

Chapter 22

Little Things; and Big Secrets.

Although many people have a great and serious interest in psychic phenomena it becomes clear from hindsight that of all the more common anomalous human experiences then that of near death experience comes the closest to the transcendent mystical experience in terms of effect; albeit not the knowledge of Self and the transcendent connection (Psychognosis or gnosis). As mentioned there are also no two identical reported accounts of near death experience; but they do have many things in common however. The aspect which they have in common of which I will make mention here, and which is very important, is that of the axiomatic realisation that in the final analysis it turns out that the big and important things in ones lifetime, and existence itself in fact, were the so called little things. They all say the same thing; and they are correct. The so called mundane little events which happen every day. And it is this realisation which makes such people become simple again. It has been said many times that simple things please simple minds. But this of course is taken to be a derogatory remark which appertains to a persons lack of intelligence. But this kind of simplicity does not mean that they are simple minded; and usually very far from it.

In terms of modern day language and usage the psychognosis event could best be described as touching absolute base. But there is also the other kind of touching base which means getting back to some kind of normality and sanity, and where one is feeling at home and at ease in this world. I suppose in a nutshell one could say that this kind of living life on earth is the simple and relaxed life. But it is also one which resonates in harmony with the psyche, the soul and the spirit; so therefore it would feel good and 'at home' and of course it is also the 'chill-out' factor par excellence as mentioned elsewhere herein. But of course modern day society is so fast, so hectic, so geared up for constant daily change and ever increasing profit and innovations, and in such a way that it is a growing increasing roller-coaster of hedonistic hype in an insane trivial human society. And hence a neurosis due to the lack of normal simplicity and insufficient chill-out time to allow for the recognition of as to what is of value in life here.

It is also amusing to notice is it not, that when they have their mental breakdown, heart attacks or busted ulcers and undergo a near death experience then pow! They come to realise that the little things in life were the big thing after all. Indeed, their near death experience has done them a power of good.

They refused to listen to doctors, psychologists, psychiatrists, and many practitioners of alternate medicine (who all know this anyway and offer the advice free), let alone listen to the worlds mystics who are obviously all nuts anyway. They failed also to listen to their own inner system and to the warning signs that there is something very wrong in there; or if they do recognise it they plaster it over with aspirins, booze, and yet even more hedonistic activity to try and drown the inner signs of trouble. And yet wham, a near death event does a proper job of convincing them that there was indeed something very wrong going on in there. They have ignored all the life around them, and within them, and listened to a near death experience instead. Well, fair enough; it worked. But at the same time the nature of reality gave them something more – the realisation as to what is important and what is not. What a drastic way to have to learn something – and when it could all have been done the easy way by spending their whole life occasionally listening to the churnings and promptings of their inner system of dynamics.

If I were twenty years of age then I could knuckle down to write a very long book, and which would include oh so much which I cannot talk of in this small volume. And, as I said in a poem, if I had forever, then neither would that really suffice; for how on earth could one ever say it all. But then again at twenty I never intended writing any books poem or documents at all; and at that age I would have had nothing to say anyway. How indeed can anyone have much to say at twenty years of age? Cool man! (as they say). Everything seems to be cool these days does it not. I imagine then that anything really good must then be frozen. Ah well – it seems to fit the bill; and maybe one day they will thaw out. An interesting pun to be sure.

I suppose the thing which I have learned above all others in this world is that I am still pig ignorant and, as they say today, as thick as ten planks; and I know it. And which of course makes me a little different from many, for some of them are as thick as fifty planks – and don't know it. However, in admitting that, then I have nothing to hide, for it is true; so I still keep listening and observing. I am not even sure, absolutely sure, as to how all the parts of this computer even works. When it does work that is – or even when it does not for that matter. But there are a lot of people who specialise in different parts of it, so I can always seek them out for help and advice when need be. I wonder what these contraptions will be like in a thousand years time – the mind boggles. Cant even beat the best of the chess programs that exist on them now – so much for my intelligence then. But they sure make writing a lot easier. I am told that today's desk top computers contain more computing power than that which was used to land man on the moon. I do not doubt it. And how much was used to find America?

And what is there to write about which is worth being said in a world such as this is at this point in time? I guess they would be all ears if an alien landed here; or if a pop star or footballer were talking to them. That about says it all I guess. How to kick a ball and earn more cash in a year than other human beings earn in a lifetime. And who allows this insanity? You do! Football was only good and real when they did it for fun – or perhaps even to a degree when they did it for an average wage packet. Look at the buggers now however. Had I known all these things of which I talk when I was twenty then I most certainly would never have written about them then anyway. Why not? Because publishers will not publish such stuff; and that I know from experience also; it upsets the social mind-set and rocks the boat of conventional insanity and conformity.

However, this will get published on the internet, and free to anyone who wishes to read it; for it has already been asked for and that is why I write it. So, the internet has its good points and uses. Hard back publication is a good thing, but publishers are not; for they have vested interests – cash, and lots of it. Oh, by the way, can you afford to die and get buried? Oh dear oh dear, we have a long way to go do we not; and they can hang my carcass out for the birds of prey. But that of course would not suit their pocket and their so called sensibilities; for it might get up their nostrils.

Well, they used to burn us alive, I guess now they will have to wait for the empty shell before doing so – and the smoke can go up to the sky, and the inner being – well, wherever it goes is fine by me; but it will not be upwards; and it will not be to the place of any of the religionists elect and elite kingdoms, nor the fires of hell and damnation as disseminated by the devils pulpit brigade. Oh, will it not be grand to have them, and along with all the other nauseating aspects of human social existence, all erased from memory again. Who dares go when few men go? Well, that is not really the prime question; the prime question is as to who dares talk of it. But which is worse; being murdered by an insane mob; or failure to do what one knows has to be done? Well, I know which I choose, and I know why I choose it. You cannot make everyone happy by doing or saying the same thing; but it seems that you can make everybody unhappy by saying the same thing. Fun is it not.

But there is a problem though is there not. For even if we do not give a damn as to what happens to us, we still care about what happens to our kids. This is the downside to caring about others more than you care about yourself. Or, as I would have said as a kid in the street of London during the war – Oh shit! But never mind; what one has to do is even more important; for life will take care of them. If I had the option to hang around in Limbo, and given that I could somehow help look after them in some ineffable way, then I would certainly do that. Fat chance however. But then again, I know that it would not be necessary; for all the stuff they need is within them and all about them on the outside; the inner and the outer. But, nevertheless, and even knowing that, I guess one would still like to stick around and try and help in some small way. Tis strange as to how things other than ones self are more important than ones self eventually. A kind of self sacrifice indeed. And what is more important; life itself, or you and me!

Hence, this annihilation bit is so clever is it not. You and I would never have thought of that eh. But, oh my, it works; and how. And which mystics and philosophers have ever made mention of that eh. It just goes to show – just how little they know; or how little they were prepared to say. Or how little publishers would let them say maybe. And yes, I did read quite a lot in the first forty years here; but not a jot since; for none of it was good enough; chess books were far more illuminating and useful than books on mysticism, psychology and philosophy; for they did at least teach something. But there is a time for reading and there is a time for shouting.

I guess once that you have been a parent then always a parent eh; and even though one may never worry about oneself one always worries about the kids – no matter whether they are four or forty. The great irony of course is that your own kids could possibly turn out to be your own great grandparents – and in both directions. Wow, what a thought. But who knows and who cares; for I the personality will never exist again – thank the powers that be.

One bit of advice which I would give to kids who have an interest in things is this. When somebody claims that they know something, neither believe it or disbelieve it; for they may and they may not. But simply ask them to explain as to how they know it; and what was the learning of it like, and where was it done; and what effect did it have on them at the time of learning it. But you will soon find that the vast majority of humanity has stopped wanting to learn things; for they have been put to sleep by the combination of priestcraft and business enterprises – and which includes their puppets called politicians. Why do you think that they pay the pop stars and the footballers such vast dividends? For it keeps the mob asleep. Give them any toy which will keep them quiet and conforming to the codes which we set for them.

I mention this about asking them serious questions for I always ask those questions myself. Indeed, if they are trying specifically to make me accept something which they say then I insist upon it – in serious conversations that is, not in passing conversations on the street. The little which I have learned I have explained herein (well, about this topic anyway), and as to what it was like learning it and as to the effects which it had, and the implications which are also involved. So, if I can do it, then anybody can do it; and do it they will damn well have to; or I will not take them seriously. Try having a serious conversation with a politician – they must take lessons from conjurors and illusionists. Moreover, earn enough cash (say a few million a year) and then you can elect yourself as governor of California, or the USA. You do not need brains, convictions, passion or caring; just enough money, and the job will be yours. Promise them that you will eliminate all their problems, make them idyllically happy, and whilst cutting all their taxes, and you're in chum. The power of money in a world where insanity and greed rules the roost eh. The pecking order of pin heads. And what does it matter that a gun will be pointed at your back the whole time by business; for you are not going to let them down are you; for they butter your bread. Ant colonies work and function better than this – and no doubt why they have lasted a long time – and to say nothing about not going nuts in the process.

Concoct a few lies and promises (and fears) which pamper to the base hedonistic instincts of Neanderthals and then both business and priestcraft have got it made. Now, let us say that in some cases there was a real person (not a myth) at the base of this or that ancient religion; and that sure does not apply in Christianity; and that is a fact – study the stars and constellations old son. Indeed, read such people as Thomas Pain and Robert Taylor (the later was born a couple of miles up the road from where I was – so another Cockney git who wanted to upset the apple cart of ignorance), and of course many others as well. But better still read life itself.

Anyway, where a real personage existed at the base of this or that religion (and I have read lots of them) then if they were really trying to make a point about a transcendent reality and the Dignity of Man, and wanting folk to believe them, then why did they not explain what it is all like; describe it to them – for it is easy enough. And indeed also the journey to it. Yes, I know well enough that a couple of eastern religions have gone a short way in that journey; but not to the end of it, and home. But, if they knew it, then why not? What are the implications of their not doing so? You work it out.

One organisation which I was active within for a while contained over six thousand document reports (recent ones) of various mystical experiences; and to this or that degree. And these were just ordinary people like myself. Other organisations contain

many thousands of well documented near death experiences which change people. So, if they can all do it, then why cannot these so called high guru's of wisdom who make claims far in excess of any of these folk in the documented (and archived) accounts? Give the general population something other to read about than tits and bums, pop stars and footballers and their wives. Blast them into reality if need be – well the nature of reality sure works that way. So too do I now; for I observe it and try to learn from it, and then copy it.

Another organisation with which I have been connected had yet another two thousand such reports of a whole range of anomalous experiences; and I chatted with a good many of these people. Now, imagine if this was done by organisations all over the world and in all nation states. Millions of people, and in time to come, all talking and writing openly about their life enhancing and mysterious experiences which changed them to this or that degree; and as to what the experience actually did for them and revealed to them; or made them realise without a doubt. That is but another thing I have been trying to work toward, and facilitate where I could help. And I want it done; and soon. People have the same experiences all over the world, and irrespective of their culture and their religion; assuming they have one; and many do not have one and never have. So, the implications of that are obvious even now – but ok, let us prove it on a vast scale if need be. And of course they would all have the same experiences and with the same effects – for they are all Minds. The nature of life and reality does not take its mandate from priestcraft and profit cartels; and it does not pick and chose different experience for skins of a different colour or for different nations on earth.

The word 'revelation' of course is one with a hangover from churchianity and priestcraft. Yes, of course these life enhancing transcendent (and local) mystical experiences are a revelation. But then again, so is every conscious experience which you ever have – for it is all revelation and communication with the mind. When you wake up in the morning and observe your bedroom (or whatever) around you, consciousness and sensory data has kicked in again, and it is all a revelation – a revelation of conscious experience; the flow of consciousness. Oh, big deal you say, but I have seen this bedroom every morning for the last twenty years. Well, one day, Son, it will not be there; and that too will be a revelation; a different one.

But do not take your waking up in the morning, and the flow of conscious experience, for granted; take nothing for granted, ever. But make the most of it whilst it is there. Moreover, if you have woken up in that same bedroom for the last twenty years then think yourself damned fortunate; for many do not have it so good and so easy. Twenty five times I have had to hang my coat somewhere different in this world; and that is only thus far; and no, it was not by choice; with the exception of just one occasion. There are some things in which we have a choice on this world; and many that we do not. Moreover, that is to say nothing of five years on the road as a commercial traveller and waking up somewhere different every morning and not knowing where the hell I was until I looked at the local paper which I brought the night before – a different shack every night, somewhere in the UK. But you sure meet a lot of people that way; and most of them are nice enough. But not all. They will be one day – but not yet.

So, special some experiences can certainly seem to be, and indeed thought of as such; for they are revealing and life enhancing. But they are life enhancing for a reason, not simply for fun and games. They are trying to get a job done; and it is called evolution. From hindsight however, I do not weigh them against each other; and, as I have said, I now consider the so called mundane conscious experiences to be the most important of the lot of them. True, this or that experiences will reveal this or that, and indeed all of them are important. But everyday so called mundane experience, tops them all. Walk across the hills with a friend or one of your kids, and what more could one want. And why? Do you really know what you want? Are you sure. Well, I sure am sure too. And what I want is what I have got; and it is enough, and it does the job.

What I would like however, is for everyone else to be in a position in which they are at least reasonably satisfied with their lot and can move about in freedom and safety; and with sufficient time off from the chores to observe the world and think about things and truly relax within themselves – and evolve; become the more that they can and will become (one way or another). And that is all you need after the grub and the water, and of course the necessary chores of daily life. The simple life. It does not even require a mystic or a rocket scientist to know this simple and obvious fact of life. But we very soon learn that some folk are never satisfied with what they have got; and no matter how much they have got. I wonder why. What is wrong with them?

And, oh yes, there is indeed something wrong with them; very wrong. And how did they get this way; and into this giddy abysmal spiral into the depths of the cesspool of nausea? Simple; because of their nurture and brainwashing (and along with their own stupidity and blindness) they are ever searching for something which they feel is missing, or something new just around the next corner. Have you seen as to how many pairs of shoes, or dresses, or suits, that some folk have in the wardrobes? You can only wear one at a time for heaven sake; and they do not wear out that quick. Have you seen as to how much grub some of them have stashed away? And so it goes, ever wanting and ever searching for that illusive something better which is somehow missing or not even recognised. So, they want more and more of the same whilst thinking that quantity will make some kind of quality in their existence. What the hell do they assume all this is really going to do for them other than pampering to a psychological problem which has been dumped on them? A psychological problem which is now a sociological problem alas – an insanity on a large social scale. And they worry about some mere viruses that might or might not happen along.

Feel the quality of these suits they say. Stuff it son, how many times has your kid smiled today; and how much time have you spent with them? And what did you teach them or help them with? And what did you learn and come to understand today? Did you make the time in fact? Or were you too busy pampering to your own hedonistic whims and petty desires? We have to have a license to drive a car; but not for raising human beings. The implication is that the former is hard and dangerous, whereas the latter is safe and easy. And the answer to that is crap. In fact they pamper and train their dogs more than many of them care about what they are teaching their own kids and nurturing them to become. If the kids are only educated by the government then they will get the education that the government wants them to have; and the government is in the pocket of business enterprises. As is mass music, football, radio and television, the media, and so much more.

It is law that they undergo this education; but that does not stop parents and private teachers educating the kids themselves, and whilst alone – and of course documents and literature which gets published whether the establishment likes it or not. I guess they will close that down soon enough too. Do you remember that film about the runners that were seeking sanctuary from the man made matrix of another order? Even some films manage to get through the net at times.

Why do so many young teenage girls run out and get pregnant; and whilst they are not even capable of looking after themselves? How blind and stupid can blind and stupid become? But it gets them where they want them – servitude. Do they not teach them anything at home these days? Do they not know as to how easy it is to bring a human being into this world – and as to how virtually impossible it is to raise them, and as to how hard it is; and for a lifetime? And what are the young fellows involved thinking about? No, of course, one does not need to think for that. Probably just as well for many of them do not seem to be able to think anyway: (maybe they should teach chess in schools; for that will help them to think and reason things out; and that is probably why they don't). But they sure know how to zap aliens in cyberspace and how to work the TV controls. What are the parents up to; sleeping maybe? And where is their own dignity and self respect for heaven sake?

If they get their sums wrong they get moaned at, but if they find themselves pregnant at fifteen or sixteen, then whoops, oh dear, but never mind these things happen! Well, we know by now that they happen do we not – but it requires action; for they do not grow on trees. Why the hell have women never gone on world-wide strike, for they have no say in running this world or even their own affairs anyway? Males could not exist here without females. And which of these two mobs have caused the most tears on this world? And which of these two mobs weeps most of them? Rhetorical question. Wise up Lassie. Truly would advanced space aliens bust a gut laughing at this lot.

One might think that after, I dunno, a million years or so, that we would have some idea as to how to bring kids up today; and indeed when to have them. But, what the hell; the do as you please society, does as it pleases and when the mood dictates; and sod the consequences. Heaven help us, they would not like me as Prime Minister or President would they! Tell you what though, if I did then I would make a better job of it than many of them have done; and that is a fact. And would I not change a few things eh. I would change the whole damn she-bang political and social set up; and there would not be any more Prime Ministers or Presidents who rule the roost; and to say nothing of party politics. That is not democracy. But we will not go into all that here. So just as well for conventional attitudes sake that I am not. Maybe next time if I have nothing better to do. (which reminds me, I have to vote today) !

But what I try to do at the moment is more needed here right now than sorting politics out is alas. The politics will take care of itself when people get themselves right first. I guess it is funny also that when they hit the domain in which the root of their being exists then they will be shocked to find that there is no sod there ruling the roost and dictating things. How will you know what to do and when to do it son? Well, there you go eh; and there indeed you do go! Pity they don't all go there during this lifetime; for it sure needs to happen. 'Something out there is in need' ! What a plea from the depths of the nature of reality eh. I did not invent any of this you know.

And you will know that I did not invent any of it soon enough – but not soon enough for my liking. Would that one could put it all into top gear and overdrive, and stick ones foot hard down to the floorboard. And do not forget what real passion is – it is not sentimentality and wishy washy lovey dovey stuff; it is passion my dear; and passion boils and steams. Even the word ‘caring’ is about as effective as farting against a hurricane.

And many of these giddy spiral addicts are the very folk who love to say that simple things please simple minds (in the derogatory sense) – and assuming that they are something greater than simple minds. And little do they know and realise that it is they who are living in the dark cave and observing mere shadows on the wall. But I will tell them now, that the wiser and more knowledgeable the mind becomes then the more it loves the simple things. Reminds me of the story of the rich industrialist guy who while being driven by his chauffeur in the limmo noticed some old Mexican hack sitting under a tree. So, he pulled over and asked the guy why he was not working hard and amassing a fortune. When the old hack asked to as to why he should be doing that then guy answered that he could make a fortune and retire and sit in the sun. The old hack replied – Well, I am already doing that son! And which reminds me, I have date with a smart Mexican guy, to share a can of beer under a large cactus one day. Ah well, you never know eh. We both suffer from rapid brain disorder you know.

Somebody once asked me as to where I got called Dick the Guru buster. Well, it was on an Australian discussion forum, years ago. The story goes that the Ausies are so laid back. But do not believe a word of it; for they get very uptight and very quick, and some of their attitudes are nothing more than antiquated Victorian bullshit – generalising of course, and which is all we can do in such cases. Contrary to popular opinion I have found that most of the Yanks to be the easiest mob to get along with. They have not quite got the Cockney (and South Wales) sense of humour and chill-out factor, but they have one of their own nevertheless; and I truly do love most of them. Not that I would want to live there of course. But they are a bit gung ho eh. In the army we used to have a saying – If it moves salute it; and if it does not move then paint it. The Yanks also have one – If it moves shoot it; and if it does not move then shoot it anyway, just in case it can. Canned media my dear, canned media.

Oh well, these colonials, I guess we did not bring them up right eh. Talking about the Ausies (and we love em really you know) reminds me that when I was two and a half years of age there was a young guy in the navy who’s family lived across the road. He taught me to sing Waltzing Matilda; and he gave me a penny every time I sang it for him. He must have been about twenty years of age, and was on the HMS Hood when it was blown to kingdom come. I find it hard to keep a dry eye when I hear that song. Where have all the flowers gone, they ask. Into the Matrix my dear, into the Matrix. But weep no more my Lady, for they have gone to a better place; a place I know and came into this world from. Me thinks it was a waste of time old mate; for it needs a bloody army not a few solitary useless scouts!

Ah, little things eh, and simple fun and games; what would life be without them. Well, it would not be worth living without them. And at the moment it is not. Ask a scientist what life is about (as with the analogy of asking them what a painting or a piece of music is about); likewise ask an academic type ivory-tower philosopher as to

what life is about; and neither of them will have a clue. Ask priestcraft what life is all about (the very worst mob to ask). But ask a mystic (and indeed many simple folk who are not mystics even), and you will get a very different answer than you would from any of the other analysis paralysed mobs. Like music there is a complex art to the simple life; but also like music it can all be done also without understanding a jot of it – simply by living it and doing it; for it is what they really are. And many folk do just that; and naturally without any thought about it at all. The fantastic art of being simple and uncomplicated.

I remember when we were kids that on a summers evening at dusk we often used to congregate under the lamp post (Fanny-by-gas-light we called it) and we would sing in close harmony. The windows along the street would open and folk would lean out, and often join in (just like in some of the old movies). Sure beats terrorising old Ladies eh, and zapping ones mind out with drugs. I doubt if that happens in London now – or anywhere for that matter. And we were real hard cases too by the way, when need arose. I doubt if any ten kids of today would have mixed it with ten of them. Yet they seemed to grow up just fine, and without a penny to their name. What is wrong today then? Maybe having it hard when you are young is not such a bad thing eh; sure makes one appreciate better times, and simple things. But I guess it takes guts to be ones real self in this set up. The man that cannot be bought is a hard nut to crack, and they are in need of nothing. Leastwise nothing that the world of this human society can offer them.

Simple things please simple minds they say – well, those minds were not simple, they were as cute as a brass button; and very street wise by the age of four; as were we all then. It was a rough and tough area, but the people were good and helpful – and they spoke to kids like they were human beings. At four years of age I could walk into any house down our street (all the doors were open then) and asked if they had got the kettle on. And if they did not then they soon put it on – come in son, sit by the fire and warm yourself up. Or as they would have said on Exmoor then - Come e for me dear, rock e down and yet e selv. Have people changed for the better since the war ended? Has society? Fifty years is a long time in social politics; but has it got better or worse in that time. Well, it is certainly not better. I was not joking when I said that the war and hardship brings out all the best in folk, and that peace – well, they have no idea as yet what to even do with it. Tis too much for them to handle yet old mate! Yup, they can handle tragedy well, so that is a plus mark. But peace? Not yet alas; give it another one or two thousand years maybe; so rest in heavenly peace.

True, those people were simple. But that means they lived simple lives, they were no fools, and they were the salt of the earth. They worked hard, played hard, laughed a lot, shared everything; all of them helped each other, and they enjoyed each others company; and with no pretence and false masks. They were the real hero's and exemplars of human life on earth. Indeed they would even come and sit on the pavements with the kids, and we would all play games together; and all talk together. God help us, society could not be better than that; anywhere, anytime. Was I born in the wrong place at the wrong time? No, not likely; and I would not have changed it for anything else. I could have easily lost my Cockney accent, and sometimes do not use it at all. But I try to use it most of the time, for it is what I am in this world, and I have no problems with that. What a pity that such a place died.

By the time I was seventeen it was dead and gone however. So likewise was I on the move; for one cannot live in grave yard. What has all this got to do with psychognosis and transcendence? Well, in some respects nothing at all, but in other respects it has everything to do with it. From hindsight I see now that such events turn people out just like these characters were which I was talking about above. They were not mystics. For they did not need it; they were already living the part, and in utter ignorance of it all. They were real. What the hell would they have needed with transcendent experience and the trip home. Reality is very economical is it not. It is very true that by far the majority of people claim that such things as near death experiences and mystical events alters them. But from hindsight going home to the ground of being did not alter me. True, it revealed things and made me think both of myself and the nature of reality in a different way; and eliminated cosmic amnesia. But it did not alter me – for that same simple Cockney kid is still there. And that I know; and for that I am also grateful. I would do nothing differently now from what either I or they did then.

There is one guy from those days who phones me up once a year and I phone him up once a year (one in the summer and one around Christmas time), the one that taught me to play chess actually. And when we speak for half an hour or so on the phone, it is a riot. Indeed, they are probably the best laughs I have each year; and I have known him since I was three, but I have not seen him for forty five years. We do not need to. He too is as thick as ten planks, like me, but he sure is no mystic. But he, perhaps above all other people I know, I would trust my life with – for I could rely on him, without a shadow of doubt. In fact he did once when I was about eight. It was on Blackfriars underground station. He dropped his ticket home down among the live rails; and we were too tired to walk six miles home. His eyesight was not too hot so he could not see it. There was a train coming and due in at the platform in a few seconds. So I said, when you feel my arm at your leg – pull like hell mate. So I jumped down and got it. As he pulled me up the train missed me by about three inches. Job accomplished; no problem. And if I was ever short of cash (he is three years older than I and thus working whilst I was still at school) then the cash always turned up for a new suit or whatever was needed. What the hell more could one want from a friend eh. And money cannot buy them either.

Yeah simple people eh, simple minds, and simple lives. And yet they were not only real they are memorable also, for ever. The very best amongst humanity. And true, they are not rocket scientists or academics; they are just real people who make life here worth living, and loving. And what do they believe? They have no need for believing things; they are too busy living life and taking part in it; and they know what they know; and they do not know what they do not know; but they also ask cute questions, and all that combination is enough; for it works. These are people that the system missed out on – because of war. And they say that nothing good comes out of war? Reality works in mysterious ways eh.

In a dire world threatening crisis the sum of all humanity would work together. But unfortunately as yet they only see a crisis if it is a physical one – like a lump of rock from outer space; or a flood or an earthquake. They do not see the mental, psychological, social and political crisis burning under their feet right now. They are creating an intolerable world; and one day they will wake up on mass. But not yet; not yet, for it has to get even worse for them to see it. Beware the neglected masses,

their boredom, poverty and frustration – for one day they will blow up and riot; and take over. Indeed, it has already been done a few times – ask the Romanov's if you do not accept it. If you can find any of them left that is. Now, there is the spirit in action for you eh. Those who treat people like mire, will one day land in it.

Little things please little minds they say. Well, yup, they sure do; and that is a fact. But it is not a fact that they are stupid. Moreover, those same things and those same times also still please a mind that has flitted around in both time and eternity; and that is a fact. I have chatted with philosophers, academics, psychologists, mystics, psychics, mathematicians, writers, artists, musicians, actors, physicists and cosmologists, biologists and sociologists, religionists, atheists, black magic and occult worshippers, satanists, and wicker's, the rich and the poor, the smart and the simple, all over the world. I have had much fun; learned one hell of a lot from them all in some respects, taught them a few things even maybe, helped a few out on the occasions where I could, even saved a few lives I am told (and with a few death threats flung at me along the way – naturally enough); and had some red hot arguments at times (quite a few times), and above all many good laughs and made lots of friends. But I have never had the laughs and simplistic fun that we had as kids on those dark and dirty streets of London as it was then during the war. I wonder why.

Simplicity is seemingly a too highly developed and complex art form for this modern world to grasp that fact; and albeit a natural one that one does not need to have to think about, for it is spontaneous, and within them when they take the blindfold off. And they seem to have totally lost that art these days. I am told that Waltzing Matilda means going walk-about over a desert; and which seems to be more applicable today than it was then. But the mystics walk there alone all the time here. The more populated, 'civilised' and urbanised this world has become then the more it seems to become a desert; or some might perhaps say a jungle; but the meaning is the same in this case. But the sad thing of course is that change and new innovations (and wonderful and useful they are) do not, of their own accord, detract from also living the simple and effective rich life. Indeed, they can even enhance it. But like any tool, it has to be used well, and wisely – and not become the goal.

I have mentioned elsewhere (and many know it to be true anyway) that the acquisition of the products of a society raises no problem whatsoever; and indeed even helps a lot; and to make life richer in the true sense. But it is nothing more than the psychological attitude to them wherein lies the rub and dichotomy. The fear of not acquiring them: the fear of not owning; the fear of losing them or having them stolen; the fear of missing out. The world is full of locks and security devices; hidden cameras et al. Huh ! And those fears are pampered to by way of the means of overcoming them – and the ever growing search for security; safety; the principle of rule and divide in order to alienate one human being from the next; and one society from the next. Oh yes, that too is highly developed art form; but it is an art used by the artful, the power mongers and rank cretins of this world who keep the mob suppressed in the realms of Somnus and sedated from really living life in the grandeur of its simplicity.

Even in a society such as this which is based upon individual ownership, rampant monopoly capitalistic philosophy, short term party politics which achieve nothing of long term good; hierarchical societies where one has to move ever upward; the mystic

can still survive; for these things mean nothing to them, and they do not get on the band wagon like lemmings to the slaughter. But many people are not mystics, or the recipients of some kind of illumination and life revealing event; and they don't even bother to think. So what do they do? They either get on to that bandwagon (assuming that there is nothing else to be done anyway); or they kill themselves (for they cannot live that way); or they zap their minds into virtual oblivion by way of drugs; or they go join some small isolated new age sect and make believe that the real world is not really there at all. And all that really has to be done (and which the mystics do naturally anyway) is to say sod the lot of them, and go live as natural a life as they can given the existing state of the art of humanity and human societies; for a tiny minority cannot change the world. And they cannot even be heard amongst the din and commercial racket-erring. No wonder that so many young kids feel alienated.

And, as I have pointed out elsewhere; all that means is getting back into sync and harmony with where the spirit soul and psyche is as yet at in the process of incarnate evolution. Never mind the width and the quantity, feel the quality; for the quality is written on to the deepest depths of the mind; and resonating with that frequency spectrum is what chilling out and inner peace and harmony is all about. And when you are in harmony with your self, then there is no problem, no big secret trick to living in harmony with others and all things. That, is the ticket to ride. You and I cannot demand mystical and transcendent experience, or near death experiences, or any kind of experience which both reveals deeper aspects of our being and thence changes ones attitudes and then life itself. But one can certainly put oneself in the path of them by living the simple life. And moreover, and ironically, living the simple and full rich life would be the effect of these experiences anyway. So why even bother – just do it. Good heavens below, it is that simple. Maybe it takes a simple person to recognise simplicity eh. Tis really strange, for on very many occasions people have contacted me saying words to the effect that they want transcendent mystical experience, and they want it now.

My first answer to that is always – Tough luck. However, once one gets into more general conversation with most of these kind of people, one gets to know them easy enough (mystics have a way of getting inside other people you know – practice). And when I have got to know them well enough I have then said to them – Don't bother chum, for you do not even need it. This invariably shocks them and they want to know why (and still insisting that they want the experience itself). So I simply said what I have said here – that they do not need to know by conscious experience because they are already near on living the lifestyles which that event causes during a lifetime anyway. So why bother to even think about it, let alone getting ones knickers in a twist about wanting to experience it. So I tell them to forget it and simply get on with their normal daily life. And this has happened very many times; and I think on all continents. And, do you know what – it works. They had this annoying idea buzzing around in their head that they were missing out on something. I told them that they were not and they did not even need it – for they already were it and were living it anyway. So one simply had to zap the idea. Not difficult really.

I met one guy once, a really nice and helpful bloke, and a mini mystic. He had his one and only experience whilst doing time in the nick for robbery and GBH. And it changed him over night. Well, now he sure needed it; and he got it. It worked. But don't get me wrong; for this does not mean that all mystics were originally doing

something totally wrong; and then had such experience by virtue of it. On the contrary in fact. For it becomes clear to me from hindsight that by far the most of them were doing something right – and which brought the event about. But, as we all know, life, and our system of dynamics works in mysterious ways, and for mysterious reasons. And maybe, just maybe, it is in the forgetting of that (the mystery and ‘magic’) that one closes down one or both ends of our open vortex, and then the wind cannot blow through us - and then the tune will not be played on that magic musical cosmic instrument called the mind. Think on it. Act on it. If you want things to flow through you then unlock the doors of security, throw them wide open, and the flow is there waiting to flow. Do not damn yourself up and cause a blockage.

Thus it is that the big secret, the missing tool, the cup to the sacred grail, is that there is no big secret at all. One does not have to journey to the ends of the earth, or perform rituals or magic tricks, no invocations and no help is required. The big occult secret is simply to relax. Really relax. And then go where the magic takes you. Go with the flow. The key to paradise and eternal love and being, is within, and waiting for you. Moreover, and even more important, it is waiting to get out – and despite my cries of stay where you are and rest in heavenly peace – for you will be beaten up something rotten out here old mate.

Have you ever noticed as to how relaxing it is to sit around a nice open fire with a cat purring away on your lap? And they are magic critters you know. Have you found the real magic in music? Or in a tree or a blade of grass? Go and sit with the chickens for a while in the chicken run. Go sit on a rock looking out to sea. Go sit in a quiet combe by a stream on the moors, alone. Ah, in existence you can never be really alone you know. Not even in limbo. Now, you know what guru’s want from you do you not. For a fee they will supply you with lots of magic formulas for attaining to – enlightenment, wisdom, all knowing, gnosis. All bosh my dear; all bosh. I tell you this, the real magic is within you – so go find it, and then use it. Nobody can give it to you, for it is already yours, and always was – from the very beginning. Do not look to the mystics, and certainly not to priestcrafty – just look to your SELF – or that is it. No big secret is it.

We all know what these charlatan guru’s want from you. But what does the real mystic want from you? Nothing at all. You have nothing which they could possibly want or need; nothing at all. Why then do they murmur in your ear? Because they want something for you. They want for you that which they have found themselves. Why? Because it is good; and because it works. And, moreover, if and when you get it, then you will want to make the world a better place too, and you will work for it; for you will know. Guru’s have one goal; and that is to get rich. The mystics have one goal; and that is to put themselves out of business; for when they are all one then the world will come right. They are not stupid you see; and they too want to live in a better world, and for their kids to live in a better world. So, they do not do it for nothing. Nothing is for nothing.

And how do you recognise words which are in accord with the nature of reality; as opposed to the words which are not? How do you recognise the genuine mystics from the charlatans, guru’s and frauds? Not easy is it. The best you can do is to simply feel for it and see which rings a bell on your deepest inside forces. But, there is no easy answer to that one. Other than to say that you will find what you find in due

course, and you can only find things which exist to be found; you can only ever find the truth, and you will never ever find a lie. You will hear many lies, but never find the things which they say. And remember, it is not the ears that reveal truth – nor the physical eyes; nor the hand. The genuine mystics cannot show you the truth; only life and the nature of reality can do that. But nevertheless the meaning in the words which the ear hears, seeps deep into the system – and the system itself knows what is in the system – even if you don't. So, listen to the mystics, and then listen to your inner system; for that is how they found it. And that IS the truth whether you recognise it yet or not.

Real mystics (not these fairy tale mythologies of 'mystics' propagated by priestcraft from the devils pulpit) have spent all their lives moaning and shouting – for sanity. The deepest essence of the nature of reality does not have a voice you see, and nobody has connected it to the internet or sent it a pen and paper as yet. So, who is going to rant and rave for sanity on this world? Do not look to the dead, for they cannot do anything here. I asked elsewhere as to why the world has always (and will always) have its crop of mystics and rapid brain deterioration types. Well, why do you think? Tis not a difficult one to work out is it. We are all manifestations of the life force you know; and we all have a voice. They are meant for singing and communication; but alas there are times when they have to shout and moan. I hate moaning. But needs must at times. And they do not like people who moan and complain do they; they prefer the Doves, not the Hawks. And it is not the best paid job in the world either eh; or the most fun. Well, let us be realistic – they don't get any pay for it at all do they!

The grail is within you; and things can pop up only when the mind is quiet and relaxed. And that does not mean asleep. So wake up – for heaven sake; and for the love of life and truth and existence itself – wake up. Go find that which the mystics cannot give you; yet which they know is there waiting for you. The real magic and wonder is you yourself; if you did but know it. If you insist upon believing something, then believe that; for it is the truth. But don't forget to go looking for it and feeling for it; but not with your eyes and your hands, but with your mind and your heart. And the bits that need to see, can see; and the bits that need to understand, can and do understand – and it is you. Do you see? Well, you will; and I guarantee it.

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Before closing this small volume I would like you, the reader, to contemplate upon something. Imagine this. Imagine that you were born into this world at and around the time when human beings could first communicate with each other to any reasonable degree with a basic kind of language, and with the conceptual language which existed at that time. Imagine that you were the first person to ever undergo the events mentioned herein. Imagine then that you mentioned them to the mob in the cave, or the next cave along to yours. Imagine that just a few of them took you seriously and began talking about what you had revealed to them amongst themselves. How would they talk about it to each other, how would they conceptualise it, and talk of it: and what would they make of it simply by your verbal description of it with your language potentials as they were at that time?

Imagine that in due course that other human beings throughout the world started having the same experiences; or to this or that degree of integration. But imagine also that for the large part most of them died at an early age. Imagine that quite a few had undergone this or that degree of transcendence but had died before further events could take place. What would be the sociological outcome of all this on a world-wide scale? All kinds of metaphysical constructions, which were largely based upon the existing language in this or that part of the world, and dependent upon their conceptual understanding of things at that time in that part of the world.

Imagine (and it does not take much imagination) that thousands of folk in all parts of the world had come to experience the transcendent form of cognitive existence but had not lasted long enough here to experience any more; let alone a resolution of it all in extended spatial time and forms. Imagine also that many came to have extroverted mystical experience but no experience of the 'beginning' and 'end' (introverted mystical experience). How would all this stuff come out in terms of human communication and paradigm systems? Is it really any wonder that metaphysical religions came to exist in every part of the world, and of different kinds? No it is not. And keep in mind also that this was all verbal communication, not written texts and documents as we can all do today, and pick the to bits. And keep in mind also as to how rare these events really are in consensus terms anyway.

I know well enough that many people go through this lifetime even now without ever even undergoing some kind of psychic event let alone many of them, and also the mystical ones which are even rarer (both introverted and extroverted types). But there are a lot of people alive on earth today and even a small percentage of them can amount to one hell of lot of people. Moreover, not only do we learn much about the nature of reality as time moves on but because of it language then evolves and so too do the symbolic constructs which we use for language communication – and hence the human temporal mind takes in more and evolves. However, and so far no problem – albeit some confusion. It soon becomes learned and understood by them that the five physical senses do not detect all of the nature of reality, nor even ourselves. And yet people intuitively feel that there is more, and combined also with the stories which have been passed on to them in their culture. And if one is not personally aware of any more as yet then a gap exists in comprehension. And therein lies the rub and the potential for being deceived – for there is a psychological need.

The rub sets in when some individuals realise that folk are searching for more and that one can exploit them by virtue of it, and attain to some kind of power over them by offering this or that promise. They very soon realise that folk are seeking a greater understanding of things and that this need is open to exploitation for a profit.

“The people like to be deceived – so deceived let them be; and you and I can make a fortune out of it”! And so it went; and Rome probably made the best job of it as yet has ever been done, or will be done again. They are not deliberately distorting something which they themselves know to be true (for if they did know it then they would not do it). But they did know that what they were injecting into it was a pack of lies – one idea to beat all the other ideas as yet existed – ‘One ring to bind them all’, kind of thing. Moreover, you have to use some kind of concepts which are kicking around at that time for people to hook on to.

But from that point on – what the hell – just invent stuff which will be advantageous to you whilst messing with the existing program of social understanding at that time. Put yourself in charge of it, make a big secret of it that cannot be known during life - and away you go. However, over the course of centuries all this stuff gets forgotten, and there is never a true documented history of corruption is there – or truth for that matter. So, that which we call priestcraft today are not responsible for all this, for they are just as much embroiled in and nurtured by the evolving myth as their audience are; and whilst still propagating and espousing the negative myths.

Concepts in the mind are big things and of course they govern one's rational thinking and existing understanding. A few thousand years ago it was just not a conception in the human mind or imagination that the world was round and travelled around the sun. One would have been a total nut case to even have suggested it. Why was the world 'flat'? Because it looked flat – and it was obvious that the stars and planets circled the earth; for they came up in the east and went down in the west. So, naturally one could fall off the edge of the world if one went too far. But all that stuff up and out there was governed by the gods and demons (of the unknown), as was one's own soul needless to say; and one has to pay homage to them and keep in their good books both for the summer crop and for salvation. It is all natural enough up to that point – but not to get stuck there for millennia.

One evening I was watching a political news-round on the television, and which comprised of about five or six well know broadcasters and politicians of this day and age (2003). For some strange reason they got around to talking about perception and as to how smart they all were these days. They flashed up a picture of the star constellation which we call Orion. Not a one of them even knew which constellation it was – probably the most prominent and striking pattern of lights in the northern evening sky. And then the lead man (extremely well know and well thought of all over the world) happened to say that the middle star of the belt was not a star at all – but that we all now KNOW that it is a solar system !! For Ker-Riced sake!!! Do we all know that? If they do then they all know it wrong! A solar system is a star system like our sun and planets (sometimes a binary star system) with whatever orbits that star. We then of course have whole star clusters (which Alnilam, the phenomenon in question, is documented to be the last time I read anything about it) and then of course whole galaxies which consist of billions of stars, star clusters and solar systems and whatever else is found in the individual galaxies. So, here we go again 'we all know this....' And they have even got that wrong; for it is obvious that they do not know it at all – they do not even recognise what it is and has been document for thousands of years by humanity. And they run the bloody country in their so called wisdom.

Fair enough, they may have no interest in astronomy. But in which case what interest do they have in the stuff which is found around them anyway, and the thing which is observing it even? What are they interested in? Obvious is it not – their self, their power, their bank balance, their isolated little ego, prestige, and as to how much society loves them and watches their particular program on the little box of sleeping pills. Do they really have any deep interest in the nature of reality and in the well being of life forms? Do they hell. And they get elected by virtue of the gift of the gab. "Oh, isn't he or she good with words - and yeah I believe him or her" !!!!

And now they even have to have television appeal to get elected. Not brains mind you; nor conviction; nor a vision – just the gift of the gab and television appeal. Does not a society get what it deserves? Is this not an ironic cosmic justice? And is it not a simple matter of cause and effect or reaping what you sow. ‘Give em what they want and they will remain stupid and asleep, and will thence not rock the boat of Somnus’. So, what is new ! Hey, why not give them something which they do not want – to make them think and wake up !

What happens when you vote for Joe Bloggs to represent your community interests and economy? Joe Bloggs belongs to this or that party system and comes under the whip of that regime – so much for your interests chum. How come, and by what strange quirk of fate, is every human being born either a capitalist or a socialist; a republican or a democrat? Do they even know what these words mean for Ker-Riced sake? Talking to Fred Smith in the street about politics as not much different than talking to him about mysticism and transcendence or the mating instincts of three toed Sloth’s – derr! All they are concerned about is as to what is in it for them; and that is it – a more voluptuous house and more money in their pocket; less taxes (let somebody else pay for hospitals and schools). And that is it. Bugger everybody else, just fill my larder up with goodies and I will vote for you.

Any social political system can only be run and envisaged by where the people are at. And does not the system reveal just that. The people do not reveal the system; they make it; but the system soon reveals them. If you have not caught up with that system, then tough luck. If you can see well beyond it – then tough luck also. The former mob will tend to drag it down to their level, and the latter will just moan and shout at the observed stupidity, greed, and long term dangers of that system; if indeed not even the short term ones. Being blind is not something which is done by the eyes is it; and the stench does not permeate into the mind by way of the nostrils. And yet, human beings cannot change human beings can they. They can kill them, torture them, exploit them, threaten them, and what knows else – but they cannot change them. Can talking to them change them? Only on very rare occasions it seem – and no doubt when they are on the cusp of change anyway.

What can change them then? Well, the stuff that can change them cannot be seen by the physical eyes nor touched by the physical hands, nor can it be heard by the physical ears nor worked out by way of the rational mind. It will not be found in universities, churches, synagogues, sports arenas. But it is there is it not; and I have told you of it; in some degree of detail. And it is so. And not only is it there but it is there to be known, eaten by experience, digested, and then put to work. And this stuff is not beyond you. It is closer to you than your nose is. For your nose is an objective phenomenon. But one is also mindful of the nose; but the mind is not up the nose. Although it might just as well be; for what it achieves as yet. Give it a good blow out.

And the mind can blow the nose; but the nose does not blow the mind. But something does – the nature of reality itself. Little things, and big secrets eh. The nature of reality does not keep any secrets, only human beings do that kind of thing. But what the nature of reality does do is to contain stuff which you can only see and understand when you use all your equipment of which was given to you in the first place.

And yet because you cannot see it, and cannot put it into your mouth or the bank, then it is irrelevant trash. And this is the way they want you to be, for there is a profit in it for them. They want ships without a rudder – so that they can steer them. Did somebody once say something about the blind being led by the blind. Well, that sure fits the bill. What can you do with somebody that cannot be bought? You can only kill them. I think they did that to the Indians in the USA too – kill the buggers, for they do not want anything from us; and that will never do – and we must make more room for more cretins like us eh. Getting them addicted to hard drugs is perhaps the ultimate quick way to get rich. Pity it kills them in due course, but never mind for they are breeding like rabbits and we well get the next lot too! And they do. Why write about gnosis? You work it out.

Imagine for the sake of analogy that two beings brought forth creation. One said, Oh I have a great idea – let us bring forth little men and call them human beings, and they will have the freedom to do this and that. And the other being says, forget it chum, for it will not work and they will destroy the whole cage and themselves. One was a perennial optimist and the other a perennial pessimist. A third guy comes along and says, hang on lads, let us build a sub-program into them by which they can attain to the wisdom and understanding which is known here. The pessimist says, no they will never find it; and the optimist thinks... emm, I wonder!!! Well, which of those three guys was right? Ah, well, one could have a lot of fun with myths eh. But, one is pleased to say that the nature of existence is not a myth; and it exists in reality – and its deeper truths are written into the system, and in yourself. They are not secrets – they are just little things hiding away in a dark inner place – until you decide to go and take a look for yourself – and there you will find your SELF – all pristine and shining bright like a little diamond; and as ever it did. Even the rank cretins too.

Being a pragmatist one can observe these things of the inner depths, even the transcendent and non temporal part of our being, but once over the shock and amazement, one then has to still ask oneself – OK, but so what? If it did nothing and had no practical effects in our life and our existence here then it would still of course be interesting, but totally academic – much like the visual magnitude of this or that star or galaxy is to you or me. But the message which even the readers or hearers of these things have not seemed to have got yet (and obvious as to why) is that of the effects of it. There is little point in evolution if evolution did not change existence on earth for the entities on earth. There is little point in you and I having a paradigmatic mind shift of awareness and understanding if that understanding (and all that experience) had no damned effects in one's life and existence. But it does – the process of personal and collective becoming. And there is no damned point in life if we do not live it and come to understand it – and thence give back what we learn in effort and work. So, OK, a key or catalyst to that becoming exists, and exists to be known. So where can one find it? In the pages of a book? In 'sacred' texts? (sacred my arse). In the marbled halls of academia? In the constellation of Orion? Well, you know now the answer to that is no. So where is it? Tis in the junk yard friend. Tis in the thing which is thought to be a mere electrical discharge which jumps the gap of the brains neurones – the mind; an epiphenomenon manufactured by matter – Oh dear, what can the matter be !? Cosmic junk and flotsam. So, the Jewel is in the junk yard; the cream in the chaos; the cognition in the cogs. An interesting irony and secret eh. And what is the most common thing you know throughout your whole existence? The flow of consciousness. Have you ever noticed it there?

But, of course, the worlds mystics are brain deficient – so how come? Oh my oh my, one can have a lot of fun eh, and a good moan is like letting off steam in a closed system. And mystics are only ordinary people you know; they are not clever or particularly smart – but they can see; and feel. You might be living next door to one – indeed, your spouse might be a closet one without you even knowing it. You would be surprised where I have found them - - But sssshhh.

One of the best and most fitting quotes I ever came across (it was not from a mystic by the way) which is applicable to this world was penned by a little known writer – cannot even remember his name now off the top of my head; but no matter. He said that once upon a time he was indecisive – but now he is not so sure ! Well there you go eh, it is both funny and true. But just keep in mind that you cannot know tomorrow until it comes – and in just the same way you cannot know some things until they are revealed to your conscious awareness. When I was little boy of about five or six I asked myself the question as to what exists for consciousness to become conscious off. From hindsight it was not such a stupid question was it – and it just popped up into my mind out of the proverbial blue – zap; just like that. Keep in mind also that the human form, let alone the human head, is such a little thing in the vast scheme of things is it not – yet it seems to be the biggest secret and mystery in all known creation as yet. Little things – big secrets. Huh ! And the little mind of man can and does grapple with the ultimate reality. I often say do not underestimate other people – and which is fitting enough. But by the same token, never underestimate your SELF. But even more important, do not underestimate life and the nature of reality.

People often ask as to if there is intelligence behind creation (all that exists). And what do they judge intelligence by one wonders – their own maybe? Well, of course there is not, for the intelligence is IN creation – not outside of it; for there is nothing outside of all that which exists. There is no such thing as nothing. But then they specify as to if intelligence brought forth the physical universe. Well, there is more than the physical universe. And how do they know that it was not done after learning it all – from the end? Time and again. If they cannot see it then they truly are blind.

Tis very strange you know, and especially in that I am not a poet, but I always found these things so much more easy to talk about in rhyming verse – and more effective too - for it just comes and flows of its own accord, and without the need to even think about it – for the mind already knows it. And it also just happens to be the case that it works better than prose on many people. Strange that ! So, I will finish this chapter with a few more little verses. They do really work better you know, for they are a bit like music in that they have rhythm and meter, and that somehow sinks deeper into people more than mere prose does – especially my kind of rough plain speaking prose. But it ain't the prose which makes us grows; tis the grail which we inhale; and the merit we inherit when seeking like a ferret, when going where.... Well, god only knows !

* * *

THE GRAIL

I told it at the outset,
and I'll say it one more time,
that the power is within you
to make this world divine.

Seek not the grail beyond you
for the magic is inside;
the deepest root within you,
loves eternal cosmic bride.

The marriage is outside of time;
before the stars did shine;
before time tore asunder
the repose of the divine.

Wait not then for Paradise,
and all glory yet to come,
for it's even now within you
and the first thing ever done.

Do not believe the truth of this
but seek it for yourself;
for life on Earth is far too short
to miss such Divine wealth.

And so, when times are cold and hard,
and the winters chill is rife,
gather the Babes around the hearth,
and speak to them... of LIFE.

Fire the flame within them,
as the coals do warm the hand,
and tell them of from whence they came,
the Divine Eternal Land.

* * *

ELITISM

There is nothing more abhorrent
in the whole vast scheme of things
than that of Man's Elitism,
which the bell of ignorance rings.

False mystics and false prophets,
it has been warned before,
do not bring light into the world,
they crush it to the floor.

They elevate their selves so high
and power seek to mould
over children's minds, and simple folk;
the story is so old.

Be wary of the men who talk
in public oh so loud;
they live not in reality
but an Egotistic shroud
of fear and inner nausea,
and would drag others down,
because they are so lonely
in the pool in which they drown.

'Tis sad that they should suffer so;
and why? One cannot say.
But do not let them drag you down,
in the mire of their way.

* * *

THE ODYSSEY

Experience is the food of life
which ever onward flows;
understanding is digestion,
and wisdom that which grows.

But what is it that dwells beneath
the appearance of the day,
and integrates our freedom
with the deeper Cosmic way ?

And in that realm, (beyond the form),
from which place all things flow,
the temporal mind returns to seed,
to say... “Ah yes, I know”! ?

That realm, it is a mystery,
the deepest mystery known,
and on returning, then we know,
it is our natural home.

Thus Man is made a meeting ground
of dimensions deep and wide,
and brought forth by a passion,
which nought can subdivide.

The mystic centre is the ground,
from which then all things flow;
and in that deepest dwelling place
we learn - Ah yes, I know.

* * *

QUO VADIS

Where once the sight of death did sting
dark corners of my mind;
and trembling thoughts returned again
to moments left behind,
when laughter was as shallow
as soil upon my hands
and echoed into nothing
where nought of worth withstands.

What transformative perception
annihilates such a theme
of self created darkness,
ephemeral as a dream ?

What slight moment out of time
could have such mighty blow
to terminate a darkness
which took so long to grow ?

Quo Vadis, words of intellect
when reasoning is done,
amid the lights of wisdom's realm,
where Essence is the sum.

Now laughter rings forever
despite what deeds are seen;
for the consciousness of wisdom
doth step outside its dream.

* * *

FULL CIRCLE

When I was but two dozen years
and shed nought but childish tears,
weaned on war and poverty,
I came to know the knowledge tree.

I did not ask to bite and sup
from Eternity's divine cup.
And that which was in there so grand,
by me, was made so crude, so bland.

For twice ten years I gnawed away,
negating that which lights the day;
'twas all a passing whim of mind,
and I must leave it all behind !

But then, again, amid the day,
all entropy did fade away;
and that, to which I would not come,
came to me... in daylight's sun.

Never again will I choke on tears
that hang like weights on so few years.
Let Eternity see me no more,
For I am not fit to pass its door !

part two

**I do not mind if I should go;
no more to be, no more to know;
no more to dwell beyond the white,
no more to dance in wisdom's light.**

**The power that you gave to me;
to Judge the womb of Eternity;
my love, I say I am not he,
fit enough to dwell with thee.**

**That which you have given me,
to know, to keep, to always be;
is more than I can sup this day;
and nought can I give, that will ever pay.**

**But this I say, before I go;
And knowing no more that there is to know;
truly was it so well done;
as befitting such a one.**

**That which thou has given me,
I offer back in a love that's free.
Thus, you taught me, in advance,
the nature of the Cosmic dance.**

*** * ***