

Chapter 7

Exegesis Part Four

THE PARADISE EVENT

The Virgin Womb of Eternity Reunification and the Knowledge of Self

For an unknown duration after my bubble or shell and I were annihilated there was nothing. One cannot talk about nothing, for nothing is the total lack of experience, oblivion; like being switched off, dead, gone, annihilated. But after a non duration of time there was a re-emergence or resurrection of my being, an annihilation of annihilation as such; but the like of which could never be dreamed or imagined. No physical eye has ever seen that place, no hand has touched it, no dreaming mind has thought of it, and its reality has never occurred to the rational mind which exists in temporality: other than through the memory of the Paradise event itself.

Annihilation in that mutual convergence was something like passing through a magic gate: a gap in the universe: a hole in creation, a gate which separates time and temporal things from the transcendent realm of a divine Eternity, the repose of being. Such death is not a death but rather the ultimate in living, the ultimate in knowing, and the ultimate in comprehension and affirmation. Likewise is it the ultimate in love, passion, wisdom, and understanding. From hindsight one would initially ask the question as to why the nature of things comes to contain such a rare and precious jewel in the crown of creation which would seem to be so jealously guarded, and beyond the moat of annihilation itself, that so few people ever come to see it during the course of their life on Earth. A justified question indeed. For everyone should know this yet while they live their lives on Earth; or so would be my own judgement and any other human being who had come to witness this wonder beyond all wonders.

Dialogue upon the transcendent and eternal realm is not going to be easy for the words we use apply to temporal things and not to the eternal perception of the transcendent realm of perfection in which there is knowledge only of essences of things and not the things themselves. Moreover the vision of the place itself is not what that realm is all about, for it is about the feeling and the knowing and understanding, not the vision; and even though the vision itself is the vision to end all visions. Among all other things one knows (and realises from hindsight) is that we are a kind of jug, a vessel, a conduit, through which the life force itself flows. Without created consciousness to act as such vessels there could be no further creation, and no point or meaning to creation without us. We are the banks of the river of the flow of life; and this place is where the banks of the river of life meet the eternal river-bed.

However, it is not totally impossible to talk of such reality, only very difficult; but such experience itself solves many mysteries and so called paradoxes. To say that self consciousness, or I, is resurrected after annihilation is the most fitting description of the experience, and the best definition of the event. One could also say the annihilation of annihilation; but one cannot say as to what is happening in absolute objective terms of reality; for you and I can never know that. With regards to the 'awakening' in that realm then one cannot make an analogy of going to sleep and then waking up in another place, for that gives the impression of a continuity; which it is not. It is a broken continuity of self being. Broken by the act of annihilation.

When we awake from sleep we are the same person that went to sleep; we vaguely remember going to sleep, we remember having been to sleep, and when we awake we retain our past memories of having existed before that sleep: and thus a continuity of being even though we underwent an oblivion of consciousness during dreamless sleep. Neither are we actually aware of the point of falling asleep, but we sure are aware of being annihilated; and how. And I often wondered why. But if we did not come to know then we would never know the connection point between time and the everlasting eternal moment of being.

Because that place, the transcendent realm, is judged by us (or me) to be perfection, then for simplicity I refer to it as Paradise. There are no names however. It would be misleading to refer to it as 'eternity', for I always thought of eternity as the sum of all created time. Indeed time as we know it does not even move there. Thus it is the beginning of time; hence the womb of eternity. Moreover, nothing at all of experienced consciousness has ever known that place and dimension by dwelling there. So it is pristine, fresh, child like, virgin of any other experience or memory; and hence my justification for referring to it as the Virgin Womb of Eternity. There are no men or women there and the word virgin has no connotations of that ilk. However, let us proceed with the event and the understanding of the eternal wisdom itself.

When we awake in paradise we do not awake in the sense of coming out of a sleep then; it is nothing like that at all. There is no waking up or sleeping in that realm, for when you are resurrected into it you have ALWAYS been there; there is no before. Temporality does not apply there. Hence, even if we went there a million times it would always be 'once' from our perception anyway; and by virtue of annihilation itself and which brings cosmic amnesia. Paradise is the beginning; and the end is a new beginning. So it is both the beginning and the end, and then the beginning again. It is like the knot that joins a round piece of string or loop; or the weld that holds the circle of being together. It is home; back to from whence we came. It is my home; everyone's home. We are Twins; divine cosmic twins.

One does not wake up then or suddenly come into self consciousness there for one has always been there and self conscious within it. Naturally enough you and I can come to question that truth as it is experienced by the I AM within that realm when we are in extension of it; and don't I know it. But one cannot question it whilst in there; it is uncontradictable. Thus when self consciousness is restored, shall we say, after annihilation, it is not the restoration of the personality that went in, thus it is not really a resurrection in that sense, for that part of ourselves which exists in that realm has always been there; and the part, the personality, that went into annihilation does not

exist there; but it is still you; the real you; the essential you; but the inner and depth eternal you that only this dimension can reveal; and hold. The part that is never let go of. So much depends then on the reference point one is talking from when using the term 'I' or me. Hence we have to come to know our true self; that part which IS the real us, and of which everything else is ultimately objective - even the personality, time and changing events.

In that realm there is no memory of ever having existed before or elsewhere. There is no before or elsewhere. Thus we are not talking about the personality existing in paradise but that of the PERSON. The personality is washed away in annihilation (much like mud coming off cloths in the wash). But nevertheless that person in paradise is 'ME'... 'I AM ME'. It is still my essential being and consciousness (you in your case). But not the you of the temporal senses and personality. The person and the personality are but two parts of our trinity of incarnate being; and the soul (data field) or overself is the third part - like three quarks in a proton or three peas in a pod: Spirit, Soul and Personality. One could therefore mistakenly talk about the 'I AM' which exists in the womb of eternal mind as being objective from the personality of the being in time and space; but to do so would be very wrong and also cause a paradox and an alienation of self from self, or the outer from the inner. Likewise it is also too painfully obvious from hindsight that some, if not many (through second hand dialogue and distortions) have thought this aspect of being to be the first cause; the unseen living mover of creation itself. But not so; for there is something else, and even beyond that depth... beyond our transcendent self, and which is not us. But those who have claimed or believed that they and the creative source of all existence are the same thing are utterly wrong. And so too are those who believed them. But that is more politics and manipulation than reality as was.

The eternal paradise at the ground of our being is experienced to be the first created thing and place; but certainly not the creative source itself. Although it is known to be the first emanation of the creative source itself, the first act of creation (the son of creation in analogy). In the beginning man was indeed in a 'garden' (realm) of eternal delight and everlasting perfection; a paradise existence indeed. But as I say, it would still require an 'act' to bring forth that realm and the mind/s within it. Thus it is also known whilst in that place that there is a deeper but uncreated reality. But not a deeper reality that you or I can ever get to; and that is a known fact whilst there. The I AM which exists in that reality is not the first cause then, and that is axiomatic at the time. It is the first thing 'CAUSED'; the original observer of the observed. However, it was not created in time; certainly not the kind of space-time that you and I know out here. It is deeper down within the inner structure of the vortex of emanation than the point where space times become a phenomenon of extended manifest reality; just as a river is not the river bed, but without a river bed and the banks there could be no river. It is the ground of being; not the creative source of all being. And there is a deeper reality which can never be known; it can only be known of.

Let us continue however, with the event as it unfolded. I was resurrected from oblivion, non existence, conscious death, into a place of eternal perfection. In that place there is perfect vision, (those who are blind will see). A vision which must be from two locations I guess because the vision, the place, is three dimensional; binocular vision. There exists width, breadth, and depth.

The place, realm, goes on as far as one can see, and into a distance beyond sight itself, for it is everywhere and everything. There is up, and there is down, there is left and there is right, all relative to the point of vision needless to say. The vision is of darkness and of infinite jewel like little glowing lights. The lights are like jewels, diamonds set in a sea of purple glowing darkness; which is not really dark at all, but somehow pulsating with vitality and being. The lights are small but more than mere points of light, and they are of various size and distance apart. Some are even kind of wispy and strung out; but most are round-ish.

Neither the darkness or the lights can be described in a way which does them justice, for the beauty transcends anything known or knowable in temporal consciousness. It is the original unadulterated essence and principle of beauty. The lights in that realm are stationary, or so it seems to observation. Nothing moves, all is still and silent. The only thing that moves is I, or self consciousness. I AM slowly drifts through that realm in a clockwise orbit; a slow orbit, but an orbit nevertheless. Initially it is like a slow drifting in a straight line. However, it is an orbit, a clockwise orbit assuming the clock were laying face up on the floor. The orbit is of great distance and almost perceived as a straight line, but it is known to be an orbit about an unseen 'missing' centre. The I that exists there (us) has no perceived substance or form, it is just pure virgin primordial consciousness as far as we are concerned; or a mysterious substance which can be made conscious; a cognitive energy of some kind. But what it is made of (if anything other than pure consciousness) cannot be known. It cannot be seen or touched. We cannot see our Self.

It is like such energy is sacrosanct. There is no form to the eyes that see, for it is the consciousness or energy itself which can see. It can see almost all the way around itself, but not quite all the way around. Thus you cannot see directly behind you but you can indeed see well to the left and right in greater vision than human vision. In ones drifting in this place one does not come into contact with the distant lights at all; and one does not really know as to what the lights are whilst there, (one can deduce from hindsight though) they are just lights, beautiful lights, and their configuration slowly alters with the perspective of ones movement in orbit. (Later I wondered as to how there could be perceived movement but no perceived experience of time – but that is how it is).

The darkness itself is indescribable, it is like a translucent glow of purple soup stuff which is somehow vibrant, vital, it is not a void and it is not mere space in between the lights; it is a 'something'; but more like a glowing soup or aura somehow. Perhaps it is the 'stuff' that beings 'congeal' out of; like planets and stars do in the physical universe. And ones orbit is through this divine and wondrous darkness-stuff amid the jewel like lights. Thus, it is a brightness as well as a darkness. Like the twilight of the proverbial gods indeed. The description may make it sound a little bit like the physical universe with the stars amid black space; but it is nothing like that at all. But if anything then more like the vision telescopes see among a bright nebula in a past supernova.

The lights are also much larger than our perception of stars which are mere pin pricks of light, and there is a tint of colour in them even, as I say, like diamonds; but the predominant aura and glow is white. They have a substance and shape, but there seems to be no absolute uniformity of shape; but most seem to be round as I say. The

darkness is nothing like outer space then, and it is not even dark at all; but dark-ish, like purple soup which is glowing. The lights are not as distant as the stars in space even though they are not in contact, and the distances between them is many times their actual size. Thus it is not like the emptiness of outer space at all. Moreover, one can see all this without turning ones vision, for indeed one cannot turn ones vision. There is no 'Oh, I think I will look that way or this way'... you just see it all, all the time. But you also know that you are not seeing 'it all' at all, for it is infinite and everywhere.

However, that realm is not about the vision as I say, it is about the magic; the knowing, the understanding, the passion, the reality, the knowing the essence of the 'ALL', the love, the wisdom, the beauty, and above all else it is about the purpose of creation and being. It is ineffable really. In a word it is all about 'being there'; taking part in this wondrous mysterious union of creation at root beyond time. It seems that the vision itself is a kind of bonus perhaps: a place in which to do this knowing yet whilst in a repose of divine peace; the peace which passes all absolute understanding; utter perfection, and absolute affirmation of being. It is like an amen to creation; the swan song of perfection. It is like the last chord of the ultimate piece of perfect music; a chord which comes like an amen after that pregnant pause and build up to the final chord. There could be nothing cleverer and wiser than to have annihilation precede this reality; for it is like music in that sense; the last, and wondrous chord of created being when all has seemed to be done and finished. And whilst also being seen from hindsight to be the prelude to being also. The first and last chord of the music of the spheres and the dance and symphony of creation and being.

Moreover, it is also the beginning as well as the end, as I say, for it is where we come from, the root of our being. It is like it could be described as the cosmological waiting room of created consciousness before transmigration into the experience of time, freedom and activity. There are no other beings perceived (or even known of) in that realm; one is totally alone with this truth and its reality. Thus the place and the knowledge is all yours, all mine, all beings from their point of reference and consciousness; it is the realm where all centres meet beyond space and time in the primordial motherload of created consciousness, minds, beings, whatever you want to call them. 'Motherload' does not mean female either. It means the main seam; the core, and the pure original stuff itself. It is PURE consciousness; beyond time, space, and memory. It (I AM) is the alpha and omega of all extended minds; the beginning and the end of all created beings in creation; the first creation and the home that awaits the return of all created minds which are but the children or progeny of creation.

Nothing was created before I AM and paradise: and nothing is created after me; I am the beginning and the end of creation, (synetic dialogue). Thus it is that the consciousness in the repose of the eternal domain is the first child of creation - in the Virgin Birth of creation itself. The real and only Virgin Birth. (and this one is not symbolic, it is the real thing). Before the mountains high and wide, before the sea's did flow, before the stars gave forth their light, even then, I said, I KNOW. Before my personality was, I AM. Before cave men came into being, I AM. Look deeper than the stones of the earth and the oceans, and there you will find me; I am the light which is beyond them all; I am the light of life and the resurrection. Know me, and you will know your self; for I AM... and you are I AM.

Thus it is not really metaphysics but proto-physics; before physics. It is not 'after time' (although it is that again also) it is before time moved; before changing events emanated forth from the centre of all being and the eternal point of no duration. We are there at the beginning, like the first observer of the first act of creation; in awe, passion, and wisdom. We are the lover of the loved. We are the manifestation of cosmic love and beauty. And no extended manifest life can be without me (I AM).

Our self consciousness in that dimension cannot think; thinking is a temporal process; thinking needs time. But it is totally aware nevertheless, (thus, knowledge and understanding comes before thought: thus thought depends on knowledge... NOT the other way around as many seem to assume. Earthly philosophers are like mere babies in divine cosmic ignorance). It (we) is (are) not aware of things as we are aware of things out here however, but it is aware of what can only be described as the essences and eternal principles and qualities of things; truths; depth realities; quality; meaning; purpose; beauty; wisdom; passion; understanding and affirmation. It is the big YES to creation and conscious existence; TO BE.

That root of our being of eternal consciousness, that part of ourselves which exists there at the deepest level, the first child of creation, is totally in absolute love, a passion beyond description, imagination and beliefs. It is filled with the passion of being to such a degree that if you and I out here were to have that degree of passion energy burning inside of our temporal minds or guts then we would blow up; (and perhaps this caused it to happen during an incarnate life; who knows, who indeed knows); but such passion is like dynamite. It is not like the watered down love we know in this world, and certainly wonderful though that be. It is more comparable to the heat at the big bang with that of absolute Cosmic temperature now.

In this life we tend to think of wisdom as that of knowing what to do, of doing the right and proper thing; because it is wise to do that thing by virtue of the positive outcome. But that is intelligence and reason, not wisdom. However, the wisdom within that consciousness is nothing like that. Its wisdom is the knowledge of creation itself; the knowledge of the heart: the knowledge of itself and its eternal existence; and as to why things exist at all. Knowledge also of that which is not itself; but otherness; that which gave event to this paradise and oneself; it is uncontradictable certainty of creation; purpose; being; and the wisdom of the beginning and the end of all things. And thence all of which I sum up in the terms the 'Eternal Gnosis' or the 'Eternal Wisdom'.

It is a divine swoon of the exultation of the love of being; and being a part of it all. That 'I AM' knows well enough that something brought it forth into conscious being; it knows well enough that it does not contain its own causation. It also knows that the cause of its existence is not paradise itself (the place) in its origin; and not within paradise itself in absolute terms. The first cause cannot be seen, it cannot be directly known independent of the essences and created forms, and yet in a way it knows of nothing else other than its love for its source of being. And its source of being is that of no created thing; no thing created; and no 'thing' knowable. And it is not questionable; it is uncontradictable knowledge and certain reality. There is no doubt.

Thus, if it could be said that one is 'contemplating' whilst there, which is true in a way, then the thing which one is concentrating on, knowing, cognitive of (not thinking) in this swoon of passion, knowledge and delight is that of the love of and for 'No Created Thing'. If you follow my meaning. Everything which is (including I AM) is the manifest flow of the principle of TO BE. But the principle, although contained within all things, is no created thing. TO BE, is its own causation; and the absolute primordial essence and principle of all that becomes manifest in extension of the mysterious and unknowable point of no duration.

Thus it is that such child of consciousness (us in there) is in love, a passion, and wisdom and yet it is but a cosmological child; a virgin creation; a virgin birth no less: pure in its love of otherness and the love of itself and its home which was created for it. Pure in the sense that it cannot think. Pure in the sense that it has had no other experience beyond that of paradise itself. Pure in its love which is unconditional of anything except the passion of TO BE, and unadulterated by anything which is not it. For although it somehow knows everything in there, you and I (out here) would say that it knows nothing at all in the sense that we consider knowledge and understanding things to be. It is a very strange thing, for in this world there are two things that you and I can never ever know; one of them is everything, and the other is nothing. (For 'knowing' means to know 'some thing'). And yet that part of ourselves in that realm knows only two things: one of them is everything (the essence and principle of) and the other is No Thing. How odd, how very odd; it is like a reciprocal reality, or the square root of minus one - except that this place exists in reality to be known and loved.

The 'I AM' of that realm has no knowledge of Earth and incarnate existence. No knowledge of the universe or universes of space and time. No knowledge of created forms other than itself and paradise. Thus, those who claim that they are communicating with the dead or totally transcendent are either liars or very confused people - a little learning is a dangerous thing; drink deep or taste not. They may be communicating with other living beings external of that realm; maybe, but not these beings, not the totally transcendent. You will not disturb these beings. They are sacrosanct and belong to something else for that duration; for they are home in the ground of being.

In that eternal paradise then there is only One, and the one is the all (all of us); for we are all identical in it. THAT stuff is what we are in the beginning. It is only from hindsight and whilst on Earth (with remembrance of that level of being) that we can know that all created consciousness sees it that way, and in the same way; thus all beings perceive the oneness in the divine transcendent realm of perfect repose, perfect love, and perfect wisdom.

In that place there is no pain, no worry (no bills to pay) no answering to do; no eating, no sleeping, no thinking, no memory, no remorse; no hopes or desires, no fears; nothing negative. Thus it is also then a Mono-Pole reality; all positive and no negative; (hence no negation). All good, no bad. All beauty, no ugliness. All 'now', no past or future. All understanding and affirmation, no doubt or unknowing. All answers, no questions. Good grief almighty, why was anything ever created so good? Who knows, who can answer. Only that child knows; and that is its wisdom - and it is you. Know your Self.

Search yourself then; for the quest and passion for the deepest knowledge of selfhood and understanding brings knowledge of the deepest depths of the all. And the incarnate effect is amazing and life enhancing. For we learn how to walk and ride on the waves of all creation, and to go with the flow. In the whole of creation there is nothing to cling to, for it is all yours already.

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As I drifted in a slow orbit swathed in a love and understanding which is ineffable, beyond words and rational understanding, in a wisdom which is beyond dialogue, in a place of eternal and everlasting perfection and delight, I suddenly heard/had a voice or command/communication (or the experience of one) and understood a directive. I had never heard a voice or command before in all my existence, and I was in fear and panic. The understanding was ...

“It is now time to go” !

Words cannot begin to describe. I had never known communication or words or commands before. I did not know as to what was communicating with me, or how or why... was it me or was it something else... I began thinking... what IS thinking! There is nothing else, only me! I did not know what ‘go’ meant, and yet somehow I did begin to understand, and as I began to understand I was in even more fear and panic, (was I biting from the TREE of knowledge) for there was nowhere else to go; only this place exists.

No, no, I do not want to go (I do not know how I invoked or understood such communication for I had never communicated with anything). But I know not of ‘go’, this is my home and my love... I cannot go ! (The first thought... and not by choice).

“It is all well that you must go now, for something out there is in need and you must now be with it: do not fear, it is all well that you must go now... now be with it” !

That fear at knowing I was ‘going’ is not possible to put into words; it could not be put into words. But one knew nothing of other things, or worlds, or time and space. Nothing. Nothing other than Eternal Paradise.

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I did not open my eyes for they had never been closed as far as I know. Returning was instantaneous action at a distance. I was looking at a cat fast asleep on my lap. My arms hung limp at my side. The fire had long since burned away and all was as quiet as the grave. It was very late into the evening and growing cold, yet my body was warm, comfortable. All was as it had been except the fire was out, the cat fast asleep; and about three hours or so had elapsed.

No amount of words or pages could ever sum up my initial feelings and thoughts on returning to temporal conscious and the same life that I had left seemingly millions of millions of years ago. Yet it was but three hours ago. I must have sat staring at the wall ahead of me for the next hour dumb-struck; without moving as much as an eyeball or a muscle. I was in shock. There are no words to describe the feeling, the shock, the excitement, the annoyance of coming back - the impossibility of it all. I was shocked, joyful, sad at returning, bemused, enlightened, annoyed, happy, mind blown yet understanding all at the same instant.

By the time I got around to moving it was about eleven p.m. I wondered as to what would have happened to the children if the house had caught fire or if one of them had woke up and come down-stairs. I thought more in that next hour than I had thought in all my past life put together; but none of my thinking made any sense to the rational mind. When I came to my full rational senses I shouted out to myself... "Good grief almighty what the hell was that"! I was indeed back to 'normality', my old charming ignorant self. But perhaps not quite so ignorant now.

I staggered into the kitchen to make a strong cup of coffee which I took up to bed with me. The children were sleeping fine and did not look as though they had moved all evening. I did not think I would ever be able to sleep ever again. But wrong again, for I was sound asleep within no time at all, and before my wife returned home from her evening out with friends. I never told anyone of that event; the paradise event, for twenty years or more, for obvious reasons. Not a word; not a mention. What the hell could one say anyway! And we all know well enough the reaction it would receive. It was therefore not only the secret teaching - but also unspeakable! Or was it !? Nothing is for nothing. And this can be known lived in and used; it is for knowing.

I had undergone what I later came to call the 'Mutual Convergence' (in annihilation). Twenty years later I underwent yet another most profound experience which I came to call the 'Reciprocal Convergence': or the Consummatum Incarnate (paradise on earth). And in which there is another kind of union, a reciprocity of 'meeting again' - and on earth, between the inner self and the outer personality in a oneness. And only then did I come to see the connection, the reason, the meaning and purpose of the 'I AM' in paradise; and in which the function and purpose of the incarnate mind and the inner depths of self and the objective physical universe are fulfilled in a unification of mindful being on earth; the three in one; in a dance among the temporal forms on earth, and which was understood as the very purpose of creation itself and the reason as to why even paradise exists - and has to be known while yet on this earth during an incarnate lifetime here. They have to be joined on earth also; that is the goal, the function and purpose - that eternal self is no longer alienated in conscious awareness from the incarnate mortal form. The alleviation of Cosmic Amnesia, and for this purpose in the evolution of the mind incarnate. And no sense of alienation from anything; even understanding. Everything in creation is a part of one dance, one cosmic symphony, and everything is a part of the whole, and the whole cannot be without every part.

And hence the saying that the outer has become as the inner and the purpose of being has been fulfilled, consummated, in the perfection of forms as it was in the beginning in the transcendent essence of being, and the essence of all things, then so too has it become in the forms in extension. And in that knowing and understanding creation

has achieved its goal incarnate; and within the knowing incarnate mind of a finite personality... but 'I AM' eternal. The mind is not in this universe simply to observe it, but rather to fulfil it. You and I AM are one. You are I AM. Know thy self.

However, that was way off in the future; twenty long years in the future. In the meantime time did get mean at times; and from hindsight I can only call it a twenty year period of the dark night of the soul at times: for I had not yet learned of the reciprocal convergence of being/consciousness on earth in the consummatum or reciprocal convergence. For twenty years I was but a half baked mystic; and something else was missing. But in the meantime there also existed a dichotomy, a duality of being; one being perfect and the other far from perfect – hence still some kind of alienation. A little learning is a dangerous thing, so drink deep or taste not the divine eternal spring. Where metaphysics hangs its coat; and mystics dwell in awe; the singer may be sighted; but the song goes on some more.

Believe what you will whilst you are free to do so; for you will not always be so ! But beliefs are irrelevant, and potentially dangerous. But wiser by far to believe nothing at all; for knowledge will suffice: and ignorance melts away with experience. But instantly after that Paradise event of transcendence itself there was but one thought, one knowledge, one understanding and affirmation... and which is...

Oh... no... Oh... my, how beautiful it is! Oh my Love, would that they could know this; would that their eyes could see and their minds understand as to what they are, and from whence they came; the beauty, the truth, the passion. My love, give me the understanding; and give me the words, that I might speak of the wonder of being. And let us create Man in our essential image.

It is an irony that you and I here on earth, the temporal rational discursive mind, find it all too easy to accept anything that is bad as being true, and yet the acceptance of anything good being true is so difficult. That synthesis of inner understanding may well be easier for some than it is for others. I had more than enough problems with it - more than enough. And it took so much to make me understand and accept it. Would that it could be easier for others. And would that one could learn and understand by way of others mistakes. But we each have to learn for ourselves, for creation needs us.

A little learning is not a dangerous thing; it is a good and necessary thing. But a little learning is only a dangerous thing if one assumes that their little learning is all the learning which exists to be learned and understood.

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THE ARKONS OF TRANSITION

(Transitive Consciousness)

Between the Earth and Paradise,
the strangest place to be,
is the realm of minds transition,
the journey of the free.
No freedom though, there is within,
of actions, choice to see,
for only that which needs must,
is made for you and me.
One facet of transition
is Limbo's quiet scene;
where nought there is created,
but time to think, and dream.
Such visions are the Arkons,
of light beyond the Earth,
and each one has a message
self evident, as our birth.
It is a kind of learning
much speeded up in time,
and the message is implicit,
without a word or rhyme.

The Arkons of the depths prepare
the way that lies ahead;
where some say you are living,
and some say you are dead !
They also act as transport
to Annihilations gate;
the MUTUAL CONVERGENCE,
in the midst of the white state.
Beyond the gate of Paradise
all memory is thus lost,
of all the things you did in time;
their pleasures, and their cost.
But, of all the Arkons,
along that deep dark flight,
the most majestic of them all,
is Music... made of light.

* * *

THE LOVE OF HELL

There is a time for laughing,
there is a time for thought,
and there is a time for going
where no Earthly thing is wrought.

And when such time encroaches
and clouds the temporal dream,
fear not the rushing darkness
and Limbo's quiet scene.

For in the stillness of 'No-thing',
no vision to behold;
there is a wondrous lesson,
a story to be told.

Unlike the journeys final end,
in the Womb of Eternity,
the temporal halt in Limbo
there is no thing to see.

Yet strange, so strange, it is to be
in knowledge of 'no thing',
and how the thought of 'nothing'
teaches us to sing-

- a leaf, a breeze, a drop of rain,
a snowflake in its fall,
each touch, each smell, each vision,
and the purpose of them all.

part two

**Before the gate of Paradise,
before Annihilations might,
in the passageway of Limbo,
wherein there is no light-**

**- is now the greatest lesson
that man can learn today,
of what it's like, when all the things,
of life... have gone away!**

**So much I learned in Paradise;
So much I learned on Earth;
but somehow strange, and strange to say,
in Hell, I learned their worth.**

**Yet even that dimension,
where nought there is to see,
is but a divine essence,
a lesson, so to be.**

*** * ***

ANNIHILATION

Dedication to Rosamonde Miller
of the Gnostic Sanctuary Palo Alto.

A solitary light is coming fast !
the song I sing will be my last;
sad to say it's time to go,
and all the things I'll never know !

But never mind, the road was fun;
even though it's now nigh done.
What a way to end this flight...
crashing out in blazing light !

Down Eros, and up Mars....
but wait !... the thing is full of stars !
My Gor'd... I drift in love divine...
the Eternal Dome... is mine; all mine !

My Gor'd... I've made a motley pun
of what I am, and whence I come !
Would, Oh would, that I could be,
out here, as when I am with thee.

Never would a man believe
what in truth he does achieve.
So spread your blessings throughout time;
or no work will get done...
and that wont rhyme !

A heart on fire will pound and pound
and like a feather, float to its ground.
In resurrection from 'No-thing',
among the lights I sing and sing;
a silent song that none can hear;
except the Ultimate Cosmic ear.

* * *

BEYOND THE WHITE

(Beyond annihilation)

Oh my love, that “I” should be
awake in they, as “I” in me !
Judgement knows the depth of Glow,
where spirit falls like snow, on snow.

Where time is done, and put to rest;
primordial womb, so richly dressed !
Many hide in words, or glee;
but I, my love, will set you free !

Through “I” you may behold your form,
as I have watched from the gates of dawn.
No hand has touched, no eye has seen;
no thinking mind has dared to dream.

Time is short and tally’s not;
much less cares of what its got.
But holes between events in time,
can’t be spent, for they are mine.

Those who see the truth below,
need not believe - for they will Know
the learning is beyond the night,
beyond the moving, and the white.

* * *

DUALITY

Without another to love
all beauty is in vain,
truth is an empty vessel,
no meaning exists in pain.

Beyond the shroud of movement
where not even truth can hide,
is proof enough the saying,
“Nought burns in Hell but pride”!

The Cosmos needs its lover
in order that ‘it’ can ‘be’.
But in order to say “I love you”,
requires one to be free.

Freedom is the Cosmic price,
its passion churns the throng,
whilst knowing not the Essence,
the Singer; and the Song.

I tell you this my greatest love;
the freedom that is ‘Me’,
but now I know just what it is...
... I never shall be free !

* * *