

The body-mind organism

Happening, intention and imagination

Questions to my Memory-Palace:

Is this cosmic world-dream, or ethereal brain, only one whole-mind?

Did the ME awaken within a dream ..., out of a condensed energy-pattern?

Do we bend down towards ourselves, to self-projected perceptions?

Was this ME only created to act or react under a spell - because of an imprinted hypnosis?

Answers out of No-Where:

*I have lost myself in visions, am visibly lost ...
my head is heavy with thoughts, contemplating the ground,
Waiting for what may come.*

*I clouded myself with stirring imaginations and timeless memories –
But perhaps even that happening happened by god's grace (oneness),
Or is this body-mind-organism just an appearance in no-one's dream?*

*Again, I have lost myself in thousands useless thoughts.
Fortunately, every-thing belongs to no-thing –
To the dream of existence.*

Certainly, my dear ones, we are and will always be one single and cosmic Ocean (the play of no-thing and every-thing), with or without a so-called ME. With or without the idea: I AM THE ACTOR. But, unfortunately, "our persona", which likes to be in accordance with so many (thought-)patterns – of others, the masses, the universe, or society – cannot perceive it this way.

Because the body-mind pimps up **THAT what IS** (no-thing-ness) to a seen and witnessed **some-thing**.

Because the body-mind brings **THAT what IS** (the energy patterns of life) in a condensed or apparent 3D formation.

Because the body-mind-organism covers **THAT what IS** with images, thoughts, and memories, just to leave some-thing – some glyphs – on the cosmic screen (called Matrix),

to perceive and limit itself within broken lights or reflections,
to feel separated and abandoned,
to live life according to its *so-called personal* values and truth,
to surf and turf around these stored and imagined stories,
to protect itself by using images and words from its “own” memory-palace,
to understand and move in this ‘world-theatre’ with bending logic -
to cling to illusory constancy, hoping, not to go completely mad,
to finally veil himself (again and again) ..., just to go thereafter on the search of itself.

But look at this, isn't this cosmic happening a bit weird?

Suddenly, in the middle of a crowd on Oxford Street (London), I see two mounted policemen trotting down the street on horseback. Hm, maybe not everything has to be so sensible on this planet after all. At least this folly brightens up my almost British heart.

Leonard Cohen shouts "Hallelujah" in his absolutely touching song (interpreted by Rufus Wainwright) in the back of the room. And for some reason, suddenly I can't stop myself laughing ...

... and I wonder, maybe this amorphous cluster of cells, this energy pattern called ‘human beings’, needs nothing but a dreamed body or dreaming field (ME, Ego, I-go, Eye-go), a condensed body-mind-organism

to dance with all these beautifully **seeds of time** ...,
to realize its existence (fully filled with no-thing-ness),
to sway with all these experienced possibilities and relational thoughts,
to perceive all these imaginary 3-D animations within perspectives ...,
to be the presumed architect of this so-called creation.

But naturally, my brain does that all already (with or without help), in a dialogue with everything living – animated or not – upon this mothership called world. And isn't it wonderful that we can experience all THAT

as long as we breathe and live
as dreamed MEs in a dreamt up world,
as drifting entrepreneurs (actors, achievers, and developers)

But I wonder: Are we rather forced than allowed, to live our lives on this introjected earth plane? However, surely it is better to be an achiever than an underachiever, or isn't so?

Hm, it seems there is some doubt in this statement. Because how real is it, what we produce and do for this supposed future? Does it really result in some-thing **real** or only in something temporal and vaporising? Terence Gray once asked himself a similar question and the question is not that difficult to answer.

No, of course nothing new arises from WHAT IS, because what is, is already everything (and no-thing) – THAT what IS. Latent possibilities and spinning patterns linger around **at the edge** of a cosmic shore – read or not. But, when this world appears (thanks to our sensual organs) in the ME, we believe that something real had been created on this artificially constructed memory plane. Something new and meaningful.

Oh yes, this appeared world leaves a bloody brilliant story in our neuronal mind - but don't forget, it is just an apperceived dream and semantic story ..., and in that sense it's probably not better

to be a "**smooth operator**" (Sade) than to be an underachiever, after all, since

we never had a choice to choose our inclinations and patterns,

we never had a choice to operate and read exactly what was needed to be perceived,

we never had a choice to choose one or the other – being 'intelligent' or not.

Correct, we ego automatons never had that choice ... and why should we?

At least it seems **as if** we could move more uninhibitedly in this phenomenal world without this **I-AM-Set-Up Program** ..., live and weave even more ..., experience the world even more directly,

if our search and hunger for knowledge,

if our questioning, intentions and stories wouldn't stand in our way.

We can chill out when we are dead, my sons would say. But who knows: Maybe every deed and act, the "whole **life film**" has been shot and rolled out already in this potential eternity – in this **sea of endless possibilities**, in which case we would have been dead long ago (or never even born) in this replicated and timeless space-time.

Wow, "**Chill Out - Things Gonna Change**" says John Lee Hooker and suddenly even the "**Postman**" by The Marvalettes are knocking on my music door. Oh yes, "**Wait a minute ...**"

After a brief musical pause, my thoughts are back, racing again: Yes, "wait a minute", maybe that's what it means:

The less I strive after the usual images, the stronger and more immediate this "well-charged field" works through me, the ME, through this condensed body instrument? Stop, no more conclusions! Let us finally throw out all the old recipes and emerged ideas overboard! We supposed MEs don't need any fetishes, world-explaining God-ideas or any religiosities anymore.

Don't need concerns, this unfulfilled feeling of going back 'home', an up-binding or religio – no ego-centred ME, YOU ..., WE- or GOD-ideas anymore.

Don't need a personal adherence to a conceptual dharma, no morality, laws, or thousands of traditional rules anymore.

Don't need a mental separation or lamentation, no aspiring mind or super-coherence anymore.

Don't need a spiritual path, free will or any goals ..., no mental "flatulence" or 'going (intelligently) in-between letters and spaces' anymore.

Don't need ideas of an apparently expanding life and contracting death –

Don't need concepts about a beginning and end – and of course there is no longer any need of a oneness, for a "primordial happening before the beginning of time"!

There is no absolute, no space-time happening, no relative or 'echo of a heaven' – a seventh eternity. There are no eleven or twelve dimensions. There is no one, no one-ness and no no-thing-ness At most, for an assumed ME.

But for THAT (a me-less ME), there is certainly no more

beginning or end,

before or after,

looking back or forward,

sense or nonsense,

samsara or nirvana

good or evil,

subject or object,

alpha or omega -

but for ME, my persona, this cosmic Set-Up exists. This functional and space-stretched **instance** exists. This form-witnessed-world exists, as well as my conditioned and all-referential ME. Oh yes! For the ME everything exists – illusion or not.

Maybe we don't need to nest or label whatever we hear. We don't need to eat or breathe everything in, just to be **reunited**. We don't need to surf around in *our presumably own stories* anymore, relate to them eloquently. We are (without the MEs) already free from all the captured memories we bathe in.

But wow, see this broken, this light-fertilized blue-green egg ..., and don't get excited yet, as *WE* can't do anything because *WE* don't exist!

But thanks to '*our way of thinking*' (*rationalizing and claiming everything*), we give ourselves (whether we want or not) a conceptual or 'over-written' existence, so to speak.

That's why the living words of the sages no longer penetrates our ME-field, no longer touches "our" tender heart.

That's why those tingling 'sparks of love' are only intercepted by the filter of our mind, packed, and filed away (*by our mental model*) as wordy memories.

That's why we never become uncreated co-creators ..., and we don't have to ..., No, we can't! Because "we" are THAT already.

But why is it that we never feel our ego-free nature? Maybe because we can only feel "what IS" when we, the ME are absent to register **THAT what IS**

Yes, it is completely pointless. "We" cannot understand IT. THAT which "we" thirst for the most, cannot be comprehend - simply because it IS ('us'). So why can't we just put an end to it; to this mental torture or linguistic dualism:

Down there it's ME, a powerless human being and up there in heaven is an all-powerful Self (self-imagined) God or Goddess.

I am more or less living blinded in samsara, and yet I would so much like to be in nirvana.

I must go from here to there, to achieve a different state of Mind, change my ME-field to fulfil my purpose in life (whatever that is).

Holy shit, who needs logic or a purpose in life? No one needs to fulfil a purpose in life because there is no-one. Aren't these ideas part of the same dream (*appearing together with the dreamt ME*), of the same mind-racing deluge of delusions? Are we not already liberated (with or without this so called ME)?

Who says or believes that we must be reasonable and fulfil anything?

Who is constantly searching and following worldly-wise ideas?

Who wants to be so well-behaved and well-adjusted?

With such patterns we clime up to the child-level who is looking (*with a guilty conscience*) for its mother or father ... than finally we have to ask ourselves: who is looking for absolution? Oh yes, I know what I am talking about! After all, aren't we just energy or life? So let's just leave everything to "THAT what IS", because "we" do not exist as a separate entity!

... and see, even the MUSE "Sing for Absolution". What a great Song.

But then my bewitched thinking continues:

Why does this ME-Image think it can imagine the will of the creator or grasp the thoughts of the absolute ..., if every-thing is just a cosmic and timeless happening of no-thing?

Why does a naked being think it can cocoon or wrap itself (the no-thing-ness) with wonderful words and spells into every-thing?

Why does "my" ME-field think it has a split mind, that it can cut the undivided One in two pieces, into a trinity or into the many?

Why does this condensed eternity (*body-mind-organism*) believe it can find itself (*its formless essence*) within

a form and love-spark,

a dreamed idea,

a sweated-out being,

an introjected projection,

an unfolded sound,

a perceptual force,
a breathed light,
a dimensional "some-thing"?

And that is why I seriously ask myself:

To which embodied idea, to which homemade conception, are we allowed to bow down to?

To a (self-)imagined and externalized God?

To a creative, shiny, and element-transcending sun-power

To a primordial mother dripping innumerable galaxies and individuations into herself,

To a heavenly abode or something more tangible,

To a solar city like Heliopolis, Jerusalem, Ayodhya, Mecca ...

To some Godfather, guru, or other spiritual beings?

"Café" by Yasmine Hamdan, Raoui with his "Souad Massi", and Ya Rayah with "Rachid Taha", make my heart yearn for the eastern sun, make my thoughts fly to the Lebanon, Jerusalem, and Mecca.

No! better not bow down to this self-fabricated or received (heavenly-, cosmic-, universal or sacred ...) ideas – *primordial hill*, to a *mountain temple* or *kingdom ideas*. For the origin of every idea lies, as so often, in our dreamt and limited perception, in the use of words, in the egoic appropriation of what we see (inflated stories, traditions, thinking habits, concepts), in the belief in/of ideas, concepts and words.

But at the same time, our "tongue-power" has become quite tone-less, speech-less, and creation-less anyway. Than see:

Our green kingdom lies beyond any phenomenal linkage, beyond birth and death, beyond a serpentine ..., an endlessly intertwining sexuality (phenomenal assurance of our species).

Our green kingdom is a deathless eternity, to which my blinded ego seems to have a desire to die to -

Our green kingdom is before any birth shock, before all thoughts of a kingdom, before the idea of a redemption, and is thereby also before any dimension or sense activity.

Our green kingdom is both, a timeless and temporal **world(-field)**, is everything we see and do not see – and above all, this green kingdom is not "our" kingdom. THAT which we are is beyond ... and IS also the ME.

Look for it, and IT is nowhere, yet as energy everywhere! That's why you can't find IT in any specific place or appearance. And certainly not in philosophical, religious, or spiritual ideas. Because any conceptual difference leads to ideologies, to wars or at best to a contentious dialogue.

And no, we do not find this kingdom with or within ideas and images, not with or within superficial thought-patterns, in any linguistic understanding (knowledge), for IT is this idly active and passive **no-thingness**,

which also seems to appear as every-thing,

which conjured this ME-mind into the world or mental space,

which put a sensual cloak over itself, my being ..., just to blind its/our vision. Yes:

That's why we no longer understand!, we don't need to keep on searching.

That's why we no longer need to find ourselves in expressions, forms or images.

That's why we no longer have to look around or within us, for a self or non-self, for some-**thing** like God or a cosmic **no**-thing. Because we are IT – whether we accept it or not

That's why we don't need to inflate all kinds of bland notions anymore.

That's why we don't need to generate an energy body (eidolon), a biocentric ME and with it a 3D reality in "our" brain,

that's why we don't need to establish a point of reference (ME-position/-centre), a dichotomy and competence in relationship – constantly re-validating ourselves.

Yes, this is how we have been brought up and neuronally imprinted for years. After all, we have learnt to think along these lines from childhood on, but that does not mean that this is automatically correct ..., that we have a ME, that we are a separate individual with a body, some cosmic particle or whatever - the absolute.

And that's why we feel so "Incomplete". Is that what you mean, James Bay? A great song. Well, I think that there is maybe no "being" at all, but a cosmic happening or an involutory DREAM!

Oh, beloved Isis, mystic rose of wisdom, divine birth giver, owner, and seductress of Maat! My imprints and limited cognitions are not reason enough

to get stuck in your sensual but illusionary *2D-or-3D-thought-network*,

to get stuck in this mercy-less and over-written ..., in this temporarily ordered Chaos,

to get stuck in your murky space-time veil, in this ME-idea or this body-mind-organism,

to get stuck in this binary or electromagnetic *ME-and-YOU-World-Delusion*.

Oh, beloved Isis, just allow me to smell your sweet breast, your white bud - after all, I know now: Every problem, like every relationship, relates only to an apparently born and separated ME. So (unknowingly) **I am** subject to an ME-hypnosis, to this lulling ME-delusion or semantic error. Yes,

only because of this ME can I establish a personal relationship with my partner (or to others), to an eroding religion or a self-imagined God etc.

Only because of this energetically contracted ME(-thought), the whole world-appearance is presented (especially in India) as an illusion or not really existing.

Only because of this illusionary ME do we believe to overcome our self (this ME), but WE do not exist apart of the total happening (dream). The ME only consists of stories, and the very desire to overcome this world would only add another story to this so called ME, to this absolute Happening ...

Yet this ME-Image insists to be some-thing, perhaps

some condensed and imprinted nothing-ness,

some phantom or dreamlike feeling

some sonorous idea or wild thought

some kind of body-mind-entity, spirit or eidolon

That's why meditators or spiritual people, that's why Shang Di-, God-, Sufi-, Chan-, Zen- or Advaita-followers or other hopeless people have to be a little careful, because:

The ME never manages to get rid of its ME (the ME cannot rid of itself, as it does not exist as a separate entity). So even a nihilistic concept is of no use.

The ME never manages to be (or get rid of) the absolute or **nothingness**, as it is THAT already.

The ME never manages to find itself, an "Over-ME" or a point of synthesis, because all these ideas are of a flux state - a non-local-state of a so-called no-thing-ness. That's the reason why the ME always tries to anchor itself. But actually, the dreamt ME is only dreaming (expressing itself, all worlds) – and that's why we struggle to solve our problems, as the very attempt (or intention) will only confirm the ME once more.

This ME, born through an unintentional, mental interconnected-ness, can never dissolve itself or its memories (its thoughts through new thoughts or intentions) – redeem itself from itself. It can only search and claim, no matter how fervently it hopes to get rid of the ME. No:

Not even a silent no-doing or state of being free from all intentions helps to let IT happen, as there is still no separate or intentional ME hoping or praying to be (THAT) nothingness,

Not even a complete surrender to this dream, to this *unconscious consciousness* or to this *incomprehensible absolute* would help, as there is no-body (or segregated being) who could do this –

Not even a complete understanding of 'not having caused any of these many events' or 'not having the slightest chance to achieve nothingness' brings the ME closer to a realization or to a so-called depersonalization.

No, the dreamt identity doesn't get lost, but thanks to this energy-consuming effort, the doer perhaps loses some of its ME-drive, as it must finally accept that any ME-effort is completely hopeless.

These lines remind me of the previously heard track by Sophie Hunger: "Queen Drifter". This song leads me to some aphorisms in the garden outside The Old Crown Public House in London:

*Perhaps ..., if we no longer believe that we are born beings,
then we would no longer have to transcend "our" self-declared ME.*

*Then would that which appears to our senses,
Remain a simple energy-matrix, a dancing pattern of no-thing-ness...*

THAT what IS. But I wonder:

Why do we always want to attain or transcend some-thing -

A mirage that can never be had or achieved by anyone (or no-one)?
What if this psychosomatic dream is the same as the absolute reality?
What if all happenings appear only to some dreamt senses ...
... and all this formlessness which couldn't be read by the sensual organs
wouldn't care ME ..., the presumed and all reading ME anyway.
So why don't we just enjoy this world the way it has appeared,
no matter how terrible it appears every now and then to our brain?

Perhaps it is our insecurity, some *physical or mental pain*, this *being-torn-away-from-our-mother's-breast* or this *being-abandoned-by-oh-so-many* ... which:

binds us to a meme-genetic software, to this body-mind-mechanism -
binds us to the reflections of images, to the echoes of shadowy projections ...,
chains us to a world appearance, to memories (informed cosmic energies),
leaving us to argue ineffectually (about our feelings and mental states) in this subjective dream?

Perhaps it is this indoctrinated demand on what is supposedly so-sinful, so-politically correct or not - apparent right or wrong - which binds us to this phenomenal world, bringing us in a confrontation with the concept of *me and you*, the world, society (economy, religion ...), with ourselves -

which suddenly forces us to fight more than just for 'mother's milk', food or success ...
which chains us to our brain, to this body-mind-organism, to a ME - which brings us into a dialogue with this interdependent energy-matrix called world?

Why do we (MEs) declare the world to be sinful and evil? Is there any evidence for this distinction – for our imprints, delusional conditionings, handed-down concepts of belief?

Why do we think we can wake up from our dream? Isn't the real problem the idea that a so-called ME can wake up? But how can a non-existent ME wake up (when it does not even exist)?

Why do we even think that we have a ME, that we have to turn life upside down, that we have to change "our" identification with this world ... that we have conditions and conditionings to change? Who has granted us this dream, our DNA and RNA, our astral memory patterns, genes, and memes, all this prior knowledge that collapses into "our" dream, into thinking programs? Was it

Michael's or Satan's dragon before this creation?

The entwined primordial serpent (double helix)?

Some will power, some happening of an Absolute?

The sonorous unwillingness or the primal desire to show itself, to externalize, to network, to identify, to experience?

Or perhaps nothing ever happened at all (not even to an illusionary ME).

Everything appeared, then as now, as if awakened from a potential nothingness, **appearing** to man, then as now, as an active memory, as a "dreaming world-foam" full of effective principles. But:

Only when man ate the fruit of knowledge, of this – "his" – creation, did he get stomach pains.

Only when man "forgot" his incomprehensible home (through his search, his labelling everything or knowing too much), did he **believe** he was homeless, believed he had to find a way back home. But there was no way back home. There was no home ... not even false thinking. But for some undefinable reason

he lost himself (apparently) in this time- and knowledge-free "consciousness" – and so the wise serpent Kundalini coiled,

he lost his being (apparently) in an all-absorbing ME –

he lost himself (apparently) in the far too intimate embrace of 'his' body,

he lost his brain (apparently) in the interdependent network with other brains,

he lost his being (apparently) within this holographic web (internet, cosmic holo-net ...),

he lost his sight (apparently) because this apparent world seemed to be very sensual and very attractive, just because he wanted to understand this world as **something** real.

So, the ME lost apparently itself (its SELF / THAT what IS), its inseparable connectedness, became temporary and fading, was thrown out of paradise just because of worthless ideas and separating words!



“Sweet Architect”: The divine Emeli Sandé accentuates these lines with an overflowing heart.

Birth

... of a sinful SELF

Questions to my Memory-Palace:

Who, what or what self-processing illusion was actually born?

What fusion led to a singular or continual – to “our” apparent birth?

How can an inflated ego, an imagined ME (*eidolon*) considered to be sinful?

Does only the so called ME have a father and a mother, a karma and a birth?

Answers out of No-Where:

*Mass represents a "phenomenal connection of light rays" that swing back and forth.
It freezes them into a pattern, so to speak.
Thus, matter is a fusion of condensed or frozen light.*

David Bohm (1917-1992)

*I dream up a universe
And everything I dream is SELF
A SELF I am not
I dream up the universe
And "you" perceive it.*

Wei Wu Wei; Terence Gray (1895-1986)

Exactly ..., what was actually born? How did this infertile woman (singularity) reach her orphan? Was this cosmic tear – known as an **emanation** or SELF – really ever born? Did this emanating nothingness (*eidolon*), this replicated energy-pattern or heavenly concept ..., which is identical to NO-THING, really manifested itself through itself?

Or was this bulked out fusion (life force mingles with a holographic mind-drops) ..., this world only realised thanks to an all registering – increasingly becoming – but non-existent Self? Has this apparent ME or Self not manifested itself together with the whole cosmic-dream?

Does *my* holo-body, this **set-up-program** or introjected nothingness ..., does *my* assumed ME really know anything about *its* birth or awakening? Or did I only hear about it from others, from books, my parents ...? However: Whatever “we” can know is a limitation of ‘That what IS’. So “my” conclusion is:

That which is neuronally, phenomenally or conceptually born is in fact nothing more than a dreamed idea of the Absolute ...,

a dancing energy-pattern
a read **in-form-ation** (out of the matrix of existence),
a principle or glyphs of nothingness –
a replicated body-mind-organism with an **I-am**-taste,
an energetically binding, vibrating and reflecting SELF,
a synaptically dynamic and physical ME,

a verbally defined and abstracted idea of an "I",
an unfulfillable, but richly gifted spirit *having emerged from gas-like clouds*,
a space-time perceiving "Some-thing" infused from the **edge of chaos**,
an apparently immanent entity, *which seems to be bound to a "body"*,
a hidden and functional SELF-entity,
a searching mind ..., *storming for images and patterns*,
an overflowing meme-genetic memory store,
an imagined image or persona,
a labelled but dreamt mask of God.

So we have understood (perceived), no! we only recognized it within "our" dream-like perspectives – from the point of view "of a" energetically constructed SELF – from which it all stems. And that shows:

Only this SELF (Ego, Mind, ME ...) seems to have parents, a family, a whirling birth.

Only this ME cries anxiously for justice, wants to be good/bad, social/antisocial ..., overcome evil and/or its inadequacy.

Only this ME wants to comply (or no longer comply) family, political or social expectations.

Only this ME cares, suffers, has a *clumsy/brittle/physical* body, a karma, a apparently uncompleted character, goes to hell or to an (un)ploughed heaven.

Only this ME-image imagines of going through the **hell of birth**, awakens in this secular **place of fear** (Xibalba), experiences the erroneous panic of being isolated from the whole, doesn't want to be alone and believes in its self-created and self-declared distinctions.

Only this ME **thinks** it will dissolve in order to return to the Absolute, to a Father or Mother (God) – when actually there has never been an isolation, but only THAT which is timeless or eternal.

Only this ME is completely insecure about its well-being, about recognition and resurrection. But where is this sensual ..., this diabolical entity?

So the only birth or fall from grace that could ever have existed would be an intentional sensual fall from the absolute I (potential no-thing-ness) into an all-differentiating, cornered, eloquently labeled, energetic corset called "I AM"

into a body-identified ME

into a world-naming and apparently self-existent, self-experiencing ego ... fixated on wordy and worldly things - but of course only if this ME-dream had really ever happened.

My SELF (or ME) cannot directly encounter the world, but I see, hear..., think ... describe and witness it. Nor can I learn about all these spontaneous occurrences. Suddenly one thing becomes clear to me: I have met myself (my apparent entity) only in all these wonderfully contrasting dreams, behind thousands of sensual veils – in some wild and vibrant, in some very lively and reverberating drops.

Reto Ray Schaffer

Probably inspired by "21 grams of soul", I listen to "Under" by Alex Hepburn and write a poem about it:

Resurrection

How could this idea of resurrection have ever inspired me,
when surely neither this body nor my mind is really true,
but only temporary and perceived!

Who fights a spiritual struggle,
who wants to redeem themselves from this "involuntary participation" –
be resurrected and reunite with their **Ba** (Soul)?

Who wants to save the world (with values and morals),
to face the old order oh so courageously,
forgive human sins with ritual sacrifices (*remnants of the hunting culture*)?
Be born again when no one has ever been born?

Who sets a shining example,
surrenders to their weakness and hopelessness,
if not this stubbornly disturbing, this wonderful, yawning,
this blinded but illusory SELF (ME, Mind ...)?

But at least it happened,
with Buddha, Jesus, Mohammed and many others,
whatever "apparently" happened there.

Not so with those who only quote them,
who neither see nor understand –
only wanting to save themselves with words.

This fight under the tree, on the cross, in the cave or wherever else, is magnificent.
There an ego-self wants to get rid of its ego self, in the confused desert of his mind –

crucify its own shadows and materialised ideas,
overcome its Self-obsessed fears and "delusional" self,
end that which by no means has ever begun.

This possibly last battle is exhausting, and yet there is nothing to reap (achieve) –

until the SELF notices that there has never been a fight under a tree or on the cross, a
transcendence or abandonment from God (absolute oneness, life, chaos, no-thing-ness ...),

until the MIND realizes that there has never been an ego, a creator or Avalokteshvara, no first
archon, no devil nor seduction – no SELF or ME, no dream, no make-believe or world transformation,

until the ME realizes that one has nothing left to do but give up, to surrender itself completely
to the "inner, eternally unreachably freedom" ..., which by the way can not to be reached by any-one!

... but even so, I wish **myself** and all *so-called* **others** this (hopeless happening) with all my heart.