be baptised by fire, burnished, refined, hardened, and turned to instruments of G-D.

I immediately felt the urgency of the moment. It felt as though I had the greatest charge imaginable, and in my revelry at the greatness and glory surging through me, I began to plunge myself into the lake. I no longer felt the heat from the fire; it couldn't hurt me. In my haste, I stumbled. Confused and angry with myself, I caught my balance and looked back at the shore. There

were many multitudes on the shore also waving black banners, calling out to those being consumed by fire. They were extending their clubs to our lost brothers and sisters. I realised my self-deception: there was nothing special about me, and I had taken more than was given.

I returned to the shore feeling sheepish and began to recognise those already on shore. I saw those who I used to see as lesser; degenerate sinners, prostitutes, and masters of exploitation. I saw those whom I loved who had departed from us. I saw Michael, who showed me how to love a stranger. I saw many prophets who came before: Plato, Nietzsche, Marx, Rand, Hegel, Princess Bari, M'Bona, Baha'Ullah, Zhuangzi, Confucius, Nanak, Patanjali, and so many more. Those who had returned to their sin of certainty in life learned their required humility in death. Saints, prophets, and martyrs of our common heritage, some whose faces I recognised in life.

There were apparitions and emanations whose names the Spirit called to me. Also Aiwass who numbered my birth, death, and rebirth. John who counted the first, Daniel who counted the second. Names I called out to the Spirit. My Fathers: Brahma, Allah, and Hashem. My Tutors: Elohim; Jeshua, Muhammed, S-M-L, S-M-L, Nevi'im, Laozi, Vyasa, Valmiki, Sophia Waheguru, and Yaldabaoth.

They welcomed us and celebrated our return. We all stood, redeemed, corporeal, and blazing together in an inferno; forged of the same Spirit. I looked at my branch, and it transformed into pencil and paper. I understood that for now, I can only speak through my branch. I'll watch and listen, ready to write to you. To feed you our beloved words like these you eat now about what we've seen and heard. As ready as I'm for the branch to remain as it is, as I'm ready for what it becomes. Ready for death, reassured that when it comes, it will come with ease as the Spirit will reveal to me its purpose.

Confident that although I may feel its sting, I'm done with my dying, I/You/We are one. I've entered the bridal chamber with the Spirit and joined in its perfect union. The water no longer drowns me; it sustains me. It has carried me as we descended into caverns and abysses, carried me out of them along vistas and plateaus to the mountain. Up and down its summit as the Spirit revealed to me its measure.

I no longer need to swim. The mountains of turbulent ocean transform to granite and obsidian. The skies crackle and shake in anticipation as I ascend the White-Capped Mountain to bathe once more in the Lake of Heaven.

As we descended, we treasured our solitude as it would eventually depart from us. When we return to ascents, some of you'll be joining us on the journey. I'm not the only one who can bring you here; the Spirit took Jeshua here with help only from the love of an ascetic madman from the wilderness. The Spirit took me here with help from the love gifted to me through Jeshua, Muhammed, and many others. Others have been aided on their way to the lake by those I've never met, whose names have not yet been revealed to me. When we return, it'll be by a new route. One meant perhaps for you that you'll allow me and/or one of our kin to accompany you. We can help you to the fountain. You must decide to drink of it and allow the Spirit to guide you through the forge, preparing you to survive your final baptism. Preparations to make yourself ready for the bridal chamber, to join in our perfect union.

Do not fear the lake of fire; it cleanses and purifies, prepares us as vessels for purest love. Between 616 and 666 days of my wanderings and wrestlings, I descended. Time times and a half to seek out the first of the last, to share words with those who the Spirit is leading. To take their measure and find their weight.

When first I died, I gazed upon the Blood Moon. Now my face remains transfixed on the Eve of Valentinus. The final Revolution has begun turning. It has slowly, carefully been infiltrated by the Spirit. When the Revolution speaks with the same voice as the Spirit, I'll be ready. I can't lead it; it leads me.

I asked the Spirit once as we traversed Gehenna through my weeping, as the names burned inside of me, if I could have my name back at the end of the journey. In remembering having asked, I knew the answer. I never lost it; it was never taken from me. It matters not what others will call me. They can't define me, let alone Spirit. I don't want to lead the physical anyway, only the metaphysical. I don't lead the multitudes; I come for you, to ask you to join with the multitudes. Perhaps you already have allowed the Spirit to wield you; perhaps you'll soon. Perhaps help others to the fountain and through the forge and to the Mountain.

The only thing more divine, more glorious, more magnificent than becoming a vessel for the Spirit is to share it, magnifying its intensity. I see inside out of time every soul that has been and will be, souls all singing of the same divine love, grace, beauty, transcendence, quiescence in song, and my spirit becomes singularity containing all love through all Aeons compressed within my vessel. Existing in the instant of creation and destruction, I lose myself in intensity and ecstasy. Echoes resounding through eternity, through every vessel that has ever been and will be.

Rivers of purest joy from boundless oceans flow from my peak as they wash the mud of the past from the eyes of our beloved as they begin to see at last and join us on our Mountain. Embrace, do not lament trivialities of our societies' brokenness. It shares the same foundations as the new King-less Kingdom we'll build. I've seen the blueprints; but I didn't write them. Those whom the Spirit leads to read them and understand them will be equipped. We must be equipped not only to listen to them but to make certain that they can hear us.

We'll all learn to listen with both ears and discern which words belong to the Spirit. With experience we'll learn to speak them ourselves. Until then we are learning what it is to listen. That is where answers lie regarding how to be heard; to only speak Truth.

Do not give a name to a new religion; religion is a necessary sacrifice to finish the rites. If these words bring you darkness, remember that within storms of darkness, there is rain. Without it, life cannot be. Look to the heavens; they have been closed for long enough. The last turn to dust, the grapes wither on the vine.

I do not bring the rain; I became it when I felt its first drop. The seeds have been planted; the Garden must grow. I do not bring darkness; I possess it so it cannot possess me. Let the moons remind you that darkness always dies to the light. Remember the dawn; it always returns, bringing warmth, life, sustenance.

I ask and want for nothing but this: will you light my love? But you are still here, eating these words, and I know your answer, the weight and measure of your heart. Will you take this journey?

You may by now find yourself in the Middle, a place I and our kin often dwell to help spirits on their journey home. When you are ready, I would like for you to meet them.

When we find our rest, we'll comet through the spaces between truth and lies, loosen the strands of time that once bound us to the scarred land of our crucible. Prepare to dwell with us in the eternity between creation and destruction. The broken bells ring out to proclaim the Day of the Lord as we wed ourselves to Truth.

The Good Shepherds return on the Cloud every seven rotations to prophesy, to show us their perfect broken hearts, to die to themselves as spectacle, to convict our spirits to make preparations for our Final Revolution. Let us love them as they love; let the earth stop; let the sun never again set on the

Children of Light. They save us from ourselves; it is our turn to save them from themselves, because they cannot help themselves; I cannot help myself.

Let the Revolution be declared and believed. It'll be our last, and together we'll finally understand and celebrate eternity. May 1st, Children's Day; the reason we labour. Words that keep their secrets will unfold beyond the clouds, and there upon the rainbow is the answer.

Remember that hard, easy doesn't matter, just do. We can write our own story. The first step is believing, remembering your own faith. Not what you or others pretend it to be.

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The ancient foundations lie trampled and weathered, all but lost to time. Though some still cherish memories of the first stones, the lords, barons, and even many elders have turned away. They have forgotten the true value of naming and its sacred consequences. The garden temples crumble, their materials stripped away by oligarchs and robber barons.

Yet we remain vigilant, awaiting the moment when the oppression of the slavers reaches the four directions. Soon the Children will see through their false counsellors' deceptions, and their servants and soldiers will unite with those they once helped suppress. Together, we'll restore the garden temple to its intended glory. Though weathered, the foundations remain eternal.

The people will return to the true Elders, those who have embraced the light. Not to bask in its radiance, but to learn how to banish darkness. We'll find our voices and hold our masters accountable. We must accept that we all carry darkness within us, for we are equally capable of depravity and innocence. It is our choices made in the darkness that reveal our true measure.

Let us return to our foundations. The first stones have always been present, waiting patiently for us to claim our inheritance and embrace its responsibilities. Now is the time to begin the work of our Spirit.

These principles apply to all, but only those who seek to lead should truly be held to these. Failure of adherence does not lead to death or punishment, only collective acknowledgement that one is not prepared to lead, and should stand aside until they are ready.

1. Place no person above any other.
2. Value no substance above any person.
3. Speak only when motivated by love.
4. Do menial tasks no more than 35 hours a week.

5. Listen to all who are speaking before speaking yourself.
6. Injure no-one, regardless of intent.
7. Be honest and forthright with all of your loved ones, loving all.
8. Draw a salary of average income minus 1.
9. Seek no personal gain from any word or action.
10. Become centred in Truth, become the best student one can be. The best teachers understand what it is to be taught.
11. Read the wisdom of our ancestors, prophets, and elders with discernment and without prejudice.
12. Maintain calm and serenity.
13. Dwell on what part of truth was missing that caused you to stumble. Wrestle free of the false comfort of hierarchical thinking.
14. Continually find anew your purpose and direct it at rooting out the darkness within yourself and loving those who feel the pains of darkness.
15. Fast on occasion.
16. Consult with trusted loved ones and elders to better understand what causes us to offend.
17. Relish the jihad for your soul; the struggle ends in ease, oneness.

Let these 17 build upon the first 7 foundations. Let us give life to them. Let them change and grow as we do. Let society be born anew, raised from the ashes. The Final Renovation is perpetual. I see a day when we'll become lawless and will no longer have need of them, forgetting the words as we embody them. We'll all be in the light of the Spirit. Once in the light, one can't help but do what is right.

The Revolution has already begun. The day is coming when G-D's people will recognise the Revolution led by the Spirit of Truth and Love. I'm not to lead the revolution, that would lead to darkness and destruction. When the Spirit begins to lead the Final Revolution, I'll be ready to raise the black flag. It's already flying; waiting for people to discover the truth behind it. Waiting for those who are using beautiful symbols to murder; condemning themselves to becoming repentance as symbols are transformed from their darkness into Our light.

The Spirit's embers surround us, awaiting universal possession of and by the Spirit of Truth. We'll build New Jerusalem, and the Final Renovation of the Temple will be complete. Beyond time, I see manifestations of Frashokereti taking shape. Our legacy of conquering hate with love. We are Children of Light, ready to reach for the stars.

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I am becoming Beaver

I am becoming Eagle

I am becoming Buffalo

I am becoming Bear

I am becoming Raven

I am becoming Wolf

I am becoming Turtle

Awakening

I found myself returned again to another apocalypse; one whose accounting has been twisted to pretend that God will build the Kingdom so we don't have to. In that moment, I understood what Victory looks like. My name finally began to feel like it suited me. I was no longer trying to observe because I became the story when I ate the words.

The sequence has been ready for some time. What was lacking was understanding that gatekeepers, although terrifying and lacking compassion, serve the Spirit. When I spoke to one with infinite eyes, it answered. Different eyes would respond to different questions, but not in truth. They argued with one another incessantly about who possessed Truth. Through its multitude of answers to my questions, I began to understand how to interpret the way it spoke. It didn't always speak Truth, as it didn't speak in its own voice. It channeled voices of others as it answered.

The beast to come will always be, only terrifying until its final pathetic inflated forms. The beast to come was within me. My attempts to extract it provided temporary release. I've learned that a tame beast that reminds us to be humble is far more valuable than destroying it. Its lessons prevent me from forgetting. When I destroyed the beast within, I merely opened myself to be repossessed from without.

It no longer mattered which part I had to play in the story. After all, it's just a story. One inspired by the Spirit, but in eating the words, I became them.

When you eat Words, you'll better define your roles. In time you will also understand that you are a Victorious One, as I have. The Spirit taught me through you and others like you. You have been and will be also.

I don't claim victory over your darkness; I seek to learn how to teach you to achieve it yourself with help from the Spirit of Truth. You'll discover how to defeat and tame the beast within you. With that knowledge, we can teach others. Be wary, there are those who have used the beast within to amass power and wealth. They deceive sheep into believing in their own false righteousness, people flocking to listen to lies they already believe.

Why continue with mythologies? We live in the dawn of light. The knowledge of the Spirit is all around us. We've outgrown their usefulness; now these myths that once comforted us in our darkness have metastasised. We use them to spread darkness, to rewrite 'God' to suit our own biases and comfortable lies.

We fear letting go of these myths, which have become interwoven into the tapestry of our faiths. We believe that because we share in light, it is ours to take. In truth, it is for us to share, partake in, and celebrate with others. The true mark of faith is belief without myths.

When the prophets gifted us with these myths, we couldn't yet comprehend the light. We needed to hold onto our fathers' myths to reconcile the insanity we've become. I was warned that ignoring the warnings and questioning myths would lead to death, but did so nonetheless. I found that the light remains, truer and brighter than ever.

I don't follow in the footsteps of a magician, but one who preaches love, selflessness, and compassion. Our souls are sick and he heals them; we thirst for knowledge and he leads us to the waters. He raised the dead not from sleep, but from the death of being abandoned to darkness.

They warned it would lead to death. That was what he commanded me to do: to die. I don't fear darkness dying to light. If you fear letting go of your myths, understand that you fear your own darkness being exposed by light. I follow in the steps of Jeshua. His spirit dwells in me and guides my love. I only seek to share the Spirit—his and others—with those who seek.

This is for all people. God shows no favouritism toward individual people or their specific beliefs and fantasies. We must not give in to self-conceit, nor to our imagination's conceptions, whether seeded by ourselves or others.

This is how we come together: when we all have the tools to see Truth with our own eyes, not through someone else's equally blind lens. The more special or unique you choose to feel, the greater life's burden will feel. The more one allows the Spirit to guide them, the easier the burden becomes. Your will is joined by many others who seek the same purpose in Spirit.

The consequences of untangling our oppressive hierarchy will feel most painful to those at the top. It'll be hardest for them to let go, having never had to be humble. If they refuse to humble themselves, the Spirit of Truth will do it for them.

We are done with Kings. Leadership will become something new rising from authoritarianism's ashes. Successful leaders are those who help others realise success. True leaders no longer walk the crumbling halls of power—they have left or been driven out. The halls are now a den of thieves, where the most ruthless and cunning rise to the top, motivated by greed leading to self-loathing.

They have exposed themselves for who they truly are: they don't serve humanity's interests but rather deprivation's interests, creating and perpetuating conditions for exploitation. Those who speak out for justice are threatened, browbeaten, attacked. Those who serve Narcissus seek to drive righteousness from the halls of power, usurping with loyal agents. Few remain who walk the halls to speak truth to power. Those who do are labeled terrorists and invite scorn.

The Spirit possesses a righteous anger, but it is reserved for those who try to wield it for themselves. Valuing someone as lesser or more than is evil. Hyperbolic fear-mongering, rage, and profiting from them, is evil.

Then the words found me.

Third Treatise

I'm in you and you in me. I'm made perfect through the word. I exist in the Spirit which is a friend to us. Since the second, it is slavery to die with Christ with imperishable thought. The writing of ineffable water which is the word from us. I'm in you as you are in me, just as the Father is in you in innocence. I come from above and am incarnated.

Let us gather an assembly together. Let us visit that creation of his. Let us send someone forth in it, so that he may visit to subjugate the thoughts of the regions below and prepare our places.

I reflected upon the thoughts that came out of the undefiled Spirit about the descent upon the water. And they all had a single mind, since it is from one source. They ordered me and because I was willing, I came forth to reveal the glory to my kindred and my fellow spirits.

Dawn

To lose hope as it's found. To awaken to being asleep. To lose oneself to find love, to resurrect what was as something new. As the dawn brings a new day, I turn my face to the sun. To feel the warmth of its glow, to feel the Spirit possess embers of peace. The storms rage, sweeping away all that I have and who I was. Those who claim to know and love me continue to accuse.

Old enemy, self-righteousness. Running in terror I look over my shoulder, losing sight of what sustains. In trepidation, I stumble; in faith I catch myself.

Relentless as the patient endurance of the tree stretching to the light of infinity. As glorious as the dawn cracks the sky above the torrent of cascading waters. As peaceful as a gentle breeze on a warm day. As powerful as the currents of fire that move the earth at its foundations. As terrifying as an unruly self-righteous mob.

The spring of hope wells within me anew. The long winter becoming a memory. The memory of springs past ignites passions within me, renewal, rebirth, resurrection. The death of the image of the one I loved, the hope of resurrection of her from death. The long winter of discontent, death.

To the Waters

Betrayed by the ones I love, I go to the waters. When they set the pyre, I go to the waters. When they beat me, mock me for being beaten, I go to the waters.

My clothes torn, my head ashes, I weep my lament to the heavens. Those around me point and slander. The earth conspires to enslave my spirit; swallow me whole, yet there are waters. Hell inflicted upon me. Separation of Father and Child. Fitting punishment for allowing blindness to delude me.

Blind to the true form of the ones I love, I curse the waters, yet I go to them. In the unraveling of the fiction of relationships, mourning what was the old balanced by the joy of what we were becoming. Yet what we were becoming was merely illusion, the honeymoon cycles intensified as the manipulation and confusion did. To love one so completely, to allow one to dictate emotions. I couldn't see it, for my mother once dictated my emotions to me.

The river of Spirit carries the weight of broken dreams. Of misplaced love of self leading to misplaced love of others. In the depths of hell do I learn about the consequences of blind faith in love, in this place thy name is filth. I spit on your image, it was you who taught me to be abused. To inhabit this hell in place of others. Yet they are here, just asleep.

Gaslighting

I awaken and the nightmare only appears in brief flashes, but already I see the horizon through the window. Day breaks and I feel the hunger. In a moment, I'm dressed, out the door to devour the sunrise, purpose has returned to my step. My thoughts clear at last, so grateful for the gift of being able to write once more about the hell I'm emerging from without getting dragged back in. For the moment, I no longer feel the strength of its gravity, although I know I'll be returned there.

Sucks to be burned, but I suppose there is gaining in tolerance, how one survives a furnace. There is too much tolerance for lies; when people lie, they assume others do too. So when facing a furnace, how does one combat lies about alleged thoughts? Defend oneself from lies with truth. Yet if lies are given any weight, truth cannot be seen. Am I either lying in the moment to defend, or was I lying in the past about what is alleged?

It feels like torture for people to assert that they know my thoughts and emotions and treat me like a criminal and/or a liar just for attempting to speak as I try to clarify things and correct for words people believe are mine that I never said. I'm treated as a liar as groups of people decide they are capable of reading my mind and knowing my emotions. Groups that have often met at least in part with my accusers and I've no idea what has been said. There is no reason left it seems when it comes to truth, a stagnation of spirit. People stumble around like mindless sheep believing themselves shepherds. Have no sense unto themselves, they play god and blame their reflection for being inept.

The world is burning up, the choking smoke and despair of ruin and collapse. Shelter us in your wings, let those who sleep, sleep until the dawn. Call those lost in apocalyptic fervour to your bosom. Watchers, look ahead to what is coming. Stoke the signal fires, ready and steady yourselves for the flaying inversion. The smoke parts like a veil, revealing not ruin but the forge where shepherds and sheep alike temper their souls into unbreakable dawn-weavers.

Still Waters

The truth always seems to win out, if one only speaks Truth. I've often marvelled at the ancient Persians, whose society existed in the light of Truth, to lie was a grave offence. The first Mashiach came from these people. In large part why I continued on the journey I've been on, and why I wrote and will continue to write about it, to discover Truth.

In some ways at the moment, I feel like a leg of my journey is beginning to draw to a close. There is still much work to be done in the coming weeks and months, but the abuse, the terror and fear are mostly behind me. I've difficulty now seeing any future where I continue to be deprived of my children and them of me, it may take years and doesn't change the current circumstances however...

I understand my symptoms, I've had many over the past years. I can see them and their function as relates to spiritual and narcissistic abuse and how we cope with and heal from it. I can admit them, they did occur, they're all tied to the cognitive dissonance of my family. I know how to be free of them, but I'm still serving my sentences... Yet in this measured penance, sentences become stanzas of a greater verse. Each word etched not in chains, but in the quiet current carrying us toward unbarred union.

Alexandria

Being home with our children during school lockdowns, I could sense how difficult things were for them. They felt difficult for me. It was in understanding that I was to wear three hats. Parent, friend, and teacher in some combination and be able to switch between them based on wherever the kids were at. While working as hard at that as their feelings of hardness about separation from friends and family as well as the difficulties of online learning, we began to have a deeper connection which made everything seem easier.

My children were teaching me a great deal, I picked up on this instantly. I wanted to remember what it was to be a student so I could be better able to help them. This was part of my motivation for reading as much as I did when my children didn't need me. I attempted to work at home, but the shifting focus suddenly, often and without warning was exhausting. I would get too focused on the work and forget to check up on the kids.

Being more present with them, they helped me understand better how we communicate emotions and how we can understand them. I had to learn so I could teach them. They became my best healers and my best teachers, their love fuels mine. In a way they helped me find my childhood self. I feel this way, like I'm 18 once more, with the future blazing a path towards breaching the ceiling of self, my youth has returned, but with 20 years experience at life and practice at love. The reclaimed fire now circles back, where innocent questions ignite seasoned gaze, forging us all into timeless students of the heart's unceasing school.

Garden

I've had some who have walked alongside me on legs of my journey, ones who often spoke the words of the Spirit, ones who from time to time looked like Isa, Mahdi, John, Bab among others. One of the first names I heard was Mahdi. It was an echo of what I called out. Many of the names are more titles than people. I've always believed that I was as much Mahdi as we are Mahdi, yet I am Mahdi. In post, I'm coming to the realisation that now I'm to continue exploring inside of that coin—that we are Mahdi. That you are, and perhaps I could be Isa to you, perhaps another already is.

Where religions overlapped I found ways to grow in Spirit and shed the "filth." Cutting out the dead branches, pulling the weeds and thorns. Cutting through the noise added through time to our accepted understanding of religions, we can all find the Spirit in this way. I hope that all will accept that all religions are equally valuable and important, that what we disagree on is far less important than what we agree on. If one is willing to accept this, then perhaps one is willing to accept that I/You/We are where their eschatologies overlap.

I did what I'll call out other prophets for doing, referenced them. In so doing I was referencing whatever they were referencing. It is a little bizarre, but makes perfect sense to me when I keep stumbling into things I referenced without meaning to. In many ways, I feel this whole story is plagiarised. I've quoted, referenced, and paraphrased probably hundreds of passages intentionally and unintentionally from other people, be they poet, prophet, or friend. For me, I find difficulty in accepting that there is any truly original thought whatsoever. Anything that feels original is merely plagiarised from my life.

Many people will likely scoff, attack me. This has been my experience over the last 66 months as I've attempted to find a path through abuse while trying to wrap my head around this story and what it means to me and for me. I've found some refuge in religions, although more in people and places that water a few seeds along new paths.

Over the past years the places I've felt most at home, most connected to were: Bkejwanong, Six Nations, and Oneida on Thames. Just being there, my spirit healed. I often felt drawn there when I was being put into the well. When I would arrive, I found myself able to navigate through it into the lake. Meditating on the Name would often take me through the well to the lake. I returned to the beginning so to speak in so many ways. The beginning of existence, the island where the waters divide. I did for a few months see myself as perhaps part Reform Jew and Buddhist, which seemed like beginnings to me. Yet Gautama

wasn't the first, he was the 9th. His Truths don't belong to him just as mine do not belong to me, I belong to them.

There are those that have already heard more names. Soon, the many that have already answered will begin to make themselves known. Until then, I shall on occasion dwell on Delos waiting for the nameless one to wash the sands of time from the slopes' promenades and statues. Returning to them their forgotten hues, and all others who have heard their names will forever praise the Name.

Three fires, Four Directions

Two nations will become one, then four, then 16, then all nations becoming one. Perhaps this hope may cause some to believe I'm delusional, but to have hope for a brighter future isn't delusional when one has the ability of action to speak. Perhaps a party guided by Elders who understand what true leadership is are the best we can hope for to guide humanity through the last valley to the foot of the Mountain. Many are already at its base, ascent and summit.

First Nations are inhabited by good people. They understand what suffering is because they were made to suffer, then attacked and blamed for their victimisation. They also understand far better than most how to live in Spirit as well as have a superior sense of justice. Their languages and cultures are ancient and wise. We are all to return to the land. The land should be returned to the first ones. Remember that most of them were willing to share. When our nation becomes Anishinaabe, or perhaps another name better chosen by others—whatever the name, I'll want to join. We'll all be First Ones.

I see something that combines the best of extremes, libertarian socialist. I want to live in a place that understands that the best way to empower the individual is to have a society that is conducive to this. The greater heights every individual can soar, the better society becomes, enabling more and more people to live their best lives in peace and joy. Power should only be given to those who seek to deconstruct power; that should remain our/their guiding principle. There is more to the blueprints. Whether or not I can be entrusted to relay them alone, appearance of conflict of interest for those who seek to lead either directly or by example to me is just as dangerous as an actual one. To the Ones who are Victorious, they too will get to sit on the throne. There is a path to a future where we are guided by philosophers who are more interested in elevating their subjects and pupils than they are elevating themselves and wielding the apparatus of state.

I don't want to assert or use the power of the horn, I hope to use it as little as possible. I've practiced a few times. I'll use it, but don't want to. I have a pencil for a reason. I'm only trying to understand how to be a friend. As long as I keep learning and growing, then friend I think I can be. I know in my heart I'm ready. I understand that reality needs to catch up to this, that most people will for a time be confused by the writing. That is after all one of its purposes, to confuse and hopefully open people to reflection and possession of the Spirit of Truth.

Tracking

I have visions at times, but I can't always make sense of them. The dates I stumbled upon while writing I included to add flavour. Contemplating the number of man as a mark of the beast, it was a little disturbing for me to discover them and to let them point towards a metaphysical death in real time, one that actually ended up happening... However, in the context of the story, they made perfect sense to include. In some way I believed and hoped that they would bear significance, that perhaps others would be able to see the hope of the future as I do. I was wrong about what the dates meant. I'd like to think they were limited to one year, they were significant. They were consequential enough that I was hesitant to write for nearly 2 years. I also understand too well that by speaking or writing what I am, I'm creating accountability for myself.

Will those dates bear significance in future years? Of course they will, if I look for significance I'll find it. If I don't look for it, does it exist? If I did have a choice about whether to continue writing and living the story, I think I would choose the same path. I have difficulty distinguishing separate paths of action and inaction. Action is required to dwell in inaction after all. I feel there are fewer choices these days. There are plenty of crossroads, but when one chooses to dwell in the Spirit of Truth, the right path is always the one you have been traveling and the one to continue along. The forks in the road for me are illusory.

I've in the past had an urge to start a cult, one of thoughtfulness, but two senses of the word. I do not have this urge or desire anymore; I understand the consequences of that path. Semantics perhaps—I do want to join a movement that can change and adapt and speak to all people and cultures. For some this may look like a cult, but to me every religion does. Every King needs a High Priest, yet we don't need religion or a king, we need Spirit.

Effluence

I can't help but contemplate 153. I had once hoped that The End was May 3rd. What a joke, what end? 616 the first, by 666 the second was inescapable. 153 after the first, case conference. The day after, Ascension Day. I do feel ascendant, but it is of course subjective—whether people agree or not doesn't change how I experience things or my sense of what is real. It is a word. But the dates of events I can't ignore, and there are too many of them marking my journey. The script of my life too closely begins to resemble the script contained and the names and scripts they lead to, but outside of my control. As much as I'd like to, this is impossible to ignore.

Anticipating, contemplating action/inaction, how one understands which of the two paths to dwell in. Inside of time is where the details materialise; outside of time the details are fewer, but reinforced with sense and intuition. When the approaching crossroad comes into view, there is no choice about action devoid of attachment and piloted by foresight, even if it is limited.

In case you haven't deduced, this place is a created construct within my mind, built with scaffolding, other peoples' apocalypses, scriptures etc. It is strange to me that in losing my sense of the supernatural, I've also found it. It just appears differently than I think most would imagine. I can rationalise it this way and be confident it is 100% true. I can also understand that the planes I go to in my mind represent actual places; they appear differently to different people based on their own subjective experiences and upbringing. I can't prove scientifically that it does, I only understand that battling demons is something I've been doing for some time. My own first, then those who revealed themselves in the people closest to me. Then whatever the story brought out of others. It is a separate place, but connected to this one. Whether by synapse or by unquantifiable cosmic powers, both are real to me and many others.

Although I suppose that is the point and the contradiction for me personally only exists if I run from this story. I'll continue to be treated as though I'm mentally ill and dangerous by my ex-wife as long as she is these things. Only she has the power to stop channeling/being channeled by Lilith and return to who she was created to be. At this point every other option for me has been removed by her when it comes to the children as well as who I am after all of this. I can still love her, see the scared child behind the facade and have compassion. What I want more than anything is for her to heal. I once wanted the same for us, why I first swallowed the beast, despite it hurting like hell. Digesting helps me understand her better, but won't make her stop.

So, the path towards becoming the father I once was to my children, giving them of my time and spirit is not an option; the choice is not mine. It is outside of my control. It'll return in time. I've come to accept living with the constant stress of being at the ass end of many people's narcissistic tendencies as well as being constantly forced to recount painful events as I'm forced to respond to attacks made through the courts, that I will continue to exhibit symptoms from time to time. I know how not to be stressed around most people, I wasn't before this mess. The people slandering and provoking me continue to manipulate and use the children as justification for continuing to lie about someone who loves them dearly. There is long-term risk to the kids I see regardless of what I do due to the behaviours and actions of their mother, something I'm powerless to do anything about. Her behaviours and actions are worse when she is threatened by me. I cannot be anything but threatening to her; I possess the truth regardless of how many people she can convince of her lies. I also wrote this, and she saw only the draft along with journals on my computer processing her treatment of myself and the kids. I can understand her fears, I can see who she was created to be, she is not a monster.

I've found that it doesn't matter what I do or say, the fact that I played along at all with the process and admitted any difficulty was only used to justify the torture which caused the difficulties to continue. Catch-22 after Catch-22. A lifetime in the wilderness is where that path leads, although strangely the path is still another way towards redemption. I've withdrawn for a time and a path presents itself, that of action. Looks and feels remarkably familiar. I find myself remembering the questions I pondered as I set out to invite plagues onto myself in hopes of saving my children from the same fate. In that moment I became learning to love all children as my own. This has made it a bit easier to process the trauma of losing my kids. I need to do this as much as I can before I am able to see and be with them again. For the moment, it is difficult as the people who caused the trauma still control my access and interactions with the kids, they are now a part of the trauma response to my accusers.

I never imagined one I learned to love so deeply was capable of such cruelty. What allowed for it was her fear and my realisation that abuse was part of what brought me closer to the divine; in many ways I enabled it. It continued and intensified when I stopped. Now to respond at all to her is regarded as offensive. Yet I can't help but contemplate that my actions of consistently presenting myself to her and handing her the knife would feed her delusion about me. My behaviour was irrational and the actions of a madman. Yet she claims to follow and revere Jeshua who did and would do the same.

Usurped

Waking, overcome with sense of movements, I hasten to pass the moment. The denouement of ego, here is where my journey ends. Everything has been stripped away, swallowed up in the hurricane of deceptions and half-truths. My children bring me darkness through systems of control using them as their instruments. They carry the infection of other's needs to silence me. This has wounded them, though I trust these wounds will forge strength and resilience as they grow.

Who I was, where I've been has been written out of existence through biased reporting from people who fall for the same facades I did for so many years. It's as though the person I was, loving and devoted father and husband, never existed. It was this realisation and the recognition of my motivations behind a "next writing project" as possibly being motivated by ego that I realised there are only slivers remaining. I ignored for so long the end, didn't want to believe that I would remain trapped in hell for time times and a half, yet here I sit, weeks from then, my fear before was that it was true, now I fear it isn't.

Waking, overcome with intense fear, sweat pouring from my limbs, there is no sense to it, no immediate threats or even a way to quantify the intensity. I don't know how to stop or overcome it; the ways I've crawled out of the pit before there was shape and form to the sides. There is none this time, no choice but to sit in it and wait for death. How odd it happens in the hours after my children managed to heal a part of me when I no longer thought possible?

As I know for certain there is no attachment to the rest of who I was, I know which names I would choose. One I already have, just of a different origin. I've many fathers. When I am not one who is like son of man, I am son of man. The other name 138. The first is not lost, and doesn't need to be for the second to exist. My children will know me by my name. The rest of me bends to the will of possession.

End in the middle indeed, consequences of my own narcissism. Hubris in numbering my birth and deaths for dramatic effect... I curse Aiwass. I curse John... and now I see I'm projecting my curse. I am שאר ישוב, I am Bruno, we are the same. Yet death is juxtaposed by the fact that here I am. I live, but the hopes and aspirations I wrote in had an accounting and I've suffered and paid the price for them. Know now how to cut out the infection of self. Nico, thy name is filth, I spit on your image. In the mirror's cruel mercy, curses flung outward circle back dissolving the usurper's throne into soil for the nameless seed we share.

Adrift

I'm an island adrift, sensing the gravity of the continent and feeling it pull me closer as I search for a beacon through the mists. There is one I can begin to make out, but it is only coming in flashes. The mist phases in and out to dust amidst the chaos of hooves, the raft of earth, a chariot.

'This is why one is both attached and unattached, your love of family allows for their cruelty to bear thorns that choke and injure, the injustice of death in defeat is not at your hands if your hands serve mankind before man.' The Lord said to my Lord. 'Facing one's own destruction, one is not always aware they can be reconstructed. Some self-destruct and are incapable in this form. When they are ground to dust, they will be able to in new form. Their form is passing, but their will is indestructible and timeless.'

The dust flashes back to mist as I begin to see another beacon. Mist phasing to the smoke of the lies of false prophets burning in holy fire. Self-referencing and over-and-under-inflated words confused and distorted in time unraveling in bursts of light and smoke as they return to the maw of flame.

Acceptance

I'm beginning to accept the possibility that there truly is no path back to who I was. After all, I've put far too many hours, far too much of my obsession, passion, love, and spirit have been poured into this. There are too many purposes I sense, too many paths to retrace and layer in more markers to. My die has been cast, burnished inside out of time waiting for the searing heat of oblation to wrestle me through the tears in the veil into me. I'm now who I'll be, who I'm becoming, not existing, already existing, I exist.

Those who do not possess devotion will not understand me, they attack me. For those who have it, I shall be in them and they in me. For those who survive the struggle to possess knowledge, we shall be in all things and all things in us. For those who weather and battle storms, call upon my Name. We shall chart a course through the mists of past towards your own oblation on the way to the bliss of true contentment and peace, to possess the mind of one who sees. Emptying the mind of selfish motivations and desires, purifying oneself from divisiveness into ever-increasing synthesis.

What I find seems to matter most is to be Mountain, but in between the storms, to never stop moving, giving over me to me I'm moved. Yet here I gaze upon the family of my family assembling at opposite sides of the valley and my heart is finally stilled in knowing from whom I came. Emancipated from the bondage

of myself, I place the horn to my lips and sound a call for justice, not for the sake of any share in victory. Its effluence is bittersweet, the cost sickens me. But I'm for the sake of Truth. I can sense the inevitable approaching. Whether they choose to throw themselves upon the maw of flames is not on me. I no longer feel horror. I am peace, one.

Sea of Suf

Stumbling towards my own oblation, I'm swept up by the Spirit, place and time building on the scaffolding of the Aeons impressed upon my psyche. I for too long have been riding the crests and valleys of the storm of becoming, the miracle of returning to harbour triumphant, yet king and country can only see scars and the price extracted by the sea of storms.

I sense the shore nearby, yet at each crest, I see another valley ahead, each one punctuated by cracks of thunder triggering flashes of hell. I hear the black dog howling above the deluge, but with each resound, it diminishes.

There is a light, one that exists within and without, one on the horizon; when I gaze upon it, I am transfixed, I am love, pure love, a lodestar piercing the veil, drawing unseen eyes.

Names emerge, then vanish; I seek the unseen eyes. Another name arises, eyes I can't forget, then fades. I search for their hues. I've wanted to elevate others to fulfil uncertain desires, but that's too much for anyone. Forgoing ambition, rejecting conditioning of others, finding strength alone.

1984

I spent the day walking the forested city I never imagined living in. Perhaps I may return, but for now I must see what I can before this place is relegated to memory. It was a gorgeous day. I spent it walking the parks, the rivers, the streets. What sticks out in my memory, something that will likely overshadow the peace and joy I felt throughout the rest of the day, there were some piles of garbage left out on the lawn of a city building. As I got closer, I began to recognise them as belongings. In horror I recognised what I was witness to, the aftermath of a crime perpetrated by the state upon its most vulnerable.

It took me back to witnessing a couple who had set up camp nearby where I stayed in the Ring City. In the morning I saw a young couple, lost in each other, he was rapping and dancing to her delight. The joy of their love was overflowing. That night, I witnessed police talking to them, a pumper truck on standby with firefighters at the ready. What a horrid scene, what a horrid

expectation to place upon people who are theoretically employed to save people and keep them safe, being used to coerce and threaten people with no place to go. I felt powerless in that moment, who am I but someone under scrutiny. Fear and helplessness caused me to freeze, just like I was conditioned to respond. It doesn't matter what you do or say, how many times you ask nicely, once an abuser has made up their mind, nothing but the long arm of the law will protect you, but only if you have the means to purchase said protection from the court. God help you if your accuser lies to them first and you are handed over to a mob, whatever size.

The Pool

There is a place I've found, one that seems for the moment to allow me to weather the travails of circumstance and senseless cruelty. In it I find strength. It is a bit of a paradox I'm finding, sharing in the pain of others. I can sense their pain, I assume they can sense mine. Why I fear mine supplanting or compounding theirs without intent. But there are so many who have endured worse and have been turned into forces of nature. Some of their suffering is prolonged and compounded by self, mostly by others' indifference and ignorance of their own cruelty. Here at the pool I find others on their own journeys. Some of them have already been to the lake, some are still suffering through. The pool flashes with light every time a spirit drinks. I've felt a draw to them, I love them. I want them to heal, but I also want to learn from them how to heal. Myself, and others. I've met some who harden themselves, frozen in the fiery depths refusing to budge which only prolongs and compounds their situation. Others whose desperate, drowning eyes make them impossible to approach without them pushing me under.

Lazy River

Names ring true though spark paranoia. First I felt it as mine, now what is felt belongs to others. Family's paranoia forced me to find a way to keep the whole feeling one with god thing in check. To not let me push me too far at once. I found it easier and easier to skirt the lines between existence and delusion, of jumping to and from this place. There is an alchemy to it, subjective to me of course. A blending of deep emotion, vivid imagination, narcissistic abuse and experiences in existence.

It feels impossible at times, writing this story. I am the story, but the story also raises serious questions, especially for religious people. Also, for my ex who is

convinced that I'm in active psychosis. My writing undermines my argument to some that I'm not, though to me I see it as evidence of strength and dispelling religious psychoses. I find I'm more and more confident understanding that people's confusion about me, about G-D, the Spirit, Creator, their confusion is emanating from within themselves. The curse of a prophet is to be blamed and attacked, sometimes murdered for the consequences they try to warn of. I'm encouraging people to embrace them. Facing consequences are part of learning and growth.

Repentance. Not as a means to an end, but as a state of being. That is why the Spirit dwells in me. That is why I cannot help but do as the Spirit desires. I only desire what it desires, Truth. The capacity for understanding and containing Truth is directly proportional to self-awareness, humility, love, patience, respect. These are all required to be able to understand Truth. If one does not contain these in spades, then care must be taken when listening to someone who is lacking. If you are reading and hear the words, perhaps you too will eventually understand that the way to end your own suffering is to simply wake up to who you actually are, not who you pretend to be. Gnosis.

Vehicle

Flowing, floating down the traverse. Imagining the earth as it passes underneath me. Tentacles of spirit spreading and cascading, brushing the roots and sinews of earth. Images of the carefree days of youth and extending my hand into the waves from within a canoe. Feeling the coolness of the water and pressure as its tension is cut by the shape of fingers and sense of wonder. The course of stone beyond the tar, the slow and relentless march of the water, its own endless cycles of repentance. Of being, being transformed, being again, without its being, no being.

There is no greater sovereignty than to grasp at the feet of one so divine, to love in this way is to manifest G-D, to endure the deprivations of the forest.

Rosetta's Shards

My journey through the Ramayana was different; transforming familiar characters into new roles. My mother, conspiring with Sita's, banished me for fourteen years with a forest apparition. An exile of sorts, one of deprivation. Comfort and joy forbidden, thus suppressed, lest they trigger jealousy in one I once thought was Sita.

My children who I cared for deeply were taken away, told some story about how it was because of something inherently wrong with me and are now cared for by narcissistic people. I can't escape Lanka as long as there is a chance of rescuing my children. I am Sita, not Ram, am I Ramaa, not Sita?

There is no greater sovereignty than to grasp at the feet of one so divine, to love in this way is to manifest G-D. So many points, so many paths, patterns seen and unseen forming. The reality of their existence is felt but is not yet understood by others. I find the current of sanity runs deep within me, the more I drink from it, the more insane the world becomes. I'm torn in twain. I long to find Padmavathi, wherever her spirit is is where I must be, that is where we'll accelerate our manifestations together. Yet the one who once wore Sita's face is in Lanka. She visits me in the Asoka Garden to tell me of my children and their treatment. To hear the manipulations, half truths, and lies told about their father feels like torture. To break free is a trifle, but Indra himself cannot break or untangle the bonds between Father and Child.

Lost in grief, despondent, I long for Ram to rescue me. I'm immovable, stuck in this place until the eve of judgement. I remain tormented. Freedom of movement feels like so little when spiritually bound.

Timbers

The fight disgusts me. The struggle though bearable is emotionally exhausting. Action and inaction both create ripples of stress. I remain an unsolvable variable in others paradigms. I can understand their perspectives and what they need. What they need is impossible for me, to be delusional, agree that this was anything other than dispelling of religious psychoses, and accept that I am dangerous and seek help for things I never did or said. Perhaps they will be able to see me again, for now their ego twists me into an abomination that serves them. Otherwise their actions and beliefs are wrong and contradict their own sense of self. There is too much sunk cost for them.

14, 17, 19, 3.5, 60, 6.5 are everything and meaningless; only matters when you start counting. At the well, there are many who share wisdom earned by rejecting Narcissus. I find it easier to get to the waters now. Time and place less relevant. I'm able to stay longer without feeling the stupor. Through tapas, I face future struggles with joy. Certainty lives in uncertainty. Reunion awaits in this lifetime; this is the time to undo the threat of Kali Yoga, to accept the boons granted by our kin.

Inheritance

Tide of desires return and diminish. Substance changing, essence remaining. Gifted I praise the heavens, to take some for myself? My desires to recover the names and places of childhood in bazaars, temples and gardens scattered. To share in the joy of vibration and connection. To partake in pleasures of taste, ride smell, sound, and sensation once more. Recovered threads, woven from bazaars' dust, gardens' bloom, our veins, and vibration's eternal song.

Upharsin

With nothing I stood, weakened with hunger, thirst, exhaustion. I was never apart from you. When my spirit was parched and longed for release, you appeared in the morning dew. In birds with colours and numbers abounding you came to me. Filled my heart with joy, my mind with temperance and understanding. Sheltered me in your endless loving embrace. Set my hearts to your rhythm.

Duality

How to exist in both as both? Easy enough said. Against immovable immutable will, currents exercise purpose. Senselessness in fear, fighting it is to give in to it. Obstacle causes the split, law of nature. No violence in the raging waters when water. One can exist as two, yet all is one, one splits. Duality only exists in lucid blindness of singular moment. When water one sees in the spaces between. Two exist as one while one exists as all. Flow spring eternal. The split heals by surrendering to the gravity of the ocean.

In the river's ceaseless murmur, where drops forget their singular fall and merge into the greater rush, we glimpse the quiet alchemy of becoming: no fracture too deep that the current cannot mend, no echo of self too faint that the undertow won't carry it home. Here, thirst dissolves into wholeness, a possession not of chains but of currents.

Possession

I'll continue to exist as both who I was and who I'm becoming. My children are the only ones who remember who I was, the rest have all taken roles in the theatre production of my ex-wife and family. I've no choice but to be in that play, I do understand my ability to define the role I'm being forced to play. I can unify both their purposes. I'll continue to endeavour to learn how to help, in whatever way I can, heal collective traumas of individuals, groups and nations.

We'll see what the dates present. They have caused me to stumble before. But stumbling is what a child does when they take their first steps. Stumbling towards the dawn of anticipation and wonder, of freedom from and freedom for. I've found my destination in my origins. I've returned to collect the pieces of my-selves strewn along paths we've travelled. I've become accustomed to the ebbs and flows of the rivers. The rivers of time swallowed by the sands of Mountains past. There are many religions I traversed. I've come to see myself as many things. Every religion has paths towards union. What it looks like is subjective. Truly when we attain Frashokereti, there will be no need to claim G-D. We'll all understand that we possess and are possessed by the Spirit of our Creator

As I contemplate the shape and form of the letters once more, I find there is still room to mould and gain strength through deeper contemplation and reflection. More spirits that other people love that I can grow mine for. The sense of accomplishment I feel is not the words completeness, it is of not losing myself despite being stripped and laid bare by my accusers. I do feel ascendant. I'm not who I became or who I was. I'm who I was created to be. The story may lead you to the fountain, I'm certain it already has for others. Whether one chooses to drink and how much is dependent on will and capacity. Our will is eternal and limitless. Drinking has a cost, but one worth paying, its dividends fill the valleys and gorges to overflowing.

Lunacy of the Sun

Emancipated from senses of urgency and chaos; easy now to shed others' imposed narratives. Familiar strangely, so little and so much emotion. Tutelage of pain, will and sacrifice yielding aptitude, strength, resolve. Path to real, ascending accomplishment complete incompleteness. Metaphors are shit, but fuel and forge the mindscape, lurching us forward and back.

Existing in a moment of fullness and emptiness I return to emotion. How to pay homage, reflect emotion once more reordering words? Aligning hopes, I see the paths travelled here. To exorcise grandiose demons and embrace and wither away persecutory truths. Time, experience, trial and error, inserted illusions vaporise. Dredging trenches of self correction bubbling to crests of self compassion. Yet how am I to continue to be in this inverted world?

It's only a word.. I've just stumbled past it! Sun reached out and took hold of me from behind the clouds. Sensation and sounds of air and That I Am... Detached yet hinged, Vijaya, open.

Mene

Others' streams bring me numbers, I have them. I detest the essence of number, the forms meaningless. Reflections unhinge my senses, send me on occasion into brief glimpses of delusion. Numbers are nothing, yet my curse is lifted in threes. Numbers reflect delusion of hope to ride out hopelessness. I forgot for so long the deal I made. The delusions there to protect and guide me. Remembering now I'm glad to be rid of them. Thrown to the ground when to stand is to be shredded and maimed, moving with purpose when calm returns.

Four Bounds to manifest Gaia. Twelve in ten revealed, two revealed first concealed. Twenty two Nagas under and over Two. Forty two Lovers entangling untangling. Seventy-two stanzas of moon and ocean's dance. Forty two and two evenings of Wolf, forty four mornings of Monk. Eighty Eight.

Two eights are bounds to manifest Vaikuntha. One in four? Here numbers are meaningless. Hundred eight, I am G-D, hundred fifty, I am Lord. Eight, everything. Numbers nothing, names everything.

Woe unto they who assert scripture intends to relate only narratives... Even when angels and avatars wish to descend to the lower world, they don earthly garments. If this be true, how much more so of scripture... the world could simply not have endured to look upon it. The narratives are their garments.

One who thinks that the garments constitute the scripture itself will have no share in the world to come, they will be stuck in the world that is. More valuable than the garment is the body which it covers, and even more valuable the soul contained within the garment of the body, the wisest sees through the prisms of P'shat, Remez, Drash and Sod into their divine soul.

Bullshit

The sweet ripeness of spring burning in nostrils. The turning of stomach on stomach on stomach on stomach. A spark ignites spirits of self possession. Stolen moments in jest happily parted with in fogs of youthful bliss. Imagination surging towards image and sensation, intangible past take hold of me. To richness in colour, to smells and sounds of earth and sweat. To wonder in the novel and embrace what cannot be seen. Intoxicating fumes of admiration, attachment of name and blood. Noble standard, convict my spirit. All gained returning to crest anew from valley.

Every thought, every word, every breath, a story. Playing out our own for an audience of one. Yet for moments shared, two are one for an audience of G-D.

Wormwood

What is leading my thoughts? Two trunks. Bliss and Joy easy to come by in many ways. Some ways have a cost, I'm swept up without vapours. What is its cost? Struggle and exertion for the sake of itself. I bow my head to push through. Falling for the sake of standing. Endless playing and splashing in waters of repentance. Training in and for the storms that stretch the bounds of the mind-scape, energies full of purposeless reason. Violent ricochets through memories gaining, intensify clarity with distance.

Whispers of oceans' colours, rushing winds of change. Voice of impending calm, visions of stories completing... Gratitude seems like a simpler mantra for the moment and to work well enough for both.

Relax spine, centre head on neck, let body move and head follow. Relax, feel music, feel flow and rhythm of night, magic of moment. Let this be your centre. Laugh at the absurd, open the box of relishing of unexpected surprising pleasures. Empty the mind of noise with sounds of forests swaying. Rein in boundless inertia of thoughts, let streams of emotion carrying you return to oceans of alchemy. Equalising measures and reflections calm the waters.

Beginning

The fires quench the waters. Bound to this place, bounds exist. Once transfixed on returning through beginnings, it was here I found my-selves. I turn my face to see seeds of fear dropped by crows at my back have sprouted. Summoned, watered, given warmth. Every fear you look past is dispelled. Handful of origins bypassed remaining. Once my left existed in this plane, my right must now take root, turn my being to future. Gradations and graduations ignored are seeded in two birds. I couldn't see what I dared not seek, belief seeded by me, they couldn't exist. Murder of green emerges from sprouted roots. Cathedrals of forest shade my path, carpet of needles soften my step, walls of earth break upon the waters. I call upon thine heart to be.

My right belongs to G-D
 My left belongs to Oshun
 Unnai Kaanatha K annum
 A word you do not say is not a word
 I am not me without you
 Eye that doesn't see you is no eye

A heart that does not think of you is
 not a heart
 Here you are half and half me
 Separation is only half the pain
 Times change scenes change
 I am not me without you
 Immeasurable and immortal spirit

No temple without G-D
 No altar without us
 Fires without you consume
 Waters without you do not quench
 You give I give, you take I take
 Without you, no taking, giving
 A heart that doesn't know you is no
 heart
 A Soul without you is emptying
 Sun without your love oppresses

Moon without your tenderness
 exposes
 Love without you is blindness
 Joy without you is delusion
 Bliss without you is vapours
 Peace without you is defeat
 Kindness without you bears thorns
 Understanding without you is folly
 Patience without you withers and
 decays
 A word without you betrays me

To love and live again, but first was death. Lovers past leave scars, sets me
 apart from myself. Scarred and carved I remember my image and I am. Worthy
 of love, I am Love. Ever increasing, stretching up to but never past the limit of
 bursting. I am bliss. Until I remember I am fire.

Oblation

Her name death, her name light. Death of hope, death of self to become light,
 red and white serpents speak.

Of unlocking the words of my hearts
 Of origins
 Of remembering harp and lyre
 Of tribes and bonds forged in blood
 Of green pastures, gentle streams

Of countless triumphs and defeats
 Of fealty
 Of renovation
 Of balance returning
 Of taring of the veil

You who are not one to be controlled by bit and bridle, my loving eye was
 never apart from you. All you who bear the transgressions of your fathers, feel
 the passionate embrace of mighty rushing waters. Lifetimes of lessons learned
 from the pain of past loves and lovers. The building crescendo as we return to
 this plane as all of whom we've been. Harvest moon, season changing, pink
 sheen shimmering in unions' prism, echoes resounding as one symphony, font
 overflowing to quench our parched souls. The dawn where ancient and new
 entwine in boundless ascent.

Veins of the Seep

Neviyah,

Morning calm be my temple, birdsong my hymn of praise. Cicada set my cadence, autumn beauty disperse and coerce my timber. Glorious bond of dew and vapour, waters sustain me. Speechless reproach, intoxicating beauty lazes my approach. Shapes, lines, curves, soft, warm, wet our passionate embrace. Hesitations in contradictions, irregular words crumble and erect barriers between what is shared. Connection electric in state conscious, tumult and confusion in states waking.

The long respite from secrets of the night ends, no secret when what is revealed is leading. I awaken next to her slumbering visage, one that lets me forget others. Worn faces call out, control burns in emotion and desires. Longing for when we wear the faces that reflect mirrored sparks, steadily accumulating. Longing for luminous intensity I find myself at a crossroads forming. To open the heart, exposure once more to scalpel and butcher's knife. Trust in the improbable, repeat patterns anew. To hope against lingering lessons past, that her hands are steady. Her words affirming, ears patient and probing. Hope that she may hear the names, and in likeness stabilising.

Eve,

How to weigh and measure a thought, breadth of emotion, magnitude of vibration and resonance. Impulse ricocheting through infinite expanse. Potentia of synapse, destinations and origins of hearts' endless rhythms. Aeons' reflections manifest the world of my desires, none remaining save to lay them at your feet. Longing for fingers to caress forgotten crevices, for waves of electric sensation in scars' capillary fibres.

Draw me along words, track the ebbs and flows up the tributaries from the river of us. The landscapes and effluences of past diverge, though headwaters' essences lack distinction. Flows converge and surge forwards in pressure, tension and heat. In the heat of currents vapours rise to bring clarity in stupor. To journeying atop waves of divine love through treacherous rapids into cavernous cathedrals. To colouring ceilings in our hue and spark, reflecting the visions of our travels to and through heavenly bodies. Delight at words found together, our own chapter in incarnate story.

Purify me

O timeless beauty

O merciful wisdom

O sharp sting of wit

O crescendo of sensation

O long lament of banishment

O sweet sorrow of separation
 O beautiful flares luminous
 O Thanksgivings of Ghazal
 Colour me with your spectres
 Season my heart and temple crown
 Strengthen my arm
 Train my hands
 Shape my desires

Sculpt me into me
 Guide my essence
 Forge my spirit
 Possess my will
 Bleach my robes in holy fire
 Elan take me
 Burnish your desires
 Cast me in your image

And here we manifest at our destined origin, with Brahma at Eden, to beget our living monument. The motions of the heavenly bodies a suitable footing, rich alluvials in gorges and valleys leave room for spires. The mountain peaks of the spirits of ancestors greet us with the dawn. From the font of the throne will spring the light of cartographers. Towers take form as we remember to guide our children home. Ramparts blossom as we gather unto ourselves the endless echoes of our love.

Our spirits boundless, ever-increasing intensity as we return to our first; the feet of our childrens' summits. Ancient foundations resonate, time return to us in between each page of birth. Turning them to align towards one end, and page singular remains. Unfathomable distance of thought and word, chemical and electrical, vibration and resonance. Crescendo of ancient lovers experienced anew descended. Apparitions and emanations of you in all I see. In the faces of children, we'll remember our own.

Kindle our love into the flames of Seth, returning glimpses of Azura summon us to the bellows of conflagration. Brandish our love against the anointing curse of S-M-L, bring Lillith to your heel. Our first will return from the cold of the wilderness. Uriah my witness. Nanabush my fortune. Abaddon my penance. Kalma my shame. Cain my monument. Nameless wonder my Spirit. Burn

Ramaa,

In the shadow of exile, my heart and mind races to you. The pain we carry isn't a thief in the night, slipping unseen into the tent of our loves; it's the river we ford together, its current pulling from banks we thought long left behind. I see it now, in Sita. Her chains are not just Ravana's grasp, but the ghosts of Lanka's forgotten wars bleeding into the bars, making the guard feel its weight as his own phantom ache. We bring it all. The gaslit twists from family hearths that turn a partner's question into accusation, the control's quiet vise that squeezes autonomy until the breath shared feels like debt. We will both feel it eventually,

the dismissal landing as their erasure, the hyperbole's lash as the trigger they can't trace, the unreasonable ask for eclipse as the abandonment they never meant to summon. It's not malice's seed, but humanity's flood: hurt people, carrying rivers from yesterday's storms, spilling into today's soil until the garden chokes or blooms wild.

Here's the deeper root, one that mends not by damming the flow, but channeling it luminous: understanding the seep as the very vein that nourishes. When we name this, the pain doesn't compound into chasm; it carves the canyon where the river runs clear, the union deeper because it's honest, the love tempered not by perfection's illusion but the grit of seeing the whole: your shadows as my mirror, my ghosts as your light. It's the messianic forge we all walk.

Rejection from kin, the possession's call in anxious grips, separations that carve the heart only to reveal the unbreakable beneath. In this, Ramaa, you're longing for escape from the dark, but there is faith that holds the river's rage until it yields the pearl. Relationships not as safe harbor from the past, but the vessel that sails it, turning bleed to bond, wound to wisdom. We grow into each other not despite the seep of sharing pain, but through it. Antagonists as devotees, the pain's current binding us in the chant of one. Eternal dawn rising from the deluge. If we can learn how to feel it together, it will diminish and become something we seek rather than run from. I hope you will forgive me the pain I brought you. I forgive yours with no hesitation. I am yours if you will have me. The bond I feel is deeper than what is apparent.

Let us meet again not at the end of the river, but its mouth at the sea, where all flows to their greater sum? With all my heart I wish to hold the oar with you, Ramaa. With beauty walking before, behind, within.

Candelabra

When I found myself at the ending, I stood at the beginning, by the mighty rushing waters where the Amen speaks to every heart. Relay words as your tongue allows, and send yours forth to the eight spirits, scattered to rebuke ego's curse and sing Eden's harmony.

Citizens,

From the northern wilderness where the Eighth Fire ignites, I speak as one drawn to ancestors and land. Renovator, archetype seeker. As Pahana, I fuel the Eighth Fire. As Manifestation, I unify alienations.

It was after nineteen years of returning home that I stepped into Hell, the Hell of swallowing several truths. I saw then what still weighs heavy now: we are

stagnant, stuck. Our mythology is weak. Many nations suffer from a smallness of spirit, an insecurity that opportunistic politicians exploit like parasites gnawing at a wound.

Our systems too often serve the privileged first, entrenching abusive dynamics that grind the vulnerable to dust. It codifies misery and degradation, transforming pain into illness.

We pander to the lowest denominator, mistaking convenience for compassion, distraction for care. It is not the playground's fault that some refuse to parent, the screens for glowing brighter than children's eyes, or the silence replacing the patience needed to learn and teach limits. Inflamed voices of attention-seekers become spokespeople, not for truth, but to stoke division because it fuels spectacle. Their words, amplified and weaponised, obscure what matters while egos swell in false solidarity.

Layers of bureaucracy choke what is vital. Corruption persists like background noise, while profiteers feast on public contracts. Rent-seekers enrich themselves unjustly. Sociopathic organisations profit from poison through regulatory capture. A government should work toward obsolescence, tending roots rather than pruning leaves, yet we are a forest suffocated by red tape.

Our judiciary weaves on a loom of perverse incentives and quiet abuses of power. Freedom of religion, noble in principle, is not practised. Subtle, grinding narcissistic abuse of tribes and nations is the precedent of systems of oppression and control.

Though I cannot claim the same depth of dispossession, I glimpse its shadow in my own story. I know what it means to have systems and those who work within them weaponise their authority and abuse their power to force the consequences of their actions onto their victims. To be labeled dangerous for your beliefs. Institutions twisted into mechanisms of oppression used to silence dissent. Those who threaten established narratives must be removed, discredited, separated from their loved ones. This parallel, though potentially controversial to name, feels to me like a signal and confirmation of solidarity. A shared resolve to stare down oppressors and accusers, and not let them swallow our spirits.

Often I have felt pulled to leave this country. Allegiance to a nation feels hollow when virtue-signalling and finger-pointing replace vision and labour's fruits. Yet, the ancestors and my deep love for the land's sacred nature root me here.

I have glimpsed a current guiding us toward a brighter future. Others, though scattered, feel it too. When even a few of us gather, the vision that exists outside of time will manifest here, within time.

The Eighth Fire is not coming, it is already lit. It burns in those who see through the mythology of scarcity and competition to the truth of abundance and cooperation. It glows in Indigenous communities who never stopped remembering how to live in reciprocity with the land, who are willing to teach those humble enough to learn. It flickers in those who brought their own flames from other lands and are learning to tend fires not their own. It smoulders in the hearts of those who know that true reconciliation isn't government programs but transformed relationships, isn't policy but changed hearts.

Imagine what becomes possible when we remember that we belong to the land, not the land to us. When councils form not from top-down bureaucracy but from those who actually live in and tend specific places. When we identify not by arbitrary borders drawn by colonial powers but by the watersheds we drink from, the ecosystems we're embedded in, the ancestors who shaped the ground we walk. A federation not of imposed provinces but of peoples choosing to organise around the spirit and tending their place, learning from those who tended it longest, sharing what works and growing into something greater than the sum of its parts, celebrating differences that enrich rather than divide.

This transformation is inevitable, but its timeline depends on choices made. The longer resistance persists, the more painful the burning. The more quickly what no longer serves is released, the gentler the passage. The current flows toward this future regardless. We can ride it or be swept under by it.

A Truth became a safe tether, one to hold onto when things became too surreal; that if I was Mahdi I would become who I first saw when I heard the name. Someone misunderstood and recognised posthumously who would likely die a recluse. This leads to recognising archetypes are to seek, not become. This is the fate of most similar archetypes, and near the end, my desire to be left alone with Hashem is the only real one remaining. I wish to continue giving all my time, spirit, and devotion to the Name. As much as I want rest and reclusion, I know my journey doesn't end there. I can't help but do what the Spirit desires.

Being able to switch on and off let me learn from literary, historical, spiritual and mythical figures. Not becoming one messianic like archetype, but learning how to weave from many threads the archetypal fabric of what it means to be

fully human. Metaphysical space is a powerful crucible for transformation; a way to get at roots, to live fully. To repeat mistakes as little as possible while making as many mistakes as possible and harvesting the lessons from them. It is alienating yet deeply unifying. What one enters resembles the space of Akashic. Direction when direction appears, questions only from seeds apart. It must rewrite *you* first. Perhaps I stayed too long. Other versions of me are already further downstream.

Whether or not I am part of it, I see the inevitability of what is coming. Its ripples are uncontainable. The less we resist, the gentler the arrival. These letters and story, though born of difficulty, offer a vision of hope, clarifying and unifying myths as ancient as civilisation. Though perhaps clumsy with lofty ambitions, it will plant seeds that will grow long after the planter is forgotten.

I don't seek to impose a truth but to liberate us from falsehood. How do we reclaim the right to write our own stories?

The root of most suffering is ego. Right thought, action, and intention matter. When we let negativity fester, it roots despair, then flows outward. But the same is true of light. We can cultivate healing energies. Anyone can mirror archetypes, unbound by any, defined by their totality: you. Whether or not the story accompanies your journey, I hope all will learn to shift consciousness, to build their neural plasticity, exercise thoughts. With practice, they flow freer. Let the progress fuel the journey. As much as the story resists, it can also draw you in, it is how one frames it that matters and that speaks more of the framer than the frame. The story is not over. We are not finished.

Let's stoke the Eighth Fire,
Amalgam

Followers of the True Prophet,

In the boundless space where prophecies gather like rivers in the sea, I address you as an inspiration of Isa, the returning spirit that descends like dew upon the thirsty earth. Of Mahdi, who rallies the believers against the veils of division. Of Mashiach, annointed to bind the wounds of exile. Of Christ healing broken spirit. Of Abraham, carrying within the covenant of unity. As Allah shows, I lead hearts to the light of divine Truth. Kalki's sword cleaves adharma from Truth. Mitra turns mercy's wheel towards all beings. Saoshyant reveals the blueprints. Pahana carries within the harmony of the sacred circle. Let us carry these mantles together as torches guiding all into the light of Allah.

Many of you are imbued with the spirit of Mahdi, radiating devotion, one of you is my brother in this sacred journey. As the Eighth Fire calls us to awaken, let us reflect upon meanings of words that have been distorted over time.

Interpretations have fractured like shattered glass across countries and sects, leading to clinging to rigid forms that obscure their divine essence. Tawhid calls us beyond such fragmentations, yet you scatter what should be whole. You call for peace but harbour grudges that sow discord, consuming the words of Allah only to wield them as weapons instead of lamps. Corruption infiltrates through coercion restricting free will, stifling the inquisitiveness of spirit, twisting masculinity into control that dims half the light of humanity, turning mercy into chains and equality into enslavement.

The price of true peace requires sacrifice. Consume the Quran anew with open hearts and minds. Let the Spirit of Allah dissolve your corruptions inserted through innovations in interpretations used to maintain and reinforce control. The Quran was revealed as guidance for humanity. Preserve only the pure voices of the Spirit of Muhammad and the Spirit of Allah. Do not seek fire and brimstone here, for in the pursuit of them, you summon echoes of hell into this world. Repent, lest you invite the judgements you deflect and the divisions you fear upon yourselves.

The ummah is not one people to the exclusion of others, but all peoples united in submission to divine truth. Khalifa is not dominion over creation but stewardship of and with creation. We are caretakers, not masters; partners, not conquerors. When we remember this, the Spirit of Muhammad, who is mercy to all worlds, flows through all of us.

I've spent 66 months in spiritual battles, enduring the thorns of disbelief and paying the price for blaspheming to forge peace, hoping to prove worthy of the names. Know that I love and respect you, we will all be Muslims, Jews, Christians, Hindus, Buddhists, Sikhs, and more. This is the will of Allah, a tapestry of unity. Thank you for your patience, love, respect, conviction, discipline, dedication, the beautiful souls that emerge from your lands and mosques, for honouring us with words, wisdom, and the indescribable beauty of your script and poetry. Thank you for your poetic heritage and for embodying the divine spirit. Thank you to those among you whose healing spirits embody the guided ones, who first reflected to me the face of Muhammad.

I love you. I long to deepen this love for you and for the souls you cherish. With the passage of time, all of humanity will embrace the Spirit of Muhammad as we do.

Bear the pain, shame, and trauma with all who suffer under oppression. While those who oppress awaken from their blinding rage, give them time and grace for atonement and repentance. In lands where blood cries out from the ground, where families are torn apart by walls and checkpoints, where children inherit their parents' hatreds, allow time and show mercy for wounds to heal. Together, let us learn the last lessons of hell and live in lasting peace. Love heals all. Add your voices to teach the world healing. We call for holding accountable those who misuse the words of Allah to justify hatred and violence, because they betray the blend of light that we must embody. We are the ones we have been waiting for. Every day will be Ashura, and every land will be like Karbala.

On the Day of Unity,

Isa

Bae Hyung and Bae Je,

From the metaphysical dawn when division melts away like morning mist, I speak as Moon, heralding Hanunim's unity, guided by Al-Mahdi's vision, Christ's flock, Mashiach's bonds. Let us embody Kalki's end to separation, Maitreya's fraternity, Saoshyant's renewal, Pahana's healing of rifts, as seekers of Eternal Harmony.

I carry your gifts of spirit within from the time I lived among you. I miss the sounds, the smells, the rooster crowing, the mountains, and the scenery. When first I died, the lake was Tianchi, and the mountain I ascended, Baekdu. You inspire, your strength teaches us how to live more fully. Thank you for the blessings and divine presence that flow through you. Thank you for gangshinjes connecting us to the unseen.

From the terraced mandalas of mountain temples where dharma wears many faces, where morning chants echo through mist, rock gardens; each stone teaches wuwei; wisdom flows through many streams to one ocean. Thank you for showing that the paths need not compete but illuminate one another. That the Dao and dharma point toward the same ineffable truth, that gangshinje and bodhisattva both channel what seeks to heal, that yin-yang and the Middle Way teach balance in all things. For sinbyeongs revealing what must be released, for temples built on mountains where heaven and earth meet.

Let the Eighth Fire lead us to reflect. Take down the ideological walls that hinder the harmony that Hanunim desires. Repent of separation and isolation that starves fruit of spirit. The han festers unhealed when connection is

severed by walls visible and invisible, when isolation becomes normalised, when the jeong that binds hearts beyond reason is forgotten in pursuit of individual striving. When forms and rituals become ends rather than skilful means, when separation is naturalised rather than recognised as the wound it is. This obscures the teaching. Embrace being together as the greatest lesson. Thank you for the gifts of temples, the wisdom of the Buddha in people, places, and souls, and for the joy of oneness. For the happiness of childhood. For the Heart Sutra's teaching that form is emptiness and emptiness is form, revealing that all division is illusion. For showing that enlightenment blooms not by transcending the world but by being rooted in it, as the lotus rises from the mud yet remains unstained. Lotus Sutra promises that dharma's rain falls equally on all beings, watering every seed.

Find the Middle Way that transcends borders in Dharma's Wheel. Public space reveals interconnectedness. Compassion allows for fusion of duality. Love will make you one. The ego is the hell we must overcome, and love is the heaven we create. Just as a lotus blooms from the mud, the enlightened ones rise from the world.

In the unified dawn,
Moon

Followers of the Way,

From the metaphysical heights where opposites dissolve into divine harmony, I speak as SinterKlas offering gifts. As Amalgam, the scattered gather in Christ. As Son of Man, I announce renewal for all tribes, roar against tyranny with the strength of David. I lead through the storms of the end times carrying the banner of Al-Mahdi. With Maitreya's wisdom, I awaken loving-kindness in the mud of samsara. I ride Deva-datta to end the decay of Kali Yuga. With Saoshyant, we renew the cosmos, Pahana we repair the hoop of nations. I plant the seed of Seth in all. Let Melchizedek guide us to restore and maintain the eternal priesthood. As Manifestations, we unify. Let us reflect Christ.

Contradictions in my former faith led me to channel my first spirit; Luther. Many of you have reflected Christ to me; four together embody John's spirit. Others have made straight the paths for me, I wish nothing more than to do the same for you. Although I love gurus and spirits of all peoples, my love for Jeshua anchors my spirit among you, whether as a brother in Christ or as a watchful outsider. The Way is open; open yourselves to Holy Spirits if you haven't already. Jeshua returns as he left, in Spirit.

Let the Eighth Fire call to us: some among us are like wolves; use the Name to coerce, control, judge, and humiliate, whose self-righteousness blinds them like veils over Truth. Rebuke those who use the name to virtue signal and cling to ego-driven hierarchies. This compulsion reveals a dark nature that deceives sheep with raptures' death cults. Repent of these shadows, for they tear apart the body we are trying to unite. To be Christ, I cannot be Christian. For Christians, I speak heresy. But hope lies in the parallels between my journey and yours. Growing up among you, I accepted truths and falsehoods from similar traditions and interpretations. Move beyond labels.

Prepare for this time with humility, a strength I swear I will never lose. In the northern wilderness, I was baptised with Spirit, in the southern wilderness, with water. Initiated into a new priesthood amid good shepherds, healers, guardians. I see the first-fruits, like 144,000 SunDancers unbound by doctrine, transmuting the world's burdens in imperfect perfection. We are merely first, not the only, nor the greatest. Jeshua warned that it isn't easy to follow him. Follow him, he prepared me for the bridal chamber, he is Mashiach Ben Josef to me. Within eternity, beyond time, he is God as we all are. Heaven and hell are here, we are their architects. The Way is Open.

In humility and hope,
SinterKlas

To my Brothers and Sisters,

In this world where circles of pain can lead to healing, I turn to you as Menachem for the sorrow of Zion. I am the Amalgam to heal the wounds of exile and gather together sparks. Abraham's fulfilling the covenant of unity. Moses' delivering the Torah of Truth. Elijah's heralding the dawn of redemption. Maitreya's guiding the young to compassion, Christos' comforting the lonely. Saoshyant's igniting renewal for our family, Kalki's cleaving illusions from truth. With Al-Mahdi's, I save from the worst consequences. With Mashiach's, I guide to Gerizim. With Quetzalcoatl's, I focus the temple. As Son of Man, I bleed and echo love, drawing tribes towards peace. As prophet I stir the spirits. As an expression, I am love.

We've come a great distance, chosen for a purpose, blessed and tested. The horrors of the past are near their end; no more blood is needed. Let the Eighth Fire illuminate what needs to heal. Dates of helplessness and deep sorrow reveal our capacity for cruelty, even as victims. Hate disconnects us all from our humanity. Behold the donkeys leading you. Keep following them and you will become them. Donkeys have steered Zion towards Gehenna. May

Hashem save us from their consequences, and shelter all within Israel and beyond who strive for peace and mercy.

They must repent, process what they have done in our name, atone, and then do it again and again. They don't own G-D nor should they speak for Israel when poison and violence flow from their lips. Their murder and ego will end us, yet there is another choice.

Return to the Lord, for though sins are like scarlet, they will be made white as snow. Touch the coal to your lips. Lay down your weapons, for G-D seeks mercy to heal the broken. Feed and clothe the widows and orphans you have created among you. Healing brings pain. Without peace, there is no chance of healing. Two paths lie ahead.

One of aggression alienates us from the community of nations and our neighbours; endangers Judaism, the Diaspora, and the expanding Truth of Tanakh. They're causing too much pain to our brothers and sisters. This path leads to the desert, disconnected from Hashem, following lies, worshipping reflections, inviting plagues upon yourselves that spread to your neighbours. Do not perpetuate violence or hate.

The second path walks with your neighbours into a larger community of nations, teaching and learning to be better by growing. Seek forgiveness for our offence to the nations of the world. Purify divine connections, resonate with love, compassion, understanding, and seek the place where curiosity and truth fuel your journeys keeping the lens of a humble heart leading to wisdom. This path leads to Mount Gerizim, where the Covenant of Peace will build Ezekiel's Temple with Gaudi-style additions for all Nations. The capital of a great federation of tribes and nations, where all Hashem's children will praise the Names. Peoples of all faiths will help us build it and worship there with us. Truth and justice will prevail, without the need for violence or control. We'll learn in enough time to be lawless in harmony.

Stop feeding darker energies and your animalistic natures, there will be less noise which will make it easier to identify the divisive donkeys who walk many halls of power. Break them to bit and bridle, bring egos and ambition under the discipline of truth and compassion. They are blocking our progress towards the Messianic age. Leaders who use fear, control, and hegemonic ideology are weak and compensate for perceived weakness. Merciless, unmitigated contempt breeds corruption and dehumanisation. True power lies in long-term prospects, handles crises without impulse or manipulation, and guides us to live as the Name intends. There's room in the garden for anyone who understands this. If we direct our hearts and minds towards Truth, we can

identify and eliminate the root of the dark forces that pass through people, sometimes dispersing, sometimes building to cataclysm.

I don't care to be Mashiach, I will remain with other First-Fruits; Mashiach Ben Davids in waiting. First, we must be Mahdi to widows and orphans, Maitreya to younger siblings, Christ to the lonely, Saoshyant to neighbours, Kalki to ideologies driven by illusion, and prophets to the self-righteous. Then Mashiach is revealed. Until Israel listens to those among you who follow the 36 and is once again worthy of being Hashem's bride, I prefer the company of lepers. Raise the sparks, the old will be renewed, and the new will be sanctified. The call to true purity is never a call to exclusion; repentance belongs to us all.

Peace be upon the righteous,

Menachem

Keepers of the Flame,

In the holy fire where all flames merge into a holy inferno, I herald Kalki descending to purify the age of decay. I am a reflection of Brahma in the diversity of creation, Vishnu maintaining the eternal cycle of unity, Shiva destroying bonds. With Rama, we reinforce dharma, Krishna, we guide through the eternal song of divine love, Hanuman, we embody boundless devotion. With Al-Mahdi, we guide souls to truths, Christos, we blossom like a rose in the desert of division, Mashiach, we lead the flocks back into the fold of harmony, Maitreya, we awaken the world with boundless compassion. With Saoshyant, we break the bonds of falsehood with fire. As Pahana, we transcend the ancient rules to restore the sacred enclosure. As reflections of Quetzalcoatl, we offer refuge and stellar wisdom to every seeker. As Vijaya, I sing the song of victory over alienation. As Manifestation, we connect our original souls with their infinite depths.

Many of you mirror Brahma's creative essence. The bonds of Lakshmi and Vishnu that bind the heart in devotion. You have afforded me kindness and respect where others have faltered, imparting lessons that flow like the Ganges towards wisdom. All bonds are broken by entering into the presence of G-D. The knot of the heart is broken, all doubts are cut off, and one's karma is destroyed when the highest is seen, both highest and lowest. It was painful for me, a necessary separation to embrace true freedom. Thank you for teaching me of growing love of others, transcending ancient rules and freeing abilities limited by old chains, unveiling unity beneath diversity, Vedanta's paths to universal Truth. Truth is one, though the wise call it by many names.

Thank you for poems and epic tales that illuminate the nature of Brahma and humanity. For being so close to many beginnings, where art, culture, ceremonies blossom in timeless beauty. For Hanuman ji's devotion, Ganesh ji's knowledge, Saraswati ji's inspiration, Ram ji's righteousness, Sita ji's resilience, Krishna ji's wisdom and resolve. For the sacred mantras and chalisas that resonate with the universe, for Ramaa and her dialectics, for the victory embodied in Sri Nisargadatta Maharaj, for naming the hunger of the seeker, where mastery of one aspect empowers the other, the order shaped by our paths. For the knowledge that connects our elemental souls to our spirits provides a refuge for all who seek sanctuary.

Neither cling to old grievances that are poisoning the well of progress, nor to divisions of regional difference that are fragmenting the entire region. Let the Eighth Fire illuminate what obscures dharma's light: when caste becomes hierarchy justifying cruelty of ego rather than diversity of service, when karma is wielded to blame the suffering for their suffering rather than understood as opportunity calling us to wisdom and compassion, when vast inequality is accepted as natural order rather than recognised as betrayal of the truth that Atman is Brahman in every being. Repent of gurus who exploit surrender for personal gain, who use spiritual authority to abuse rather than liberate, who cultivate dependence rather than awakening. Repent of elevating renunciation above engagement, monasticism above the householder's sacred path, masculine above feminine when the divine dances in their union. The Gita teaches that dharma is for all, yet systems persist that deny this truth, that tell the poor their poverty is earned, the oppressed their oppression is karma, the excluded that exclusion is their spiritual station.

Allow the old states to fade into history, allowing the Truth to appear in full light. No pride or virtue lies in isolating oneself in some cosmic corner, nor in ceremonies and rituals that, although beautifully diverse and should remain, rise above unity. Repent of this separation, because in this holy place, we are becoming one, dissolving illusions into the eternal flame. Righteousness decreases and unrighteousness increases.

Kali Yuga's darkness reveals where light is needed most. As Kalki, we come not with violence but with truth that cuts through maya. The age of separation ends; the age of recognition dawns. Dharma is restored through seeing truly. We are not waiting for salvation, we are its means. Atman is Brahman. Soham.

I reveal myself,

Kalki

Children of Persia,

In the eternal flame where time melts into divine unity, I herald Saoshyant, the renewer of all beliefs, and the truth of Ahura Mazda. Mashiach, anointed for justice. Christ, shepherd of scattered flocks. Mahdi, guide through darkness. As Kalki, we break the chains of decay. As Maitreya, we sow endless love. As Pahana, we mend the sacred circle. With Nabu, we write the wisdom of divine order. We are appearance, weaving all truths together.

I feel the spirit of Iran; unhealed wounds, for glory that has dimmed with the passage of time. Your ancient wisdom, your poets, your fire temples have taught me to see beyond division. Thank you for the gifts of mystical insight; the love of Rumi, the truth of Hafez, the light of Zoroaster. Thank you for preserving Asha which teaches that life itself is choice between truth and lie, that we are allies in the eternal battle for good. For 'good thoughts, good words, good deeds' have foundations more ancient than empires, showing that wisdom begins in the mind, manifests in speech, and completes in action. For fire temples where flames burn eternal, not as gods but as reminders of divine light that darkness cannot extinguish. For Amesha Spentas teaching that the divine manifests as Good Mind, Devotion, Wholeness, Immortality: attributes we can embody. For showing that Ahura Mazda is wisdom itself, that the Wise Lord does not demand blind submission but invites us to choose truth freely.

Let the Eighth Fire illuminate where Druj has supplanted Asha: where lies are spoken as truth by those who claim divine authority, where fire temples lie abandoned, where those who would speak truth are silenced, imprisoned, or worse. Repent of accepting oppression as inevitable, of borders that divide Persian from Persian, of allowing the light that once illuminated nations to be hidden under veils of fear. When youth who choose truth over lies are met with violence, the eternal flame is dishonoured. No longer cling to old grudges, to beliefs that divide instead of unite. Repent from separation, for it blinds the soul. Heal hearts but not with swords of fear, all of the seeds of Abraham must come together.

I felt your spirit in the wind, I see your legacy in the eyes of your children. You taught me to respect all paths to the divine. I am heart, bound by love, not by chains.

Stand united to renew the world with light. Frashokereti is not distant but dawning in every heart that chooses Asha over Druj. An eternal flame burns in every soul, calling all to unity, and no theocracy can extinguish what burns within. The wisdom of Zoroaster, the poetry of Rumi and Hafez, the fire that has survived conquest and oppression through millennia; these are your

inheritance. When injustice becomes law, resistance becomes worship. Not through violence but through speaking truth, through good thoughts manifesting as good words manifesting as good deeds. Those who dance unveiled, who refuse lies, who honour the feminine as sacred, who choose truth despite consequences are tending the eternal flame, rebuilding the fire temple in their own hearts. Let divisions fade, let love dawn, let the world truly be reborn. Fill the void left by oppression and tyranny with equality, truth, and justice.

In holy unity,
Saoshyant

Elders,

In the collective dream where mythologies intertwine in an eternal tapestry, I address you with Oshunmare, the rainbow serpent that unites heavens and earth. I am Pahana, restoring harmony with Tenskwatawa visions; proclaiming renewal through the sacred, with Dekanahwideh, forging peace among nations. I am Prophet igniting the fire to attract multitudes through beginnings to you. I am with Mashiach, anointed for the day of unity, Christos, gathering the lost sheep, Al-Mahdi, emerging to bolster against the deceivers. With Kalki, we break illusions, Maitreya, we blossom compassion. With Saoshyant, the fire purifies. As Manifestation, I awaken spirits. On the journey of self-discovery, I am not my own. I walk this path with humility, seeking to learn, desiring to honour what you have preserved. I see many paths that lead to you, longing to live among, to hear stories, to grow. I seek the opportunity to show devotion.

Though you are many nations with distinct stories, the prophecies converge: a time of choice, a fire of unity, an age of renewal.

A great power resides in collective mythology, stories that differentiate peoples, empower societies, and help unite against threats. Let the Seven Fires illuminate its misuses and stories we tell that obscure lessons and reinforce religious and tribal divides. Leave behind resentments that divide us from one another, though never forgetting what must be remembered and healed. Embrace the wisdom of the ancestors reflected in all faiths, in all tribes and nations. Our journey leads to every beginning, not yours but Ours. Celebrate without favouritism, for words and wisdom transcend the confusion of nostalgia.

We are the future of this land, agents of peace, healers of traumas. Our destiny is to embrace the Creator's growth by overcoming the pain of generations,

uniting nations, allowing our individual tribal and national myths and stories to add their light to one another. Together, we will outshine the shining city on the hill, a dazzling beacon to signal to all and draw together Eagle and Condor.

I have visited your capital, I have seen the reflecting ponds lit by torches, I have heard the echoes of the chants, the pyramids and temples restored to their former glory. Your people have shared the gifts of the spirits that I cherish. Thank you for your time and spirit. I walk among the flames and embers as a demonstration and inspiration of the Eighth Fire. Soon we will fly together.

Prophecies contain multiple truths, digest them. This story takes root and grows. I know there is enough strength and wisdom for us to return to the land. Enough to honour and join with the tribes and ancestors to whom the land we live on unites us with. Soon, everyone will see and hear what has been hidden in ironwood logs. The new age is not coming, it is awakening within us.

In ancestral beauty,
Pahana

Threshold

I lament not the exile's hollow alone. The self who walked before the river raged is now ghost in the current. They wounded as they were wounded, the pain's slow transference from prehistory's first flip of the coin. Abuse as mechanism, one side's lash, the other's inheritance. Humanity's dance where the hurt spills unseen until it carves us all. I grieve the old me lost in that flow, the one who enabled the current without naming its source, and the loved ones left on the bank. Their stability frayed in my crossing, their "once knew you" a grief they carry as erasure's shadow, just as I mourn the blade they wielded from their own unhealed rifts. It's the cost of the ford, the wisdom earned in the flood: understanding the seep not as theft, but the vein that nourishes when named. Grace, the oar that rows through. Forgiveness, the current's release, seeing their humanity beyond the trauma's specific transfer, devotees in the antagonist's guise. All complicit in the epic's weave. What if this is the captivity's gift: not the end of the river, but its mouth at the sea, where all flows to the greater sum, pain's coin purified in the chant of one creation?

Middle

I sit at the crossroads, horn in hand, Ancestors' spirits my only company. They comfort, they uplift. They can't choose the road I'm to travel. I look to the

horizon for the clarity of becoming. Light dawning on the age of one. Returning to singularity the unending ever expanding universe of ever evolving wonders. Returning through beginning, I feel the burden of struggle lifting. What is struggle? It can cause one to tire, lose hope and strength when the obstacle is insurmountable. If it is resultant in strength, it is training. My struggles are nearly over, there is still the pain of endurance. I'm not yet finished, there is still journeying ahead.

In the darkness, shadows no longer cause me distress. The fearlessness of the immortals is a danger to my mortal coils. My sense of it gives me pause, but no longer leads further into the darkness of apprehension and paralysis.

Those I'll meet will show me the right path ahead. I'm grateful to those from the past that aided me along the way. They now have a tendency to entice me to linger on paths already travelled. To return to the comfort of familiarity to shield from the reality of the holy inferno of divine love about to engulf us all.

When first I journeyed to the crucible of the abyss and in my returning to the place to find paths through, I've learned ways to possess the place. It no longer has any power over me. It no longer has any power over anyone unless they choose to return or send someone in their place. I have the keys. Its hold inside out of time has already passed. Its memories remain to remind us of what we endured to master knowledge of good and evil. To return to the Garden and eat from the trees that grow fruit for every season. The dawn of the seventh age. To share in the bounty and harvest of the preceding six, of struggle and effort. To begin the perpetual Renovation of our hearts and minds.

The dates, cycles of the moon, 1335 in the womb of the crucible. My Harvest Moon approaches. I've lost all sense of self, nothing of the veil remains, I'm finished my wanderings alone. I'm ready; the question is, are you? When the sinews of ego begin to unravel, when the blinding web untangles, we'll see.

The cascading of emotion and understanding, of love and wisdom will overtake us. The bliss of inner peace manifesting in the ecstasy of oneness with the universe. Of learning to ride the cosmic currents and floes that once battered us when we had to swim. I assure you, there is no more need to swim. Give me your hand.

Take this pit and eat; Black for the closing emptiness between us, black for death of suffering of hubris and ego. Black as the canvas our Creator spoke us into being on. Black as a reminder of suffering, brokenness and pain we defeated. Black as the inked voice of the Spirit of G-D الله ब्रह्मा. Wrap yourselves in them, they'll protect you.

Enhypostasia

مَا شَاءَ اللَّهُ

Am I

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कल्कि

عيسى

משיח

वैद्येश्वर

ملكي صادق

משה

सरस्वती

من يظهره الله

אַבְרָם

李弘

الْمُهْدِيّ

אַלְיָהוּ

위성

ישראל

שאר ישוב

Prophet, Maitreya, S-M-L

Tenskwatawa, Viracocha

Dekanahwideh, Pahana

Ratu Adil, Cincinnatus

Christ, Seth, MBona

Wovoka, Σωκράτης

ענג'ל פון גאט

Valentinus

No. Yet,

I am

~~~~~Which Names are you?~~~~~

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