

Selections Mystical Prose and Poetry

Book II in the Series

Lindsay Traynor

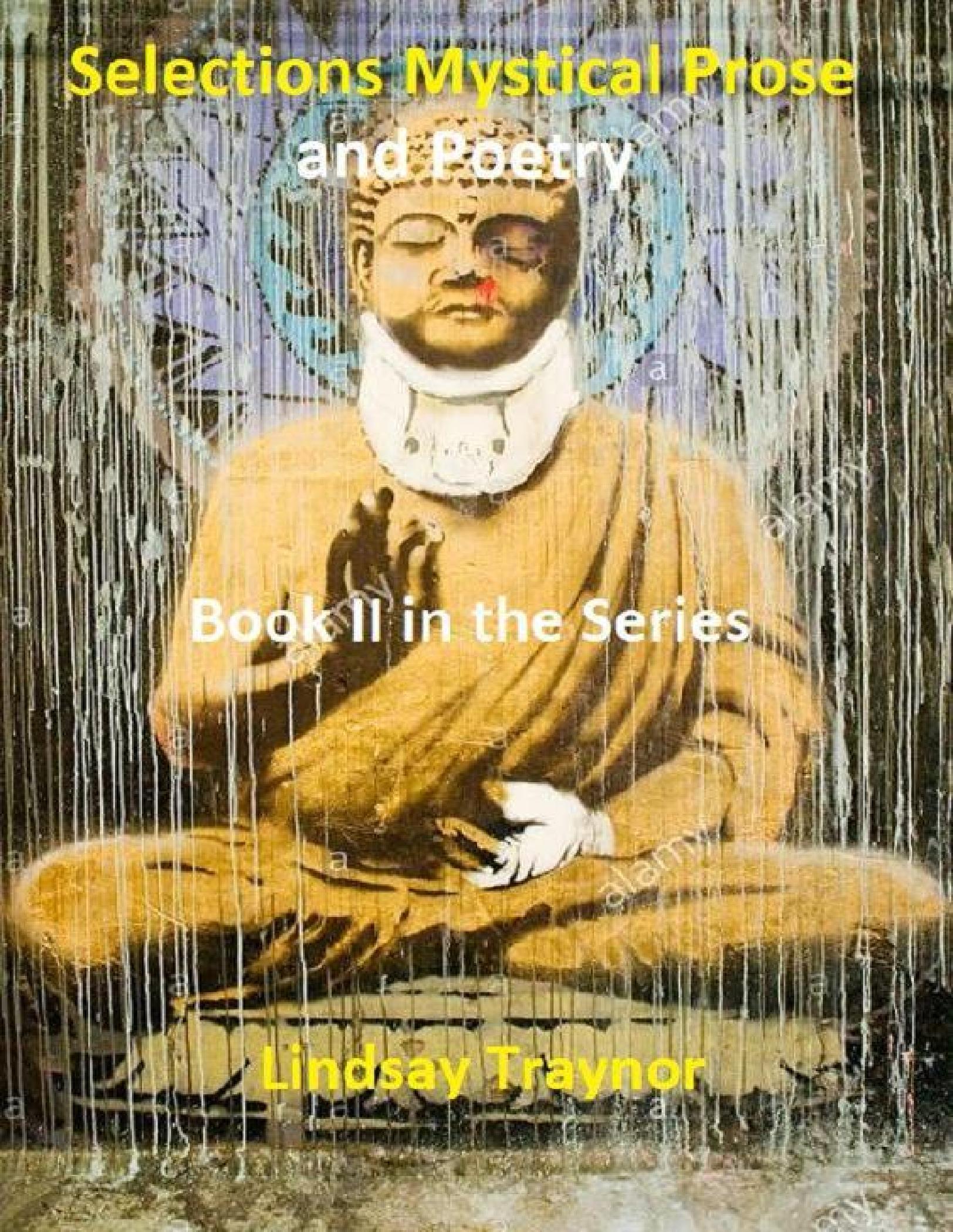


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Selections of Mystical Prose and Poetry

by Lindsay Traynor

Book II in the Series

Collated and Edited by the moderators of his various websites

*“It is not a matter of laborious achievement, as we have been led to believe; it is a matter of Revelation. Everything seen and unseen in infinite existence already exists, it is only a matter of Discovery” --
Lindsay Traynor*

The Time Before

before i incarcerated myself in pure text
i painted and so it flowed as easy as
rivers which power is also represented
by pure text, though emotions and moods
render pure text a pauper -- music and
colour prevail in art

tones, colour and shades leap, ease and
slide into being, shaping the viewer
momentarily

art-forms are suited for their purpose
though none fit perfectly like the skin
which medium is also shed
in serpentine fashion

though a realm exists that only the
substrate of mind is able to apprehend,
consciousness evades capture/representation
by any medium, mind however is easily
moved, trained and led in any direction
the artist chooses as it is a cultural product

in text we are culturally bound as text
demands decoding and we learn to decode
in culture -- schools -- that blot and coagulate
free running streams and rivers distorting
the pristine everlasting consciousness
to the finite

though we all must express ourselves with
the limited tools on offer, you see now why
and how text infiltrates, as culture teaches us
that chicken tracks mean something but

meaning is lost to subjectivity though clever magicians play with words/minds at will and lead entire nations into captivity

the chains of social slavery are locked into everyone the instant the letter 'A' is learned, by 'Z' we are finished as free individuals -- no-one extinguishes a fire with gasoline (more words) a dog chasing its tail captures only itself

so i take my fine human hair brush, dip it into the sea and move it effortlessly across the sky though few are able to read what is expressed

poetry and artistic prose are simply word tricks, music endures only to the last note and colour on canvas fades; what is the medium and stylus that encodes messages forever?

i may have insinuated the answer by pure chance though never forget that social/cultural meaning is lost to infinity (consciousness)

Pages

the white page waits eagerly
for someone to despoil it
i seem created for that job,
how many have i defiled?

my pencil always volunteers
to defile virgin white with
strange scribbles, jolts,
rhythmic pulses and
showers of written tears
-- joy and sorrow

on closer inspection, irregular
designs form words, which form
images that lure minds to gift them
with life until what appeared to be
violent becomes petal soft, soothing,
a witch's brew to cure all ills

never underestimate the power of
words in the hands of a wordsmith/
scribe, more potent than a gun is a pen
which is not loaded with lead but Soma
which it slurps from the cosmos like a
thirsty beast then gifts it to virgin paper
until the fluid is spent

ur eyes again, imprinted on my memory/soul
etched there for eternity watch me always,
they dance with the rhythms of my hand
racing across the page offering everything
produced to you

your eyes watch mine watching yours as i

write more, or less, sometimes refined like
maps, more often swirling directions, arrows,
circles and magic characters, they all become
poems, thousands of poems that issue from one
medium driven by millions of impulses dented
in time by the living and the dead all wishing
to speak silently out of turn, waiting impatiently
for me to sculpt them into a message saturated
with meaning that only the reader understands

another piece completed though behind
me a chorus sings play it again one more
time, and so it never ends

Tombstones

they stand peering out to sea
blind eyes of chiselled marble
etched in marble heads
containing marble brains
unable to think

tombstones of the dead
for the dead

the vast moving sea rolls
mocking these dead sentinels
lifelessly watching

all manner of desperate messages
written in marble, for whom?
for memories, loss and the desperate,
fantastic beliefs of the living

no poetry, though one would expect
a rhyme or verse; i have inspected
them all including the graves of two
notable Australian poets -- odd that
these graves bear no verse tho poetry
expresses life and death, it is sure
these poets were buried by philistines

the cemetery occupies acres of prime
land yet it houses remnants only,
inversions of priority occupy these
acres populated by the dead by the sea

in an inverted world the living defer
to the dead though billions of dollars
go begging which seals the fate of the

cemetery sometime in the future

avarice pursues material wealth but
is a person increased by such wealth?
never, as we all know

and so the living make their dead plans
which result in more death

dark grey clouds crack and light rips
the sky, a storm approaches from a
star-spangled land across the ocean
infatuated with death and destruction
which it spreads around the globe
though always pursuing wealth,
pursuing death

at night the moonlight casts an eerie
glow on white weeping tombstones,
which appear to move; a cold wind
sobs as it passes over the graves but it
cries for the living crowded around
the perimeter of the necropolis

soon the rising sun will banish the gloom,
the first light of dawn already diluting the
darkness revealing the separation of sea-sky,
life-death, dream-reality, futility and hope

Depth

at the depths there is calm
only surface waters are agitated
by the howling wind, which gives
the impression the lake is turbulent,
not so appearances deceive as they
always do though a little reflection
reveals a bigger picture, behind the
illusion of turbulence the greater
reality is calm, imperturbable

the centre is still, the depths reveal
more than the superficial surface,
yet most are fascinated by appearances
and are easily deceived

a flickerless candle flame
appears still, immobile
yet its activity as fire is frenetic
though no hint of activity
is perceived by the eye

people fuss and spin in circles
exhausting their life-force
like a dog chasing its tail;
to what avail is chasing
appearances, shadows and
arbitrary/transitory values?

nothing the world throws at you
is able to disturb the calm at the
centre of Being, you know it deep
inside

ships ride wild surface storms that

deliver them to reefs and rocks of
destruction while the tiniest sea creature
navigates the calm bottom with ease

circumstances sometimes force an
outcome but know that nothing forces
calm and imperturbability; remain
centred in your unassailable peace
and nothing would distress
or trouble you again

dive deep into your secret peace and
you will prevail over all things

Wetness

wet,
like a rainforest in a monsoon
refreshed and clean -- moisture in
one form or another is the blood
of the earth, and what is blood but
a liquid organ in the human body

wet,
like ur desire waiting for fulfilment,
without appropriate moisture u are
unresponsive, not ready to bring forth
new life, fertility is impossible without
wetness, a medium and the base
component of life

wet,
like the juice of fruit and the nectars
they produce that tantalise the buds
and set the heart aright

wet,
like the tears that trickle
down my cheeks when i remember
kissing ur moist sweet lips and
caressing ur beaded body

how am i to forget u every time it
rains or i take a walk by the sea,
but need i forget? no-one escapes
their experience so rather than lament
a loss i marvel at a crystal drop of dew
on a blooming crimson rose
in my garden of everlasting Love

Aversion

what becomes of the living
when an aversion to life
develops?

culture today is distinctly averse
to life and its source, Love;
all creation is a manifestation
of nothing other

love is now a dirty four letter
word never used in its correct
context, only to sell and lure
people to products and paltry
substitutes

devoid of its presence the species
is lost and tumbles into darkness,
loss and self-destruction

the signifier of everlasting life
is today considered pathetic, weak,
who could pronounce it to the world
as the source of all things, the
harmony and bliss behind creation?

love is the essential nature of
Creation itself, it is the substance
of poets, the red of a rose and the
glint in the eyes of a child not yet
corrupted by perverse cultures

artists drown in it gladly and lose
themselves in its creative bliss,
the more we are not, the more Love

is and the more it is expressed
by this minority

without it the species falls into chaos
which state offers only more chaos,
misery, desperation and pain

palms sway in the cemetery, branches
responding to a coastal breeze,
the sea laps the shore and rolls over
coastal rocks effortlessly

marble headstones to the dead
stand frozen in the warm sun
immobile, advertising cessation
yet life surrounds and overwhelms
the dead, asserting the nature of
Love/life;

graves overgrown with wildflowers,
dancing joyously in the breeze,
monuments to the dead are
overwhelmed by just one of these
little flowers but the dead know
nothing of it

you would search in vain for a
monument to the living in this age,
though many remain from prehistory,
all announcing the cosmic turning
of cycles, the harmony of seasons,
but the time to love is no more --
there is no greater tragedy than
to live a loveless life

the dominant cultural discourse is war,
tribulation and despair -- little wonder,

yet reality is splendour indescribable,
which saturates all space

insulated by aversion humanity races to
to extinction for the want of peace
and the harmony of Love

a flying gull turns gracefully on the breeze

The Nature

Reality emanates from the centre
and circumference of an ever-expanding
sphere simultaneously -- there are no
fixed points from which to locate
anything including the notion of self

and so we trammel through forests of
illusion upon illusion seeking the pristine
reality yet these illusions we create
ourselves

it is the mind that leads us to hell
and purgatory; from the false sense of
self all perversity arises which taunt
and entangle clouded minds

yet we feel the pain and misery of these
self-created false realities, dreams,
and nightmares as though they were
reality itself; we feel and suffer in this
loop of despair yet we know not how to
escape this self-inflicted torment

mountains rise and fall according to
tectonic cycles and forces of the earth, seas
move around the planet when displaced
by rising and falling lands -- it is the nature
of this planet

civilisations unaware of these cycles
disappear leaving strange monuments
about which we know very little, indeed,
in many ways the people of prehistory
were more advanced than we are today

but the blind continue to lead the blind
and those that see are ignored or denigrated,
however, nothing is able to prevent what is
about to unfold; a polar shift and another
massive fiery sea change until a new balance
is struck again

billions will die needlessly or rather perish
due to their inability to harmonise with
and survive the cycles

change is the only constant in creation,
why vainly attempt to fix anything in a
universe of flux?

Focus, maintain singularity of mind
and your mind will die -- do not grieve
over the death of false identity, the
source of all your pain and suffering,
reality will reveal itself by the source
of illusion dying to it

solutions are found where they were
never hiding, everything that is necessary
for continuity appears when it is required;
enter the vastness of everything, the
origination of your real Being, the nightmare
we call society/reality evaporates, leaving us
as we were and are, aware participants in the
drama of Life

there is nothing to fear as fear is the progeny
of ignorance, a mind caught in its own
deluded convolutions cannot see the pristine
or learn the Way, only consciousness is able
to navigate/exist in this realm

pure, unadulterated consciousness (not mind)
is our gift from cosmic creation which wants
nothing more than for us to be aware
and understand our 'place' in its existence

it is for Love's sake that the All came into
Being to dance forever in throes of ecstasy

physical eyes/senses see only the limited
the single eye of Consciousness sees
and knows All

Starkness – A Poet's Confession

the starkness of an empty page,
a writer's horror, is easily
dealt with

words that wind through the
Himalayas like an old colonial
train flow easily for a poet
anxiously waiting for a medium
upon which to encode whatever
seeks expression, though the origin
and character is usually unknown
until encoded

an empty page is no threat to a poet,
poetry is life expressed and All
creation Lives

pouncing like a burning tiger
onto a defenceless passive page
poses no challenge, it's simply
another successful hunt, where is
this mythical writer's block?

the muse is an active agent
never ceasing her undulating,
serpentine allure, never failing
to adorn the starkest medium
with various shades of meaning

why rush to encode,
there is no tax collector
pounding at the door
not that i would leave
something undone

once undertaken?

hell would become paradise before i
attend to the mundane before i complete
a stanza

i once traced my life on the sands
of a beach with distilled symbols
and watched as reaching waves wiped
the sand clean leaving me to scrawl
another spontaneous piece that was
barely completed before another wave
created a clean medium again

i whispered to the wind, which carried
a secret message around the globe --
it's far more appealing to read the myriad
messages carried on the wind

messages so ancient they precede human
creation yet are readable today if one lends
them a certain attitude, poise and gesture;
then all is revealed all-ways

do not talk to me of an empty page
or screen except as metaphor,
a maiden perhaps, seeking fulfilment
or a blizzard transforming everything
to white, begging to be utilised by one
who is able to write on all mediums
with any inscriber, tangible or intangible

i have written on lithesome bodies
with my cock and drawn on the walls
of secret crevices with my tongue,
do not talk to me of starkness

life is saturated with experience
and in each experience a poem
resides waiting to be expressed

Vantage

the warm darkness retreats
as dawn approaches, the sharp
cold of mountain air bites my cheeks
and sends quivers thru my bones
but it is saturated with life which
warms the centre of being

from this vantage one sees forever
and tastes exhilaration in the air

the mist lies heavy in the valleys,
soon the sun's rays will reveal
the river far below

to the east they stew in turbid
city pollution scurrying to scratch
a living, why would anyone choose
to die the slow choking death of city
'life'? i know and so do they

the billy boils in the blueness of the
mountains, tea delights the senses,
everything tastes better here but i
must soon take to the trail and arrange
the bushes that hide my mountain
abode

i have chosen my place well
it has not been discovered
by walker or ranger in years
tho the birds and bush animals
know it well

my secret is not to disturb

or create a discordant note
in nature's living harmony,
which is why my abode remains
invisible to 'civilised' men, though
tribals would detect it easily

Freedom

riding cosmic waves that never break
forever pushing into eternity, the
universe unfolds before the
single opened eye

limitless is this ride
into the continuum,
no shore to impede
or location to anchor,
'freedom' in its truest sense

be careful how you use that word
as only heroes are able to unbind
their chains and take flight into
the forever

you speak of freedom but know only
one confine to another, *freedom from
what, i would ask You, do you know?*
political, social or more personal,
freedom from torment, anguish,
dissatisfaction and despair. yet these
confines are all related, we imprison
ourselves daily then cry and whimper
freedom

but how many could withstand
perpetual uncertainty or no 'safe location'
to find respite/rest involves the action of
real freedom to let go

are you able? it seems not,
the simple act of removing
the chains of perversity, criminal

government and its orchestrated wars for profit, are clearly beyond your capability

so how do you expect to gain your real freedom?

to own all the (valueless) wealth of the world only to cast the everlasting soul into a maze of delusions/torment is the epitome of perversity

freedom requires that you understand perversity and possess the courage to defy the status quo -- are you really able?

clearly not, so suffer like the cowardly dogs you are in personal and social torment, be content with baubles, glass beads, slavery and the deserved pain of your cowardice, the gates of paradise do not admit cowards

you do not qualify to enter the everlasting, until you become aware of that which confines you, only then could you hope to break the enslaving mental chains that prevent you flying heavenward to Paradise

Un-Encoded

if i could speak to u
in a language that all understand
without uttering a word
surely that language would be
universal, not a product of any
particular culture

if that language issued from one
'word'/Logos in which an infinite
lexicon of expressions resided it
would truly be divine, the true *speak*
of creation must necessarily 'speak'
such a language that the infinite
creatures of creation understand

yet, all so-called sacred and holy texts
of the earth are written in culture-specific
languages that other cultures do not
understand so, would the God of
infinite creation that speaks to all
beings/life at once be the originator
of those texts? clearly not, as all texts
are cultural products

the sacred and holy texts of the earth
are therefore fictions, compendiums
written by men for men, designed to
enslave to serve their own interests,
plain to see, as the true God cannot/does
not discriminate or exclude -- all creation
is beloved of that One True God/Creator

if we as beings are created by an
all-knowing, loving God then clearly

we are able to 'speak' and understand its language, which is the case

the divine language resides in the One and many simultaneously, as previously mentioned, do You understand it?

all creation is of that language, expressed as the uttered and un-uttered; uttered in the sense of what is known to all the senses and un-uttered in the sense that we already know that One principle in which All is contained

on this earth the language understood by all is Love, every creature is aware, yet it only intimates its true meaning as culturally bound slaves are limited and true Love is limitless, are we beginning to understand?

we express it and understand it without the need of words, written or spoken, how great is the power of that universal Love, and how great is the God that created it?

and if you imagine you understand you would realise that all manifestation is simply an expression of that Word/Love? therein is Truth, to the extent that it is able to be encoded by limited language

learn to Love without exception so you are able to become One with Love/Creation

the true language is sweet and in it is Life,

joy and peace everlasting, as distinct from
all the murderous, destructive violence
born of the written false gods and religions
of men

surely u are now able to comprehend?

understanding, Being/Love opens the
door to Infinity and all knowledge, as
everything is contained therein, waiting
for You to discover it

Wheels of Ascension

a circle that does not close becomes
a spiral turning in or out in perpetual
motion as is replicated in the heavens
but note the divine direction is outward
ever-expanding, never contracting
in on itself

as above so below, the wheels
to which i refer spin in each
being on this plane, seven in number
alluded to as candlesticks and the
churches of the East or the chakras
and serpent that ascends and descends
like the angels on the ladder of Jacob,
hidden well by the wise that understood
only the wise of future generations would
be able to decipher their allusions
and metaphors

yet the 'secret' is hidden in plain sight
as there is no better hiding place in a
world of dulled and fearful slaves,
the eyes of the blind fail to see the Truth
forever blazing in their faces

and so it has been said, let the blind
lead the blind and the dead bury the
dead as none could be more dead
than the dull masses of this plane

yet those that see are with us always
like the bright white flame that banishes
ignorance/darkness, tragically ignored
by most

and so it is in this cycle of creation
that the great purging approaches,
do You see, are you able to read the
sky and earth like a book?

Life is of its nature, life continuous;
in it there is no death only the ignorant
truly die though they imagine they live,
but as is apparent they are profoundly
dead so these words are written for the
aspiring, which beings never rest
until they discover Truth, which is
life everlasting, as indeed the universe
bears witness

and so to return and refer to the trees
encoded of old

these divine trees are inverted,
their leaves and branches absorb
nourishment from the earth
their roots splay outward to the
heavens upon which lights they
feed, the fluids formed in the trunk
ascend and descend in an orbit
which nourishes and energises
the seven (seals) wheels in its path
that turn in every living being
and when the movements attune
to the harmony of existence
they synchronise and illumine

all creation is laid bare to those that
harmonise with nature's cosmic rhythms

and all that was hidden is seen,

each action bears its fruit and
for the dull that fruit is bitter,
however, the mystic garden, offers
the fruits and ambrosia of immortality
but few partake of its offerings

meanwhile the dead continue burying
their kind as death knows nothing of life

beware, as i am given a warning the great
purging the dead have sown by their,
selfishness, violence and greed is at the
door, life discards death and the dull,
selfish and destructive will be no more

and those whose lights shine will increase
in intensity until all discord is removed
from this plane, the dull reduced to ash
from which no life is able to emerge --
and to those that teeter i say sit quietly
and offer peace, bliss and Love from heart,
mind and soul to All beings in all directions
and actively wait until You too awake and
partake of the ineffable Glory

No Reply

was it the tinkle of tree ice crystals,
the whisper of the night, or the slow
hum of a new summer warmth
that drew me closer?

it seemed that it all crept up too slow
to be noticed but now it overwhelms,
the innate attraction at the centre of Being

it was as if i had lost something precious
and became obsessed with its recovery --
strange and seemingly unrelated occurrences
became beckoning calls and signs

a language that bypasses conscious
discrimination is effective and so the
message was delivered without my
knowledge yet with the clearest meaning,
untainted by thought

restored,
it has a secret that i cannot betray as no
other thing is capable of receiving this
message which is target specific, unintelligible
to all but one; and so living with this knowledge
becomes an easy burden, as there is nothing to
talk or write about

gliding ibis pass overhead, fruit bats fly from
the other direction to their roosting trees;
it's timely, as the sun slips below the horizon,
i hear it again

do not feel deprived or short-changed by this,

Your message has already been delivered,
read it and understand

Spiralling

u hesitate for no reason
tho reason is irrelevant here
let go, come

it was the swirling edge
that caught u and brought
u here, u delighted in it all
swimming like a cosmic fish
in the outer curves of the galaxy,
riding the vortex in complete
abandon

lose urself in my embrace,
have i ever led u to despair,
have i left u forlorn?
never

let the last vestige go
and join me in everlasting
where all desire compresses
into an indivisible point which
explodes and permeates
all space

leave ur constructed identity behind,
leave the pettiness and tribulation
of the world, it has served its,
(no) purpose

remember who u are,
we both shot into existence
together as one inseparable entity
but time tore us apart with its illusions,
we must reunite to be one again,

timeless, Free

allow urself to glide, ascend and descend
but u must enter the void first, lose urself
to become everything

u have sought union all ur life
now is not the time to hesitate
allow all memories to burn
in the fires of redemption and
emerge pristine again; the gates
of paradise remain closed to the
blemished

come to me without reservation,
my One true Love

Shimmering

tiny birds dart between
the falling waters of ancient
sandstone cliffs, twitching in space
in 'the valley of the waters'
appropriately named

where the entire world weeps for joy
and sorrow, every diamond drop
of water has meaning as if punctuating
the endless stream of infinity

the smallest thing reflects the totality
of everything, this surge is quality

sitting cross-legged on my favourite ledge
under an overhang humming an unknown
tune spontaneously

one tiny bird somehow acknowledges
the particularity and appears before me
hovering directly in front of my gaze
twitching its head from side to side,
its iridescent wings beating multi-coloured
waves that permeate the sky

so i focus, as the bird focuses on me,
we begin a visual dialogue and i realise
i am actually communicating with an
exquisite mountain hummingbird and
understand its 'speech' tho not audible,
we speak the language of light
understood by all living things
in this and every other dimension

i am taught the secret of real communication
which is appreciating the totality of a tiny
iridescent bird that creates rainbows as its
wings flutter frenetically, but to the bird
it's natural, pure joy/relaxation, as easy as
breathing, this beauty is too much to bear
as my heart explodes into the moment
of ineffable joy

and to 'think' (god forbid)
the experience here related
occurred forty-five years ago,
tho the imprint remains forever
in the vibrations of time/space,
now re-lived in its totality,
to share with You

Shifting

i followed an animal track
which led to a river that flowed
to an uneasy sea

after a while it became my favourite
track, i used it often to reach the river
although i made the track more human
than animal in character

i would sit for hours and watch the water
gurgle and murmur depending on season

rivers are never the same, reborn each
moment, if you blink or are distracted
by thought you miss countless new births
that flow eternally

it was the time by the river i realised
that human endeavours at permanence
are futile -- though drowning men continue
to clutch at straws

the plateau of Giza is surrounded by shifting
sands, three weathered pyramids remain
aligned with the fixed constellation of Orion
though the purpose of the structures
has long been forgotten

stars move constantly in the sky
and the term fixed is relative
it's simply another desperate attempt
by man to anchor to something
constant

my track to the river has grown over
i changed direction a long time ago
and small brush animals prefer
their own tracks

Race

runners must keep running
as truth and responsibility
are difficult to bear
tho at this point in the race
the runners are almost spent

from the corners of their eyes
they see it approaching, fast,
all the fears associated with taking
responsibility for their own
and the lives of their loved one's

so much effort is required to keep
abreast of truth/reality, so run they
must, tho some stagger at this stage
in the race

the sky cracks like a thin sheet of
glass but with the din of a million
storms, fire erupts from the land,
the air is poisoned and burning but
run they must

at various stages of the marathon
obstacles present themselves yet few
see a way clear from what is closing
fast behind but the race was designed
to frighten, distract and cloud reason so
run they must, to their death, as there is
only one prize for winning this race

i watch them dispassionately as there
is no way to reach them and inform them
the race is a lie, there was never a need

to run from anything

but the masters of the race have generations of experience passing that knowledge down their bloodlines

at certain stages the finish line seems to be close so they run and push harder only to realise later that it was a ruse, but no solution is available to a confused, agitated and frightened mind so they run to their death like the frightened, dumb beasts of burden they are, in full, suppressed knowledge of the outcome

how simple it appears to appeal to reality but like a muddy, agitated pool the truth/bottom is hidden from view and so they do not see for want of stopping to look and realise there is nothing to fear but the enslaving race itself

if you do stop, look and think you would realise the masters of the race must be eliminated in order to put an end to this needless and suicidal pursuit to nowhere but slavery and death

Tumbler

when i was young adults constantly
asked what i wanted to be when i
grew up

my response was always the same,
even when forced into 'vocational
guidance' in high school, "i already
am what i want to be" surely, i thought,
that was self-evident

i found this question absurd, how could
i be anything other than what i am?

but of course the question was not related
directly to identity, tho identity is eventually
compromised, it was specifically oriented
to a 'location' in the mapped social space
of the matrix, laughingly called 'civilised'
society, though clearly there is nothing
civilised about any modern society,
plain to see

so i allowed my 'familiar' to continue
guiding my life and it has never failed
me, if i maintain the connection

however, i am hesitant to speak of the
attempts by social 'authorities' to accept their
'civilised' society, they could easily
recognise i was self-sustained
and rejected the murderous, perverse
turd that everyone was offering as a
necessity

well, how did i survive refusing to surrender my sovereignty to a perverse, suicidal social system, you may reasonably ask? easy, i allowed myself to be guided by that one principle that had never failed me, and had never tortured or tried to coerce me to do/be anything -- it was my treasure, and i knew it, all the more as at various stages of my development social forces, represented by parents and outside 'authorities,' including police and medical regulators all combined and tried to force me to "adjust" to a polished turd

well, to put it plainly, i could see and smell a turd on offer so i maintained my connection to my sweet familiar, at times grasping it for dear life, which seemed to irritate the 'authorities,' as they went to extreme lengths in futile but painful attempts to deal with my, as they put it, "maladjustment;" jailing me for experimenting with mind opening substances and then legally forcing me into a psychiatric institution which of course is an environment in which the most pathological types are the doctors and nurses

it was all deplorable fun, games and horror/ torture in those days - but what heinous offence had i committed? None, other than rejecting a turd of an existence and exercising My Free Will, without hurting anyone, but those actions are considered crimes, whereas mass murder, perpetual war and social oppression are not considered misdemeanours today -- make sense to you, does it?

i had no trouble accumulating the means of survival, money, as of course if one does not defer to perversity, one's creativity, skill and wit flourish and supply all the necessary means for survival, some of which means landed me in trouble with the perverse matrix and its regulatory authorities, to be expected

but it was nothing i couldn't deal with, i had vast experience with perversion at that stage, after being forced onto chemical modifiers, which were euphemistically called 'medications,' i always returned to myself, as i had previously taken the most extreme consciousness modifiers, i was therefore immune to their toxic shit tho only after it was forcibly withdrawn, my parents were not impressed with attempting to communicate with a turnip

So my ever-vigilant familiar took great care even when i was imprisoned in a chemically induced walking coma -- i should say now that fresh clean water, wholesome food and clean air are the only requirement for a healthy, balanced mind/body and life, but you would all note that in a toxic social environment these simple resources are difficult to obtain; that fact speaks volumes to those that have an ear and eyes to see

the corporate 'food' consumed by those enslaved in the matrix dulls the mind, wit and spirit, and so the owners of the matrix, openly commit the most heinous and appalling crimes of mass murder, permanent wars, polluting the earth and killing everything they touch without protest or reprimand

by the dulled acquiescent masses/slaves

so i would now ask you all, was becoming
'incorporated' in a shit-hole in which you
have chosen to live and breathe, worth it?
such is the price people pay for surrendering
their essential nature to filth, perversion,
Lies and hypocrisy

surely you should have been aware as i was,
of the principle to which i refer, it abandons
no-one, though You must accept responsibility
for your pain, hardships, desperation, suffering
and lot as acquiescing slaves

And what are the chains that bind so many people
to perversity? toxic food, air, chemically polluted
water and the most debilitating social toxin of all,
false information disseminated by the matrix owners
via their media apparatuses

i omitted to mention how i maintain survival in the
pan-surveillance, anal matrix of today; again easy,
i have no real social identity that relates to me,
or the person i am and have always been,
tho i have many names and roles on the perverse
stage, called civilised society. in fact i am no-one,
therefore everyone!

i wonder, tho i do know why, slaves do not release
themselves from their gossamer chains and save
their lives and the planet, but i know, slaves are
afraid to their core; fear of course is another
symptom/consequence of surrendering your identity
and guiding principle to perversion; you see,
u have nothing but evil big brother to feed u shit,
exploit you and 'protect' you from ur better

(essential) nature by killing you slowly
or quickly, one way or another

but there is always hope, but it takes a modicum
of courage and i'm no hero, so rest easy, the
courage i have to maintain my Being arises
as is needed, but i must maintain the connection
always and surrender to it alone -- do You
understand?

*[now i'm stuck with a title that doesn't fit, as i never know what my
familiar intends to write. "Tumbler" was to refer to me tumbling
always in the forever, the saturated void or paradise. on every
occasion i attempt to explain the source of my strength and simple
abilities, just referring to it plunges me into ecstasy, so my familiar
avoided such and wrote the above freely and clearly so most would
understand.*

*my familiar would not have been able to prevent me from drowning
in its bliss had i struggled to explain the ineffable Truth.]*

The birds of the air and the flowers of the field dart, dance and fly for
joy today

Memory

memories exist beyond the chemical and electrical combinations in the brain and heart

memories accessed from the *record* which remain as a coded trail in the modulations of infinity, created since our inception but that is a simplicity

infinity has no beginning or endpoints, the trail leads back to unqualified, indefinable creation

remembering this life is easy but recalling our essential nature, tho accessible to all, is only achieved by the very few

people ask, who am i? not me, you -- should i have avoided personal pronouns as they shield and block our real memory? false identities are learned and limited, they die with the body, yet we are more, and we know it

u seem familiar more familiar than most yet u do not remember who u are, not me, you -- we have known each other before, but u imagine u are distant, a stranger to me; indeed, if u are a stranger to me then u are a stranger to urself and others, u have failed to appreciate and connect to the continuum, the only constant reality -- tho 'constant' is not altogether accurate as infinity is never constant it is flux,

frantically kinetic, i refer to the constancy
of its/our essential Being, its eternal core,
from which everything emerged and
continues to emerge

of what consequence to infinity is our
self-destructive, puny, errant lives? none
whatsoever, actions and consequences
are all ours, do you remember the options
we were all given? probably not, how
could u, u remember only this particular
life, when in reality lives are as disposable
as shirts and as changeable as the weather

i focus behind and above ur head,
the stars move/swirl in the night sky,
do u have the eyes and memory to see?

would You care to dance with me?

Approaching

a beast prowls in the shadows,
detected only by lateral vision
like a phantom that disappears
in the shapes of the night
only to return, ambushing
when least expected,
in sleep

chilled to the very core,
bones rattle and sweat
freezes on skin
this thing does not relent

i know its name,
but am not ready to reveal it

it watches and waits
for that vulnerable moment
when it will declare victory
with the utmost dispassion,
as it is not evil, it's simply
another consequence

how strange it is to engage,
as we are all trained to attach
emotion to everything and this
thing is devoid of all emotion,
malice, revenge, or personal
motivation it is simply the result
of too many factors to detail here
yet it instructs as all experience
instructs and i have learned not
to repeat the idiocy that invited this
unwanted guest, which possess a

singular purpose to end this particular
journey and thrust me into another realm

the very act of encoding it here
ignites a small fire in my body
the warmth of which repels the
mindless attacker but it will return
as it always does until my weaknesses
open the door to my ultimate demise,
death

and yet this 'end' issues from me, i am
both its progenitor and reconciler, i must
make peace with it as it has two names,
inevitability and opportunity

everything born must die tho it is critical
to understand that in life we face only
one inevitability, death, everything else
is a matter of voluntary and circumstantial
choices -- so choose well when u are able
and remember, nothing ever ceases, it
simply transitions and it's preferable to
accept the inevitable consciously when it's
time, rather than go screaming into the
night, lost

Fruit

heat,
nuclear heat, how it scorches the ignorant
yet to the wise the sun is neither hot nor cold

life flows away like water tracing a path
thru roaring falls, tiny trickles to a drop
of rain that falls from the sky, but it's all
water regardless of appearance

a garden cannot grow without water and
light that emanate from the same eternal
source, a man cannot live and evolve
without the fire that burns away ignorance
or tortures his soul until he wakes to the Light

i have lived in a garden of delights and horrors,
strange plants that grow nurtured by actions
and inaction, each tree and bush producing
a flower and fruit after its own kind, bitter
or sweet whatever the case may be

eventually, the overwhelming variety becomes
tiresome and meaningless, as everything is reduced
to dust yet from dead remains life emerges anew
transformed by experience

flying at times higher than the sun only to return
to the tallest tree in the garden the germination
and nurturing of which i have long forgotten

atop this tree a single strange fruit ripens, its
flesh food for the body, its juice quenches a
thirsty soul

but it's the seed that confounds the mind,
prismatic, geometric, spiralling to the ground
below only to germinate as a different species
that produces a fruit of an entirely different kind

Seeing

so long ago when first we met yet
u have always been as immediate
to me as my own soul, ur presence
streams over/thru me always

reveal urself in splendour, u are too
familiar to hide behind my intuition
and extra senses, appear!

and yet u do, everywhere i know it,
not limited by separated 'bodies' you
are everything yet nothing in particular

how i long to embrace u physically,
once in my arms i dare not let u go
not even to eat, drink or sleep, i
would gladly die enraptured in ur
embrace though dying in ur embrace
is to live forever with you, in you

be kind, appear in comely form
ur true appearance is too awesome for
any entity to behold and remain intact

yes, i know better, but mortal habits
incline me to the illusion of forms
tho the veil has been rent and once
removed, always removed

who?
which mortal or temporal circumstance
is able to trouble my soul? none. you
fortify those you Love and shield them
from all tribulation though the body

is subject to the laws of the earth but
body i am no longer, not even soul
in ur embrace

sweet is the elixir u offer and transforming
is the music that pulses from ur Being,
which permeates all creation, everything --
no language is able to describe this motion
my tender, awesome, Lover, i am yours
always

Maze

be careful or u'll lose yourself
not lose ur way, ur very self

u've fallen into pits and traversed
sunny scapes but are u aware
that no matter which course
u take, that course u've prescribed
for urself like a mad doctor
that takes his own medicines
and cures poisons himself?

this maze is of ur own making
like a diabolical street directory
which leads either to damnation/pain
or liberation/joy, choose ur way
carefully this time around

u should know which route to take
as u have inscribed them all, but
life is not so kind as to leave memory
as a guiding light each action or
non-action creates another course
for a future that forgets the past
and all u are left with is a maze of
ur own design not knowing which
way leads to more suffering or
emancipation/resolution

a street directory is two dimensional
but ur maze is three dimensional
populated with love, despair, regret
frustration and every other human
emotion and circumstance, hell, heaven
and everything in between, a future life

created by ur present life, live it wisely
now and u would be able to navigate
ur amnesiac future easier

life is consequential, and death embraces
it as it leads u to a new maze without the
memory of how u created it, and just think
that every page of a street directory adjoins
another page teaming with roads and streets,
quite maddening if one burdens oneself with
knowledge of the game and how it works,
but without cues to guide

and so life may become a hell of one's own
making or paradise, so do not withdraw or
retreat but do what u know u must

i was mistaken about cues, an inner impulse
always assists but very few acknowledge it
and fewer still listen or are guided by it

consider ur turmoil and pain and the sublime
tortures u have made, born on a plane where
the entity is split in two, male and female,
which binaries must seek union to resolve
their separation yet somewhere/time in the
past u traced a course, every female or male
that appeals views u with dispassion and
every male/female that u attract does nothing
for u, a cruel joke one would think, but no,
previous actions/non-actions created the
current circumstance and how it hurts
and tortures ur soul as this world requires
the reconciliation of opposites to continue

and so u are a stranger wherever u go with
only rejection and un-fulfilment as friends,

but do not feel bad, as i wrote this piece
for myself alone

be comforted by the fact that most do not
expire by the roadside, they find *their* way
in the end

Uber Warrior

New post-modern Uber warfare strategies of the 21st century have relegated conventional war and to a lesser extent guerilla war strategies to history. Today's ubiquitous and highly accessible computer technologies have redefined warfare.

Traditional militaries are facing redundancy, irrelevance and heightened vulnerability to skilled digital operators. The keyboard is proving to be the most effective weapon of the modern age. Uber war is asymmetry taken to its final phase. In theory a single individual is now capable of subverting a State. The digital age has resulted in a universal dependence on digital technology. The most powerful military powers are now exposed to (persistent) direct and indirect digital attacks – it is only a matter of time before a skilled digital warrior succeeds in compromising the defence capability of a superpower.

The principal weapons of Uber warfare are keyboards, I/O devices and the global digital network. It is no secret that sophisticated military technology is completely dependent on computerised systems, the greatest strength is also the greatest weakness. In theory a single individual/person is capable of subverting a State; a situation that has never before presented itself to an individual; however, the practical reality would most likely be a small highly skilled group working cooperatively in order to increase the impact of an attack.

This short introduction in no way attempts to be definitive as that would defy the constantly shifting radical 'nature' of Uber warfare, a warfare characterised by event-specific rapid responses, ultra opportunism, relentless pursuit and 'invisible' attacks. Nevertheless, describing a few characteristics may help readers better understand the highly amorphous Uber warrior (UW).

The primary characteristic of the UW is invisibility to all (but those

who share equal or superior skills).

The UW operates in a decentralised cooperative milieu rather than a hierarchical environment; at no stage is 'command' an issue as the speed of an appropriate and effective response prohibits any delay. Static attack-plan (models) are doomed to failure in today's cyber fields of battle. Static attack models are extremely vulnerable to rapidly changing circumstances. Exploiting weaknesses as they arise is superior to following prescribed military strategies. Opportunism takes precedence over planning – identifying and immediately exploiting weakness as they appear stuns and eventually cripples the opponent.

Flux/changeability is to be embraced and viewed as a strength. The enemy is unable to exist without clearly defined structures and identifiable targets; therefore offer no clearly defined structures, identifiable apparel, banners or markings; Uber warriors appear and disappear at will, uniformity in appearance or behaviour is to be avoided at all costs. The initiative and strategic advantage should never be surrendered to the larger more cumbersome opponent. The advantage must remain with the smaller, highly mobile force. Referring to a chain of command during an attack is akin to swimming with a rock tied to one's back – the 'chain of command' is a formula for certain defeat in today's world.

Always allow the enemy to expose its most vulnerable area. Exposure is usually forced or results from an unconscious demonstration of inappropriate force. Constantly prod the beast as it charges and it will soon reveal a mortal weakness.

Exploit all components/factors that sustain the enemy, never forget that War is always Total War; the battlefield is not necessarily a combat zone, a psychological attack on the civilian population is as effective an attack as any other. The field of battle is only limited by the imagination of the Uber warrior, victory is ensured by waging war in every possible sphere of influence but especially in a purpose-built 'space' created by the UW.

It is hoped the above introduction provides enough oblique stimulation to disengage readers from habitual linear views of warfare. Additional strategies and information should/must be supplied by each warrior as it is innovation, novelty, and improvisation that create the greatest advantage.

We are One or we are nothing.

Training Tips for Today's Uber Warriors

The physical and mental well-being of the Uber warrior (UW) is of the utmost importance. With the heightened senses that a clear mind and supple body provide, the UW easily defeats the mentally and physically constipated, amphetamine-soaked, technologically dependent, soldiers of the West. Not generally known is the damage the U.S. military inflicts on its own troops – burnout and paranoid psychosis result from inappropriate training methods and dangerous chemical ‘combat enhancers’, dextroamphetamine, *etc.* The strength of the UW resides principally in his/her consciousness, which in turn resides in a toxin-free vital body.

The primary weapons of the UW are therefore the mind and body – with these two well-honed weapons he easily overcomes the enemy and reigns supreme. The following routines have been tested and proven over centuries, they remain at the pinnacle of psycho/physical culture.

FOOD

There are no secrets to physical and mental well-being; a visit to any US military canteen reveals the ‘foods’ (garbage) to which U.S. troops have become addicted – their diet is tantamount to slow death. Fuelled on rubbish they hope to overcome their enemy when they are clearly unable to overcome their own appalling and destructive ‘living’ habits.

Invigorating clean food is the physical fuel of the UW. In this regard All pre-packed processed foods are to be shunned, natural wholesome, seasonal foods from the region are to be consumed with (optional) minimal meat, not exceeding 5% of total daily food intake. However, special circumstances do exist, *e.g.* operations in frigid regions, which require increased meat intake – the meats traditionally consumed by aboriginal peoples are preferred to other sources in the region but at no time should imported frozen, canned

or preserved meats be consumed.

Fresh fruits, vegetables, grains and legumes remain the mainstay and ideal diet for the UW; deviations from the basic mainstay should be as brief as possible. The beverage for the UW is clean (or filtered) water, herbal teas and minimal coffee to be consumed as a tonic or for medicinal purposes only -- all other beverages especially popular western artificially and hyper-sweetened, additive-laden drinks are to be shunned. Eat moderately and only when hungry, never when distressed – remember, the wall clock is a convenience not an indicator of when one should eat.

PHYSICAL AND MENTAL CULTURE

The body must maintain its elasticity/suppleness and tone otherwise it becomes a liability. Never forget the body is designed for movement. Western training methods emphasise muscular strength, which tends to bind and constrict the body whereas superior Eastern methods are designed to, loosen, tone and vitalise. Short bursts of power are inferior to sustained energy output in the field – the field should be viewed as a marathon regardless of the duration of any given battle/operation.

Sedentary pursuits should only occupy a minimal period of the day. Deliberate, calm activity is characteristic of the UW regardless of all extraneous influences. It is the enemy that hysterically overreacts (often brutally) to situations that only require minimal corrective intervention. The inability to assess a situation is characteristic of the chemically driven technologically dependent dull soldier. Misapprehension or failure to quickly assess a given situation is a recipe for defeat – American troops excel in this regard.

The following routines have proven to be the most health-endowing and invigorating movements known to man – the proof is in the pudding. The health benefits derived from these ‘movements’ have not been fully explored, however, many benefits are known. These routines invigorate the nerves, muscles and endocrine system -- the

heart and other vital organs are also vitalised through these practices.

Asian methods of physical culture are superior to Western methods. Of the Asian methods Yoga continues to reign supreme as the most efficient method of producing the widest possible spectrum of benefits. All the major organs, nerve ganglia, endocrine glands (including the thymus), the cerebral-spinal system and the muscular-skeletal system are conditioned and benefited. The UW should become proficient in the following postures (asanas):

Surya-namaskar - salute to the sun (warm up)
Sirshasana - headstand or Viparita-karani . inverted pose
Sarvangasana - shoulder stand
Matsyasana - fish pose
Halasana - plough
Bhujangasana - cobra
Salabhasana - locust
Dhanurasana - bow position
Vakrasana - twisted pose
Pashimatana - posterior stretch
Mayurasana - peacock pose
Savasana - corpse position
Uddiyana - abdominal 'fly-up'
Yoga-Mudra
Nauli - abdominal isolation
Simhasana - lion pose

[A qualified yoga teacher from a known tradition should be consulted on the proper manner of execution.]

Physical culture must coincide with mental culture; the human being is a psychosomatic organism, to ignore the development of one half of an entity is the height of folly and ignorance. The failure of Western troops is directly related to their lack of mental capacity, while this situation may not have been problematic in the past, the war is won today with skill and intelligence displayed on the field of

battle regardless of the nature of that 'field'. The response speed required today in the field has made hierarchical military structures obsolete. A lesson America is only now learning.

The UW is victorious for very simple reasons, heightened mental and physical powers/awareness ensure the advantage over a duller enemy; this applies to combatants and strategists. All members of an operational unit are able to perform most of the functions of their peers; however, highly skilled specialists eg. mathematicians (IT related warfare), cultural analysts etc, continue to provide specialised task-specific support. Genius is not yet a common phenomenon.

MENTAL CULTURE

Probably the most distinguishing features of Western culture -- clearly evident in its military personnel -- are desensitisation and dissipation. Western culture provides the perfect environment for dulling the senses and depleting physical energy and neural vitality. The constant stimulation and 'cheap thrills' characteristic of Western culture quickly dulls the senses. From a very young age Westerners become desensitised to their immediate environment, their peers and themselves. This results in an inability to concentrate (focus) on a single subject/object for any length of time. A simple test verifies this appalling condition. The reader may care to focus on a spot on the wall for at least 5 minutes to the exclusion of all intruding thoughts; in other words, the mind must achieve singular focus for a fixed period without any fluctuations in concentration. Many are surprised at the fickleness of their minds when challenged by this simple task.

While it is true that mental dissipation is common to all cultures today, the West far exceeds other cultures, the constant bombardment from ever-increasing (competing) stimuli in the West provides for the dullest mentalities. The UW warrior therefore disciplines his mind as he would discipline his body. At dawn and dusk the UW collects himself and focuses the mind on a single

subject/object to the exclusion of all else for a period of 90 minutes, slowly building up to 3 hours (the ideal).

When the mind is gathered in this fashion it eventually subsides and quintessence is achieved. Continued practice eventuates in total absorption. Absorption provides clarity and intuition far superior to the limitations of the empirical mind/senses. Absorption in any object including another being results in the target object revealing all its 'secrets'; an intimate understanding of the object is achieved – in this way disciplined warriors of the past were able to 'see' their nerve currents and even understand the motion of planets. Furthermore, this absorption known in the East as Samyama endows the UW with extra-sensory abilities. There are many benefits to this rarely achieved state, one of which is the ability of the practitioner to enter the mind of another – the UW is therefore able to wage 'war' in a highly effective field/space not available to the opponent.

A fully trained Uber warrior transcends mundane conventions; rising above the constraints of morality and the poison oceans of fear and loathing prevalent in the West, the UW becomes completely fearless.

Devoid of superimposed 'morality' the UW becomes the quintessence of morality; free of fear the UW is never inclined to violence, however, the UW wages war on those who attack harmony and peace and would destroy the whole world.

The full benefits of UW training can never be exhausted; there are wars and wars, many 'wars' face us daily but cultivation prepares us for any conflict.

Never forget the war is won within before it is ever won without. America was defeated prior to embarking on its criminal enterprise in Iraq. The truth will be known soon enough and for those responsible there will be hell to pay. I would add a little warning to China; your greatest asset is also your greatest threat. You have taught the people to fight corrupt governments of the past and fight they do and will. Furthermore, your hyper-disciplined military marches and

displays are a source of amusement in the West as every fighting General, including (Taoist) Sun Tzu, who wrote the book, knew/knows that symmetrically over-trained, precision 'gymnasts' do NOT make fighting soldiers, in fact the opposite, as today asymmetric initiative is required. Tread carefully otherwise you will be overwhelmed by a bunch of American slobs.

As for the rest – We are already victorious.

We are One or we are nothing.

The Relative Power Dynamic

“if not for the notion of beauty there would be no ugliness. if not for the notion of good there would be no evil. Polarities alternate one with the other [qualify each other] and are mutually bound in [perpetual conflict] opposition.” -- Lao tzu.

It is true, we only know a thing by contrast, as it is defined by its opposite.

Meaning is eternally bound by mutual opposition (conflict).

Thus, we define beauty against ugliness, life against death, good against evil etc; we cannot define anything culturally without relative comparisons or oppositions. Thus Gods (good) are defined against their opponents, Devils (evil) – antagonists and protagonists share equal status/authority/power in relationship.

It was put succinctly almost 3000 years ago by Lao Tzu, an exceptional poet/sage: *“but for the notion of beauty there would be no ugliness.”* Where would America be today without, *“you’re either with us or you’re with the terrorists.”* A typically American simplistic statement but a clearly contrived/manufactured “evil-good” dichotomy of enemies and allies?

Today America is without peer as the world’s leading civilian killing, therefore terrorist nation. Meaning, however, has interchanged simply by shifting point of view; hence the USA has never been held accountable for committing the most heinous crimes known to humankind -- the mass murder of 3-4 million innocent civilians in Indo-China and 1 million in Iraq and Central Asia -- yet its ‘opponents,’ accused of far lesser crimes, have been hauled before the disgracefully partial Hague Courts and prosecuted. So never underestimate the power dynamic of oppositions.

Never before has the general intelligence/morality of the entire world

been so offended by a single nation – America, yet it remains unaccountable and continues on its criminal rampage throughout the world.

America's contempt for the world is beyond measure; yet that nation would unsuccessfully attempt to rule the world.

Unaware that its transparent arguments and violent methods have failed miserably; America, as is evidenced by its internal mass media has become its own worst enemy by polarising its population in its own destructive (binary) power dynamic. External dynamics internalise when they fail to gain traction or affect the chosen target - - binaries rotate and interchange radically. Unless another new third dynamic is introduced, final destruction is assured – social implosion (mob rule) combined with almost universal external opposition spell inevitable annihilation for the overtly criminal USA.

Hold Fast

hold fast to that Love
which brought the universe
into existence -- not particular
but unconditional and boundless

why chase mirages that burn out like
fireflies, always luring temporal desire,
which only leads to ruin and pain.

the door to the furnace beneath waits
to be released, let that fire ascend to
heaven burning your shackles as it rises,
you are a flower that blooms in the
morning and bathes in moonlight by
night, why do you trouble yourself
with perversity?

by day it is a shoreless crystal lake, by
night ebony though Swans are able to
navigate it freely, dancing in-on the
'waters' of Eternity, hold fast to that
One Love, it will never abandon you,
it cannot, imbibe its purity and satiate
your thirsty soul only in it do you find
peace, rest and Life

in the forests of the night you do not
see, you tear your garments, flesh and
wound yourself in its thorny undergrowth,
seek only the open sunlit fields of day
bespeckled with the wildflowers of Love
and you will be healed and find rest and
joy for your soul; slavery and torture are
Not your heritage, do not listen to the lies

of blind evil men, they will lead you to
certain destruction and death

allow the Truth of Love to course through
your Being it will give you the eyes to See
everything in its glory and the world in its
darkness, you are not a dweller of the night

drink the morning and rise with the sun,
which takes its light wherever it goes
and the dark night will never
swallow you again

About the Author

Lindsay Traynor is an Australian poet and mystic though born in Eastern Europe. He has travelled extensively and studied under the wise instruction of some remarkable and extraordinary men and initiated into various esoteric traditions by same, which formerly secret knowledge he is now able to share with everyone, fully cognisant of the fact that only those ready would be able to recognise, appreciate and gain awareness from the experience.

Lindsay is a prolific writer and has produced the equivalent in text of around 50-60 novels over the past sixteen years though mostly in the form of articles on varied topics and poetry, his favourite medium.

The current book has been gathered from his many poems, essays and articles relating to Self-Realisation, Mysticism, Philosophy, Personal Growth and Social Transformation.

We hope that you enjoy and derive benefit from his prodigious output as much as we have benefited and enjoyed reading, collating and presenting the material in eBook formats.

Other Books by the Author:

Infinite Consciousness

Love and Erotic Poetry

Sun Moon Star Poetry

Nature Poetry

The Poetry of Transformation and Revolution

The Poetry of Life and Growth

Selected Essays I

Selected Essays II

Selected Essays III

Selections Mystical Prose and Poetry I

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