

Light Upon The Labyrinth:

Essays, Meditations and Introspective Journaling
an introduction to Investigative Mindfulness-Self-Psychotherapy

She never feared anything therefore she is invincible.

These are my meditations, ideas, essays and entries from my journal that I share with you for introspection and evolution.

We all share the same battles; the taunting of our ego, our existential dilemmas, impermanence, grief, heartache, our conditioning, life's mandatory sufferings and their unnecessary sufferings. This is a shared journey yet it is led by the individual. It is in the cultivation of individual thought that we begin to see what we truly are; it is within this that we rediscover our innate nature. This nature I speak of is that of the *creative genius*; this being supersedes time by following their passions, mastering them on a daily basis. They implement structure and they recondition their mind to overcome procrastination, fears and doubts. An artist breeds compassion through her own sufferings thus connecting the world as one while promoting abstinence from the herd; they use their ego as their paint, their inner-drive as their brush, expelling a well-crafted creation to a blank canvas, an empty piece of paper, or the first writings of the invigorating words 'Black Screen' thus becoming a multimedia masterpiece. This starts from nothing yet becomes everything. It is through creative expulsion that self-evolution occurs and then spreading like a purposeful disease. This cultivation involves structure and deliberate practice which then self-awareness will eventually be attained. When one becomes self-aware, the projections, the defeat, the rejection, the pain, they all become heightened, which is fearful, but rather than not knowing the reason, it's as clear as day. We see the construction in which we consciously and unconsciously choose to create and we can depict it so clearly; yet even knowing the tragic desolate cities we build upon our minds, these entangled webs of fears and doubts, they're still there, we still build them, they've just lessened and we see them more clearly now, which makes them easier to overcome. We accept them and become okay with them; we use them wisely rather than carelessly

producing unnecessary havoc in our lives. We paint. We write. We create. There is no endless enlightenment here, though I assure you of an attained mastery level of the Self that you could never even dream of. Because what are dreams? – they are uncontrollable, involuntary. Self-awareness is voluntary and effortless despite our debilitating efforts to get there. With this innate fine-tooled sense of the present moment the observations of the masses around you will be heightened because you will see your ego's worst traits within them, you will also see your Self's best traits within them. This is a form of natural compassion to one's Self therefore leading to all – this is a deeply-rooted connection to all human beings. The art to developing a core belief system that is your own is essential to life and an art in itself; it is necessary for an artist to develop this self-awareness through structured practice. One must be structured to become structureless – *True words seem paradoxical.*

Meditation is the immediate form of confronting your mind stream which can be and will be the upmost frightening (in the beginning). In the beginning to many it is nausea inducing but the upmost essential for all the interconnectivity that the universe breeds thus bringing you *home* with each breath – this is fundamental for natural growth. Sitting with your thoughts and observing them, being non-judgmental to them, this puts life into perspective; it solidifies the imprisoned structure that we choose to create both consciously and unconsciously. There is no better creative genius than one who finds meaning in their sufferings over and over and over again; and within this there is an interconnectivity to self-evolution thus leading to cultural evolution. This begins with the artist, with the utilization of the soul; there is no braver feat than creating yourself, there is no better practice than the deliberate practice of an art that intrigues you – there is no shame in this exploitation, just as the poet repeatedly sheds light upon earth's innate

beauty I shed light upon the labyrinth within us, within our mind. I feel the journal of another isn't private because privacy creates shame and shame leads to a lack of self-love; the more open we are, the more we become one while remaining one. My traits are your traits; some more severe than the others but they all stem from being born into this mysterious and beautiful world.

My constant deconstructing of the system, both in that of the imprisoned mind and imprisoned society, is essential for liberating the Self. Though my words are for all, not all will listen, some are too cowardly to trek into the labyrinth, some are too fearful of the horned monster staring back at them in the rippled reflection of their tainted mind-stream, but as I've said in prior writings: these words are for the few. And to the few: may you tame these beasts and make them your pet.

What is a great writer? A great writer assists with reminding the reader of who they *truly* are and what they may become: good, evil or beyond.

– Michael Angel Loayza Jr.

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A Writer's Statement & My Brief Bio

My passion for filmmaking, writing and acting, is rooted so incredibly deep inside of my heart and beyond the realms of my soul. Writing, creating, this is an innate process to our nature, though some choose to attain the mastery of these blatant art forms: film, painting, music, writing etc., these means of expression are meant for all on some level in order to evolve as individuals. As an artist my duty is to walk the, at times, treacherous and blissful paths of life coherently and through this perpetual process I shall continually obtain a better understanding of myself and society as whole therefore bringing us together in the form of true entertainment; because we are one and experience the same ego driven fears, self-righteous demeanor and existential dilemmas – our tragedies are all shared and this is why art supersedes time. Purposeful art delivers thought-provoking means of expression, shaking the audience, having them in either tears or immense laughter or both; emotionally imperative creations from the conscious-unconscious soul have the audience reevaluate their morals. Blood-trailed creations leave us with this solid reminder: Life is about constantly rediscovering your Self in the frequently-visiting abyss over and over and over again, trekking through to the ambient light, thus endlessly overcoming. Taking sufferings and expelling them upon the canvas; for the best art comes from pain and the best flowers come from rain.

Now that you know how truly fucking well-thought I am as to what I do, let me tell you my current accolades: I'm a self-taught artist that has self-produced 22 films (3 of them being feature-length and the rest with around 30 minute run-times); in these films I write, direct, act, do the cinematography, editing, sound, and in my most recent feature film I even composed an original score, which I will now be doing for the rest of my career. I've published 8 books (including this one) varying between philosophy,

poetry, comedic essays, academic and I have several more in the works. I've written about a hundred screenplays, quite a few plays, and I've starred in off-Broadway productions as well. I created my company LowWiseZah Studios in order to generate my own original content both visual and literary, and also with the means of collaborating with other production companies and artists that share the same passionately persistent drive. I don't think I have to say this due to the in depth reasoning highlighted in this essay but I will: you won't meet a more determined being than I.

I'm famous; my audience just hasn't found me yet... but they will. And I might already be famous but I didn't change this statement/bio upon publishing because... it's printed – so if that's the case, mentally omit that... though the saying does ring endless. But just so I don't forget, let me just say: I'm fucking famous. Thank you.

Artistry

I'm an artist that is highly in tune with my Self, the world and its people. The duty of a writer isn't just to entertain or to make the audience laugh or cry - the duty of a writer, of an entertainer, is to open the eyes of the conventional masses through the artist's hypersensitive intuitiveness born from their creative-emotional expulsion that is always intended to better understand the human condition and the universe; it's to promote education, evolution, and individuality through entertainment, for a better society, for a better world. It isn't the world that needs changing; it's its people that need to molt. This is why I'm an artist, why I'm a writer – to dissolve the systemized morals while cultivating my own philosophy. I have something to say. I will also repeat writing this as many times as I do within my head: I'm famous; my audience just hasn't found me yet. And to them I say: I'm

here to liberate you from yourselves, I'm here to entertain, and more importantly I'm here to spread self-love and self-introspection. I'm here to mend the soul. It's been a dream of mine to take care of my family with my art, provide for them in the economic structure we're imprisoned by. I didn't take the easy way but I definitely took the most purposeful; in the sense that what I do is constantly evolve through my art, my words, I look at myself over and over and constantly rebuild and become more aware, more present, more observant. To become a master you're either all in or all out. I write for the few; the words I write aren't for all because all is lost. These words are for the chosen ones, the ones who evolve society and culture – I do not decide upon the chosen ones, they decide themselves; I'm just the friendly reminder – just as my dead friends in the dust covered pages have done for me. My words *are the keys to your shackles* – my words are your words.

Through these words a well-developed master has been birthed and this master will evolve through the endless levels of mastery until death do us part and beyond. I wish the same for you. Working hard is an understatement; I'm beyond structured and I've grown into a true professional in the time that I've conquered my goals and will continue doing so. I will grow as a human and an artist, though both are one in the same, all while speaking to the masses, promoting individuality and nonconformity: the only traits that breed compassionate evolution.

I write to remind myself; to reinforce positive habits – to recondition what is natural and destroy what's been structurally created; I'm here to fuck up the system – I'm here to cause mass hysteria.

Stoicism & The Law Of Attraction

Like many great teachings and ways of life that have become close to extinct whence Christianity came to be,

growing like an infectious, poisonous disease of the mind, body and spirit; Stoicism greatly dissolved and is almost unknown to the “conventional” public and only taught in colleges to those pursuing either Philosophy or a form of litigious hierarchy of the corrupt judicial system: Law.

Stoicism is fundamental when realizing that Life is impermanent and is to be lived within our own determined virtue, not by an ego-driven ‘moral code’ but a code that must be created by oneself with the effort of “hard work” (to the lazy-minded); this isn’t even truly “work” it just appears to be due to the conditioning we’ve been exposed to. Our ego constructs cities of fear with the intention to block us from strategically demolishing them. Reflecting upon Death and Nature’s uncontrollable ways leave a field of openness with perspective and self-developed meaning through the temporary states of our nature.

When you come to terms that Time was only created to have a sense of control of all that is uncontrollable: life becomes much simpler. I could die as I’m writing this... Am I dead? Did I die? To my perception no, I’m still here. But my perception and time do not exist in the Laws of Nature; my spirit is my own with fragments gifted to the ones who love me, Life will go on long after my death. (This absolutely shatters my ego when I consciously choose *to be* it.)

I wonder if I write and create to derive lasting impressions, having some sort of immortality amongst men; it is most definitely one of the reasons among many (this an ‘ego driven’ thought). I create for my own Self and growth of *me* as a whole, as well as an infectious evolution of documented time of the states of development in which I’ve learned to grow from and make amends with (this is a ‘creative genius’ statement); and many of the times these experiences have been the upmost entertaining – our individual experiences shape the way we independently create yet through our creations we are connected to all.

Film, books, art: they seem to be all that live

endlessly - that is until they are destroyed by man or the Laws of Nature. Come to think of it, using the word 'Law' is inefficient when it comes to describing Nature because nature doesn't apply to law but more to the 'Ways of Nature' - unpredictable and temperamental like the mind. Laws are created to solidify and secure; the *Way of Nature* shall be the only phrase to come out of my mouth. There is no superior discovery here, it's found in a book older than the universe.

The 'Law of Attraction' is a concept created my humans to create positivity and hope depending on the perspective of the individual. It works both optimistically and pessimistically: if pain is sought after then pain will be found as well as the same for happiness, pity, grief et cetera. Though the beauty of the world and nature is divine, and quite simply the most godlike principal of the 'law of attraction'; it is that of the spirit of the human mind to be hypersensitive to its surroundings and tentatively grasp things that are essential to what they as whole truly desire; a creative manifestation of the highly evolved mind working with nature on a mutual respect basis; stemming back to my core belief that we as an untainted society are naturally created to be creative. It takes procreation to become a creation and then only to create even more; and that is not just to birth a living being but what is even more important is to create a piece of art to establish and evolve culture and way of thought - or even to provoke thought, which is highly difficult to do in this day. (I speak upon *individual* thought; it is rather easy to evoke *collective* thought, though I say this with non-endearing intent.)

The ancient Stoics would easily simplify 'the laws of attraction' into a metaphysical world of 'hope' - which leads to the toxic idea "if only," and most times without implied intent. "One day things will become better," the Christian man proceeded by saying, "in the next life." It is not enough to change your ways of thought but more so to

observe your pattern of thoughts and use them to propel you to becoming an unconditioned being with an individual code of virtue; a being that doesn't just use the temporary state of emotions to propel you with the false hopes of success: it is only a deeper level of self-understanding that this type of mind is beyond nature and at the same time working with it; and only with action and meditation will your world be shaped into what you desire it to be. This is only to be done in the present moment; all else is merely a tool, or if used unwisely, a form of distraction.

The Storm That Unrooted The Tree (An Essay Upon *Love*)

I'm frozen in time and can't move; it's a masochistic purgatory as I barely stay afloat in the rapids of my thoughts. I seek the intention of being grounded once again and then an immense regrowth. The wind has cracked me in half; I fell hard, my roots shook. I now shiver because the sun has gone away. Like nature, humans are unpredictable; rain comes and goes, the sun comes and goes, it's ever-changing and lacks stability yet ever-so lucid as it surrenders to what comes to or through it. Hypersensitivity becomes a main tool as raindrops bounce upon vibrant leaves, we seek the melody to sing us a lullaby but we're repeatedly tortured by the screaming winds. The winds are so complex that they're misunderstood and only cause an earthquake. There is no warm blanket of sun to heal us, to keep us from shivering. I'm freezing and my eyes are heavy; my roots are unstable.

How do I live with the dead undead? How do I sleep in this decaying forest? I must journey backwards to go forwards. I must venture into the depths. As I breathe deep, I find my Self in the clouds, in the ruffling of the nocturnal animals. I'm reminded of impermanence and grief – I seek solitude in the realms of the universe. I no longer seek distraction; I no longer listen to the

complexities of the winds, they're now my favorite and most painful song. I stand rooted once again, growing once again to share my natural beauty. I speak under the stars to your dead spirit – I'm numb but I still choose to mend, because a *choice* is always an opportunity. In the end, the stars are a man's best friend and though they sometimes hide behind the clouds, they're always there. I am one with the stars; the hue on my skin tells me so. And though I admire the stars, I don't let them guide my way; I seek deep within and always find the buried key.

At times, when the sun rises, I find it difficult to stare directly despite my constant overcoming. I find peace in this. I mourn a ghost but a ghost doesn't have a reflection – a ghost can't see its reflection in the most stagnant pool of water. Ghosts flood this forest seeking their souls. They seek love and throw away love because they're too scared to find their bodies once again – and far beyond their bodies is what makes a limber tree; bending each and every way, always remaining resilient and centered – like a lonesome white crane remaining tall among the muck of the murky shallows; her tall legs keep her clean and her wings keep her free. She hasn't grown numb or hardened because she remains in the present in order to survive. But first one must find their body; this is the first step to heal the dreamless ghost.

In the forest I've discovered the cure for all: *Love* isn't the need for a sheltering tree, we can survive without others; we're self-reliant. Love is consciously choosing the other partner as an extension of our selves, thus uniting the bond of two souls beyond reason. We don't *need* or *want*; "needing" is dependence, "wanting" is possession. Love is choosing to be with another being beyond the pull of our toxic ego. I choose to love without attachment, the strongest love of them all and the most courageous to attain.

The pain of the seeming reality can at times be unbearable and deplete what life truly is. I woke up from

this dream and continue to be grateful for it, but at times I can't decipher between the dream and the nightmare that I've made peace with – though the puzzle is coming together.

Let these pages be the stairs to our undying love and appreciation for one and other; may you never miss a step, and if so, I will catch you. But then again, how can one catch a ghost? Little did I know, these words weren't meant for the ghost.

The Beginning

I started as an actor and then became a writer with the purposeful intention of philosophically entertaining the masses while embracing individuality and the constant over coming of suffering with my highly opinionated and completely original provocative style. I remember when I initially experienced my first noticeable existential crisis – when I was at the bottom of a dark hole; I was full of fear, full of pure chaos. My creative daemon had gotten the best of me – it had me submerged beneath the shallow depths due to my intentions to bury it, to shun it, both unknowingly due to lack of presence and courage as well as an unconquered fear of the higher calling Self.

This Self is within all of us, we all have it, and it acquires an adequate diet of mindfulness and immense practice – it is hungry and wants to be fed – but we starve it because we fear its unlimited freedom, its creative power to build beyond who we *think* we are. Creativity is beyond thought. Rather than feed my creative friend, I involuntarily dined on fear for several years before I had realized that fear was my favorite dish.

Nature & The Dark Void

When we lose sense of direction we panic but then we remember that there is nowhere needed to go. Through

this broken-compacted breakdown there is always a rebirth, and this rebirth occurs vigorously – but one will never experience this without thoughtful patience.

Though we fall into old habits, old fears, it doesn't mean we're devolving. Life is full of breakdowns, pure pain, and sadness; they will arise like the seasons and dissipate like the white-foamed ripples that wash upon the shore. Some days it will be so strong that there is no running from it, and some days it will be completely invisible like the crisp midnight air; no matter what, we must surrender to it. This doesn't mean to give up and surrender to nihilism; it means to be completely present with the pain, embrace it like a naïve child embraces playtime, fully involved, mindless and timeless – completely in the present. We cannot run or hide, or numb our pain and suffering with emotion-numbing vices like drugs and alcohol, or fall into technological stupors; and if so, this is where self-awareness comes into play heavily. Being present to what *is* and what *isn't* truly you.

We must be able to differentiate from our poisonous thoughts (promoting conditioning and unnecessary sufferings) and our genuine painful thoughts, our necessary sufferings, which is part of the human experience: grief, heartache, and meaning. We can use our unnecessary suffering as tools to propel us to relatability amongst the masses and let them too know that it is a distraction to our own greatness – it's our ego playing tricks on us, torturing us and preventing us from our own legacy – that is why art is so important, it expresses these mundane and masochistic ways, it provokes thought that hopefully makes us take a better look inside ourselves. Maybe people don't have a sense of Self to hone, to look to when or visit when they're shaken thus they don't know where to turn. We must develop a strong sense of Self so we can overcome the negative piece of our egos that stifle evolution; we need the awareness to identify and balance the toxicity and use it as our favorite paint to douse our

Life's canvas with a pastel-pigmented hue of creative emotions – with darkness in all the right places, and even the wrong.

There's a dark void inside of us that craves failure, procrastination and an earthly death – we crave an easy way out in a passive demeanor. We provide ourselves with societal comfort, money, a stable job, procreation, to prove to us that we have a place in this world – we fear what we always wanted to do and what we dream to do simply because “it's not likely to happen” by society's affirmation and by the toxic pull of our egos. These people fear themselves and have no identity when they look in the mirror – if you don't know your exterior, how can you know your interior? How you hold yourself and take care of yourself do factor heavily into your identity and how much you truly love and value your Self and the world around you.

Individualization will help cultivate a sense of worth and meaning, people don't know themselves because they haven't established a core set of beliefs that are their own; they think that they have developed their own meaning but they're lost and scared; they lash out in envy towards anyone and everyone around them that they aspire to be – they dig a hole and burry themselves and then pity the crowd that walks by them for not giving a helping hand. They're the 'forever victim' – everyone is wrong and attacking them because they can't mold their own sense of Self so they seek easy ways out, such as blaming and escaping, by self-sabotage; in this conditioned nature we are our own worst enemies, but these forever victims are the epitome of that statement – they consciously and at most times, permanently identify with this character trait for the rest of their lives: prisoners in a free world.

We distract ourselves with the future and the past; we deprive ourselves of living because we're in a state of constant unnecessary suffering. In the age of technology

we're susceptible to blatant superficiality, judgement, consumerism, materialism thus leading to the "I want more, more, more!" group. These herd animals are never happy and feel they will gain happiness through societal comfort – and if these people are to attain this sense of collective coziness, a sort of falsified "elite" social status, they will still suffer from a consuming black hole within their heart – their soul desires to sing but they'll smother it like a canary in the depths of a bottomless coalmine, suffocating it and erasing their voices. This made up world that humans created, this consumeristic paradise, is filled with plenty of needless "things" and meaningless "stuff" – it is a distraction and an endless circle of unnecessary torture stifling their melody.

These unstable beings will go through life manically – suffering through highs and lows, destroying what is both good and bad, not being able to decipher what their path is or where it is. They seek an escape from their own purgatory and will destroy those closest to them or those in their way to get it. They think that they're going to obtain it by neglecting those who they feel will stop them from grasping it due to the lack of belief in their Self – they search for reasons for a superficial rebirth because things aren't working out the way they want. Even though life may seem stable and content, they look to the future and fixate on what *should be* or what one *wants* or *needs*, without realizing that all can be achieved if the present moment is embraced fully. Working for the now later produces the how: if you do what you love and have a healthy support system, people that believe in you, it will help you walk on the clouds amidst your hard work and dedication. You are who you surround yourself with. And though no one can hold your hand, in some moments, the true human companion or companions can ground you and assist you in keeping you true to your Self; but the choice is always yours.

When an existential breakdown begins in oneself, it always helps when there's a positive support system, but when one is in the void one must climb out of it in their own time. And in a breakdown, when someone is prone to the pull of other poisons around them, that being, toxic people, drugs or alcohol, identifying to their own supposed core beliefs that are not even truly theirs because they belong to fundamentalist bodies, or they're on the brink of establishing their own but fear the power of the Self, of the hungry lonesome wolf, their fictitious ideal will be a fairytale castle without a foundation; it will fall. Their sense of Self is a sandcastle too close to the tide and just waiting to be washed away in the vast sea of conformity; but they want this, they both consciously and unconsciously feed their ego the self-sabotage that it thrives off of, they feed their demon and starve their daemon therefore depleting it of life. They settle for the conventional life and don't have the guts to stick it out and suffer through the endless struggles of attaining an identity, grasping a true sense of Self and following their passions – they become sheep. They're cowards and belittle those around them with a strong belief system because they're envious – they don't desire the time to put into the practice, the structure of creating oneself, creating an identity true to one's own nature. The Self is too difficult a choice – the living dead then becomes of them.

To The 'Death Traveler'

They're right... there is no future with me nor is there a past. There is only the present: the most gifted moment in time. That is why it is called *the present*. There is no better time than now and no better place than here. What reminds you of the present better than Nature? Nature is resilient and remains still, fearless to what naturally comes, no matter the storm it continues to remain strong,

floral and fluid, as am I. I'm the roots that surpass the hard sediment of volcanic soil. I'm the pervasive rock that stoically remains still to the voracious current of flowing water that eventually will cut right through me; I too am that water – eventually I'll dry out due to the hot sun and then be brought back to life by the dew of the moon. I am the dark and starry skies and I'm a palate of vibrant white and blue; I'm an artist's best friend.

I'll never forget the day you left. It was a rainy day like today and you took your last breath in my arms. I sat alone on that bench for what felt like days – only to be in an ever-waking nightmare. All the rain in the world couldn't wash my tears away. I seek meaning in this but yet I struggle daily. More importantly I seek the will to overcome. I must prevail. The battle with my ego isn't half as bad as the words you last spoke. You've chosen to run and hide in the future and the past; you've lost your patience, your dedication, your craft; farewell Death Traveler. Life will never be Life as long as these travels pertain to you.

Aesthetics Of Being

Humans were designed to move; our bodies are true works of art that symbolize a true sense of Self – evolution thus is only attained when a human evolves passed their primal nature while at the same time returning to his or her roots; both physically and spiritually. By this, I mean the 'hunter-gatherer' lifestyle – in this way there was a mutual and very necessary respect for Nature. There was an immediate connection upon waking with the necessity of survival in the gratitude-lending Hand of Nature.

Movement was essential to survival and is now needed in this day more than ever. Food is a 24 hour convenience for many of us, with obesity, heart disease, cancer and mental illness running rampant. Though some have evolved through the cultivation of individual thought

with assistance of the Ancient Greeks, our primitive nature is still essential to our genetic makeup. Even agriculture is obsolete for the 'everyday woman and man' due to the convenience of food delivered to right to their door! 'Forced labor' which used to be the means of survival and cultivation, now means something completely different; it's new meaning consists of the means of survival in an imprisoned society. This inherent laziness is a cancer – the need to not hunt our food may be but our bodies are still intended for movement; this is blatant in kinesiology. Not only does movement incite creativity, it also burns the demon inside of you, it feeds the creative genius, it creates a Herculean soul when done properly – and when in nature, it is synergistic dominance amongst our primal nature while cultivating individual thought therefore manually inducing evolution.

Cooking

Cooking is an essential art form that supersedes the visible walls around us, and just like movement, it keeps us true to our roots; grounding and unifying us as one, journeying back to our true nature as human beings while taking a trip to the past, future and present in a single bite. Memory is accessible through food both in taste and smell – but even equally as beautiful, Nature's components are becoming a part of our genetic makeup upon ingestion and through digestion; the right food choices actually prolong our life! This is simple and blatant, yet profound and purely humbling.

Food is not just survival, it is a gratifying privilege gifted to us from Nature. Nature provided survival for the beginnings of humanity and it continues to do so and we respect it by becoming in tune with our own innate nature by creating elaborate ways to feast from the very beginning and heavily in this day and age in the consciously aware 'Culinary Arts'. The evolution of cooking is so incredibly

interesting and so broad yet it follows the same principles amongst cultures throughout: utilize what nature provides and intrigue the palate.

Creativity was implemented in the preparation of food in the most ancient of cultures; from the Incas popping corn over fire to make popcorn, or the Mayans making hot chocolate before a lovely human sacrifice. The rise of evolution was involved with the means of collecting and preparing food in every regard. The need to preserve food in those days was necessary and a complexly creative task of trial and error, and though this was needed for survival, their culinary creations were not. The palate became bored, the mind became bored; this is the birth of perceptive thought. Preference is a characteristic of the 'persona' and it is also the beginning of the individual. This sense of Self was being cultivated and when preference or an abundance of food was available consequently was the mind's ability to have more choices and 'preferences' – a 'freedom'.

Now that we have the ability to create 'passionate food', these culinary masterpieces, these time-machine memory factories in a single bite, the arts and dramatic edifice have expanded to a Sweet, Salty and Sour structured theatrical performance on the decorated plate in front of us. This is all due to Nature – it is that grounding; all while being grateful and conscious in that of the present moment. The right cook, the right chef, can bring us directly into the present – the impressionable meal can bring us to a beautiful moment in the past – the right meal can broaden your future while grounding you intuitively.

Mindfulness

Mindfulness heightens all senses and grounds us to our root of just being – it strips down unnecessary suffering, conditioned thought patterns brought on by an

emotionally-propagandizing society and the human condition in itself. Being mindful consists of being completely present to what *is* without judgment; it's neutral and observant like a newborn child – it's a disattachment from the falsified identity that we've created with conscious and unconscious means of the constructed walls within the 'mind labyrinth' with the attempt to cause endless suffering.

Mindfulness meditation will reveal the poisonous negatively-charged, self-propelled time-machine of the past and future, the constant "wishing" and "wanting" brought on my deep conditioning amongst other external influences – this time machine is in our minds and takes away from the present moment; and in the present moment, there is no need to fix, change, or hide from, any of our feelings or emotions – it is in the present moment that reminds us of what we are: free beings. But we are human and we still feel, but we can learn to feel and observe these feelings, these thoughts, our nature, much more intrinsically; in this process it is the learnings acquired beyond our Self that ground us to beyond our conditioned minds and coincides with the creative genius principles of expression through art.

What is a "creative block" or "writer's block" but that of an obvious lack of the present moment – when we are *here* or *there* we are not *being*; in being we are beyond here or there and though our minds will drift in and out of this state we will naturally gravitate back to it. But I do assure you that this is a practice, call it what you will, but in order to break conditioning (which is habitual thoughts and tendencies always lead on by the ego and lack of self-awareness) one must "recondition" the mind therefore rewiring it even beyond unconditioned awareness to a state that is, in words, inaccessible to articulate – simply put: a constant evolving form of enlightenment. Though if this is your only desire, to attain "enlightenment", then

you're grasping this with your preconditioned mind, with your ego, and again, absence of the present moment.

This state of awareness involves being with whatever is happening in the moment, there is no escape here; it is pure confrontation, a peaceful war that, at times, is the upmost painful – when I speak of this pain, this discomfort, I speak of the attachment to it, I speak from a preconditioned notion of the attachment I've conditioned myself to have for it, along with desires and preferences, rather than observe this thought or feeling in the present moment, I choose to identify to this painful moment which actually doesn't even exist. This "painful" moment is either that of the past or the future, unless you are being physically tortured right now and are a captive prisoner (by a physical entity not of your mind!) then there is no pain and also you wouldn't have this book – but if they did give you this book upon physical imprisonment, despite your foes torturing you, they still obviously care.

Feelings, emotions, they cannot harm us; there is only the subject that chooses to identify with the emotion or thought. But if you're aware of this *choice* you've gained consciousness! Congratulations, you've took a step in the "right" direction only to realize there is no "wrong" direction, and even that there is no direction or any "steps" at all. The ones who desire nothing are the ones who desire everything; the ones who love nothing are the ones who love everything; the ones who fear nothing are the ones who fear everything – *what is this?* Koans are questions with no answer other than producing an annoyance in the mind brought on by the ego and then a confused laugh from beyond the depths of our soul – they are meant to induce laughter at the human condition: this is our only state of enlightenment that can be described in one word, though its feelings cannot: laughter.

How to start? Meditation begins with the breath. How can a canary sing in the depths of the coalmine without the means of fresh air? In and out, the breath,

simple as that – this doesn't have to be done sitting, it can and naturally should be done all of the time. But stillness is essential in a practice because in order for our mind to be still when our body is moving we must first be still to observe the movement of the mind. It is in this stillness that there is clarity, and in this clarity that there is a rebirth. We will be subject to digression periodically, at times, we will naturally decay and then blossom and vice versa, like the temporal seasons, but the difference now is the self-awareness attained to, naturally, without aversion or affirmation, dissolve the rising ego.

How this propels the Self? To clarify the 'Self', this Self that I speak of is an innate creative drive that has been buried by conditioning and made fearful due to the persuasive cadence of the ego and the preconditioned state. The Self is attained in mindfulness but action is also a necessity to fine-tune it. The Self is the ultimate form of character and personality though the Self itself has no personality or character; it is beyond us and one with Nature though it is our True Nature. As I've said before: true words seem paradoxical – those gifted words are ours. The Self is the primary drive of the Creative Genius that operates from a nondual and mindful spectrum that uses the human condition, the ego, as a tool, along with the absolute presence of one's unconditioned awareness to bring forth a universal peace within the mind, body, soul and nature, that is incomprehensible to others, but the Self's own individual experience is purely one with all. Activation of this innate drives takes great practice yet no practice at all – what deep scars we've carved... and in these scars is the river of Life. This purgatory we've casted is our own doing and it is to be tamed; this labyrinth also has perceptive tricks. Be Mindful. Be Grateful. Endlessly Overcome.

Society & Its Egos

Why society ruins the creative genius' of today – the demands of the “hustle”; but not the desired “hustle” by the individual being – it is the constant demanding of the economic structure put into play created by man's ego. It's the governing body that dictates who gets what – yes, there are things to be earned and accomplished but social classes are not put into play to promote “equality” and a grand heaven on earth complex. Humans have potential for great things, to conquer their own passions and dreams – these dreams and goals are thus stamped by the means to make a “living”: food, water, shelter, healthcare, time spent working jobs that lack fulfillment – yes, the Greats do make time and sacrifices in order to reach the epitome of their own internal stardom – but how many more Greats would there be if society didn't demand its will?

Dreams are un-lived realities; they speak in both symbolic, and at times, with vivid means of subconscious dialect, but here, when I speak of *dreams*, I'm speaking upon their intermingling's kin to curious passions; I speak of dreams as a very plausible ideal (if resilient action is taken!). Curious passions are whatever intrigues the individual, whatever this being fears or is interested in, though the pursuit of mastery of the chosen passion is not yet etched in stone, the trying's of any humble beginning to develop a character, to find the Self, to activate the creative genius, begins with action. This simply begins with *trying what interests your Self*. It seems to be that this is the only time we're naturally in tune with our innate nature yet we do, and society does, anything and everything it can to bury it. This is the most obvious state in which the Self and the Ego agreeingly fornicate each other into a state of obedience and self-sabotaging rationale then justifying that this is just a “dream” and looks more desirable from afar; this is blatant Fear. It's

easier to respect Fear thus remaining obedient to it rather than to overcome it. The *only* respect we show our Ego is the respect of overcoming it and creating from it, because this Ego is what human conditioning is, this Ego feeds and constructs a false persona, it constructs false stories that are inexistent to reality, it determines the future and the past so vividly despite us being blatantly between the two; the Ego is nothing more than a tool derived for achieving purpose despite its ability to constantly deter us from our purpose – it ties all together by a bond of universal human suffering yet attempts to desperately separate us from true humanity; it seems the Ego has fears itself – it seems the Ego is just as fearful and lonely as us. The difference in our solitudes is that the Ego has no home and it is actually one with Society – and Society isn't just an Ego, it is made up and *several* Egos; negative forces in the masses. Think about this; billions of Egos all rising in forces, all hiding from fear, desperately attempting to control the outside world because they fear within themselves – the Self screams deafeningly into their ears but they choose to ignore it. It's comical how the Ego attempts to deter us from everything we desire to do yet it's our biggest supporter whence we overcome it and accomplish what we yearn for. This Ego in us maybe deserves compassion while we constantly overcome it – for these accomplished feats are our own – we share them with the Ego but unlike the Ego we let them go and continue with the next means of pursued goals and accomplishments. The Collective Ego is conquered by overcoming the Individual Ego.

If the essentials that humans are accustomed to were not taxed or monetized by the government, if we became self-sustaining, self-reliant, and one keenly focuses upon one's craft of choice; how much more fulfilling life would be... society and culture would evolve so much more quickly thus making the world a better place. This isn't communism, or Marxism, nothing is

owned by all; simply put: mankind is entitled to the essentials given by Nature without being stunted by taxes and government. Those who want “more” must find a way to get “more” – those that want to rise upon the totem pole of social class may be able to do so with much more ease as they master their craft. But a true master of their craft is content where they are – yes, they seek admirers, joint-thinkers, others to commend them and appreciate their work, but they know where they stand – they know who they are. They create for themselves yet their passion exudes to all; this is the true power of the Self.

Monopolizing corporations do not want this because it doesn't benefit them at all – most money generating corporations promote: pharmaceutical drugs, poisonous food or sugary soda, judgments and superficial superiority via technology and social media, which again ties into advertisement for the other self-indulgent and inhumane promotions. This plan they devised has been etched into stone a long time ago and only annihilation of the attachment to the Ego can propose the ability for regrowth amongst society – but again, humans tends to let their Ego do all of the talking and deciding. Eventually the Ego arises and takes control, propelling the body and leaving the Soul.

The foolish passively think they're happy with their social status and their job placement when they blatantly just lack fulfillment and succumb to it with Self numbing toxic ways: poor relationships, drinking and doing drugs, excessive lusting – there are plenty of distractions to hide you from your Self. The system society (Egos) created is put into play to keep you sane and stupid – it's the insane that think freely. It's the newborn child that can see beyond and create a natural present moment in time; it's in the godly aura of the children that play freely reminding us of who we truly are when we have lost our Self. When the world's not too consumed by false causes and movements, when public and private schooling become

what it ought to be, when flags are merely pieces of fabric representing culture and the arts, only then can society move forward – only then can society continue consciously to exist therefore becoming something so much more.

A Poetic Time Machine

When I write a poem, I remember what I was feeling the day I wrote it and *who* or *what* I was influenced by; it's truly uncanny the roots that stretch into the quantum realm of past and future. At times, through my poetry, I even foresee my own future; in that present time of conscious and creative awareness I witness my insecurities, my fears, my observations, my perseverance; I battle them but in some instances these fears do become true. We can have fearful thoughts about our passions, about our art, our purpose, and though we observe these feelings derived from the Ego, it doesn't determine our fate: we do. We do this with action, practice, and the cultivation of *Relentlessness*: this is the deliberate practice of persistence while in the midst of the adversity of both gratifying and deterring forces brought on externally (Society) and internally (Ego). Simply put, *relentlessness* is the habit of constant overcoming; it sculpts character and exudes individuality – the incessant practice is only for the cultivation of the Self, and the Self is derived with the means of compassion to humankind and to nature.

Now the *unpredictable* fate masked as insecurities and observations that I expressed through my poetry is usually more-so in the case of other people closest to us; family, close friends, partners, we can only determine their ungrounding if they are later to actually become ungrounded of course; but this is a form of intuitiveness that naturally arises when one becomes present. We are now hyper-sensitive to all but unattached to all as well therefore we resonate with the other beings unconditionally and naturally – we receive them with an open and free mind but one must remain careful to fall

back to the complex chatter of the ego because with this level of conscious unconsciousness, we, in moments do become more prone to listen to our ego in times of tragedy out of the conditioned fear that's been previously bred into us. But being aware of our own masochistic torture sets us free because we are aware – it's our ego that tricks us into thinking that there is something wrong with this awareness when really it's just our insecurities attempting to convince us of whatever we're fixating upon at the time (positive or negative) despite our self-awareness; it tries so strongly to tell us that we are these things, that these *things* should bother us, these well-constructed thoughts we perpetuate. Our ego is very convincing at justifying our own self-centeredness and self-righteousness. Through our grounded Self's we're able to subtly detect things in other beings, but without attempting to control or fixate upon our fears and projections, we just let things naturally be and unfold as they will; there is no passivity in this because we are fully expressive with how we feel, we share what irks us in our conditioned state but we're aware that this is also not truly *us*. Say one person in a healthy relationship acted upon their insecurities in the moment or moments in time that they felt uneasy by their conditioned state – they therefore run from the relationship and end it abruptly. Their counterpart may have detected moments in time when clues did arise that lead to this very moment, and in this moment the counterpart may have fled in order to protect their own heart or ego, leaving out of fear due to *what may be* or *what could happen*; but this isn't an ideal way to live because how can one truly love under preconceived notions. Love is unpredictable like life. Love is only true when loving without restraints – this is only to be attained when one first loves themselves. Let me also clarify a “healthy relationship”: two souls entwined while remaining one as they support one and other as their individual Self

attains their ideal while constantly grounding one and other through radiant presence.

I share a personal connection to this being in the midst of an abrupt separation from a soul that I was entwined with. This happening does not unfold because I think or fear these thoughts, insecurities or constructed stories; I choose to remain in a nondual state, one without judgement, merely the conscious observer – I don't mind them or pay them any attention (only when I temporarily let my ego get the best of me as I've previously stated). It is within these moments of presence that I'm very much in tune with my Self; within my breath I see without needing to nor do I want to. Reflecting upon my poetry makes me a seer of sorts, dissecting my insecurities, not letting them become the worst of me, but then later realizing that they were guiding my partner's intuition because she let her ego get the best of her, then breaking our jointed hearts into pieces, tearing our souls apart.

If there is one thing that I know about myself, it is that: I can make beauty out of agony. And though at times it doesn't make the pain tread anymore lightly, it is still productively turning daunting darkness into vibrant bright lights – guiding the way back to the Self, guiding the way back to Home. It is the upmost courageous and brave to face the foe that is yourself; I would highly recommend it to all – though, all don't have the stomach for it. Or should I say: all don't *choose* to have the stomach for it.

Analyzing my poems and foreseeing the future demise of my relationship and the power of me not giving in to my own ego shows us how much we truly ruin beautiful things by not being here, in the present moment. I write to you from this moment, fully engaged with you, and I don't even know you – but I am you. And you are me. Writing from this place of immense presence grounds the ego into compliancy with the Self. These words are beyond me yet they're a clear map back to who I am in

moments when I've temporarily lost course, in moments when I lose presence. Writing is so profound that it has the ability to shake us and wake us up, give us chills, with literally just a deeply sought after interpretation of feelings or experiences lead on by the human condition, a condition that we all share. Our sufferings are not unique; we all share many of the same, but our ability to articulate our pain through art, through pure creative expression of the Self, this gives us the power of individuality and that spreads blissfully, therefore connecting to the universal experience.

At times I bounce back and forth between looking for guidance from my great-aunt's cloud-like aura shimmering above me or the beauty of her tree-covered road, to the universe, to my intimate relationship with nature, thus preparing to be alone, preparing for the death of my relationship – because letting go does take time and preparation, by no means is it easy. In poetry and writing we can give a full taste of the human experience but only a fragment of Nature's depiction due to its unwordly beauty. Why are we as humans so easy to depict and Nature is so complex to capture; we poets do a very good job but we always know that we can never truly replicate what we see or feel in the presence of Nature therefore we respect it so much – we go into the battle losing but we never intended to win; we won in surrendering to Nature's beauty, this is our victory that no one can take away; we do our best to share it with you but I suggest you best experience it yourself – these words will then be that much more sharper to the soul. The job of a poet is to articulate the present time, the present emotion, in either Nature or within ourselves, which the artist was amused or haunted by, while respecting that Nature's beauty is truly indescribable but the human condition most definitely is; I can't reiterate this enough but I continue to do so as if I'll persuade you – and there really is nothing to persuade. My job as a poet is to remind you of what being human

truly is – let my words sing you a melody back to your Self and let your Self naturally guide you to the electricity of the Universe.

The Philosopher, Poet & Psychologist

Simply reflecting upon prior written entries, whether it be journaling or poetry, can and will, as I've said previously, give you insight to not only your state of mind at the time, but as to why the present of current events have occurred. This is only if you are true to yourself and your feelings when writing; this takes the practice of mindfulness and applying it while consciously observing your ego. You do not have to be a writer to write – this takes no talent other than the innate drive to better understand our human conditioning and beyond it.

For those who know me, I write at least 1 poem a day as a creative exercise but it's become so much more than that. I genuinely have such a naturally deep-rooted love for this art of rhythmic word-painting. I'm so grateful that I allow myself to consciously choose this. When I go back to these entries, to these daily prayers and observations, it's a time-machine – and though at the time, they may be how I was feeling in that moment, on that day, reflecting upon them later, analyzing my words a little more in depth, during tragic events: a relationship ending, a death, a painful memory – these are all steps to observing the conditioning of our mind, of our ego; we can see our True Self and also our False Self (the egotistical drive) – it takes practice to distinguish between the two but it is very attainable. The simple way to differentiate between them is: our True Self arises from nothingness, it is pure presence and awareness, it observes the ego and feels the emotions it needs to feel, without attachment, letting them pass by (however long it may take), and being at peace with this; it embraces suffering – it's going with

the universal flow no matter how painful or uncomfortable. When I speak of *nothingness*, I speak of a place that can't be depicted and is beyond us yet one with us; it is the home of the Self. There is no nihilistic sense here; this *nothingness* is everything though it holds *nothing*. Think of this as a place without judgement, without preferences, without *good* or *evil*, without *likes* or *dislikes*; it seems unreasonable because what would *we* be if *we* didn't have preferences or judgements, but truly, if *we* realize that there is vast meaninglessness in the conditioned states that *we* choose to be attached to, then *we* would be in tune with the observance of our Ego and *we* will be in sync with our Self; reiterating, this doesn't erase a personality or developed character because these traits in the individual do exist naturally already and part of life is to develop this character, this Self; it is in the attachment to the emotions of the individual's experience that determine the state of 'nothingness' – how can *nothing* truly be *nothing* if it embraces everything, all that comes to it and through it. If a glass is full, does it quench your thirst? If a glass is empty, does it quench your thirst? If a glass is half-full, does it quench your thirst? – The answer to these questions are both yes and no but I will leave that up to you to figure out. I just did for 20 minutes. Because what did my conscious Self do? – I listened to what's beyond the Self yet one with the Self; though at times, the powers beyond the conscious Self speak from the unconscious spectrum. I answered those questions from my present Self but with the drive of the ego later to realize that there is no *wrong* or *right* answer, and that there isn't even a definite answer! This nothingness is everthingness. Confusing? – Yes, but immensely grounding. If it makes you angry then you need to laugh and if makes you laugh then you're in a state of nothingness.

This *nothingness* also does not mean passivity; this is simply *just being* – when “just being” you can feel what

you are intended to feel without trying to escape or rationalize it. The False Self is ego driven, it casts judgement, blames and attacks anything and everything to justify its own means, it's self-righteousness; it can also be a reversal in the form of "the victim" complex, thus expecting others to feel pity for them, resenting others for what they have and what this Ego doesn't have; it is envy and it is the core of unnecessary suffering – the Ego generates elaborate stories to which we choose to identify with (even if they're not true!), to keep us compliant in our masochistic purgatory, our conditioned nature. Though, the Ego, if used correctly, our conditioning, our ego-driven ways, can and may be used to propel us to our own greatness and awareness, while becoming an extension of all, relating to all, while remaining one: a compassionate individual. When people ask me "How do I become aware? How do I become present?" I tell them to take a deep breath – it's in the breath; there is nothing complicated about this unless you want it to be. Even now, in moments, I write this while not breathing properly; I must become conscious to my breath, and take natural, deep inhales and exhales; this consciousness brings forth presence, this presence is the Self, this Self therefore connects to all beyond and infinite.

In expressive writing you can blatantly see between your True Self and False Self; you can also see the ego (False Self's) of those who you are intimate with; depending on the closeness to the other being, their influence can be greatly seen and heard in your writing. I shall lead by the following example: the ending of a relationship is a tragic one, when you lose your soulmate, when you lose your best friend, when you lose your confidant, it can be incredibly painful; that is, the separation of the souls, the deterioration of the relationship or kinship. To show insight to this observation, I'm going to provide daily poetry that I've written over the course of months; this will give an

accurate ride of emotions and events from the past-present moment, to the now reflective present-future moment that I speak to you from.

Being in a genuine relationship, with any human being, family, friend, partner, we begin to pick up on each other's neurosis and habits; we know each other's motives, deepest fears and even are energetically in tune to their emotions. Humans can even detect the emotions of strangers upon meeting them when they walk into a room, this is not so much about making judgments upon the character but you can feel either the darkness or the light exuded from the particular person or persons – again, this is only if your intuitive drive is present and aware. Sometimes a crying person will slap an unpresent person right into the present moment by either the chosen lengthy or brief bondage of souls through passing eye contact or human interaction; this doesn't mean the newly present person will stay in the present with this emotionally wounded person but it takes just a moment to open up and detect another fellow being. Also, sometimes we are easily deceived compared to animals – they have the strongest detection of the qualities of a human being; I would say that this is because they are more in tune with Nature than many of us are, even despite domestication. We're not only domesticated but we're also distracted heavily by means of society. We are more similar to an animal that's been abused, neglected; we're on edge and fearful of who to trust – we detect their goodness but we let our scars run the show as the means for survival; a survival now heightened due to conditioning, due to abuse of the mind and or the body. Also, if we were to ask a stranger who looked upset, "What's wrong?" and there was something truly wrong but they felt guarded and ashamed to speak to a stranger despite being a fellow human, in this case we can easily be lied to by means of the societal tendency that this world has thrived upon "Shame" – we

can thank organized religion for this gift (Christianity and Catholicism in particular). *Shame* produces self-loathing and produces a disconnection from everyone and everything around us. It is a word that should be buried with Christ; a place that no one even knows where it truly is or if it is to even exist; but the masses direly wish for it to be therefore they wish for themselves to *not be*: rather all should wish to be “Shameless”.

Back to our shared vibes: once we discover our partner’s ego, their fears and insecurities, we take them on as our own while not being too poisonously attached to them (wishfully); if we’re aware and working towards growth, we try to shine light upon the toxic ego, to both our neurotic nature and fears, we build off of each other, thus bettering each other. In our culture we’re never present and we’re often stricken with the “Want and Need More” disease: “I want more, I need more, I’m not happy until I get more, what happens if I don’t get more?” This is a venomous disease and a slowly consumed poisoned that will eventually choke you and then bury you: “If you chase after money your heart will never unclench, if you seek others approval then you will forever be their prisoner,” said Lao Tzu. He couldn’t have spoken *better* words.

This constant need of change in the name of materialism and fear isn’t the nature of our True Self; we choose our passion, we choose what we love, we implement structure and become masters, ever-evolving masters, developing ourselves not based upon society’s expectations or artificial creations, but only our own. Though the success of some crafts that we choose may end up in superficial fame and social status due to the nature of the path, these are not our motives and are simply more distractions to our Self, it is just simply more Ego to overcome. At the same time mass influence is in our hands, thus we, as artists, work to make *mass influence* irrelevant and then simply arises *mass admiration*: in ‘mass admiration’ there is no dictatorship,

there is only mutual respect of the artist and his admirers; the job of an artist is to evolve culture by evolving himself, it is to subtly, and at times, satirically forcing interpretive material based upon his or her belief system; a system that is unique and their own – and though it seems to go against society’s breed of conformity, it is an extension of who we all are and what we can become: our own best Self, a creative genius among the masses that eradicates worship. Societal tendencies and conditioning have us living in fear of what we genuinely can become if we follow the Laws of Nature, the only laws set into literal stone, growing like a flower; without impulse, using the natural necessities around us to grow – food, light, water, soil; and then on occasion, decaying with the seasons and then re-growing: there is always time for regrowth. There is always a rebirth upon destruction.

We choose to subject ourselves to unnecessary suffering, to *things* that aren’t even really there, stories that may never even happen, and these *things*, these toxic patterns of thought, we consciously choose whether or not to become a prisoner to them – this choice of life is an endless circle of pure sadness and a lack of fulfillment. We let the material world dictate our motives when really our natural motives are unstoppable forces if we just sit for a moment and let ourselves become aware to them. It seems as all innate wisdom does, to be paradoxical when thus is said: We must let what’s natural be yet we must work to get to what’s natural.

I fear the flame choking,
I foolishly keep falsely hoping;
I fear the simple things
Will never be the same,
I fear you forgetting the ring of my name;
I'm generating stories
Out of jealousy and fear –
Seconds, minutes, hours;
I'll always be right here.

In this re-worked poem, I articulate my ego and the constructed stories that I tell myself to torture me unnecessarily: *foolishly keep falsely hoping* and *I fear you forgetting the ring of my name*, were added recently to the original poem for this entry and for my future book – they were too beautiful to omit, despite a raw, unworked poem, being interesting to the reader, this is the finished product that you are looking at (omit those lines if you would like the original). These poems were written long before the demise of the relationship but also on the brink of reason. Mind you, this is not my “brink of reason” but is my partner’s.

I'll enjoy you
While I have you,
Whether it's limited time
Or forever,
I'll always love you
And cherish our times together.

This is a gratitude affirmation while the ego of ‘potential loss’ runs in my ears and evokes my deepest fears – I reflect on how truly grateful I am for this person to come into my life, and though I fear losing them, I tell myself that I will always cherish what we had, to keep myself sane and protected. This keeps me present, loving without fear, loving without restraints.

Fixating on the future
Can most definitely
Bring the end;
It can destroy a relationship
And cause quarrels with your best friend –
What's meant to be will be,
Just stay true to the present –
The world will unfold
As it will,
No need to worry,
Let the ocean fill.

This poem is the observation of the ego, again, in the form of the “want and need more” disease on my counterpart's behalf, and I not feeding into my own deeply rooted insecurities but alleviating them through an attempted awareness of myself and on my partner's behalf. Throughout my daily poems, I see the neurotic and repetitive nature that comes up in the human condition and the relationship, whether it's mine or my partner's; it's blatantly there and repetitive – what we tell ourselves, these false senses of Self, if not strong enough to overcome it, will outline our Life map; this is a map that doesn't need to be told what to do and will naturally unfold with the more presence you gift to your Self. And this internal chatter is ego driven fears – it is to be observed, not listened to.

Gullible little girl,
How easily persuaded;
Gullible little girl,
Your truth is always evaded –
One day you'll learn,
It'll be your turn;
Possessions are fire –
Completely free yourself
Of superficial desire.

Here, we have a commentary on materialism and self-torture through the need of possessions, this fixation constantly arises in the poetry timeline. The attachment to our inner thoughts fuel what we may become and this becomes even more so prevalent. These next 2 poems follow the inner lust and beauty towards all women, the fear of, and observation of, infidelity, but then inserting the love and appreciation of my counterpart, justifying my faithfulness due to my pure and loyal love. I could have easily been feeding off my counterpart's thought process as well, feeling what they felt – but I chose not to be attached, or act upon it, instead I just merely observe it. When we're with someone long enough, an invisible connection, a soul-bonding experience is shared and we then pick up off of the emotional waves and thoughts of our counterpart's and vice versa.

I'm lost within myself,
You, me, and no one else,
I'm exhausted of this illusion –
This paradox of passionate confusion;
I have all the beauty in the world,
But I wonder why the others make my head swirl;
My heart melts
And skips a beat
To the shadow of a girl that I once knew.

Your perfect beauty,
My other half,
An intoxicating aroma
And a melodic laugh;
Why do I seek more?
What do I fear?
The love of a woman –
The holiest fear.

This next entry is my consciousness reaching out to my best friend that passed away; I drive down the green road that she loved and preach my fears and look for words of encouragement through her and Nature, which to me, are now one in the same.

Soaring down the
Green covered road,
The wind sings
A familiar tune;
The sound of your voice
Whispers in my ears –
The pain of losing you
Never disappears,
Hours to hours,
Years after years.

I then immediately go into a justification of my partner's character, what thrills me the most about her:

You light up,
It's your passion that thrills me,
I'd give all of it to you,
A heavenly duty;
I'll share all my wealth
With the ones that fill me with beauty –
A rainbow forest
And an endless duty.

This is the peak of separation between two souls, a disconnection between the one of the two characters; I then cling to a new partner, the origin to all things, I dive heavily into Nature to remind myself of my Self.

When the night bird sings
The artist rings,
Ideas of reality
And a fantasy kin;
When it rains it pours,
Not drinking is a sin –
A thought is just a thought
And one cannot be bought.

When the night sings
The artist rings –
In the shadows
Lurk genius things –
I'll embrace your chaos,
Not by chance –
My lonely words
Will like this dance.

I begin to embrace darkness, as usual, but in this metaphor, I predict the tragedy of the insecurities that lay inside me – though, now, writing to you in this present moment, I don't identify them as 'insecurities' because of the outcome – because of the end of all ends.

The kiss of death,
I wonder what's left;
The familiar voices
And those haunting choices.

I'm reminded of the pain of heartache through other past scarring memories and life events that have ensued prior.

He doesn't sleep,
He doesn't eat,
He craves excitement
Beneath the sheets;

The hours I call
And the moon,
It falls –
The Creative's hour
Is a silent power.

Here, I seek passion from my partner but find myself falling in love with my art due to the lack of love and attention from my counterpart, I flock back to what is always there, whenever and wherever I desire it to be – I then in sooth reach back to my Self. I continue to have this great affair with my primary being, Nature, my Self, and my art, I cling to it because deep down I know what's coming – and I also know what's been lacking in my relationship. I always write about Nature and Death in order to repetitively ground myself and to shed artistic perspective, but the gravitational pull to the subject matters are ever-so strong as the end approaches. I repetitively embrace Death, Life and my Art.

A walk through the graveyard
At night will make you feel alive,
Through the quiet streets
The technicolor thrives –
I dream for them to see me
Yet most don't know my name –
The world's interchangeable
And it'll never be the same.

I describe what lies before me due to my innate nature to become my best and to be an ever-evolving master of my passion, of my craft, while unknowingly predicting the suffocation of a flame, thus being my relationship.

As I lay
And reflect upon death,
I close my eyes
And think what's left –
Day after day,
Year after year,
If my tears could rebuild you,
I'd have nothing to fear.

I continue to predict the end of the relationship
while seeking for help and comfort from my passed away
loved ones.

I love you, dark sky;
Your precious stars,
Your shimmering eyes,
It's beyond words –
If I could grow feathers
I'd fly like a bird.

Why so much pain in this world?
Why so much hurt?
Why do flowers bloom
And then wither into dirt?
It's unanswered,
A mystery.

I continue to become one with nature, embracing
it, finding a new soulmate:

The night owl
Thrives when no one's alive –
He hungers for courage
While others shuteye.

You glimmer
Beyond the trees,
But soon,
A clear view
Of the oceanic seas –
Your beauty is rare
And I'm in awe of you;
You've grown so full
That I can almost reach out
And touch you;
You shed your beauty for more life –
I miss the wavering red leaf,
It has subtly kept
My mind at peace;
Another season comes
And another season goes –
It's only a matter of time before
Everyone knows.

I reference a 'wavering red leaf' in the memory of my best friend, while again reflecting on nature and our synergistic bond, while chanting upon my success that lies in the present moment and to the infinite moment. In the next entry I feel the flame of our relationship finally flickering, barely breathing; oxygen is becoming scarce and I maniacally search for my long-lost soulmate. During these days I woke up with pure angst, pain, internal conflict, I couldn't comprehend *why* though deep down I had known what was happening; I was experiencing the disattachment of two souls, unwillingly on my behalf.

Staring into the black abyss,
A silent soul
While all is missed –
I seek the light
That I can't find;
A lucid prisoner inside my mind –
A precious memory
Is all that's left of me;
Don't shed your tears
You've had the best of me.

I'm speaking unknowingly upon my partner's pain, and the memory that I'm going to become, while knowing that I will be left alone, staring into the dark abyss, while she is heavily missed – knowing that I did my best. But upon editing this, I now know that this poem is a shared bond; this is her Self speaking to me through my unconsciousness, through our hyper-sensitive bondage of two souls, though now a thin string entwines us, it's strong, and I still feel it on my end; the attachment to our Love, to this person I have lost – it's very much there for me as I write this. Our daemons feel the same pain but her actions provoke otherwise. In the poem above, she is telling me about her leaving; she's staring into a void and can't find the light (her Self), she's preparing to have only memories from our experiences together as she gets ready to take on a mask – she's becoming a prisoner and a memory is all I shall have of the girl that I love. She is now dead and this is her choosing to become her Ego; this is the leaving of her Self while the soul desperately yearns to console our relationship.

You flicker for me
To keep me going,
You whisper to me
To keep my knowing;
You sing to me as
The wind blows,
You call to me
As the day goes –
Every time I look to the clouds
I think of you –
The beautiful pillow-like white hue
Reminds me of what's simple
And ever-so blue.

I keep reaching to the spirit world, nature and
inside my own heart, to speak to the forever-living ember
of life.

The day that I was born
Was the day that I died,
It was the fear of losing you
That I'd forever confide –
Before I was human
I had so much more to give,
Before I was human
I had never lived.

I continue to search for my long-lost partner and
flee back to darkness and nature while inserting familiar
sayings and memories we had shared into the body of the
poem, attempting to keep our flame burning in my mind,
in her mind:

I've swam for miles
In the milky sea,
I've searched the vast
For you and me;
I've lost myself in the sun,
I closed my eyes
And had my fun.

I continue to remain blinded but I keep searching
for us, in the universe, just seeking for something to be
alive, any little part of what was left.

A drizzled breeze,
The midnight streets
Are all asleep,
Not even a sound
Or a silent peep –
The night flies
As time shuts down,
Glistening streets
And a crescent moon frown;
I say what comes to my mind,
Unseen in nature
But blessed in due time –
It falls around me
But there's nothing to fear,
The world is my oyster
And the shucker is here.

I then become more and more fearful as the pain in
my gut is too much to bear, I give peace to the situation
and go with the flow, but I feel it heavily due to the inter-
connectivity we share and the attempted separation of
that, against my will and both of our souls:

I'll love you forever
I cannot let you go,
Time is of the essence
And I'm inclined to let you know:
I feel you all around me
But the weight can't seem to free,
It's dragging me down and cannot let me be –
A desolate land
In the palm of my hand;
An iron fist
And an iron man.

“I feel you all around me,” speaks upon the energy of my best friend, even with her help, I can't shake this feeling; this *feeling* is only to be overcome by the chain of events that will ensue post-heartache.

Another page filled with rage,
The prolific poet
Knows no age –
I sit up late
Reflecting what's “right” –
Freeing myself
With all my might.

I continue to observe the pattern, the fears of my ego; my soul feels the change but I still cling to the present while being tortured by stories that I don't even know to be real – but my *true* gut does: my soul, my heart, it sings differently, it beats differently.

The more time you spend,
The more time we end,
I've lost love before,
A toxic heartache
I can't adore –
An insecure nightmare,
A stupid chore –
My toxic thoughts,
I can't anymore.

I speak upon the toxic world my partner chooses to be in, the bad people and influences she now chooses to be around; I fear her becoming a prisoner to it but the voice within knew she had always has been, whether she would escape was up to her. I still observe my ego but I'm so identified with these painful thoughts that were actually more than just thoughts; they were boundless feelings.

I'll always love you
Until the day I die –
Precious angel,
Spread your wings
And fly.

I begin to reflect upon prior pains in my memory, though none can compare or be compared. I'm very scared as the ripping of the soul ensues, but I continue to blindly hear it as the internal chatter of my ego because what else can I do? I spoke upon it, asked if all was okay, and I was lied to. And I knew I was being lied to. I was deathly scared for our relationship.

Oh how I've loved
Too many times to count,
I've wept for days,
I've screamed and shout –
I've longed for years,
I've shattered the mirror
And wiped up my tears.

The grey clouds move in
And all is silent –
My thoughts are a purgatory
And sometimes violent –
When it pours
You will keep sane –
Can you deal without sunshine?
Can you suffice the pain?

I continue to rediscover my individuality, my solitude, as I unknowingly prepare for the great loss of soul-bound love. I connect deeply with Nature, which is an extension of my Self.

The world is a beautiful place
And I see it for what it is –
The shining stars,
The chirping birds,
The silent voices,
The whistling words;
I see this world so differently
From the rest –
I strive to be an individual,
I strive to be my best.

Finally, I call out to my partner for passion, I beg of her to touch me, to love me; this lack of feeling towards our kinship has gotten the best of me:

I crave your touch,
I want you,
I want to taste you,
I want to devour
Your pink luscious hills
And bottomless ocean that kills –
The curves,
The smooth words,
A gentle lullaby
Lured with the birds.

And after not receiving the mutual passion and
compassion, I immediately dive back into nature:

In the stars
I've found my way,
A midnight blanket,
I'd like to stay;
In your beauty
I'll live for years,
Without a touch,
You ground my fears –
Writing in darkness to your light;
I fear nothing,
There's a way in sight.

That was the night prior to the final detachment of
two souls. I unconsciously know what is to happen, so I
look to the sky for comfort, I look to the universe with my
Art as my only partner. I reaffirm that I can overcome
anything and everything and I shall always find my way;
both in Nature and writing in pure darkness with my only
tool – it is the light that is truly dark, and I use it in order
to survive, in order to grow: I bleed and write with my
blood beyond even my soul.

Days later, as I now know the ghost, I write to the primary cause of suffering and the reason for the loss of our partnership while remembering the feelings of neglect and now realizing that it wasn't my ego and insecurities, it was my counterpart's:

The end is here,
And though you're near,
You're inexistent
And barely here;
You think the future applauds you,
When really it only flaws you.

I've written several after that, but the rest will be in my next book of poems. The practice of self-awareness, separating yourself from your neurosis while reflecting back upon truthful entries of daily entanglements, Life's happiest moments and its supposed *worst*, will give you perspective and a blueprint back to your Self – it's a map to your true nature and to what may have happened or what has already happened. If you truly work to be present, which actually takes no work at all, you can observe and see things the way they are meant to be seen and observed, like a nondual television show that is only the entertainment of your mind; you cannot stop it, you can't control it – you can only watch it and let it unfold as it will. But you can always talk to the TV and tell it how you feel; though this doesn't mean the narrative will change but it's worth a try if you can sleep an ounce more peacefully at night.

I write to a ghost several times a day and I mourn the death of a soulmate. If I was to see this person that looked like my great love, I would cry – not because it's them, but simply because it's not them.

I will conclude with a final poem that was written more recently and provides our innate nature, as humans, to overcome all:

The best art
Comes from pain,
The best flowers
Come from rain;
I've cried a million tears
Because we're through –
I've watered a forest,
Desiccated it
And magically
It regrew...
The power of the artist
Will forever live
Through and through;
Dark skies are temporary
And soon will come blue –
And the birth will arise
From the death
Of your hue.

Unchained Melody

Passion is madness directed in a way of self-liberation, self-evolution; it is the map to oneself but there are no directions – passion is the compass to compassion for all beginning with one.

Why do I desire to unchain the creative genius in an imprisoned society...? For as long as I could remember I've watched my family constantly struggle financially, always needing to nobly fend for one and other, I've watched them relentlessly hustle to make a living, to get by; my mother is the Queen of Hustling, so I know that: "Good things come to those who hustle while they wait," but one must also have put in an immense amount of

practice along with cultivating the patience, persistence and determination that works synergistically with the Universe as they await the worthy and lucky strike of the match, igniting a fire so large that it engulfs all who encounter it. This artist that it chooses is then ready for their time to shine; though this is only the beginning because there is no end.

I'm aware of the demands of the system, I know what it's there for and I know why it exists. So what did I choose to do? I chose the most difficult but most rewarding path: the path of the artist. I chose to become the most genuine human being that I could be, evolving through creation, through growth, staying true to my Self – I volunteered to erase shame, to exploit the Ego and put forth my deepest, darkest secrets and feelings, expressing them through living, breathing, creations. I consciously chose to pursue something that most people only dream of doing; I chose the rejection, I chose to be a rebel, an outcast, before I had ever known that I was born to be one. It takes only a moment of trying what interests you to unlock the door to so much more; and this door quickly lead me to discovering my purpose, my innate drive, I was still a lost dissident that no one else besides himself could guide, but when you truly seek it, the road to passion, to meaning, it's second nature to our existence. And in order to find your passion you need to try things that you're interested in, things you fear, and society doesn't make that easy; it wants you to do what's expected of you, and what's expected of you is what the consensus validates as a collective morality, a social status, a compliant place in the hierarchy of this world we live in. The herd loves what it is and despises what it is not. Society's values are based upon both a consciously and unconsciously blinded fear.

There needs to be a peaceful rebellion in society to put forth the humane concept that people should be entitled to food, shelter and water – necessities that shouldn't be taxed or monetized. We must become self-

reliant agriculturalists and creators, free of a system put in place to imprison. Those who want more should be able to get more, those who want to just survive with what they're entitled to shall do just that; and with more time for the individual to do what they've always dreamed of doing, things they didn't have the time to do or try, now with the free time and a pressure-free way of life, human beings can be adventurous and live purposely, beating to their own drum. Only parties will put restrictive-words to label this, and in these parties are masses of men joined to do one thing and one thing only: control.

I seek stardom in my own realm of existence, and though a newly evoked fame and social status will come from the success of the craft that I chose due to the dedicated hours of my artistry, and through patience, persistence and perseverance, these years that I've put in, these means of constructed talent and passion, have shaped my core drives beyond and connected me to my Self, to my creative genius further than I could have ever imagined; these reasons are the pure roots of intention, not the materialism and superficiality of Hollywood. It is in moments when you step back from your work and say to yourself: "I wrote this?" "I created this?" "This is me?" – you become in awe of not just what you've created but how through this creation you have attained the status of a God and have become one with the Universal flow due to your great courage to overcome, to be the few, to follow what intrigues you; through this purposeful selfishness, sitting in your room all alone, creating as you laugh or cry, being with your Self, you're never truly alone. Yes, this is *solitude*, but in solitude are we every really by ourselves? We are with ourselves, but in solitude we are never alone; in solitude we connect to the earth, creating in solitude connects us to the universal flow of all the other brave creatives, the energies, the stars, the moon, the sun, the grass, the clouds; we all create for our Self but we know the meaning is beyond us yet *it is us*. This power is a

privilege only obtained by the few because they *choose it*, they fight for it. And I am the few. There is this perceptive beauty in art that is beyond the individual – it is even beyond our Self and it connects with all. Passion is an infectious disease with purposeful intention; it can incite one of two things: resentment or inspiration, or even both simultaneously. A hunger can be conjured while using the purposeful intention of the ego because it is the one time when it is working with you by the means of blatantly making you aware of what you want or what you would like to try, making your fears a reality in the form of *resentment*; in this is an awakening to pursue what you desire due to the fact that at first this envy towards your fictitious ideal was a nihilistic form of jealousy but has now evolved to inspiration. Our resentment is never with an external foe it is always with our selves, with our ego. If we can identify this than we use the ego to our advantage – it’s a tool to be learned from not to be worked with. The problem with people in this world is that they identify so strongly to their ego that they become it, they can’t tell the difference between it and their Self; they have engrained bad habits – the more bad habits are enforced the more difficult they are to overcome... in most cases. Becoming mindful can end the war of all wars.

I do desire social comfort and freedom from what’s been created, as well as to free my family from the burdens of society, of man. I’ve seen the sacrifices and the selflessness first hand, I’ve felt the belief and the support, and I’ve also felt the fear of failure. I’ve seen my mother constantly rise and repetitively overcome whatever problem came her way and I’ve seen the resilience that I see in myself, the pure compassion and persistence, even in the toughest of times. I’ve seen an individualized core belief system first hand, which helped me define mine and I continually do so – I do have something to say, sometimes too much to some... but I’d rather have too

much to say than too little. I'm famous; my audience just hasn't found me yet.

After seeing my family constantly rise to the occasion, becoming masters of their own craft and constantly overcoming, while being attacked with the demands of *living*, when living should really be effortless – to them, to my audience, I say: I'm here to liberate you from yourselves only to find your Self. I'm here to entertain with purposeful intention, but more importantly I'm here to evoke individuality, self-awareness, compassion – I'm here to undue what's become of the world we live in. I'm here to fuck shit up; I'm here to fuck the system up. I'm here to mend the soul. I'm here to inspire. And thank you for inspiring me.

It's forever been a dream of mine to provide for my family, to support them and take care of them like they have done for me and continue to do so – but I can't do that on the wrong path. My purpose lies greater than falsified security in a society that breeds factory-working sheep. Great fortune lies upon my path but with so many more obstacles to get to it as I become its ever-evolving master. You are either all in or all out – there is no sometimes; it is all the time. It is structure, discipline, work. This takes practice and it is my own. And those who don't believe can live in their perpetual misery, in their false sense of comfort with their loss sense of Self. Fuck you and the nothingness you choose to be out of fear. Let these sharp words wake you up, let them anger you, and then realize that *anger is just sadness turned inside out* – and then do something about it. I don't want these words to deter you but sometimes we need a slap in the face, especially in this desensitized society. So numb yet so emotional with nowhere to expel it other than bullshit social media outlets where no one gives a fuck; write for your Self, create for your Self – doing this will unravel an endless string connected to infinite possibilities. I write for *the few* that are brave enough to listen. These words aren't

meant for all because *all* is lost – these words are for the chosen ones and they decide themselves; I’m simply a reminder and no greater than they are. My words are the keys to your shackles because my words and your words; they are unearthly and beyond God – they’re universal. I choose to be the brightest star in the sky – and when I burn out, all will remember my beautiful hue, and all will still feel my passionate presence. My tribe taught this to me, it’s been engrained in me since before I was born; it’s been in my blood since before I was even a thought.

Try things that interest you, never give up. I believe in me. How about you?

Nature

We are so similar to nature in every way possible; as Nature’s seasons change so do our lives, our mentality, our bodies; as the leaves fall and trees become bare, at times, so do we. When the trees creak from the wind, we, at times, too grow weary, gently being swayed by emotions as we harmoniously whimper from Life’s sufferings, from Nature’s wind. We start life limber and resilient, growing an array of colorful leaves, each of them tell a different story; some colors are more prominent at times than others but eventually they fall, they dissolve; these colorful leaves coincide with our onion-layered mind, in moments we grasp these array of colors, these thoughts, these identities, these stories, we travel through the multi-layered labyrinth of the mind, from the veins of the leaves to the roots of the tree; and when we do become bare temporarily, when all is empty or all is numb, next is to be replenished once the vibrant season comes again, but first is rebirth. Rebirth is an innate cycle inside nature and human beings that is only “work” to the ego – rebirth is natural to the Self. The conditioned human is a diseased one, yet it is beyond natural to our existence but it must be consciously observed and overcome; its layers are

something to be constantly peeled away at until getting to the empty core thus realizing that all is empty and empty is all. There is fullness in emptiness – when you have nothing you are prone to feeling everything as it comes. I speak to you from this state, a state, which is unexplainable; ‘nothingness’ can describe it but it is much more because creativity is the core drive of the moment I’m in. I’m present to it all therefore I can share it because I’m here and nowhere else – even when I’m somewhere else, I’m still home. There are times when home is more difficult to find but all great things come from difficult tasks. It’s always rewarding to find your home; it is a breath away. Nature’s chlorophyll-tempered winds shall remind you and so shall the wet decomposing leaves carried through the brisk air. Let each unique snowflake land upon your skin and remind you that none of them are the same; but as they fall naturally, they all become one blank canvas, a massive layer of interconnectivity – this occurred through being true to their individual shape, this occurred through the naturalness of Nature. May you remain present in each season, no matter how cold, and no matter how beautiful; all will continually cycle and is always ever-changing but consistently resilient.

Seasons coincide with the complex psyche of the human condition: Summer is our vivacious vibrancy, Spring is our floral rebirth, Fall is the colorful beauty of death, Winter is temporal numbness thus inflicting the gratitude of simplicity. It’s a rotation, it’s Nature’s innate drive – it is our drive; this is our everyday occurrence and it happens naturally. Attachment causes the suffering; Nature has no attachment and values the present moment, it feels deeply but goes with the flow of what is natural to it. As stated prior: no snowflake is the same and no human is the same yet we all eventually melt.

When I look to the trees I see me, I see my family. I see the past, present and future; I see death and I see life in the veins of the leaves – their pulsing heartbeat is

subtle to the eye. Like trees we eventually become stiff and brittle, the advantage over trees that we have is: we can stay limber in old age but eventually falling and decaying back into the earth as ash is inevitable. Our perspective depends upon the day, but one cannot argue that we are one with the trees and our failures are the leaves that fall; they fall so they can continuously grow anew. Some days are stormy and dark but the sun will come out. The clouds rain tears and nourish our bodies and soul, as do we; when we cry we grow. Everything about nature gives back, without expectations, yet it depends on the mutual gratitude of itself; it reminds and nourishes one and other. Nature is our best partner because it consists of all and asks of none. If a thousand forests lie in one acorn then how many realms exist in the ash of a fallen tree?

Solitude exists only in the realm of accepting what is a part of you; this is Nature – it is an extension of your Self. In this world you can never truly be alone; you can *feel* alone but you can't be alone. One can never be alone when one has the cadent song of crickets as their background; even when winter is harsh and cold, snowflakes will accompany you with their crisp melody as they gently fall. I've found myself wanting no one else. I occasionally desire, I lust, but I simply don't want to be bothered with another tainted being other than the breath of my Self. My creativity is the best company as is my solitude; and my creative drive has such a well-developed purpose and direction – without it, meaning to life would be bleak and purposelessly chaotic; art gives meaning to Life's sufferings because it's an interpretation of how the sufferer sees the world thus feels the world and then is a gravitational extension to the audience because of the unification of the Self through all. Film and literature are the upmost important to propel evolution and to awake culture into being naturally humane, which is simply natural beyond our conditioning – these expressive modes are one with nature.

Food is secondary and merely a primitive necessity to survive yet it heavily coincides with nature but first comes creativity. Creativity has been the code to evolution; it is the key for human beings to continually last and how we have lasted through past millennia. But food, when used properly, can make the whole even more whole; when the body is valued by nourishment, the machine works more efficiently. When the host is valued then more is rewarded, as well as more time to purposely create. (This is also depending upon the cards of the Universe: tragedy, sickness et cetera – but sickness can be healed by Nature and the power of the innate Self.)

I value nature so much and I'm so grateful for that natural intuition that I've consciously developed, we've lost sense of it, we're distracted from it, and it's a sin kin to Organized Religion. People have forgone what birthed them; I write this to you under a starry sky and these vibrant clusters of stars are my best company. Now upon glancing back up, I've realized the stars went to sleep and the clouds have come out – they are my best company too. There is a beauty in simplicity. There is a yearning to be one with the universe, one with the earth, when you truly become more grateful for everything around you – every noise, every color, every season, solitude, becomes that much sweeter.

These veins of the leaves are the same as ours, supplying life to a unique and gentle organ, keeping the tall tree alive and well while pulsing life to our roots. Nature is something that they (corrupted human society and our own ego) cannot take away; it will always prevail as will I. This forever partner is one with creativity because it makes me, it made me, it's made us, and I'm aware of this and forever grateful. Organized Religion has stripped us of what has rooted us and made us all forget who we are, what we are and where we came from. Nature is God, and God is uncontrollable but beautiful. The "God"

that organized religion created is controllable and is a man with that of an ego hidden behind another man and then again hidden behind another man; this is incredibly dangerous. When a man hides behind his ego he can still be found but when a collection of several men hide behind each other's egos, their true voice gets very lost and then self-righteous tyranny occurs – self-hatred occurs. Where did you cowards go? Why do you hide from what has been here from before you were even a thought? How could you eradicate something so sacred, so simple, and so natural? Why does man continually destroy and run from everything that's been gifted to him? Fucking cowards...

When I look to the sky it's hard to imagine any other beauty greater than itself; this universe is in the iris of the simple eye. I don't doubt nor do I definitively know of anything. And those who *think* they do truly don't. I'm in awe of Nature's beauty as it surrounds me, which then leaves me puzzled by the fictionized river of thoughts that drown me. I guess that's where choice and perspective come into play; I guess that's where Nature's seasons come into play. I can either float in nature or drown. Either way the beauty above the surface and even below to the murky depths is the upmost grounding. Every season holds vibrancy therefore all of nature is vibrant.

Old Patterns Identified

I've come across an old entry that I scribbled when I was feeling uneasy. It deserves to be heard despite its elegance due to the fact that it reiterates: "In times of moving forward, we will occasionally go backwards." In this there is an identifying principal of growth; it's the awareness of old habits – this is proof that the practice (in the natural case of mindfulness) is doing what it is intended to innately do. We, as humans, are prone to conditioning and in a society laced with judgement, this makes it much more challenging to grow on any true spiritual level – but

once one becomes aware its Self it then becomes that much easier to observe the herd-like ego and the toxic conditioning of a societal-bred humanity. With that being said, all is to be overcome and can be, along with the natural ability to just be and practice in-depth introspection.

The entry follows:

I feel lost and confused; a familiar feeling I don't miss. It's hard for me to even write it down. I feel angry, my jaw is clenched. I used the word 'hate', [there are] old habits attempting to make a rise. Naïve, gullible, stupid; the optimist is an unreal and useless way of thinking. When one is sheltered by the positive, the negative creeps up. They pretend that it doesn't exist but it does as clear as day. It lives in everyone only kept blanketed for a short time. Staring in the mirror I lost who I was. Usually when I close my eyes I find myself but today I refuse. I feel ignorant, jealous, irked and eaten by bugs. Anger doesn't stew like it used to. It quickly dissipates when verbalized; I don't truly feel it. I feel nothing. I don't like the 'old angry me' anymore; I'm glad he's dead and gone. I just want to help.

I identified my ego clear as day. And occasionally it's stronger than other days and sometimes it's so persistent that I need to write it out in blatant form. The pleasure in this is that I no longer identify with old habits, though I'm judging them (which abstains from mindfulness), I no longer find pleasure in them and have no desire to go backwards though I temporarily feel scarring from the past; this is what is natural to us, feelings, both good and bad, arise and dissipate – we merely choose to judge and either hold onto, or attempt to repel them in moments of both happiness and uneasiness. In many times we are our worst enemy and we are always

that when we lose sight of the present moment. The ego can take you to the past and keep you there for as long as you let it; if you don't make peace with these thoughts and just let yourself feel them, they'll dissipate much sooner. The ego will also take you to the future and pull out your teeth with false hopes while again causing you to abstain from the present moment. Most times the best way is to just feel how you feel, question it *to an extent* with a healthy core-introspective morality, and then use it, talk about it, then do something productive and continue to remain in the present. If we're mindful we will never remain "stuck" – it is in our ego that attempts to make us fear that we're "stuck" and sinking back into negative thought patterns. The effects of these patterns are just so much more easily identified with a keen hypersensitive-intuitiveness, so much so that our emotions *seem* sharper due to the immense progress we've made, we then feel as if we are "stuck", "sinking", or going the "wrong way" but really we're rebirthing and cycling like the seasons. When in the woods some paths look the same, and many times they are – but it doesn't mean there is a definite direction; on occasion we tend to circle around several times because all paths are connected. When we practice to be present, we learn when we're on the same path and we get off it much quicker, simply because we're bored of it, we know it's no longer *good* for us, we know it's part of our nature as human beings but the attachment to it is not. I stated the words *I'm glad he's dead and gone* but I know this isn't true because this toxic ego within me is just as much a part of me as my Self, and on occasions the ego will arise however the difference is the attention that I give it. Being aware of the Self now gives the ability to have a conversation with not just you and the ego, but the Ego, the Self, and Consciousness. There are now three ways of detectable thought and that may seem chaotic but the acceptance of the chatter is the bridge to freedom. Acceptance of the state of mind while progressing to

evolution is the essentiality of overcoming, of growing. There is no “dead and gone” but simply just the radical acceptance of presence thus ensuing the alleviation of the strenuous psyche. We are all filled with poisonous ego-driven thoughts; it’s not about shunning them away but rather the welcoming of them, the observation of them and then laughing at them – showing these thoughts that we accept having them, that they are a part of us, but this does not mean that we are them, or they define us by any means, and that we won’t constantly work to overcome them – and we do this with this very principle which takes absolutely no work at all.

Church

The architecture of an old church is the only thing of its beauty; but as usual, out of arrogance, it attempts to pierce through the sky peeking into the unknown of what they insist is *known*. What is organized religion most known for? – preying upon the weak, the “addicts” because they are the most vulnerable choice. When chaos throughout the world ensues, Christian missionaries feel it is *their* duty to *spread the word of Christ* to those that are suffering and that they can save these “sufferers” through acceptance of “Our lord and savior, Jesus Christ,” – it’s one thing if these organized bodies were going to help as *human beings* but there is always an agenda, there’s always a paper to sign their life away behind that helping hand, and this paper requires the blood of the soul; this is a passive form of control and manipulation that stems to a governing body and this body has no interest in the individual; it only has interest in implementing “fear” and “sin” amongst “sinners”; it’s in the business of money and control – they run based upon a system developed by the Ego and against all that is truly human. How can one look to an external source or reasoning to justify their actions and how they treat individuals. They connive the idea of

“heaven” and what “God wants,” in order to establish their morals; so how could these morals ever be their own! They’re not! This stifles the Self beyond all means of existence. They sink their fangs into them and proceed to suck the life out of them, limiting growth and eventually killing the spirit and soul of the human then mechanically designing a robotic human; one that is programmed to do and say what is necessary in order to please their fictitious master.

Some may say this is a more positive life for the “addict” – I beg to differ. You go from numbing your pain and suffering with vices to numbing your pain and suffering to an external god who you suffer for. By choosing Christianity or Catholicism, any brand of ‘Jesus the dead dictator,’ you consciously choose to throw yourself away to an invisible god that is dictated by a visible governing body: priests, churches, the Vatican (that is worth 15 billion dollars in gold), and anyone that says they have a “personal relationship” with the mysterious man in the sky and Jesus, his bastard son.

Substances stifling your way of feeling and your existential crisis seem to be more rational; at least you’re fending for yourself because you fear your Self! Once given up to Christ you can throw your Self away because you no longer fear it, you bury it behind an agenda that isn’t even your own and you make it your own without even bothering to cultivate your own core belief system. Rather than live in fear you now choose an easy means of mental and collective comfort; you’ve given up on yourself and more importantly your Self. When you choose the Conventional God you throw yourself into the flames of Hell on Earth; because guess who created this god – it was a man, and what is a man but hell on earth: he doesn’t *have to be* but he *chooses to be*. This is the choice many have made and this is why the world is in the situations that they are currently in – many are seeking outside themselves and lacking a connection within themselves.

The only religion with worthy tools based upon wisdom and insight is Buddhism, Taoism and many forms of it. But again I don't condone any mass movement that takes away from the Self or worships beings other than their own, but the principals of some of the older religions, through scripture, are much more in tune with the Self and Nature; there is no threat in these ideas and they are simply a way to develop your Self because they are actually natural to what is human beyond our conditioning. Many of the practices that are taught are ideal to incorporate into developing your own core belief system. What I preach is: find your own way and make it your own, because this is the only way and in this way become more human by exuding compassion for your Self and for others. And by naturally giving this freedom to your Self you're already on the endless path to right and wrong.

An ideal way of life is to develop your own character and create the Self that you fear. Deal with your feelings, with your pain and traumas and direct them in a way of compassion and self-liberation – creativity is the core of humanity. It doesn't mean immediate gratification of the task chosen, it means trying different interests, honing them and growing at them – becoming a master of multiple art forms, educating others out of the shadow, giving yourself to others, all due to an innate selfishness intended for personal development though with no malicious content behind it whatsoever; meaning, when you discover who you are in the midst of solitude, in the midst of creative selfishness, naturally it exudes to all, therefore giving the most important gift to the universe – this is a purposeful selfishness and with mindfulness we will know when to give and when to not. This is by no means “selfishness” brought on by the Ego – this selfishness that I speak of is a spiritual form of respect for the cultivation of the Self. The easiest way to understand this is by experiencing it.

When you develop a strong individual, when you break poor habits and societal conditioning, you can rise above and become who you're destined to be without even knowing who you are to become. You can't choose living in sin and being fearful of a "daddy in the sky" that loves you when you do what he wants; our morals are beyond what was designed by a fearful society – our human code runs deep and is natural to our mindful state. It does take work and practice, structure – but it is worth it when you get there; and *there* isn't a destination – it's a state of mind. Old habits and patterns arise but we identify their root cause and proceed accordingly, alone and not afraid. I'm not here to destroy religion, I have better things to do; I'm here to let people know they have the freedom to develop their own beliefs and to not be blinded in thinking that primitive concepts are their adopted own. Questioning what primitive man has constructed is beyond okay, it is what has developed us as artists, as a culture; for this is the first step in developing a genuine character. Question everything – be inherently curious.

The Collective Ideal

The group wants you to follow them, they want you to listen and abide by their rules – they're the most lost and their leaders are sociopaths. They despise individuality because they can't attain it, so they mask it in the form of riches and power while their primary drive is ego driven. Those in power know it's necessary to keep the individual sheltered to a group, because in a group the individual is lost and therefore one doesn't know how to act, so they stay obedient with the pack. When the individual becomes lost in the group, this is essential for those in power. The group can be controlled and the individual cannot. Group thinking is the most dangerous thinking because *groups* are the easiest to control; the individual rebels, the free-thinkers, not so much. The individual becomes entangled

with the group for one core purpose: lack of identity. The herd feeds off each other's fears and acts impulsively; they have several egos that justify their self-righteousness. Even these 'group causes' with a positive purpose are put into play by a high power in order to prevent a true rise of culture and evolution; pride, feminism, and equal rights, they're segregating forces and are there for those in power to accommodate the people into thinking they have a choice or are making a positive change as they pacify them with minimal progression. The individual is always masked. Social class exists because of these very principles. There are so many distractions put into play and people are too dumb and lazy to discover themselves; they make excuses, they blame, they constantly purge on the past, they choose to be stupid and illiterate – they can't find themselves so they constantly cling to what is *seemingly* good to the consensus, or even what is bad depending upon their own justifications, mostly these are bred into them from their tribe. These beings don't have to be this way, we're all capable of consciousness, of growth, of individuality; we just need to be more aware of the system put in play because as if our ego isn't enough to overcome, now we have external sources not only influencing the ego, but a mask that is worn to keep sworn obedience.

The individual is the most powerful voice. The collective leads to genocide, nationalism, tyranny and more hatred and bigotry. The only thing the *collective* should agree upon is *individual thought*. These "positive" self-righteous movements today are spreading hatred and fear as these groups hide behind their own corrupt moral code based upon insecurities and a weak sense of Self. How can one fight against the oppressor by becoming the oppressor? When one is consumed with developing themselves their light shines without saying a word. Society will always attempt to break a creative genius because they're lost in their envy; they're lost in their

fears, in their ego. The “do-gooders” that wish to find themselves through collectivist movements (whether good or bad), are just as lost as those in power. It begins on an individual level – when *one* is concerned with building their character, compassion naturally spreads throughout. This must be taught. This must be cultivated. The Self. For if these intuitive tools are not picked up, history will continue to repeat itself, which it has been doing in different but all-too-similar forms.

Letter To ‘False Artists’ & Hollywood

How can one write without meaning? How can one be so empty and disconnected? You lost “writers” and “creators” create nothing other than what you see outside yourselves; and this isn’t directed to the poet that articulates the external world he sees, in many moments exploiting it while remaining true. I speak to the lost artists that have no perspective, opinion or world view; there is no desire to cultivate one’s identity because it’s too difficult in their eyes. You’re copycats that do what’s trending; you don’t progress culture, you stifle it. You’re may be artists by trade but there is nothing true about you therefore you are not a *true artist*; one that creates from the Self.

I say in my head, “At least they’re creating,” but is it? The problem that is with this “talent” is that they tend to follow trends and then get noticed and picked up by the blood-sucking fangs of Hollywood in order to capitalize on this artist’s limited ability to interpret the world but ever-so trendy ability to captivate the collective masses, and then with mass influence they have nothing of purpose to say. I can only hope that in the spotlight they can and will choose to develop their artistic ways. It is better to create nothing and live in perpetual misery rather than creating something (soulless) with no depth while promoting your superficial agenda with the fame you easily acquired due

to your mass conformity and lack of voice. You're a robot for the suits; another form of capitalist propaganda hidden through false causes and false voices. You tainted artists choose to be a vapid cesspool of consumeristic voyeurism – you blindly choose to be clueless assholes that are more self-righteous than what the masses have made of Jesus: the dead dictator. But even an *asshole* has a purpose so let me reevaluate my words: you're scum. Find your Self. Sometimes stern words are the only way to one's boundless soul, to one's boundless Self. This is "tough love" because I love you and this is also a reminder in the case that I'm ever to become you. We all fall into flaws that aren't our own and we will all forever rise anew with conscious action.

Onion

There are these sweet, sour and pungent layers of inside of us artists and humans that we must peel away layer after layer to get to the core thus realizing it is empty. There is nothing inside us and in this nothingness there is everything. The onion is a tool to develop our character, our whole root of being; some layers are more pungent, some are sweeter, some are sour and some are bitter. All in all, we are so complexly diverse in all the best ways. The layers in the onion-like human psyche are so simple to understand even midst the labyrinth embedded upon each layer, we're innate copycats by conditioning but not by nature. We choose to fit in because standing out is fearful; we've been hemlocked into thinking that subordination is the key to personal development and a fulfilling life while drowning ourselves in materialism and false means of happiness. We're so separated from ourselves that we truly believe that we are "unique" despite being constantly fearful of shame. Genuine uniqueness is freedom. Destroy shame and you're free. When one has no shame, there is nothing to hide, and with nothing to hide, there is no

shame. We stifle ourselves because we fear failure, embarrassment, but in whose regard? If we're embarrassed by others then we are their prisoner, if we're embarrassed by ourselves then we're our own prisoner; in order to free us, the abolishment of fear is essential. Fear and shame are one in the same. Fear can never be eradicated from the human psyche but it is to be constantly overcome. Like the ego, fear makes life both torturous and exciting, but as the ego is a tool to the Self, so is fear; making peace with this is the key to making fear your friend, and in your friendship you will see that it is a much needed compass to direct you to where you are intended to be. Fear is both grounding and liberating.

We are all such creative geniuses in so many different realms. Why do we let us get distracted by the big distraction? Everything of meaning to man's constructed society is put there under false pretenses and is only for control: democracy, activism, war, *freedom*, consumerism, government, technology – if overly attached, any poison will become a poison if you drink enough of it. When you're concerned with your Self, all these things begin to dissipate. I have repeatedly peeled my onion-layered soul, travelling through the labyrinth and I continue to do so. And in this you discover what society has created and what has been opted to control the people, to imprison the people.

There are so many demands and distractions that people feel they *are not creative* and they're *not this*, and they're *not that*; not only are these people imprisoned by shame but they're too busy just surviving due to the fear implemented by the system and by the economic demands. People lose themselves when they have no time for themselves; productivity is essential to our psyche but when this is done for *artificial survival*, meaning to fend for what is natural to us: food, shelter, water; these nature gifted essentials being monetized stifles the ability to discover the Self because there is just too much required

of survival in society! This is the great distraction; this is especially the “American Dream”. Social class is in place for the purpose of safety for those in power, along with public education, it’s to keep control of the people, to mold them into what they need them to be in the society that they designed.

We have daemons that must be catered to because they are an extension of ourselves beyond or earthly existence; they are unconscious and conscious gods that are in tune with the universal flow of substantial kinetic force – it’s a force if you go against it and a flow if you go with it. If you smother it then you will be tortured by a demon that is your caged beast; it’ll rattle your ribs until you shit blood and it will cause you endless pain – you’ll attempt to numb it with substances and drugs because it’s so painful, you’ll do anything to shut it up, but it’s necessary to listen. “They fear their higher self because, when it speaks, it speaks demandingly,” said a dead friend. We are afraid of nothing but our ego is afraid of everything. The ego is to be observed and used as a tool; its purpose is to provide substance to create, to shed light upon our conditioning, to shed light upon the human psyche, the labyrinth laced onion; it is what we are and what we are not.

Questions & Answers

- ❖ What lies in a web? The entanglement is filled with a hungry living being, its captured prey and everything in between. Who deceives who is your choice; we are the spinners of our own web: we are the hungry, we are the prey, we are the between, and we are especially the web.
- ❖ Creative intuition is being wiped out by societal demands. How do we fix what we caused? How can we accomplish for our Self when we’re exhausted

from making a “living”? How can we continue you to be prisoners of society? – As if our egotistical procrastination isn’t enough! We must continually try things that interest us and do what we fear!

❖ Restated: The only thing the collective should agree upon is individuality.

❖ Word choice: to *have* or to *need* – these are two very different words. Choose wisely.

❖ Humans have attempted to destroy what “God” truly is as well those who are most in tune with *it*.

❖ There is fear in everything; even a rose has a thorn to protect its beauty. A prick is worth the presence and a broken heart is worth unrestrained love – though sometimes what’s best is admired from afar.

❖ Everything is given back to us from this visible god we call Nature, it’s profound and giving yet we consciously choose to destroy it. It loves us like a mother: unconditionally; and it teaches us when we’ve been unfair.

❖ There’s a lack of heart and awareness in writers today; their minds have become warped with an inexistent world. They lack a ground to stand on because they haven’t desired to create one. How can one write if they choose to barely sink below the breast?

❖ *Intellectuals* take the wisdom out of wisdom and make it unattainable to the modern eye, even undesirable at times. Discovering your true Self is what’s necessary to genuine intelligence – having

the ability to speak and connect to all is the purpose of self-education. I constantly strive to have this ability yet it takes no striving.

- ✧ We're born to be creatives – anyone who says otherwise is either foolish or an artist that thinks too highly of one's self (ego) and fears competition.
- ✧ Put forth your genuine heart and potential will be had; these hours put in will pummel the doors of greatness.
- ✧ It's not hard to light the fire of those who are already soaked in gasoline.
- ✧ Words are empty promises, let actions speak for themselves – let my love speak for itself.

The Social Lie

Society has lost touch of what conversing is: truthful engagement with the means of pure listening and awareness. People now hide behind their phones and social media accounts to heighten their false popularity and to stimulate their technological-induced ego. They lie to themselves, many of them telling their ears that they're alone and no one wants them, and the others tell themselves that they've accomplished a great technological feat and then develop *swollen ego syndrome*, when truthfully they just seek more superficiality and materialism to fill the void they fear to face. They're unable to hold an intelligent, meaningful conversation because they choose to be out of touch with themselves; like the false artist and ego-driven man, their ego hides behind technology and propaganda – their means of conversation is the upmost shallow and vapid. Not everyone is “deep” but that doesn't mean than one can't have something

interesting to say. Social media, drugs, alcohol, clubs and bars, they're not there for social interaction, in many instances they're there to make people wallow in their sorrows – *unless* your dancing like no one's watching (and not on a stimulant of any kind); this is the *only* exception. No one genuinely speaks to each other in these “social” situations. The only liberating thing about being around music so loud that you can't hear your own thoughts is, again, dancing; what is dancing but expression – the art of dancing is words unspoken. And like all arts mastery isn't essential for all, but action is.

Society constantly stimulates their pain with substances; they cannot deal with it on their own because they choose to not know themselves out of fear and discomfort. Their vice is toxic to their nature and they cling to it out of the terror that may become of them. A vice is a *vice* when you go to it in the most treacherous of times with the means of changing your state; that is when you must stay away. And a 'vice' is something artificially created by man to numb or hinder the emotions. Technology is, at this point, more toxic than numbing your feelings with alcohol and drugs; it's constant stimulation of your mind in an artificial setting. Everything put in play is a distraction from the Self, just like a former “addict's” new habit of counting his sober days, once again this just taking presence out of being present. It smothers growth and progression while constantly looking back or forward.

I've ran away from my emotions before and I've suffered just as deeply as anyone else. I remain strong and when I catch myself being distracted out of fear, out of procrastination, I find an ocean view and stare to it. I immerse myself in Nature to remind myself of what I am, of who I am, of what I can and will continuously become – this greatness is within me and it is within you. It is ever-evolving, it is naturally changing – it is pure beauty.

Fixations

Fixations will be heightened in hyper-sensitivity and in manic states when the subconscious mind or the temporal conscious mind becomes more in tune with the Self, the potential for stronger emotions during these periodic intervals of the ego, stemming from past grief, heartache, abuse or even future fears, such as one's own death or a loved one's death, a fear of lack of desired accomplishments, or a fear of not attaining an *ideal* future, will seem incredibly overwhelming when we become aware of our newly attained consciousness. Fixations manifest do to creative energy within that cannot escape; it is in our duty to identify the root cause. Pain and scarred memories mask themselves in the ego-driven forms of fixations, compulsions, micromanaging, any form of willful control from the subject and literally anything that can take place from identifying the root – this is an odd ordeal because it's as if our ego is shielding us from our true pain; deep down we know what it is but our ego attempts to bury it as if it's the one that hurts. In this case we share our mourning with our Ego, our Self, our Consciousness and even our Subconscious mind; it is in the moment of catharsis that all of these mend with one and other to the mutual feeling and understanding. When we dig with nondual intentions, with a mindful initiative, this ends up leading us to a chain reaction of self-discoveries, which is essential for deepened awareness and evolution. Only in a compulsive state will there be the most learning of the Self but we must be willing to endure, sitting patiently, and then realizing that the universe and its synchronicities are playing cruel jokes; because life is a joke with endless punchlines and we're the writers. I say that with a positive and purposeful affirmation; because what is the purpose of a joke? – to laugh. And laughter is life.

The greater the pain or insecurity, the greater the heightened awareness to everything around you, constantly taunting you to come to terms with the fixated burden – then identifying its meaninglessness yet its meaningful purpose: growth and fearlessness. We are more in harmony to what hurts us in these moments and our hypersensitivity is tuned to detecting the painful memory. Say that your neurosis stems from heartache, so you go to a restaurant you both enjoyed for the first time since the breakup; you may feel okay or appear to be fine through the dinner, but let's say the service is bad and usually you wouldn't be so bothered but in this case you're furious and it's unlike your character, and despite you being there, you're not present, because if you were present to what you were feeling, you'd be identifying that the root cause of your irritation with the poor service is not the poor service. To further build, let's say that knowing prior to going to this restaurant, things begin to remind you of this person, shows on TV may bring up phrases and shared memories, you may notice a piece of clothing left behind from your partner, or a note or a book, or a random parent calls out your partner's name at the grocery store as they look for their child, or a blue robin's egg is cracked in the street and robin's egg-blue was your partner's favorite color; all of these things are synchronic events do to the innate nature of our mind – this keen power is heightened when one is in pain but we still try to remain blinded out of perpetual fear and repetitive heartache. These things can happen years, even decades after from the scarring event. Years of abuse can reappear by just an abrupt car honking – this can easily be triggered by other smaller neurosis going on in our lives, like struggling to make money, losing a pet, or an argument with a friend, a news report, all of these things can bring upon the scar tissue and then it manifests as false neurosis and micro fixations with means of control.

Despite its seemingly vexatious state, it's a reward from the universe, from the world; an affirmation will be issued by the conquered ego to the egoless Self, by our interpretation of the world's symbolic and synchronic signs with our newly heightened awareness.

April 22nd, 2019

At times of progression old habits will rise and attempt to throw us backwards. Even right now, as I copy these words from my notebook, I think to myself, "These words don't mean anything to me right now," but they did when I wrote them, so they do mean something. [Even if I didn't believe them when I wrote them *they would still mean something*. Because I know the difference between the person writing them and the thought attacking them – I know that when the Self speaks it is never wrong and I constantly overcome the fear of that, the procrastinating and taunting force of the ego.] We're constantly attacked by our fears, by our ego. There's a familiar compulsion, a fear, rising to torture me; a fearful thought stemming from pain and conditioning – the construction of stories and "what ifs" to cause constant suffering. And though I'm aware, why am I concerned? I've been trying to reach the bottom but I don't know if there is one. I've felt a familiar pit in my gut: fear, mania – I questioned it. I've been sitting with and without it. This life at times frightens me to death, the amount of pain and fear is sometimes unbearable [when I choose to identify with the ego. So why do it? Why be so masochistic?].

In these moments I feel all of the suffering of the world once again – before it overwhelmed me, now it's just tiring. Going to bed fearful and ponderous and waking up the same is useless. Nothing has come and maybe that's what is required: nothing. Why have I been procrastinating? I'm heavy with emotion that I don't feel like expressing; out of shame or fear of another's pain. I'm

fearless but with so much love to give; so many memories and so many torturous thoughts. Why do I desire to trick myself? I'm fixating on fiction [and I'm even fixating on fixating]! I'm in pain because I miss my best friend. I fear losing my other great loves because swallowing the first dose of poison singed my throat. All I can do is love them like the world may end tomorrow. This scribble is running circles like our minds. I write to free me. I have died so many times and my body continues to thrive. What is this numbing pain? Why does this life have so much suffering? Why am I causing my own suffering? I've temporarily lost my way – I speak my fears and release my tears.

I wrote this on April 22. And reflecting now, at this very moment in December, the suffering is all I wanted to see, it was all I chose to see. Judging makes thoughts solid; there is no solidity in a thought or a word – the only genuine solidity is in solitude. Only in solitude you can you find your Self for what it is and evolve it to what it's designed to be. This is a natural construction. Rereading these words, in my current state in which I edit this book, I have no relation to those feelings though I blatantly remember them and how I was feeling when I wrote them. What does this tell us? Life is full of highs and lows – the clouds come and the sun goes and vice versa. A thunderstorm strikes and a rainbow appears. Seasons change and all of this is completely normal. Feel how you feel and with the hunger of overcoming, you will always come out of whatever this is, because overcoming is as natural to humanity as the seasons are to nature; it is night and day. Note to Self: I love you.

3AM

The sound of a home at 3AM is the most peaceful thing I've ever heard; not even my thoughts could get in the way – how lovely if raindrops were to fall. I hear the electricity flowing – staring out to the tall dark trees. As the wind

gusts I cower in fear of their future, of my future; of whether the wind will knock one down and crush me before I even know – at least I won't know. These things we never see coming.

“What ifs” – why is the unpredictability of life so fearful? To *not know* is beautiful when gifted something of *happiness* but then it is terrible when gifted something of *tragedy*. In solitude, I'm grateful to be here, speaking to myself and to the few others that choose to read. Success in this creative craft is grueling but the success is only purposeful in only my own eyes; it is the innate nature of my Self that is to be pleased and fulfilled. I know there are a group of admirers out there that seek me to speak in homage to their thoughts and I will do so. We're here to inspire one and other to be our best selves.

Autodidact

I take pride in my lack of conventionalized education due to the limiting factors it produces. Compulsory schooling made me despise organized education and there is heavy work needed to be done in the veins of it. Self-education is the fundamental wellbeing of our species.

Published Unpublished Thoughts

These words I write lack depth or meaning simply because I have no desire to put effort behind them. My conscious stream of mind – I miss speaking to you, old friend. My words were meant for a different time.

Our galaxy and the perspective of life – I'm home and so are you; it's only when I forget where I am that's when I feel lost and that I've lost you. On every inhale and exhale I shall find us both.

Pain Body

These feelings are too real to not be. This life has so much more meaning to what we think we already know and even what we don't know. This true pain and inescapable suffering must be more than our own found meaning to live; it has to be so much more than what is and what it isn't. I have felt too much to think that this is it; there's been an electric connection that I've felt with nature that stems from the universe and is greater than my ego and fears; in it is the map to something beyond, with a definitive meaning indescribable of words. But this meaning must be discovered within the intention of completing our purpose in the present. At times, my nihilistic ego consumes me, saying "We're walking dirt plots," and then I wake up. Because even dirt has purpose; earth dust sustains life. So what is more beautiful than that?

At times the pain is so heavy that it sits in my stomach, numbing my insides, intoxicating me to the point of apathetic nothingness; a mistaken sense of presence filtered by a cloak of pain. I wait for the words, "Everything will be okay," – words mean nothing yet they mean everything. What power these simple words have.

This pit in the depths of my gut is a pot of boiling acid; it's a familiar pain that frightens me. Conditioning, scars, taunting and torturous thoughts that only induce one thing: suffering – a suffering that is meaningless, merely a suffering of the internal self, strummed by the cords of the ego. Nothing has truly happened to cause this suffering yet I could find anything to maintain it. I'm so attracted to this masochistic purgatory at times; I make these thoughts my friends. I make myself feel helpless, this storm has been thrashing around in my head for weeks and has just began to recede. In moments my teachings are irrelevant to my sufferings because that's

what my ego tells it; and even though I'm aware, I still feel trapped. The pain is so great it becomes numbing and unexplainable; no one truly knows but everyone does if they feel with compassionate eyes for just a moment. Actions do speak louder than words but a word can release so much; thanks to conditioning. I've cried the ocean, a flood; the storm that was in my head has been freed from dissolving the numbness and feeling the absolute fears, insecurities and utter pain – all sobbed out until a sea was formed with the hopes to build your new body... but I've failed, and that's what kills me.

I miss you every day and your death did a number on me; beauty came out of it but there is no justification for losing you or the meaning of it; there is no meaning in it other than Life's temporal conditions – it isn't *meaning* but what's *natural to us* that can conjure our innate purpose. Our ego tends to hold onto life and vanity out of fear rather than respect the Self by just naturally being and respecting the cyclic force of our nature. But what I can say is: the beauty that came out of the grief, pain and suffering is you and me – our journeys together and how strongly we feel about each other. You're my best friend and that will never end; there's times I pray like a fool, looking for a sign despite signs being all around me for affirmation – nothing is ever enough for the human condition. This is what I needed, to write you a letter after I've wept my sorrows – the sorrows we would share together. Your compassion is akin to a living angel – thank you and I love you. All of my fears and procrastination stem from this very moment; a perpetual fear of the loss of my loved ones is then heightened by the chaos around me, looking for justifications of fabrications. I'm still prodded by chaos but today I'm turning it around, looking it in the face but with accepting eyes, saying: *I feel you, yes. But I am not you.*

Mom & A Candle

The bravery of my mother is a true inspiration. I've witnessed the master class of the 'will to live' while watching my mother be brave for everyone before even herself; the epitome of a true mother – a protector, nurturer; a lioness hungry for life. I used to question her meaning and purpose (in the sense of her Self-liberation), though she partially does what she loves and tries anything and everything like an eager and inquisitive child, her root of suffering stems to money and financial stability; like a majority of us in this world – we're prisoners of society. She makes a living to provide for everyone she loves and there is an art to that; the selfless giver. All of my life, I've wanted to bring her societal suffering to an end; I look forward to the day where society's great distraction is irrelevant to her and she will have to work new muscles of uncertainty and growth, along with discomfort on her own terms. I write to free what binds you, mom. I see what society has done, what humans have done; there is creativity in all but it is blanketed with the dirt of society's conventionalism and imprisoning economic structure – it's bathed in superficial distractions to mask its toxic fumes. Organized religion is the King of Death and put into place for order and to stifle the Self, while patiently waiting for an "afterlife" – a place that no one even knows to exist. In this place where everyone fulfills their purpose is a vapid thought absent from the present, it's absent of pure life and meaning. This way of thought grasps onto "hope" and swallows the infinite poison up until their mortal passing. What about here? Is here and now not enough? Is this the great excuse of the self-sabotaging procrastinating ego, the very ego that is all based upon fear?! Yes! By all means this is the ego. Man's god was created from ego! Man's god was

created out of fear! Man's god is a "man" because he was created by one. The conventional god is what man saw as his Self but didn't have the courage to be that therefore he made the Self conventional, so he placed him up into the sky so far away that he's visible but not too close, it is so he can see himself, it is to give himself a false sense of life through a wall built upon his psyche, refusing to peel at the layers, refusing to travel the labyrinth; this is the conventional god in the sky, the Self with a mask, still wishing to be alive and masking itself with a purely ego-driven agenda all stemming from fear. Therefore they took the Self and made it conventional – and as we know, the Self is beyond that and even beyond articulation.

If I wanted to be a one of the most influential beings, should I wait until the afterlife? Should I stop writing to you and myself and say: "In the next life I'll do it." What if there are no pens? or computers? what if there is no you or me? That's a lot of *what-ifs* – that's a lot of unknowns. Christianity, in particular, is a perpetual fable that consists of the worshipping of a dead dictator. It is the great primordial myth that became a false sense of reality. Fuck society and its lack of individuality; it fears itself because it has no desire to know itself. I am a creative genius and those who don't believe this will never be capable of their own greatness, because if your belief lacks in me than it also lacks in yourself. We are meant to be creative geniuses. Film, literature, music – they are all capable and necessary like a brisk walk amongst the dew covered plants, giving of a grounding perfume of chlorophyll. The melody of nature is as simple as walking through the forest with birds chirping and the ruffling of leaves on an autumn day. The ego will attack any blissful moment in the present because it doesn't want it to end, it grasps it like a greedy child, it's fearful of what's to come. To fully indulge in Life's beauty we must adhere to the present and this is effortless.

Attacking the task of the creative, judging upon whether the work is 'good' or 'bad' – we must overcome this, because, who's to say? Again, our cowardly Ego has never created anything a day of its life, but we have, we have used it to create because we're brave enough to do so. The ego is the paint and we are the painters – we compassionately give it purpose by sharing its unity. If one is in tune with one's Self then one can decipher good and bad and overcome one's own judgement.

These deterrents are unnecessary and cause immense suffering; they truly waste creative energy. There is a difference between competitive egolessness and the competitive ego, you must first separate the artist from the task; be so involved that it's an unconscious doing, put forth so much of yourself that no regret can be had. Naturally no one will have elite talent and those who do will only excel with practice and repetition otherwise they will never become ever-evolving true masters – dedication to the artistry is the key to staying true to your Self. Discomfort from this only arises out of conditioning; but anxiety is an artist's best friend. It is like a lit candle; melting, losing control over its body up until a brief cloud of smoke exudes from the wither of the dying ember – we're the flame, we're the ember, we're the wax, and we're even the smoke. When we are defeated and we melt we then come to the Self in another form. At times we will appear to be hardened, other times soft and pliable; do not attempt to control this and you will continually be true to you.

This is the key to life, surrendering and embracing this is crucial – *surrender* doesn't mean to give up but to *overcome*. In order to battle we must surrender to fear – so who of the two is the most brave? The battler or the surrenderer? To me they're one in the same. It's the perspective of our flame's intention, it can make us wither away and melt into a river of milky sorrows or we can embrace it, surrender to it and become more than just a

sea of waxy pain. Let this be the veins of your existence kin to the abrasive scars; this is an evolution to become more than just a dense wax frame, more than just an ember or cloud of smoke. This smoke I speak of becomes the mysterious beyond – invisible to the eye and one with the soul; it is nothingness and one with the universe.

Is dying as simple as a flame without oxygen? It too gently dims, growing fainter and fainter, into a cloud of smoke. When the flame goes out does it still hunger to thrive? Or does it rest not even to know that it was ever a flame to begin with? “Soak me in kerosene when I die and never let me stop burning – let the citronella keep the insects away,” said the ego, out of fear and preference. The eternal flame is more than a physical flame. I have learned this through practice and observation; I have learned this as well from the habits of my mother – she is the best teacher of nondual living.

Love

“You will always be the love of my life,” said he; true love doesn’t have to be an entanglement – true love is mutual respect in regards to knowing that it’s not “meant to be” right in this moment, because sharing a life with another human being is one of the most difficult things to ever do – and true love acknowledges that and the mistakes prior, therefor refraining and sparing of the futuristic misery, thus having the purest admiration for one and other in the present moment, with the unconscious intention of continual love beyond this lifetime. The affirmations are without words, the affirmations are the sign language of the muted soul.

Pride

The pride of a group leads to segregation and a rivalry against humanity. The only pride that matters is one’s

own fulfillment in the accomplishments that one achieves in his chosen paths of challenges. Pride is an individual trait, not national; it's too much for the collective thought to handle thus it breeds violence due to their heavy bonded egos. I understand how 'false pride' came to be due to hatred of what's misunderstood; it begins with feeling inadequate to those who are true to their own nature – this all begins with insecurity and self-hatred. 'True pride' is the value of the Self and their chosen accomplishments; it welcomes all and separates none – it is a true inspiration kin to passion.

Acceptance of the Self is necessary before any collective meaning. The history and habits of humanity should be known in order to not repeat the treacherous outlines of the past; this needs to be known in order to progress and evolve. More importantly the study of the Ego can show us how poorly we have the ability to become if we are not mindful. Compassion and empathy must be at the forefront of the Self-curriculum because public schooling will never teach that, along with free-thought. I say this based upon where the world has been going as a whole; a place ran by tyrannical dictators. Pride of the country has turned into a segregating nationalism, in the sense that all culture is lost for superiority or a rendered sense of privilege – and this all starts with war. This is the "Better than you," complex and the "We have more money than you, and more military; therefore we are more powerful than you. Do anything that we don't like and we will smite you," complex. These are illnesses of the psyche built upon by the construction of the ego – these groups feed their ego and it has grown high into sky like a church tower attempting to pierce the clouds and justify the unknown.

Most of the time pride is celebrated in an intoxicated stupor and the meaning is inept. True pride exists in the soul; it doesn't have any malicious content – the most it does is compete with mutual respect of the

counterpart but the truest of foes is the reflection in the rippled pond. It's you versus your ego which is you versus you. Pride of being born to sexual preference or race isn't an accomplishment; you didn't have a choice – so why celebrate? What sort of accomplishment is being born into a race? If anything the parents should celebrate because they're the ones who accomplished successful fornication (unless the pregnancy was an accident then it's nature's accomplishment and you being born was luck) – but at least they did *something* to be proud of if that's the case. I say this because society has gone too far; celebrating art and culture should naturally be a beautiful thing but the ego takes over and then it becomes bigoted. Develop yourselves. Being human and sharing that similarity should rule all; the hateful bigots created false pride out of anger – one cannot fight anger with anger. And one can also not penetrate the mind of the stupidly conditioned; though we will try because we have the potential of being stupid as well – every dishonorable trait others have, in moments, we are all capable of them too. Evolution is for the future and the future starts in the present with the Self thus lovingly infecting the youth and beyond. Let those who choose to be foolish die off and stay in their primitive purgatory. Let nationalistic pride dissolve and let culture: art, film, literature, and music; let them all speak for themselves. Celebrate as a whole and don't aspire to dictate. And I must reinforce that we are not born stupid and ignorant, we choose to continuously be as such, so don't mistake the origin of my words as someone belonging to some culturally enlightened hierarchy; I'm just as scarred as you – I just choose to constantly rediscover my Self and you're equally as capable. I adhere to the individual and the individual is universal.

Letter To Nietzsche

The following is a brief entry prior to writing a screenplay about Nietzsche's life:

I write to a ghost: you've been misunderstood and underestimated by many, other than true artists of desired knowledge. I will do my best to let the world know what you stood for – and even what you didn't. It is in your work that there is the blueprint for the superhuman, which is really, to my interpretation, the truest of human spirits. The masses must know you for who you were but first they must read your words. You're one of the most sensitive and introspective writers that I've read. Your pain will be told along with your deep love for life.

Meaning

In this world meaning supersedes time; cultivating a character, taking on and overcoming a difficult task – this is essential for mental health and self-worth. It can be as simple as a gardener that tends to her flowers, or a carpenter that hammers to the beat of his heart, implanting a piece of their care into their task. It is the individualistic tendencies that make us connected to the universal flow.

Why do you shine firefly? Is it to remind us of the light flickering inside of our souls? Is your inspirational flicker a delusional sense of your ego or is it a necessary drive to survive, innate within you, and just as it is natural within us to define our meaning. The firefly shines for itself and so do we. I'm wet and covered with raindrops but that doesn't stop me from contemplating your beauty, asking these questions. The moon hides behind the trees while the stars gaze upon the seas. There is something ironic in writing to candle light; it is that we both rely on the same fundamental principle to keep us alive: oxygen.

I feel so sad for you; when I open my eyes I see light, green trees, blue skies and cotton clouds – you see darkness, a mystery; something I’m more than familiar with because I choose to live gratefully and brazenly on this earthly heaven. I wish that you choose to create your own fulfilled life here, do not wait, and do not be afraid. The only god you see in the starry skies is thyself; like a weary reflection in a glacial stream; an abstract idea that the fabric of our thoughts truly mean anything when manifested in an invisible objective thought; thoughts are internalized and rationalized into thinking that the thought is derived from the Self, when really it’s a product of collective conditioning. We’re parrots; we’re big children, easily influenced to what we’re subjected to. A god of man is equally a god of nature; it’s a hinged relationship of reliance on all spiritual levels – even when a storm comes, it is necessary and part of life as we know it. Man has continually interrupted god, due to his ideas of a false god (judge in the sky) and his toxic ego; he has created unnecessary suffering then leading the suffering of humanity and feeding the toxic pollutants of the mind, body and spirit. These inorganic compounds of compassionless fools make another obstacle for man to overcome; as if we don’t have enough to climb over. We’re bombarded by judgement and “things” – these *things* are a materialistic burden to society and one of the few great distractions to pacify humankind. I must reiterate that I’m using the noun *man* in this instance because it was men that destroyed society, not women, unfortunately they weren’t given the liberty to do so, however if they were in positions of power the love of a woman is too strong to destroy the world rather it’d heal it. Universally, the love of a compassionate woman can heal all things – even the ego of man.

This conventional god is another trick of the mind, it’s a weakness, it’s a disease that we must eradicate; this primitive sickness is nothing but fear itself. Those who are

aware will become stronger, but despite the nomadic path of solitude, this is much more exciting and necessary. You will truly have to develop your own belief system, becoming a true hero and an earthly god; for god will remain buried until we dig deep into ourselves. Subordinate man's truth is comfortable and obedient; become insubordinate, reckless, and disobedient – this is the only way to develop your core reason of being.

Films

I write and make films to repetitively create and reinvent myself, to better myself, to grow immensely through art. I create something from absolutely nothing; I take an idea from the realms of my consciousness (or unconsciousness) and put action behind it thus making it an original reality. I create freedom and development within myself, to believe what I believe, to speak my mind, and to enforce rationalized thinking in the name of humanity. Words only have as much powers as you give them and bravery is second nature to awareness and self-love; there is nothing more brave than to discover yourself – and you never have to look far. The work is in the development stages, the structured practice, and the seemingly torturous hours of a creation, this repetitively gives us purpose and meaning to life.

The gift to create is godly and this god I speak of isn't outside of us, it is within us, and it connects us to all as we define one; we become gods and are now synonymous with all that has made us – we've become one with nature, one with the universe. *Creating* is a humanly gift that was inspired by all of the beauty surrounding us, starting with nature, both externally and internally. *Tragedy* combines both Nature and the observation of the Ego, of our own and in that of others; how profound and how synergistic. Sometimes being in tune means being hyper-sensitive and many can't stand this; we must never

stifle this emotional awareness – this is the root of growth. Why would we voluntarily numb something of essentiality?

This numbing system has been put in place to create a sense of order, sanity amongst the insane. I write to destroy the system that doesn't even truly exist; I write to break the secular order. My words are that of a compassionate doctor, healing, for myself and you. There are good doctors and bad doctors; I am a great doctor because I heal from beyond my Self. What is a good doctor but a bad doctor's teacher; what is a bad doctor but a good doctor's job. My words are for the few; they are for the inquisitive brave.

False Selflessness

Does a mirror ever truly break? Can a shattered reflection become whole? Can you recognize yourself in the small shards of glass? What gives humans the ability to feel that the world revolves around them? – That we should stop our lives at their beckoned call. This arrogance and self-absorbed persona is that of a spoiled and inhumane child. How do people go through life thinking they're more important than other people? How are they so connected to their ego? Infinite questions can be answered in the pattern of our behaviors. How we've been treated in the past – a place so irrelevant but with such profound influence upon our psyche, in both memories of happiness and memories of suffering, truly shape our present awareness (if we choose to be aware). If we are not careful then we can become prisoner to the attachment of these memories, whether good or bad, rather than apply gratitude towards them. States of emotion can only be measured by the time we are not truly *in them* (attached to them) to realize that they don't matter; and at this same time we must realize that they matter ever so much – a

contradiction but a necessity to make it through life. These memories, both good and bad, make us who we are in our conscious reality and even our unconscious realm; they give us perspective and meaning, but we must first find meaning and perspective to define ourselves within them and beyond them.

Selfishness is necessary for greatness – how can one become the best if neglect of the burdensome outside world is only moderately beckoned? There are limits of compassion when it comes to self-love; those limits become cleverer the more you respect yourself. Justifying overly-compassionate choices is a worthless task, an insecurity, it only builds a dense fog between you and the pleaser; its false motives keep you believing in an inept sense of gratitude – because “Other people matter more than yourself.” This is a false sense of what compassion truly is. The core of compassion for all comes from self-love. This needs to be understood and by no means do I mean to be shrewd, callous, and unloving towards others; there is a fine line and we will better understand the thinness of this line once we become more aware – then we will know when we are being taken advantage of due to our large compassionate heart. Weak people say ‘yes’ to everything, this isn’t healthy, it’s form of self-abuse, and if they think they are good because they are ‘selfless’ then they are truly fooled; there is the perfect balance of choice, which ties into self-compassion and gratitude, finding it is simple – especially when the choices you dread and suffer are the cause of venomous pig-headed rodents. The longer you stay and play, the longer you will be lost. How sad...? A pushover with justifying causes – a false cause which equals to a fraudulent life. The ego is much easier to identify when awareness is attained and even when, in moments, it seemingly vanishes, you will still know. The *selfishness* is speak of is cultivated in the spiritual Self, not the shallow ego-driven self.

Creative Genius, The Rose And The Love Of The Self

All I want is to be heard – at times even by myself. Writing is such an ancient form of expression and history of the mind, ego, and spirit yet it's relevantly essential within this present moment to see the stream of invisibility within the ink; to realize it's only a story stemming from both consciousness, unconsciousness and the godly spell of the universe, and in it you cannot drown; there is only floating existing in the realm of words. Its purpose is truly grand and is responsible for all communication and art conveyed and curated throughout the universe.

I love my thoughts and my chaotic mind, I love what “tortures” me and eats at me – if you truly love life you will learn to accept all that is bad and realize it is no different from the good; in fact, the bad makes the good. They exist as brother and sister to keep each other in perspective, they're necessary to be a fully functioning human being – eventually through gratitude you learn to appreciate the *bad* even when you don't appreciate the bad. It's a painful practice but a worthy one. There is a freedom when I am alone that is unexplainable; it's a calling of nature because we are never truly alone in solitude; even nature opposes us and battles us – and though I love humanity, at the same time too much spent in it drains me. Nature rejuvenates; it is the loving spouse – and when lightning strikes I don't mind it all the much.

When the creative genius calls you must respect it – it's not to be taken for granted. When partners of the Self speak we must listen because they are greater than us yet they are us therefore it is our godly greatness that is calling. How can we shun this...? My words and mind are so simple because my genius is sleeping currently – or is it? A rose doesn't depend or wait for its time to bloom, it does as it pleases and sways with the wind and it then withers and decays amongst earth's temporal seasons; only when the time is right does it bloom: only when the

time is right does it prick you with its thorn. It doesn't depend or wait simply because there is no longing in its state; it works *with* nature, not against it, and therefore *time* is rendered obsolete. How can something so beautiful have something so sharp and piercing? These are the questions I ask of love and romance – a rose is the symbolic point of love and it is perfect for that: beauty is best kept within distance, otherwise you risk getting pricked.

One question: if this life is the only one I shall live, if I am currently fulfilling the needs of my Self and even at times of my ego (though I am never *truly* my ego, however it does make things much more interesting and adds layers to the persona, these layers that we should never identify with; the ego becomes interesting only when we have developed the ability to separate ourselves from it), does this mean that I am completely accomplished while still not yet being fully accomplished? I'd say so. Though we have serenity of the present beauty that is nature, what about the debaucheries of life: lust, tragic drama, mindless banter, and endless laughter – these Dionysian traits. There is great pleasure in this. There is great adventure in this. It is simply all about separating the Self from the ego as I've stated. Why have two ears and one mouth? To listen twice as much as one talks, or speak twice as much as one listens to make up for lack of a second mouth?

Life, in the human condition, is about constantly feeling “stuck” and endlessly overcoming the most “lost” stages of emptiness, which, at times, swallows us completely whole; into the void. Happiness is merely a piece of the puzzle; creative happiness is quite a few pieces of the puzzle. Creative happiness, during or the euphoria after the task has been completed, is the *forbidden lust* that religion doesn't want you to know about. There is such power, it is godly; it is the true god of humanity. Creation is humanity. Passion is the drive of life – but it is

the strategic passion of a liberating task; it's not of another being, it's the extension of your Self through an intriguing and engaging creation. It's the shaping of you that is the most tantalizing of life, a creation within a creation! The herded man's god despises passion and creation, it takes credit for all of one's accomplishments; their god promotes external reliance and fear of the Self yet it was derived from it. It tortures humans with "sin" and "pity" – it's the empty fate of a follower, a bag of bones, a Christian. People are too lazy and fearful to develop their own beliefs – I'm here to let you know that it's okay, and it makes this place a *much* more interesting and unique world. It makes you a living, breathing, creating God of Nature and is the Universal Law of Spirit which abides by no law whatsoever.

Love of The Past & Lost In Present

Love, at times, sickens me; though I'm constantly falling in love and currently in love, I despise the ordinance of the conventional idea of love, because our ego insists on tainting everything that is pure, true and unconditional. Faithfulness, compromise, false romanticism – they come from the human condition, the ego of humans, the fears of humans. There is an overly excessive boarder between the balance of *toxic love* and *pure love*; the natural reason of being that came from the pure and untainted human consciousness which leads to procreation with the means of soul-entwined love and mutual respect of the individual rather than the primitive and egotistical means to continue the bloodline. It is in our primitive nature to breed out of necessity, yes, but now we're at only the beginning of consciousness, in the sense that we find partners within ourselves and fulfill our own means of existence by leaving behind a substantial amount of "work" put into a particular craft, thus leaving behind a legacy. Is this still our ego calling out to live with some

sort of impermanence? I feel so, but it's also the Ego and the Self working together because the Self values a higher cause; the development of the Self is the true fundamentality to evolution, this is an immaculate birth within therefore effecting all with immense purpose. And if you're to develop your Self, then attaining the title of ever-evolving master, of whatever craft of choosing and you are to conceive a child as well, then you have the potential of two masterpieces that are not only cultivated from the Self but that of Nature and the Universal whole. There is this evolution that has led to a higher-consciousness, a higher-human – but we still are very in touch with our primitive state.

Society has now deemed a new and even more toxic realm of love via technology – because people are too foolish to realize that this fairytale drama is truly just a show, it's a hyper-sensitive means of entertainment that's based from expectations of the ego, which stems from fear and self-centeredness. Not only that but now superficiality is essential for happiness in modern culture, they feel it's a necessity; this is a sickness – the minds are corrupted and solitude is inexistent because now technology has created an artificial support system that isn't supportive at all but is actually pulling the being from the Self and isolating their spirit inside of a wireless frequency prison. That is not reality! We must learn to separate from the false and artificial expectations that are constantly dreamt up in literary and visual fantasism. People have become so illiterate that they've forgotten that these are *stories* shedding light upon the ego! Not justifying it. There is too much structure and obedience placed in the wrong direction that humans have created in order to implement control and order over nature and over one and other – people choose to see things in other people's eyes rather than their own. They don't respect the skin they wear so they wish to shed it but are incapable of doing so; if they became capable of shedding their own skin then they

would value the process of losing and gaining a new skin through the molting phases. As I continue to molt, I see a way beyond the conventional way, I see my way, I see my morals and ethics developing, learning from others and history, learning what's true to *my* core; taking insight and developing it, not just saying "this is it" – this is an endless process, so one can never definitively say that they're done. We can never stop learning; there is always something to be learned. Abstain from what you don't personally have a connection with and you will be free – have a connection with what you abstain from and you already are free. We must try different tasks for the sake of being human and only to make our point of reason for living on our own terms that much stronger and bolder while trekking the path to discover the passions that will drive us to greatness. This is natural within the individual; my words are for the individual.

Monogamy isn't natural to man; it is to religion and our ego. We are social by nature. A good friendship is always to be matched with an abundance of solitude. Polygamy isn't natural as well; anything labeled immediately stunts what is natural to us. Life is full of fun but with repercussions based upon what we deem as our own; it us as our own judge, it is our own morals, no one else's. There are times when I attempt to look to the past in remembrance of those I've loved and lost; it's as if pages have been burned, a memory of a face is all to exist; these memories have melted because the flame has burnt for too long – it's an impossible task to feel as if the past truly exists, it is only when emotions run ramped. Memories and emotions keep the past alive and the openness to experience them depends on how strong the current visitation is. Life is an endless flashback of sufferings from the past intertwined with happy moments as well, those too become sufferings when we choose to grasp them rather than appreciate them; the pain and happiness or wishing for the pain to stop or for endless happiness, is all

part of our ego – the memories on the other hand are part of our experience. This goes the same for the future; both the attachment of either the future or the past cause the same amount of grief. Rarely is anyone ever truly grateful for happiness and pain – how could you know one or the other without the two: the grim brother and the blissful sister. How would a flower ever know when to bloom if temporal seasons didn't occur? A flower knows to stay in tune with what's natural to it, therefore they don't question it, they go with it, and when they die they die gracefully only to re-bloom with even more vibrancy. Cultivating the Self is like that of a flower: you will grow, die and bloom over and over – this is an endless process until one becomes dirt, but out of the dirt comes another sprout. Gratitude is the respect of all, which brings the past happily into the present moment without unnatural reflection; it is pure mindfulness. It is being the ever-changing seasons and occasionally blossoming upon gracious privilege when the time is right, and then decaying, withering into the ground and doing it all over again for eternity in some form or another. What is true love? It is naturally surviving.

In the beginning of this essay I said that I was currently in love. Now, upon editing this, when I had written that I wrote it about another person but now upon editing this, after the separation of two souls, I realized the person who I was truly in love with was my Self – and it was in this that I was able to give my love to my partner without restraints. It is within this pure love that I can write to you freely and without attachment – because I fear nothing; therefore my heart is completely open despite it being completely broken. The key to our heart is within one's Self, no one else's.

A Cloud Of Thought

There is nothing like creative thought. At times my mind is either empty or fixating on useless banter to induce procrastination but we can use that procrastinating force of thoughts and liberate our ego; this is the reformation of self-destruction – the self battling the Self. My mind is empty and that's why I write this – though I know it's working full blast, generating stories and ideas, consisting of humane rational reason paired with inhumane irrational reason and other frivolous constructions. The story generator is something unfathomable; something as small as a reaction from another being can linger in your mind and morph into a hundred pages with twenty different characters. The mind is never stuck, it always needs to create and can even do so when you *think* you're resting, and it is always creating pleurably when we are in tune with our roots. I choose to be in tune with this and we all are more than capable.

There is nothing more beautiful than being compared to a star; all being unique like a snowflake, some shining brighter than others. A star that falls is a burning flicker of vigor that slowly decays into combustion thus becoming a void, a hole that engulfs all; or it create a new solar system, a new universe, this is the capability we have – we are akin to stars. I could endlessly look up to the enamoring stars and the clouds. My Great Aunt Rose loved clouds. She was truly in awe of them, and now she has become them due to her strong admiration. She constantly reappears in my dreams, meditations and the clouded skies.

Filmmaker

Laziness must not impede you – darkness is coming and you must embrace it. The creative genius is here and it's the Self's greatest partner.

As an artist of thought and creation we must be aware of laziness and procrastination; from someone who, as an independent filmmaker, literally does and has done everything, meaning: wrote, acted in, directed, did the camera work, the lighting, the editing, and even composed original music, all while being the lead character of his own film, I've most definitely earned my stripes in the art of relentlessness, and I will continually do this like the innate cyclic forces of Nature. Do not think that through making films, writing screenplays or books, that I don't dread it, I most definitely do, it's, at times, grueling and difficult work. It's a 3D puzzle with living and breathing pieces that have egos to go along with them none the less! And it is in these egos and within our own ego that we must overcome. I've realized that when I commit to the task of finishing a movie in an efficient and orderly manner, when I'm within the project, and I mean beyond the scheduling and organizing up to the shoot date, I'm completely present like a child, just playing and loving it! And then when this state of play is over we're exhausted, our mind thinks, "Shit, I have to do this again tomorrow," but really this is our ego speaking – it's exhausted from us putting it into place. It's exhausted because it's not used to working so hard. The ego is notoriously lazy out of an abundance of flawed traits – we must never identify with these traits; they're to be observed and used as a creative tool. So why do something so difficult and challenging? Because this constant challenge and accomplishment is what simulates all of our levels of elite consciousness, the Ego, the Self, the unconscious and the conscious psyche, they all work together yet work against each other simultaneously – in life this is about pure balance. The more aware we become, the more we can identify the balance of our psyche, the balance of our soul. We're born to be productive by nature and this gives value to our state of being but the value is that much more so when our productivity stems from our Self, from what we're

interested in and what *we* choose to overcome and be challenged by. When the creative task or job is chosen as our own this leads to the development of a core belief system, this leads to the cultivation of a genuine character; this is the endless beginnings of an ever-evolving individual, this is the birth of true freedom and the birth of the creative genius. The human mind, body and soul are built to be challenged, we are designed to grow, evolve and overcome. The feat of finishing the creative task is beautiful and this is where the Ego voluntarily awakes and takes credit for the accomplishment, but the true accomplishment is in the beginning of the next creative project and the Self knows this therefore no time is spent wasted. *The master does her work and steps back; therefore her work lives forever – this is the only path to serenity.*

Filmmaking, to me, is an entertaining form of enlightenment; when either taken comedically or dramatically, it sheds light upon characteristics stemming from our ego, from our conditioning, whether positive or negative, thus reminding us that we are capable of both but between judgements there is an ever greater moral value. This art form, like others, attempts to make us more self-aware, more mindful; it connects us to one and other. Being that I write from experience, perspective, and imagination, when I write about people closest to me, I wish to show them how much they've influenced me while they've been trekking along in their own search of greatness – I create to release them from the shackles of society so that they can venture on their own desired path, not the path society mandatorily provides them, but with the means of my creating I wish to show them their freedom and provide to them another way of life, and whether they choose this individualized path, either way, their life itself inspired a creative map that assisted in the growth of my own. I strongly desire for my fellow beings to have something to live for that involves deep focus upon

their Self. No one needs to be on their deathbed wishing that they had done the things that they have feared or being sad about not accomplishing their goals or passions – all must leave something great behind and everyone has something to contribute; we must dare to discover it. Through writing and film I shed this light and the blissful laughter of it.

Acting class was the time of my life – what a gift... this is where *I* found the meaning and purpose that is essential to life. Prior to the arts I had no creative outlet, I had yet to discover my meaning, which isn't a problem, the problem then was that I was doing nothing about it, I was trying nothing that interested me out of fear, and then I was fearful of nihilism (though I didn't know what that was back then) yet I never truly believed in the concept of "life has no meaning" and I never would; even thinking the words sickens me, it saddens me that others can let themselves feel this way without attempting to do anything productive to alleviate this. I had other people and reasons to live for, a beautiful life and family, but I did not yet have my Self, I didn't have my *own* reasons yet, I had a strong sense of character but I wasn't developing it, I was being stunted by my ego and this was the problem. When we lack progress in any means of life, when we let laziness take its place, we're literally drinking poison; and if you're a prolific creative (and we're all creatives in various means) and you don't attempt to discover it, this poison-induced neurosis will torture you in many different forms as it stifles your own potential greatness. Some of us are more in tune with it and we choose to just not know it so we then reach to substances to numb it, but this is just a way of false comfort to get by, this isn't living a life. My mother always said, "Michael, try things," and she was right. Though there were and are things that I knew and now know that I didn't vibe with or was interested in, the things that I was interested evoked the most fear, which is why I didn't do them – I let my ego

get the best of me. I'm fortunate enough to have supportive parents that are in tune with what's natural to human beings, these positive notes of awareness compelled me to want to discover my Self even more so and as I stepped upon the path and fought passed my ego and continually still do to this very moment and beyond it, I've discovered the true importance of this innate drive. What is *good* parenting? What is *good* family? Patience, Support, Compassion, Belief, Persistence, Perseverance – these traits aren't directed just for the immediate bloodline; these are traits engrained in us but buried by conditioning, by society – these traits are intended to be shared toward the world. My family taught me this and I now teach this to you. Lack of this will lead to a black heart just as a lack of progress and courage will truly stifle the human spirit if not kill it.

Many are able to distract themselves from themselves, from their creativity, with social demand, technology, shallow vices, and again, dependency or “addiction” which only stems from lack of meaning due to the absence of courageous progress or a blanketed pain that one fears immensely – but those who have a *why* can bear any *how*. Acting class was a euphoric eruption, a sensual massage of the universal spirit; it was even therapy for those with no intention to even choose it as a permanent craft – acting is productive therapy for the soul. It is an expression of raw emotion, something that many people have difficulty expressing – it is also the great teacher of the Self. It does take a talented teacher, an established ever-evolving master of the craft to get you to access that playground as well – through a brilliantly human mentor you will find your core and beyond it quicker than you could ever imagine. I've had more intoxicating mental romances with the beautiful souls within acting class and even met the love of my life: me. There is this pure surge of individuality in the air yet it's amidst a room full of like-minded collectives. This is truly

where the individual thrives – within a craft that focuses upon the development of yourself, therefore giving you the key to your Self.

At times I ask: If I don't care about the audience then why does their applause feel so good? And I'd say those applause are viewed as immense gratitude of the hard work put into the craft, their applause is an admiration of the talent portrayed and hopefully has the intention to inspire them as well, to cultivate their own individual talents. There is nothing sexier or more captivating than an artist because a true artist is purely the most human. Creatives feel and love the deepest, and yes, we are all creatives, but, the greats consciously choose to be in adherence of these innate artistic laws and are even, at times, out of tune with these laws; this is part of being human, losing touch, but mindfulness makes us aware when we begin to lose touch. The artist who shamelessly shows their scars is the artist that exudes individuality. We have a rawness that no one can match, an unspeakable song that only we and the universe know. The feeling of performing in front of others, the shared laughter, the shared pain, it can speak so euphorically loud but even without words it's a romance within itself and within one's Self. As a writer, having your words read and performed out loud, your own creations from your own mind, this is such an unbelievable feeling – regardless of whether it's *good* or *bad* due to the perception of the ego. The key, if you are to continue with this craft, is to develop your Self and remain true to you, this makes judgement obsolete. At first it's always the audience you value, their reactions, but I've realized it's not so much in them that we worship but rather the shared mutual feelings in the creation; we want reactions because we want to portray the human condition as purely as possible and lack of this stems to a lack of Self embedded within the words, or it could be due to a poor performer, or a poor audience (when I say *poor* I simply

mean lacking of a desired Self). The key is to write for your Self always, because as I've stated over and over, when we create from and for our Self, it speaks to all – and if *all* is not receptive then our words are that much more sharper, that much more purposeful and the few will find them, and in this few is the present; in this present is the future. And though a *few* won't be "all" – the few is much more loyal due to the reminded infectious-inducing grounding of their own constructed grounds brought upon by awareness due to our creations. They are not fans; they are admirers, equal to us, with the mutual respect of being human. Again, the audience provides gratitude; the purpose and intention behind the story creates the unification of graciousness. I conclude that I care about the audience because I am my best audience.

If I didn't have all of my fears and cowardly procrastinations then I would never have attempted to become what I have always aspired to be: a star. You must know what you fear and then attack it, and if you don't know, you must try to discover it – life's about *trying* what intrigues you. Fear is a detector to truth and with this truth we are grateful for the ego's number one trait; it is a compass to our passions. If we didn't have fears then we wouldn't know where to go, or where to try to go. Without fear we may be able to try more things quicker and efficiently but we wouldn't be able to detect our meaning in them without having this healthy awareness of fear – this is where fear transfers to respect of the Self; this is where fear becomes truth. The ego seemingly works against us but if conscious to it we begin to know that it works with us. We can never shed fear because it is part of our nature but we can respect it and we can overcome it. Fear is the compass to the Self. More recently I've discovered that the opinions of others are truly irrelevant in the sense of creation; though I desire their gratitude and support for more larger than life projects (in a business and societal aspect), this doesn't dominate my

happiness. I am my own star and I will shine bright enough for the world to see me; and if they don't see me then I will just blind myself – any conflict on this endless journey is just another part of going up or going down. If we live by other's standards then we will forever be imprisoned; and if we attempt to be someone other than who we truly are then it will only become a lesson learned or a blinded permanent poisonous state. There are gut-wielding reasons that we're capable of accessing that tell us who we should surround ourselves with and what our true path is. The feeling of relaxation (of an unmasked self) is those that we should surround ourselves with; the goal is to continually be your unmasked self to the point of external infectiousness, though it will be a jealousy behind those who choose to wear a forever mask. The unmasked self is the consciousness that develops the godly Self and creative genius; these work together with all levels of consciousness. Resentment is the prison of those who don't desire to find themselves.

I've always known never to care what others think, I speak as a performer and an entertainer, a place where the opinions supposedly matter; this is not the fact – a true entertainer acts for themselves while keeping the audience in mind because, as stated prior, they themselves are their best audience. A true performer performs from their soul and beyond that, this resonates with the rest of the world. There is selfishness in the definitive choices of a performer and this pure selfishness is relatable to the right (conscious) crowd; it's when one compromises the character, only then a problem occurs and that's when superficiality is born. Pure selfishness is being true to the Self and this is why the herd despises it because they cannot be it.

It's lonely at the top; all of the affirmation from others is irrelevant when you have reached the highest of all heights – because when all you have is yourself and your achievements, you then begin to wonder what's left...

little do you know that this process is meant to be repeated over and over. There is no end as an artist and there is no end as a human; it's a constant trek both to the top and back down with an ever-cyclic innate force.

There's a formula to creative electrifying art – there is a process that leads to awakening the soul for both the creator and the admirer; this feeling of great presence, in front of an immense crowd, the mutual connection between the creator and the audience – it is godly in the most humane level of human existence. In art there is a mutual respect of accomplishment throughout the whole process: struggle, creation, struggle, display – in this we shed our skin and repeat this process over and over, becoming an array of beautiful colors embedded with deep scars; we're a peacock that's flown to close to the sun. You might be saying to yourself, "Peacocks can't fly," but this is false, it's those that choose to flap their wings the hardest that have the capability to break reason while catching the strongest gust of wind. Nature works with those who respect it and eventually destroys those that don't. Being that we write from our own perspective shows us how similar we truly are – art brings us to the present and the creator is just an extension of the admirer's soul. It's individuality on a mass scale by means of the accomplished and inspired few.

The Complication Of Partnership & Egos

Two people no matter how similar will always have their differences. The questions: "What would you do for love?" and "What would you do for yourself?" tends to clash with one and other. In most cases the individual is thrown out once domestically paired. This is why animosity is later (in many cases) strongly felt in long-term relationships; the individual has lost one's identity to two, an external force. There is compromise in a relationship and in this compromise is also opportunity. Say someone is a

screenwriter, a creative and the other person is an accountant, an organizing number puncher, and this writer writes a role that is influenced by the partner's personality, and they then feel compelled enough to have their counterpart, the one who influenced this concept, to end up playing this character in a movie or a play, this character that was based upon them; this will in fact open a new door for them, both as the observer and a newborn artist – the different traits and interests that we have as individuals can and will, in many moments, benefit the other. Also, let's say the traits portrayed are negative and some scenes written were based upon fights that they had, in these moments "breaching of privacy" might come into play and usually this is based upon insecurity – because stories written with positive affirmation of their character would be the upmost flattering due to the traits exhibited in their eyes that builds them as "good natured" – this is artistic hypocrisy. Artists create from their experience and many who do not understand this usually have a severe problem with it – even artists have a difficult time with this if it's not them amusing the creative forces! Yes, I am writing from experience right now in this very moment. So with this writer, let's say he's left with a choice: "exploit" the couple's intimacies in whatever artistic form that this artist has chosen to be his or her craft or throw away one's creation due to the pleasing of the partner's ego – if they are to choose to throw away the creation then they might as well throw away the relationship; because a true partner is supportive and does not give ultimatums. If we find ourselves in this scenario, let's do our Self a favor and get the fuck out and then write about it. Writing about petty fights, bullshit brought on by the ego and human condition is necessary; it sustains evolution. On the hand, if we're to write about a partner's private moment of the past, something they're scarred by and still haven't come to terms with it, like a rape or abuse, and we use this in our art with this person's name and identity, this is then

not art but a biography and it's not ours to tell – though it becomes a free spirit to use these painful scars as our own because we are all one and therefore shedding a light upon them is the upmost necessary for both ourselves and our partners, in this way, we should even attempt to make our partner more comfortable and let these scars become more faded; this is what art is. Shame brings upon self-hatred and I write to alleviate all shame – there is no shame, only judgement. This then becomes a ladder: alleviate shame then alleviate self-hatred, alleviate self-hatred then alleviate compassionless violence, alleviate compassionless violence and then mindfulness occurs therefore leading to conscious evolution. All acts of violence stem from internal conflict. There is nothing more courageous than one who tells their story without shame. The birth of shame was created at the birth of Christianity and all other organized religions after that.

For another example of domestic influence, let's say someone gets in a relationship with a chef, this counterpart may desire to learn from the chef and then become one of the greatest chefs in the world. They could even surpass this mentor chef by means of their newly cultivated structure and dedication to the craft that has now become their own and within this is the cultivation of the Self as well, and then therefore even heightening the art form for all, setting new boundaries and then showing that there are none! There is purpose for the intimate interaction of two souls, whether it's a temporal trip or permanent. That was simply what I was getting at – people come onto our path and vice versa for reasons that we are to discover, with both positive and at times negative forces, but in these forces is our conceived meaning. There are benefits to going out of our comfort zone and there are also things that we just don't like or just don't care to do that our partner may enjoy doing and then with the antagonistic pressure of our partner due to their insecurities or lack of Self, they begin to attempt to

question our personality, our beliefs and then the security of our Self becomes clouded and questionable to our insecure ego. We should never change who we are for another being; we should only grow for ourselves and a true partner unconditionally provides this effortlessly. It's in influence, leading by example, that we assist each other, supporting one and other as individuals while being a soul-bound pair; this is a pure and healthy relationship. There are moments when the person we love will have a difference in passions or acquire new hobbies and, maybe out of fear, we decide to do something out of character, like travel to another country despite having no interest to ever leave where we are, this would be for means of attention because were fearful of our partner's new way, or new friends. We let our ego get the best of us out of fear, attempting to change or control a situation because maybe now our partner has acquired toxic traits from the people they now choose to be around, we then must realize that nothing can be stopped but everything can be made aware; meaning our feelings can and must be expressed thoroughly and consciously to our partner – speaking upon our ego driven fears in many instances alleviates them. Putting into perspective our innate drive of a true and conscious being is essential to what we must do to grow. Don't sweat the small things, all can be accommodated and adapted; the minutia of the ego isn't something worthy to be attached to. We must not be fearful to try things and at the same time keep who we are at the forefront and let no one take that away from us. Healthy compromise in a relationship would be: if we don't like to travel we then end up travelling because our partner enjoys it. Unhealthy compromise would be: one partner wants to pick up and relocate to somewhere else and the other partner doesn't but the partner that wants to move expects their counterpart to follow; therefore leading to expectations and questioned character traits. We all know that having expectations leads to

disappointment and causes unnecessary suffering, just like attempting to control the partner from moving, it's pointless and toxic, only our emotions can be made aware in a non-aggressive manner; however by means of control is again our ego – expectations and control both cause unnecessary suffering and stem from the ego.

A push is always good and necessary when conquering our fears, especially when passions and talents are involved. We must be aware that in the stages of these pursuits we will encounter temporal happiness and contentment along with sadness and discontentment; the key is to ride the wave and float, no matter what, and whenever submerged take a deep breath and always breach the surface. We're only left to our own devices in this lovely and mysterious world. Decisions cannot be made out of fear, insecurity, stubbornness or spitefulness; living as an individual, while in a pair, this is the most difficult of tasks because we're consumed by not just one ego but two egos. We're the writers of our own lives; individuality always must be monitored in a relationship. Love is such a strong emotion that we can be frequently blinded by it, if we let it, it can become as toxic as hatred; and though definitive loneliness will arise in relationships, within the disconnection from an unconscious partner, it is always rooted in the ego, whoever's it may be. It begins as a lack of Self or the lack of ability to cultivate it, then becoming a disconnection from one partner to the other, leading to the confusion of the counterpart, of the involuntary sufferer. Also, I'm speaking upon a healthy relationship with no means of emotional or physical abuse within the couple, just simply two souls cohabitating, in this narrative I'm providing my own experience and observations because, in this instance, in my previous relationship, I was the one who consciously worked upon becoming more conscious and an all-around genuine human being with diligent practice. My partner on the other hand did not because she chose to be consumed

with existential dilemmas outside of herself rather than cultivating the dilemma within herself; this does not mean that I am *better* than my partner by any means but with this sense of awareness that I continuously hone, I observed my own ego as well as thus affirming the flaws in us both, the difference is that I didn't let it get the best of me because I genuinely cared about constantly working towards my relationship as an extension of my Self, and for a very long time as was she, but my ex-partner ended up losing to her ego, to her fears, she ended up giving up. She simply was not ready therefore solidifying that we can make our emotions aware but we cannot attempt to control what is to be – being at peace with this is difficult but is a necessity to live a gracious life. Impulsive and manic decisions always must be measured and observed in a relationship at points of a disconnection from oneself; lines seem to be blurred when it appears that the internal world is ending, but it's no excuse – a breath is always essential to regain a sense of grounding. At times we will justify our actions with self-righteous indignation and a false sense of leadership that is blatant in the soul-deprived pupils; it's truly just rooted in fear of the unknown: unsureness. The problem is: everyone is searching outside themselves to solidify their existence; it's an internal conflict, not external. There is such a societal rush to “discover” who we are destined to become, and I've experienced this myself, and this really means finding a compliant place in the economic structure that's been designed by society; though I knew that wasn't the case for me, I knew that I was never born to “fit in” but to *stand out* – and we all are. It's been raped into us that this obedient perpetuated value is essential for people to find a place in society that their Ego values and this Ego is not even their own! It is society's collective ego and this is a web strung up by fear and the only prey being caught is thyself. This chosen way of life blankets their innate drives; it is nihilism in the form of false productivity. The

key is to find a place within you, within yourself. And if you find a person that knows this and inspires you to use this key, do not throw them away – it's a rarity. We are all our best teachers.

Key

If I have the key to your shackles then why must you suffer?

There are times when I host a cloud of doom masked with anger, bitterness and a lack of infectious happiness for those around me, especially in their happiest state, at times I don't let myself relate to them. It's a form of resentment, an ego driven toxicity – if mindfulness wasn't my daily task this poisonous trait would take me over and drown me to apathy. At times when these feelings occur I despise them heavily; *I don't* identify with them, and *I know* this, *I know* the inflammation within my body that it toxically creates. When I speak of "I" I speak of the Self, consciousness, I know the reasons are not my own but my Ego's. This might seem odd to understand for those who aren't yet mindful of their thoughts or honest with themselves. When we fear something we look for scapegoats, we're cowards and we will do anything to project our fear and ego upon others in order to not look deep within ourselves, being too scared of what we will find. These insecurities pose as anger, rage, jealousy – they attempt to create isolation and a lack of compassion simply due to a fear of unconditional attachment, attachment to emotions (both positive and negative) and even life itself. One can never be trapped in this state of mind; we must constantly push ahead and desire the will to grow, through desire comes practice and through practice then sustains growth – a growth that is never finished. I constantly assure myself that I'll always love to the fullest (myself included) without

restraints. I will always work hard and never give up. At times I miss the rose so much that I'll gladly take a prick of the thorn to feel death's beauty but with the prick I will continue to live – wounds are necessary as is loss of blood, within this there is bravery absent of fear. Loss is such pain; life is such pain – but it is also so beautiful: meaning and perspective – an endless rollercoaster that seemingly makes no sense yet we make sense out of it.

Life is about constantly finding meaning in one's existence over and over, time after time, pain after pain, hurt after hurt, rain after rain – all until the sun shines again, only then to be clouded once again, thus repeating the process. Who says that we are not nature? Who says that we are not one with the seasons? Our emotions would say otherwise. Our ego would choose to be blind.

Anger comes from unsteadiness, fear and insecurities. It amazes me how missing someone could leave such a hole in my heart? I'm fortunate to have such an impactful soul pass through my life. World-shattering storms appear then and now which cause me to clench my jaw and think inhumane thoughts – thoughts that aren't me. At times, my thoughts rape me daily. There are times when I need to feel love, to hear the words "It is okay..." – simple phrases bring tears to the eyes. I'm fortunate to have a loving and supporting family; it baffles me for those who don't have that because they surely deserve it as well. I've learned that a majority of the world is in pain. These people that grow up from horrible, abusive families and do well, they are stronger than many when they stray from the inhumane path, breaking the habit of their previous conditioning. I balance my strength to theirs by not confiding in brain-numbing vices – but I still admire those who follow compassion rather than repeated rage. We have a blatant choice post-abuse: become the oppressed or become the oppressor. Becoming the oppressor is not becoming a bully of the people but taking authority of our mind therefore developing the Self and not repeating the

previously experienced inhumane habits. This is also the way to not become a *victim* – there is no warrior in victim, there is no overcoming in the choice of the victim and there is definitely no freedom.

Speaking to a ghost is liberation: There are times when I wish to hear your voice, to talk to you, tell you both good and bad news. There are times when I want to cry but there's a drought; I feel empty but so full – I'm not disconnected but I'm fearful to connect. I'll always choose to feel over not feeling. Why should you listen to me? You will find no one else that looks so deeply within their psyche and beyond that, at times, it is counterproductive to the natural human condition (if I let it); a condition that is simple until our ego complicates it. I will always strive to become better than what I am now but I also know there is no *better*. I desire to learn, to grow, and at times I fear change but not in my own terms, only other's and this is only when I'm not occupied with my art. An artist must constantly overcome distraction and procrastination; the counterproductive ego is a tool to liberate others and ourselves, of our laziness, reminding us of the precious time to be potentially wasted. I lay here in darkness; I feel the pulse of my fingertips against the smooth paper – and I think: *this is the closest thing to living forever – this is as godly as it gets.*

Music may dance in one's head but eventually a melody will die. It's the others that keep it alive; scripture is preservation of the artist – it lives endlessly and is responsible for the evolution we've grown to know and even not know. Before a song becomes a song, before an idea becomes a story, it must be written down before it's erased. The Self speaks and we listen, the demon speaks and we shed light upon it, thereby banishing it. Eventually consciousness dissolves to an unknown world unless preserved in art and those of the hearts we've impacted. We don't create for others or the world, these are ego-

driven thoughts, we create for ourselves which naturally gives back; from the innate development of the individual we infect the hearts and souls of all. This is beyond the artist's ego because true art gives back to all unconditionally despite the pretentious ego's hidden means of "living forever" – a mindful artist knows this and is immensely grateful for one's mindfulness.

Attachment To An Ideal

"Goal setting" has become a poisonous attachment to depression. As a working artist, many times, our career is not in our hands (especially in the beginning) and by *career* I mean to make a living with our chosen art. There needs to be a separation from the goal and the soul; structure and hard work are necessary to attain our outlined sense of greatness but the attachment to our "ideal" can become a poison. I believe in the concept of an *ideal* but I do not believe in the attachment to it – I believe in superseding passed the ideal that we've imagined and also accepting that we don't know what we will encounter while on our path. Attachment and aversion are based upon logic, and it is illogical and not healthy to the human being to be overly attached to either or; it is in the progress not the finish line where our happiness lies. The progress lies in the present moment and welcomes all to it. There is a balance to everything in life and passion is the key to it all – it's the root of reason to our core of being, to our Self, to our creative genius. The greatest are the passionate. Passion leads to structure and routine, it leads to the doing when the doing is undesirable – it leads to me speaking to you right now. When one ignores passion then one also chooses to lack structure, even when one consciously chooses passion one must respect it in order to cultivate it. Passion isn't a gift, it's a discovery, it's a muscle, it's a dormant trait within us and it's to be awoken and worked, and unlike the temporal states of our

psyche, passion is *always* there; even when we think it's not, it is. My deepest thoughts are always within me, lying dormant beneath my provocative and Dionysian-like mind. My philosophy is like herpes – it comes when the immune system is weak, only to remind it that it needs to get replenished and nourished. We're onions with multiple layers and a minute empty core – in this slice of life is everything.

Naturalist

When in nature I feel sane. At times my ego weighs me down; it's a self-centered distraction that hinders creative greatness when I blindly choose to not use it as a shovel. It's a poison that will choke you but never kill you. It's worthy of no one and robs time in the present. I'll never crash because I'll never fly – but that doesn't mean I won't touch the sky; if a plane flies too low then the stars above it will never know. The ultimate pain of this life is the limited time with loved ones; it is the ultimate test of purpose, the ultimate reminder of impermanence. How vain I am that the word *impermanence* taunts me. Tremendous gratitude showers me despite occasionally being taken away from the present while becoming a time traveler without a purpose. I plan on spending all the time I can with my loved ones for I cannot be without them; this is my path, it truly makes me happy – it is part of my art. These keys found me when my tears drowned me. It is so much simpler than we all tend to make it. I tell myself that if I survived losing you, then I can overcome anything; I suffer from your death despite knowing it is a part of life and at times I suffer the pain of Death's next victim – this is no way to live. In each tragedy we must always search for a new meaning – when no meaning is found, life is lost. Religion is the safe way towards false serenity – creativity is the true way; it manifests to a purpose so deep to the

core that it infects the rest of the world whether they know it or not.

Life isn't about surviving, it's about staying afloat; endlessly breathing deep and relaxing, surfing the endless waves of suffering while boundlessly looking into the reflection of the water and the sky for the next purpose. It's in the present. Fixating on the future is like taking a pill that you were told is poison and then consciously doing so and then waiting to die. Some might say my words are too morbid but I beg to differ; this is a form of introspection and I release these ego-driven feelings and in doing so I liberate those who can't always see – I do the difficult work while only benefiting myself and reminding myself. I recondition my mind to what it's born to be; this is to be done endlessly.

I'm grateful for this hypersensitivity to the world around me; it's a tool to be learned – it must not take the place of micro-fixations that are only projections and forms of fear – these fixations induce a period of losing oneself, losing meaning and priority of what is necessary to feel half full. Hypersensitivity is an attained sense of being and we cannot let the ego trick us against it. Through every breakdown there is a breakthrough. We're bound to go backwards at times, that doesn't mean we're losing our sense of Self and everything that we've worked towards will disappear. It's always within us and there are moments when we lose presence because we are defeated or tortured by the past or the future, or even both at the same time – we are neither the past nor the future. History is to be learned from and the future is history in itself. At times I dive deep into a shallow puddle when the reflection isn't enough; I stubbornly wish to see more – in many instances this is the multiplicities of the mind, both of conditioning and fear. I enjoy observing these patterns in myself and in others. Why do we fear failure? More importantly why fear success? How sick are we? What has society done to make us so weak? Who wants to be a

prisoner to their own will to live? If you ask yourselves these questions then do something about them – you cultivating the ability to ask is the first step.

When Sleep...

When sleep is easier than reality; that is a clear sign of an attempted fleeing from life – but even your dreams will torment you until you face the truth. Reality is frightening because it is seemingly real, ever-changing and unpredictable; and when lacking self-reliance and caught in a cloud of doubt, it will rain minute problems that on a sunnier day you wouldn't pay mind to, in a good state you wouldn't notice the showers only the rainbow. In this dreadful state we fixate and project upon anyone and anything, looking for reasons to be irked by them when really we're bothered with ourselves. Creativity and productivity is the only way to alleviate this state, using the lit fire to fuel what's burning subsequently leading to rediscovering compassion towards oneself – the compassion never leaves us we just attempt to bury it with pity.

Moods are states that can be manipulated second to second – once practiced, the ability to snap out of a “funk” or a displeasing state to our natural state, can be instantaneous by self-actualizing the initial perspective (if this practiced mindset has already been established). Everything is heightened in a time of chaos when all of our fears flood us, a weight bears upon our skull, neck and chest – a pit takes over the innards of our stomach; tears are much more desirable in this moment and necessary. Sometimes there's a numbing drought, it doesn't mean resolution isn't around the corner, sometimes we need to look harder, sometimes we need to *just be*. Gratitude places us directly into the present and blinds the future and past – gratitude and creative expression are the building blocks of developing a genuine character, leading

to an enlightened Self. No one said this is easy – though it is natural, we just tend to complicate things.

November 16th, 2018

My mood shifted at Friday night dinner, and what a delicious thought-provoking dinner it was... I worked (which takes no work) to absorb the present and an intriguing story being told. I absorbed the moment that I was in so strongly, embracing it and my loving family who I was within this moment and briefly I reflected that I won't have this forever; which at times, depending on perspective, can be absolutely torturous to me. It baffles me how we live without the ones we love but we do – we're relentless, we always, for the most part, find meaning. In moments of choosing gratitude rather than pity and fear, I took in the room; when we surrender to the moment, the moment is heaven on earth: the jazz, the chlorophyll from the plants, the ambient glow of books (mine included) throughout the stoic coffee tables; an artist's house. The smell of the green luxuriousness from the plants that have to adapt to living inside, changing in their new environment, acclimating for survival – some will die, some may live, and some may rise when the winter is over. It's a cycle of adapting to change, no different than us – they're fortunate enough to have a green thumb to take care of them, let the green thumb be the gratitude to the human mind and keep our roots strong. Nourish and take care of your mind during the most treacherous times, through the coldest, most bone-chilling winds; may you remain still under the ice while you wait for the sun to shine and melt it, and we shall always see the sun's shimmer again and again; as long as we're patient, as long as we were persistent.

Life is about self-overcoming; our minds are conditioned to be murderous beasts, our ego tortures us from ourselves and society keeps us segregated and falsely

trapped in a web of lies. We have the will to succeed but we are built to fail – it's the actors of your mind that attempt to deceive you from finding your true voice; your own voice doesn't need to be heard, it's simply what's natural. I find myself dissolving into my conditioning daily and it takes deep awareness to acknowledge it; it's not "maturity" or lack of, it is the influence of the morals around us and the warped perceptions they lead to. Social media is the new internment camp; except the supposed freedom behind it deceives the people into thinking they have a choice when really they're being told what to do and what to believe as they're sandwiched with consumerism and political propaganda. They're plagued with the "want more, need more" disease.

We torture ourselves daily with fables that are all constructed from our insecurities or societal conditioning. I'm having difficulties writing these words because it's a piece of my philosophy that I have forgotten; and right now my ego doesn't want to hear them: comfort is failure. This means take on interesting tasks and projects, grow through them and challenge your Self. I don't understand how people can go through life and not aspire to greatness, or their own greatness, not greatness in my terms, but the economic structure has truly stifled any, if not, all, of life's purposes: to grow and become the person you want to be, to discover the person you want to be. It's not about being at the top; it's the journey to it – and then the task of staying at the peak; or then falling down and attempting to climb up, over and over and over again. I find comfort and serenity in the words I write, the things I create; it gives me purpose and meaning. We're here to better understand ourselves which leads to us more efficiently understanding each other. Though at times my passions are challenging, I need to be destroyed in order to become what I'm meant to be. I've realized my ideas suit me when necessary – in moments I need them for reassurance to survive; they're the friend that always

listens and reminds me of who I am. I wish these words assist you in finding your own way.

In times of happiness I just want to be in it; at times I feel emotions attempting to disrupt and contemplate the feeling of happiness and why it's there; it's as if happiness is something new to me each time it happens; I ask myself "What is this?" – at times I fear it ending, so I attempt to not be attached to it; but all these overly complicated thoughts fuck up the present moment. When in the present moment there is no attachment so you can fully embrace whatever you're feeling in that moment – this is essential for us to productively survive; this includes embracing sadness. Emotions appear and disappear like night and day and though there are reasons for necessary suffering: grief, illness – I choose to not pay way to my unnecessary sufferings; these nihilistic and egotistical thoughts that stem from fear and fabrications.

I want to destroy what I have out of fear, out of ego, for a story in which I know the ending to once again; I want to have control of the situation whatever it may be. When I wrote this statement I made assumptions and had expectations – I let my fears drive me but now I know my fears were right. I was fearful of losing my partner, my best friend, and it wasn't death that took her, she chose to leave. Though, if I chose to pay attention to my thoughts, to my ego, I would've just taken away from the moment when nothing was even happening. Life is out of our control as are people – things must run their course and what's meant to be will truly be. This doesn't mean you shouldn't speak your mind and spill your heart, it simply means: love without any restraints, go with the flow and life is much simpler and truer to what it is to be.

When we're fearful we hunger for the control of whatever situation it may be. Venturing out of my comfort zone into the unknown is at times very taxing on me; when we feel that we definitely know what we like and

don't like, it seems we imprison ourselves but sometimes this "prison" is the best place to be; deciphering the seesaw of life is within us and just takes practice and awareness. There are productive behaviors with our way of being, when a purpose is sought after, other minute things that don't interest us simply don't seem so intriguing to our grand scheme – this is a detection to not fill an unnecessary void or waste time doing the things we feel don't assist us with achieving our particular goal. But as I've said, life is balance and sometimes the most obscure venture can lead back to our core purpose – so we must consciously try things despite having our structured practice to attain the level of mastery over our chosen craft; balance is the key to all and I can't state this enough. There are so many onion layers to our psyche; at times I desire a sob story to ingrain into my conditioning and reinforce my self-righteous story that I've told myself – to rid myself of the most exciting emotional ride of unpredictability: a relationship. The pairing of individuals tasked with task of remaining individuals. There are great benefits to relationships and there are compulsive toxicities; when I had written this, I was in a relationship, I was in love, and now reflecting back, it's hard for me to relate to anything good because I'm just so hurt. There are good things within the love of another soul, but the potential heartache that may come will either activate your ego and conditioning or propel you to greatness and you will find a true and pure partner that is beneficial to your core root of being; mine is to be one of the most influential beings to ever exists, to grow as an artist, as a human, to become better and better with each project and task I take on – to shed light upon the human condition and what society has become: I am here to fuck up the system – I am here to liberate my Self. Creating is my partner, it is an extension of my Self; it will never leave because it is within my blood. Art always has a core purpose of self-reliance and liberation – you don't have to

be an artist to be an artist. We're all artists; some of us just choose to be masters. A master must know when to put the pen down and sleep; the unconscious mind has immense purpose when it is free from every impulse with the means of *doing* – the unconscious mind works efficiently only when the mind is freed. A clear mind isn't necessarily a clear mind; it's a receptive mind to essential thoughts and ideas – a clouded mind isn't necessarily a clouded mind: there are balances in both and we can embrace and use the both to our liking and even not to our liking; just as I will use this heartache and the taunting of my ego to surpass my ideal – it's never really one or the other, it's bouncing back and forth from genuine pain and betrayal and the unnecessary suffering of the conceived stories we tell ourselves about the heartache. We must just feel how we feel and have no shame in this.

I was once asked: "Where do you see yourself in 5 years?" This question was only motivated by a projected fear of the questioner's own future. This was asked by my partner at the time; the answer she wanted was her own but I of course wanted to answer out of spite but I choose genuineness instead. I was in a blissful mood and my partner was agitated and fearful, I remember her frantic eyes. I answered: "I will be feeling the pulse of my fingertips against this paper, with a pen in my hand; the only difference is that millions of people will be hanging on each word; billions will be on the edge of their seats, crying or laughing hysterically." I saw the present moment and I saw me – though my partner always truly knew I would give them what they wanted because my love was free and genuine, in that moment, with that question, they desired reassurance, and in that moment, I desired to give myself reassurance to what I truly desire – I would say that this separates the greats from the amateurs. I put my Self first and my partner didn't like that, though, I supported my partner with anything and everything they

wanted to do while attempting to cultivate their own Self. We fear what other people have, we become jealous of their passion and desires because we're impatiently searching for our own, rather than be inspired we choose to listen to the ego and then we let it guide us in unclear directions. You disrespect the *natural human condition* when you listen to the rain while expecting an answer instead of just enjoying its sweet song. When words stop coming I just look up to the sky – let life tell the rest of the story. When grief, death, or heartache comes, I recreate myself from it.

“Everything happens for a reason...” – everything happens regardless of the potential reason behind it, life will unfold as it is meant to; good and bad happenings depend on our perspective and continual finding in the happening - continually finding purpose. Death, rejection, heartache; we seek reasons to keep on living but, realistically, productive reason is to why these natural and universal events have occurred. The creative and compassionate meaning in tragedy supersedes all and is the utmost liberating to our souls. The reason of war, poverty, disease and murder isn't due to a universal or natural reason; these are the justifications of man – man creates monsters and shuns them when they're against their own justifying morals. Men create villains because they decide to become self-righteous villains themselves. The children of abusive parents can't justify how they were treated because of “universal reason” – they will find meaning in their suffering, becoming a better person, helping others who were abused, or treating their own children the way they should've have been treated, with love and respect. Or they can become their abusers which lead to events happening from scarring reasons known to them; they become the perpetuator. Life is about continually finding meaning and purpose. Man's ego created tragedy and not the art of it. Despite everything innately happens for reasons, pure tragedy: terrorism,

organized religion, mass genocide and school shootings, all begin with the failure of human beings being human beings. We're supposed to learn from history but history constantly repeats itself – it just wears different masks and has an endless supply. I used to think that the universe had such a strong power, it does, but our power to make conscious choices supersedes it yet it's one with it. The cycle of nature, of the universe, is innate, it performs without thought; we, on the other hand, are capable of constantly changing our plan. The only advantage the universe has over us is that it can take us unwillingly and surprisingly at any moment; but this isn't why we should respect it – we should respect it for its beauty and the fact that it asks nothing of us. We're not greater than the universe or life itself but simply one with it – that's a cherishable thought. We decide what a viable life is, we work with nature in order to move on while finding meaning repetitively – we're constantly reinventing and rediscovering ourselves and growing. What defines our meaning isn't based on unforeseen circumstances; it's our mindset. We seek reason in what has happened or is happening in order to survive – everything we do is to survive; it is part of our genetic makeup. Everything leads to something, good or bad. We need to be structured to become structureless. We must meditate upon what irks us until it becomes nothing – sitting with our neurosis helps desensitize our mind to our conditioning. Perspective and gratitude should naturally come into play as we practice, this will ease the chatter of our ego. If someone disturbs our meditation and we react explosively then what is the point of meditation? Reacting harshly is part of conditioning – mindfulness would be saying “I'm grateful that I have ears to be bothered by this interruption.” Stoically remembering impermanence makes the little things truly appear as they are: little.

The Death Of Love

The death of love is similar to uncontrollable grief for the beloved deceased; though with the other soul alive and breathing there is no relief in the idea of an empty host – the only relief is the rebirthing of the new character we choose to become. Overcoming and finding new meaning in order to not perpetuate nihilistic romanticism is needed just like after a burial, only to be left with memories and a time once had; this is where gratitude or distaste come into play, depending upon your state. What differentiates between physical death and the metaphorical ‘death of love’ is that typically gratitude is submerged when a heart is broken quite simply because the memories are overly emotionally taxing – either you or the other half has chosen to not make more memories with each other and make memories of their or your own, with new and different people, which then briefly makes you question who you are, again, this is depending on your state; your mental state will determine what thoughts you cater to, either being the observer or choosing to be tortured.

But the ego has a multitude of taunting pages, this is part of our conditioning to frantically go through the layers and question all of what has caused this heart-wrenching torment. We repeat our questions and we repeat our answers as if we’re going to get new results – insanity is doing the same thing over and over with the expectation of a different outcome; but at times, in the darkness of repetition, there is a rebirth if chosen. The rebirth is only attained with purposeful intention of the soul. One can remain desolate and still survive.

Below, as I rewrite these thoughts, ideas and observations from my notebook, I’ve come across a note that I wrote for someone who recently chose to end our relationship, sending me into a love-sick psychosis:

A Love Note: I love you more than you know... you think you can fathom but you truly don't know how deep my love goes – nurturing you is god.

That short and sweet note says it all. I was also writing from the observations of my insecurities and reflecting upon passed heartaches, I was gratefully pondering just how beautiful this love is and how much I valued our relationship. Though, the state that I'm in, the growth I've experienced compared to younger years, the love I had to offer was pure and untainted because of an evolved sense of self-love; when you're in good terms with your core you can love purely without shackles.

My relationship ended in June of 2019 and I had written this around March. I mix my journaling with my philosophical observations and essays because they're one in the same. Sometimes articulating the exact words rather than stating the reasoning is even better to observe the state of mind with your own perception. This reminds me of where I was at the time and the growth I've experienced since then – though it's never easy to reread. The simplest and truest words shed a universal light upon being human.

3/3/19

There are times when I feel so insecure to everything around me... it's as if I'm a different person from the one I identify with. I'm absent from the present and I allow a disconnection from myself and those around me – I fear losing them, I fear their death and suffering; in moments like these I like to travel into stoicism. This keeps me grounded and more grateful; it keeps me from growing bitter and angry about what's been taken from me. What I'm saying is: life cannot be stopped; it can only be lived. We're the pain that lives on, the void filled with light. 'When I'm all alone where do I fit? When I only have myself can I be strong?' I fear these questions because I fear my

own death – at times I’d rather see it rather than those who I love that surround me. By no means do I wish to die – I love life more than anything; its counterpart nature is so beautiful.

When human created life (like economic structure or social class) gets overly complicated I submerge myself in nature. While staring into a pond full of ducks I think, “Is there more to life?” and then a wise old woman wearing vibrant-red lipstick says, “What could possibly be more than this?” She’s right – how simple, how beautiful. I observe the content ducks and then wonder why some are on one side of the pond and some are on the other side. Are they not friends? Do they not enjoy each other’s company? Simple thoughts are important thoughts because they are often without attachment and are thoughts of the present. I’m not attached to the answers of these thoughts; my observations are that of an inquisitive child, I’m completely in the present moment, in appreciation and admiration of it. I’m grateful for the entertainment of nature’s creatures; maybe ducks are flawed too, maybe they too have social class and this is why some float on one side of the pond and the others the opposite. These thoughts establish a connection between them and beyond human and beyond animal; I see these ducks no differently than I see myself or my family. And then I ponder (pun intended): Why do I like the taste of duck yet I could never kill one? No matter how hungry. And now it’s time to reevaluate my morals and possibly evolve... or I’ll eat pate and Peking duck in the evening and rekindle the same thoughts afterward.

Collective

Collective thinking and activist groups with the means of helping nature do help to an extent, but as an idealist, in reality, awareness and compassion for ourselves, for the world, should be implemented into this forced schooling

that's been created; the curriculum should be this: Math, English, Science, History, Mindfulness, Arts, Philosophy – these teachings should be complimentary to the soul but if this task was taken on the system would shatter and they don't want that... just like society would cease to exist without creativity, subordinate order would cease at true self-evolution, and the falsified “leaders” would then die off becoming pond scum, letting the fish feed off them is their only purpose. We are all creatives whether we choose the path of mastery or not – we're all meant to cultivate something *more* within ourselves. Our soul spirit must be rekindled with our Self and Creative Genius – with these superpowers we will be forever grounded no matter how high we fly or how deep we fall.

The true feminist – they don't speak of “empowerment” therefore they're already empowered. They're not concerned with the mass ideal of feminist aesthetics. True feminists enforce action that is invisible to gender labialization – they don't have time to be concerned with the unjust opposite sex therefore they create themselves and surround themselves with likeminded people. Equality is just an idea and doesn't truly exist in this world that mankind has created: politics, religion, capitalism – unless it is to benefit their maximal profit. Humanism is skewed when money is the primary goal. Mindfulness must be implemented in schooling to create a more open and unbiased world; it is the only way of irradiating false causes that stifle evolving your core character.

Hollywood rapes feminism – they use and abuse trendy equal rights movements as they love to make more money and generate their false propaganda with a supposed positive cause. Their ego is stroked immensely as their self-righteous state becomes that of what society has created of Jesus Christ: a callous dead dictator. When using a female protagonist, why constantly remind us that she is a woman when she very well looks like one? The

audience knows she's a woman and reminding them of this is demoralizing, while passively stating that a woman character can't hold her own on screen therefore the audience must be reminded that she is a *woman* and she is *empowered* – this is where a sexist segregation occurs amongst pride of the sexes. A strong character is a strong individual – there are more tasteful ways from the heart to go about making the bigotry of society aware as well as shedding light upon equality without these exploitive means. Let the narrative tell the story not the propaganda, you blood-sucking vampires. One of the few examples in cinema history is *Xena: warrior princess* – there is no enforcement of “strong women” by abstracted dialogue, the hero is just a hero, and she happens to be a woman; this is a true homage to blind sexism and a true patronage to what feminism truly is. The structure of the show is based upon Ancient Greece which is highlighted throughout, showing that the Greeks didn't hold women any lesser than their counterpart – this is why there are both Gods and Goddesses in Greek mythology; they glorified the internal and external aesthetics of human physicality and emotion therefore they value the Self. As the times change and people get more lost thus clinging to collectivist movements, these corporations, politicians, and backwards men, will continue to profit off of the self-righteous, just like the Christians did with Jesus and still continue to do; it is another form of control and fear derived from the ego. Development and determination are the way to evolution; cultivating the Self is truth in conquering what has set the world behind – accordingly let's not be concerned with the blind and ignorant. Lead by example – conquer by self-empowerment.

How one becomes what is – developing an opinion about life while naturally abstaining from conventionality. Some say if organized religion didn't exist the world would be a less interesting place; I beg to differ. Without religion, a conventionalized entity, humans in this world would

gain insight and evolution unknown to mankind. We would excel as a society simply due to the individualized thought and self-evaluation of morals based upon one's own newly discovered principles. We don't extract morals from religion or law; true humane principals are engrained in us and blockaded with conditioning, we must acquire self-knowledge to break this and be more in tune with our Self thus manifesting self-love and compassion. Religious rule is a rule and simple guidelines set forth for control and order; they are threats to keep their established status quo. How can one feel that they are a decent human being due to the principles created by another, an imaginary other? We don't owe to not steal, murder or to love, respect, or value one and other to a book and a man in the sky that *says* to do so; this is natural to us as human beings. The branches of Christianity in particular were built upon stealing, murder, hatred, bigotry, tyrannical rule and mass genocide; yet "thou shall love thy neighbor"... unless they don't agree with your beliefs – then kill 'em! Or in this day and age, make them feel unworthy of being human due to them abstaining from your fictitious principles.

Their beliefs are based upon self-righteousness and feared selfishness; followers abide by doctrines because they're fearful of the imaginary consequences so they refuse to develop themselves. If these governing religious organizations fed people the idea that murder was okay at that very moment there would be an uproar of death. There is no need for the Christians or Catholics to do that because they already have all of the power; they did enough murder in the earlier millennia to make up for it. These organized beliefs are all the same: it's disrespectful for a man to wear a hat in church yet women may; the Jews must cover their head in church and woman shall not. Sunday, Saturday – I sense a little lack of creative scripture. Look at all of the other religions and make a chart, then place the values, gods, prophets and

requirements of each religion, and you now tell me that plagiarism didn't occur due to lack of being left out or murdered by the opposing party. And upon doing this, make sure this chart is true to the birth of religion, starting with oldest, all the way to the newest; you will find a corruption of spirituality along the way. Organized religion is good for one thing and one thing only: the raping of the soul and spirit.

Desolate Soul & The Lingering Ghost

I spent 3 months creating my 3rd feature film and I found myself incredibly attached to it due to the story behind it. I wrote it out of pure pain and heartache. I wrote a beautiful poetic psychological horror to organize the chaotic thoughts and pain going on inside of my head at the time and even now as I write this. Heartache takes a lot out of you, especially when your heart's been broken by your best friend. I found meaning in my pain and suffering and painted a beautiful multidimensional picture out of it. To be a master of one's chosen craft one must be infatuated with one's work; it's a productive compulsion that, at times, is incredibly debilitating – I strive to create something that I'm proud of and sometimes it's counterproductive. If you're overly focused on a project for extended periods of time then how can one ever truly grow into the next project? I learn more after each, I grow more after each one. I'm a composer now; I composed an original score that carries the strong dramatic tone of the film.

After the completion of this movie I began to fixate over details that weren't even necessary to the art of the project. I was so hyper-focused on particulars that weren't even there, like an abrupt audio change, or anything and everything that I could find in order to keep the workings of the project alive. This character I played was a skewed me, a tortured individual wondering the question *why*,

haunted by heartache, his thoughts and his newfound solitude. The lines I had to memorize, the scenes I had to edit, they were pieces of my life that I had to live over and over and then face them repetitively on a daily basis, and it was self-torture but a necessary form of torture it was because the beauty that came from it superseded all I had envisioned. This project was my shattered relationship, this project was my partner, it was an extension of the relationship with my partner and finishing it was extremely difficult. I knew that a chapter in my life was ending – I knew this chapter was her, it was us, and I was too afraid to close the book. It was so hard for me to end this project because it meant the world to me, all of my works do, but being that this was truly based upon something that still to this day has a vice-grip on my soul, it meant that much more in a different regard. And also it was a new genre for me to break into as an artist and I didn't want to disappoint the integrity of that. I've overcome the project and I'm extremely happy with it and in awe of myself and the talented cast involved – but there is no closure in it; because when you're truly in love and your heart gets broken, the only thing that heals you is time – and not in the matter of getting over the person but with distance between the initial betrayal our perspective, we hope, sharpens – and though nothing can ever truly erase the scars, we live with it, and when it comes up, we feel it and we then move passed it. I write these words 6 months after my relationship ended abruptly, and I can honestly say I have not one bad memory in my relationship with this partner which makes it even more difficult. Yes, I'm grateful to have experienced such a beautiful sense of love but then there is that deeply hurt piece of me that wonders why it had to end.

I've stepped back from this project as my biggest fan, I know I put forth all that could into the production of this film and now it's time to step back and move on.

Realization

I've realized why I seek "damaged" broken winged angels – not only to spread compassion and love, to give hope that there are genuine and loving humans in the world, or to feel purposeful, not to raise or control or guide, despite teaching is embedded in me; the darkest part of me just wants someone to relate to – I seek to heal others as a I constantly heal myself. This was more so prior, though I love all, there is no longer a poison inside of me to find and heal the broken – the broken shall only remain broken as long as they choose to be. There is no helping the broken, there is only giving an enlightened hue of one's own self-attained courage to inspire them to become who they're meant to be. There are times when I want to isolate myself from the world and everyone around me; there's this pity of being a misunderstood rebel that I wouldn't change for the world and though I know this is my ego, and that true solitude exists in the Self and in nature there is no such thing as isolation, only the embracing of all, it's just sometimes the rebel-like "chip on my shoulder" gives me good creative pizazz; but at the same time I know I'm not this *chip*. This rebel, spoken upon without self-pity, is the true individual because the rebel adheres to the individual Self and his distaste from society is not because he wishes for society to be different but he wishes they would choose to create themselves on an individual level rather than with a herd-like mentality. I would never isolate myself from society and the ones I love, isolation is a voluntary prison and solitude is an earned gift. The interesting thing between the two is that they can both be felt in the presence of others, one is just a disattachment from the Self and the other is the natural being of the Self; isolation is unnatural and solitude is beyond natural. I do find serenity in nature – in these moments it's no one else but me that needs to find my Self again. Those who feel the deepest, who hurt the deepest,

in a non-self-sabotaging way, these are the ones that I seek – a mirror of myself. It seems to be more difficult to find than you could ever know; many choose to wear masks – a mask is difficult to see through at times and it's usually too late when it comes off. A mask can only be worn for so long before it either becomes you or destroys you, but both are one in the same. It's part of the human condition to crave trouble, drama; we love a story and more importantly we love to be a part of the story. We are writers, actors and directors of our own play; many of us crave each other's sorrows as our own. I choose the dark because I see better in the night.

The Walk On The Beach

Lead by example; there is nothing worse to the human condition than being told what to do. As human beings, most of us despise being ordered to, or even suggested to, do something or anything that we don't or even do feel like doing. Our egos do tend to drive us but beyond that we're born to be rebellious to anyone else's ways but our own. So why does society constantly bend to what's expected of it? Society thinks their free because they have all of these false senses of choices and intoxications: democracy, drugs, alcohol, porn, off on weekends, a healthy social status. The people in this world think they're free, living on their own terms when they're prisoner to the way of the higher powers; these high powers continue to build this world with a negative life expectancy because they don't care about humans, they only care about profit. People may blindly justify this due to the likelihood of jobs being created due to monopolizing corporation, the communist principles behind them only represent their own benefits, and they are the only true benefactor. Working for someone else doesn't mean you're free – if your work doesn't involve building yourself than it is not work. We can find meaning and purpose in almost anything if we

look, and this is important, but we must know when to follow our own intuitions. Society is submissive out of fear and false means of simplicity, freedom is too wild and dangerous for them, it beholds unlimited possibilities which many fear to death. We naturally desire to become our own person, an individual, to produce our own morals but it's limited by many things that have been put in place by men that need control and order only to benefit themselves and their own bloodline. People are forcefully or secretly spiteful when it comes to being ordered or asked to do a task, favor or suggestive proclivity. We can't tell or narrate those to purposeful intention therefore action is essential, leading by example, leading our own lives. Words can enlighten but actions can non-intrusively demonstrate.

If I see a piece of garbage on the beach and walk by it, be passive to it, or choose to pick it up, this is a part of my own morals, we should constantly be developing them and have well-thought reasons behind them. I have embraced consciousness and therefore gained insight. You can either pursue your own purpose or flock to a collective cause because it had good intentions, hopefully along the way you will discover yourself and not get lost in a self-righteous agenda with blind intentions. I seek continuous existential purpose – these collective causes that seek equality or environmental protection, many of them berate people and become the same thing that they despise on a different end, though they think their way is better so it justifies their means. I pick up garbage because I have love for myself thus it exudes to the world around me – this all starts with the individual, the core character must be developed. Why school doesn't teach this...? I don't know (I do know but for this sake I don't). If someone is to see me lending a helping hand, picking up trash, this evokes thought in those who are semi-conscious; this is leading by example without impeding. This isn't being influenced, it naturally generates a form of self-awareness,

it's a simple thought that leads to the development of an identity in the name of what is natural to the humanity; this evolves society. It is so simple and I seemingly think so highly of people yet I am their biggest critic; and this is because I am my own biggest critic, and I don't mean to critique in a deprecating manner, I speak with the intention of a nondual perspective of growth and artistry, there is a difference and one stems from the ego and one stems from the core. "Change the world" – what a horrible statement. This is the first problem of the human condition: blaming. They blame the outside world for what's been done to it. The world doesn't need changing; it's the people that need to molt – or die off. Nature is good at that – it follows natural order. These activist groups that seek "helping" or "changing" the world will not achieve anything long-term. It's been painted in a way that is again, telling us what we should see; not for ourselves but as a collective whole. I'm not telling people how to live, I'm showing them the path to themselves; I'm reminding them that they can live on their own terms. I write to remind myself therefore I'm an extension of you – freeing the restraints and shackles of society. Take my words and make them your own; let them feed what's natural in you, water it, let it grow.

At times I wish like a fool: I wish for my family to live a long and fulfilled life – but then I realize that this isn't wish, it's a prayer with positive affirmation to it, it's something from within me, out of compassion, this then becomes greater than a wish or prayer, it becomes an attraction – it's in nature's hands but my intention is there with the upmost respect. This is what matters.

At the cinema, I sit, at many times, with euphoria. I want to cry and I'm so incredibly excited – there's this connection in the room between all; I want them to love me but more importantly to love each other. I used to think that movies were a distraction from the world around me, to take you out of the moment, but a movie

places you directly into, not just your own moment, but the artist's moment in time as well. A good film doesn't take you out of the world around you; it makes you *notice* the world around you. The older I get the younger I get. As I practice I become freer, funnier, more Cynical, I soak up all life has to offer. The purpose of a writer isn't to entertain; it's to show the audience their darkest secrets, it's to make them question who they are while reminding them that we're all interconnected and have the same human condition, the same thought process; a writer writes to propel them towards their true Self while sabotaging the constructs of the conventional society. Making the audience uncomfortable as their values are shaken is an essential trait of a good writer – evoking a reevaluation of values.

In this planet, in this world, any mind that uses art as an expression and a tool for enlightenment should shatter the core of the people's glass values; organized religion which also coincides and hides behind government and nationalism, promotes a limiting belief system outside oneself; it takes away from the beauty of this planet and its people. It is a segregating passive-aggressive force that has people living in fear and a delusion of inept-acted grandeur – it's the leading cause of a fixed economic infrastructure. It smothers the reign that could be. Whoever says that it would be a bland place without religion because it stems to culture and history needs to either look deeper or face their own fears – but that's exactly what organized religion should be: history. Before the birth of organized religion this world seemed to be an interesting and colorful place. This is before the word *religion* became skewed due to the tyrannical Christians. It seemed to be a much freer world before the birth of Christ; what prior civilizations had was a religion of spirituality and nature – *religion* wasn't yet corrupted. Mankind today is still primitive despite our ability to access individual thought (even though many

don't choose to cultivate it hence the primitivism), evolution has mostly advanced in different forms of art and technology. The Ancient Greeks birthed this new way of life and this strong sense of spiritual individual consciousness, and seemingly after their reign, most of culture decided to go backwards rather than forward because it was too fearful for them and there was too much freedom involved in the cultivation of the Self. The egotistical tyrants capitalized on the construct of organized religion and the power that could be attained from it. When Rome was able to capitalize on Christ (in the early 300's AD) they took an initiative and attempted to wipe out all that was brilliantly conceived by Greek culture.

Technology doesn't help with the franticness of the human condition; we now identify with what we hear and see and are convinced to be victims and to play the *victim role*. It's as if social media has created a black hole because loneliness is greater than ever despite the amount of "social" outlets via technology that all stem from judgement and a lack of any meaning relevant to life. Before the ego had a book to hide behind it was much nobler; rather than kill for a god's ego man killed for his own. There was more truth in this despite the barbaric actions by means of primitive survival – now all is masked with a self-righteous purpose and corrupted morals. Not only are murders today even more so cleverly hidden with self-righteous justifications due to nationalistic pride and control, it is still perpetuated by the imaginary man in the sky that was created to curtail humanity, and this imaginary man in the sky is man's ego – it is what man has chosen to be: a fearful coward. I specifically use 'man' here because *men* did this, not women, I could assure you of that. Arrogance is arrogance but at least it stems from the human condition rather than a book revised by another man's nihilistic complexity. It's not the ego that is difficult to overcome but the emotions that drive it. It's the

distractions and the fictitious collective that do not help the matter. There are so many distractions from individuality, so many wrong paths created by poor minds – as if we don't have an onion-layered psyche and a labyrinth within a labyrinth of each layer of the mind to overcome; they make it even more difficult because they've chosen the easy way out. They desire to not dive in because they can't swim, they'll drown; they don't have the motivation to even bother swimming. Conditioning is more than enough to overcome and we don't need a second distractive body that is based upon other false beings' egos – one ego is enough. I usually would say that there is no *wrong* path – but there is – any path that is not your own is the wrong path; only then is there no right or wrong.

Acting

Portraying a character takes complete presence to the moment – lines are secondary but a necessary force when it comes to driving the narrative, only in the eyes of a talented writer will the true portrayal of the envisioned character be fulfilled within the *lack of dialogue* and in the compelling silent presence. Being prepared, memorized and emotionally raw will most definitely make your performance cohesive to truth. Your eyes are a glimmering translucent window that shows whatever minute thought you may be having. When playing a character, whether able to relate to the emotional matter from the artist's own life experience or applying compassion to the character's dilemma, it's important to realize the mutual respect of emotion and the artist may pull from whatever 'memory bank' they need to bring truth to the character – believing you are the person is lunacy though inner thought sheds truth – the key is mutual respect for the character; this is the way to inhabit one truthfully. Just like we are made up of several characters, we can choose to identify with either

depending on the mood we desire to give precedent to. Developing how the character speaks, where they're from, what they're like, what they don't like – refinements determine immense choices in scenes; being a truthful actor means being a self-aware human: a conscious being. And though we are not machines to be turned off and on emotionally by the dictation of someone else's narrative at the given place and time, we constantly create our own stories and flip or mood second to second; so going to hot and cold isn't impossible, it's not easy but very plausible. Actors will always pull from their subconscious but the practice of mindfulness and being present will immediately put you into the role. The compassion we have for the characters we play must first be evoked in ourselves in order to be fully present and absent of fear when in the role of whatever character we are to play. Awareness connects us to each layer of our psyche and beyond it; it embraces all, including the darkest parts of the ego, mindfulness is the actor's best friend.

Death

If I make it to my death-side by nature's terms, I will be lying half here and half somewhere or nowhere. I will try to hold on, as will my body, but I'll be ready to move on or simply cease to exist, only to leave memories and my artistic impression upon society and an infectious memory to my loved ones. Writing this now is fearful due to not having lived a full life yet. At our death, we must have attained a life of accomplishments that are essential to our belief system; they must be near and dear to our souls. We must be satisfied with life and all that we've done. Writing about death does bring a stoic sense of reality and fear; it's a reminder of this gifted life and how temporary it is.

Grief is the most painful trait of necessary suffering; it is part of human life. No matter how many

times you experience grief, it never gets easier. The same existential dilemma follows: “How do I survive without this person?” You ask yourself daily, even with finding purpose in the death, like a published book of poems, or a painting, anything in memory of the person you love that has now passed on; old memories, old habits and old routines, they’re all bittersweet. There are also moments of anger that arise, a lack of gratitude, a misunderstanding to all that is mysterious about this world and why tragic events need to happen; we cannot fall trap to this egotistical trait. Sometimes the pain is too difficult to bear that even the Ego attempts to mask it and protect itself. Gratitude is the key to change perspective – it must be reinforced daily. The most difficult part of being alive is watching everyone around you die – I don’t understand it and I never will. Death is so ancient and one with nature; it is a part of our life yet we hide from it and pretend it doesn’t exist. Embracing death is incredibly difficult because of the unknown – we truly don’t know what happens after death or if we are simply nothing after or just endless energy in a different form. The dead aren’t even conflicted to our knowledge at least in this life, now that they’re gone and left in our memories; we become the bearers of the dead. Death reminds us that we are one within the universe; all comes to an end: animals, seasons, stars, solar systems – but science tells us that we are endless energy and time is inexistent. Therefore age is simply just a condition of the human body so if time doesn’t exist and the body is a temporary vessel then who knows what may be. Life is about being comfortable with being uncomfortable. It’s about not knowing. Life is a purposeful mystery and so is death. Through this essay I’ve realized that it’s not so much of *understanding* Death but rather respecting it as being one with beautiful Nature. And is there anything of ugliness within Nature? Not in the least bit. Do things ever really die in Nature? No. A wild fire burns down thousands of trees and then

what happens? The soil becomes more fertile and either a new forest grows or new life. Nature is endless energy and we are a part of nature whether we consciously choose to be or not.

Backwards

There is always a time of going backwards – I now write to you from this place. I write to you from two places, from this place, because as I currently copy this entry down from my notebook I genuinely had a lapse of growth (upon my now present observation) and I even had an emotional breakdown today, the past few days have been rather emotional, so the time I wrote this and in the time that I currently rewrite this, have synonymous feelings.

So *now*, I speak to you from a third place in time as I edit this entry, now experiencing it for a *third* time, from my bed, delusional from all of this creative writing. As I write this I lend lessons, both to myself and to the reader, my friend. A change in routine has evoked a period of confusion and fears; it came abruptly as it usually does – it has provoked an anxious sadness. I begin to project and tell myself that it's those closest to me out of fear, I use them as a scapegoats because I fear losing them, I fear facing my own truth simply because the pain is just too deep; though I always know that it's me who's disconnected and attempting to perform the isolation (I've attained this state with diligent mindfulness). It's a needy insecurity and as I reread this, this is the same thing that has arisen in the present moment. It's a lost boy, hungry for love and affection and fearful of pure solitude. I desire to rest in meditation defeating what meditation is: a state. I can always remain present, not giving attention to my fears. I choose to dance with them when I desire to not feel the primary fear due to the vast amount of pain – it's so much easier for us to project upon others and to cling to

anger and jealousy, or pity. These are easy emotions to be friends with. Pity is such a weak trait – this is what Christianity is built upon, to “feel bad” for – this is a crime against humanity. The key is compassion which means to take on the feeling of another as your own, but more importantly to take on your own feelings as your own.

I write this as the loneliest I've been in a long time. Until I hysterically cried I was fearful of myself and my old habits that were rising. I didn't like myself because I didn't identify with that part of me – rather than feel how I felt I repetitively questioned the matter and the identity of my ego. I condemned by thoughts which lead to anxiety and a pit in my gut. Laughing at our thoughts and being the observer, a neutral point, is the most ideal and keeps us in the present moment. We choose to identify with toxic old patterns and habits when we're fearful of the truth of reason – the reason of all reasons why we feel how we feel; it may be more than one but they're there and it's not that it's work to get to them but it is because we're so conditioned to run away as a defense mechanism, we're in fight or flight because it's easier than just feeling – our Ego is the master of this because it is more fearful than both you and I. But to me, the purging of tears is the most freeing and grounding of things, which makes me question why at times it takes me so long to get there. When the time is right it will come; freedom comes, emotions pass like the seasons, nevertheless practice is needed to be more in tune. The clouds hold a gift for me as do the nocturnal animals. The clouds pass by and dissolve like our thoughts, the animals sing louder and softer similar to our thoughts. Everything is so beautiful, especially when it rains. I am so grateful. Good makes bad, soft makes hard, difficult makes easy, up makes down; thus the master welcomes all that's why she lives peacefully.

Everything around us reminds us of our beauty and impermanence: the moon and the sun, a bloomed flower, a creaking tree; everything eventually dies. It's a

cycle but a cycle starts over and over, who's to say it really ends when it ends or where it begins or if it really begins; it is more complex than "here" or "there" – it is more complex because it may be so much more, or it may be nothing. There is beauty in nothingness. When it gets difficult we crave distraction, whether it is for inspiration or intoxication; the real work is done in the actionless state. But structure is needed to administer the creative veins to the beating heart. My philosophy is soon to meet with my films in a more blatant manner; it appears spiritually and literally they're now getting closer. And as I write copying my notes to this book, I can now say that they have met. And what gave birth to the philosophical, spiritual and visual arts amalgamation, is the entry that follows beneath this one. My ideas and core beliefs have been in many of my films, but now, as I continue to grow, they get more concise. Being an artist involves shedding light upon the human condition, which binds us all together and what we must only observe without attachment; attachment creates an unnecessary war within oneself – a war within oneself creates a war of the worlds.

Journaling The Depth Of Heartache

I drown myself in the rain and surround myself with trees. When I was walking in the rain, I listened for every car that drove by with the hopes of it being you to rescue my broken heart. I hoped that you would've come after me but my phone never rang – it still hasn't. You killed me; heartbroken is an understatement. The feelings I feel are so complex words cannot describe them. You ripped a blanket off of me and now I'm freezing; it's so cold and my eyes are so heavy (reference back to 'The Storm That Uprooted The Tree' for the poetics of my state). I would've never foreseen this – though the past week I've sensed it. How truly unexpected – how sad to ruin a perfect

relationship with “what-ifs” – how sad to leave the present moment: perfection.

Lonesome white crane; you remain white while wandering through the swamps, in the muck, the dirt, your long legs keep you clean, your wings keep you free; I see myself in you therefore we are one. Your wisdom, faithfulness and vigilance along with your freedom and longevity; you’re my angel-like reminder: you *are* an angel.

Living with the dead undead is the most difficult part of splitting love; they breathe, they eat, they sleep and we are no longer by their side. I’m growing immensely from ‘Death Week’ as I sit in this painful purgatory. I go to sleep with false pretenses, with the hope of waking up with you, physically or even spiritually. Pictures and words lie for the moment that once were... waking up with anxiety, staring out the window; I suffer with this. As the day goes by I get stronger, and at the same time I face the hard reality: you fell out of love because you’re lost in the future, because you’re lost within yourself. When you threw me away you tossed away your hopes and dreams as well – your only truth. “You’re the only thing I’m sure of...” said the lost girl. I still believe it as I falsely wish for you to do the same. What you write usually comes true, so here it goes: I want the ever-growing, loving, best friend back by my side; helping and believing in one and other – loving each other into the mysterious dark void. I want my true soulmate back. Find yourself again, my love. The power of true love, it’s enough to improve the world and its people.

An emotional guard has been inhibited in order to survive; I have not hardened but simply made temporal peace with what is – though this will come and go, and heartache supersedes all; a strong sense of self-love begins speaking in my ear reminding me of my worth, reminding me of what I am, of who I am. Whenever I look to the clouds I’m home; whether it’d be night or day.

I’ve grown numb from the pain you’ve caused us. The splitting of two souls is devastating! I’m still in

mourning, nothing seems real at times. My mind protects my body and soul to keep living, as does my art, I'm bored with torturous thoughts though I live with the pain daily. At times I dread you, fear your fake voice and new way, disturbing what I attempt to rebuild – until then, if then, I will feel how I feel while in the moment, while living gently.

The puzzle is coming together nicely, I'd rather you not call. Though, every ounce of energy in the universe keeps me thinking the cathartic beginning will occur. It's as if I had this wonderful dream and I just woke up and said, "Well, that was nice..." and I continue to live without attachment because the pain of reality is unbearable. I don't want to be left alone sitting on that bench. Love has no logic or reason that is why it's the upmost frightening. There are times when inaction is necessary for an artist; there are times when one must gaze to the stars – there is a serene reality; they are unknown to many and only appreciated by the few.

I ask myself several times a day, "Did I ever really know you?" I know I trusted you and believed your words; a part of me was taken that I may never get back. I must make peace. I must find meaning.

Let these pages be the stairs to our undying love and appreciation for one and other; may you never miss a step, and if so, I will always catch you.

I hate that you still breathe without me – at times I'm barely breathing.... This is your choice! Not mine! It seems you're doing fine. You're a ghost... there is no beauty in these words, only rage, pain, you've destroyed us – you're making me move on and be "open" to someone else; I was more content with you! – And that I always was aware of, this reminds me even more! I didn't need the reminder... we were doing just fine. You leave, I grieve. Something big is happening.

I am so happy and excited and I want to share it with you but you are gone. You don't even believe in me so why should I desire to share anything with you. My belief

in you made up for your belief in me. I believed so deeply in you but you didn't believe in yourself. The words you said... an arrow can't be called back nor can a bullet.

Every day I mourn you – this 'love of my life' gone in an instant – my soulmate, my best friend; where did you go? Who are you now?

You're right, there is no future with me; there is only my present.

A psychological rebirth may be beneficial depending on certain circumstances; unnecessary wanting, lack of belief in oneself or another (which is usually an insecure sense of self); it all deems the need for something "more" or something "new". Despite these initiatives sounding appetizing when in an existential crisis, in moments of utter despair and confusion we tend to talk poorly to ourselves, old habits rise and it is the time to not listen to yourself talk; they are usually incredibly self-destructive in the moments of fear – I have been taught this and I have observed this within myself. Habits, determination and structure are necessary to see things clearly therefore I see clearly; this doesn't mean I'm occasionally blinded but I never desire to throw it all away.

With every step backwards comes a step forwards. Through every breakdown is a breakthrough. I'm back to feeling like I'm on the verge of crying every day – I'm in deep pain and I sit with it but I also direly search for the meaning of it. All is heightened.

I'll never forget the day you left; it was a rainy day like today – it was the day you took your last breath and the day I was left sitting all alone on that cold, wet bench. I had to find meaning yet I still battle daily with that. More importantly the will to overcome had to prevail – the battle with my ego isn't to be compared to the words you spoke; the pure doubt that arose in you – all due to fear, insecurity and the root of all evil. I surround myself with nature as my survival.

Anger is sadness turned inside out.... Just like words; they are arrows that can't be called back.

There's going to be a time when we cross paths and I won't know who you are – you'll be a stranger that resembled the girl that I loved in my dream. This person is now dead and gone. I feel like I see you daily; the thought of you tortures me, my stomach drops constantly – the thought of us sickens me.

There's a light beyond you – I don't fear your storm – though you doubt your sails. There will be a time when I'm everywhere; people who don't want to see me will have to close their eyes to get away from me. I'll be everywhere. I'm famous; my audience just hasn't found me yet. I've been face to face with you and I don't intend to look back; it pains me to sit with this but I choose so to liberate my soul from you – I'll show you what you've become since a mirror is not enough. You'll regret the day your broke my heart.

She once told me, “I was her world”...

I write this to you under the stars with your spirit dead. I'm numb and my eyes are heavy but I still choose to mend. This world is my own and you were just a visitor; which is very hard to say. What became of you...? I don't know if there is something that doesn't add up or I'm just looking for a reason to understand your actions. In the end, the stars are a man's best friend – that and an earthly saint here (our loving mothers) – if you seek heaven, look inside the soul of a good mother.

Waking up with a broken heart is among the most difficult of things. My heart pounds out of my chest, I feel lost without you. I mourn an “old you” – a *you* that was growing immensely but you chose to remain stagnant. Though sometimes we need to go backwards to go forwards, there is no coming back to this shattered heart.

A lie – I don't matter to you; we don't matter to you. You killed us. I'm too tired to even feel anymore. I've rode this narcissistic roller-coaster before and I never

thought it would be with you. I thought higher of you. I thought you would find yourself but you lack compassion and empathy as a whole. There's a hole in your heart – you were a charade, the grand manipulator. You drank your poison and now you will die, blindly, or with self-awareness – I don't know what's worse. “Not that blood matters anyway,” – I thought we were your true family. The real, grounding, accepting, loving family that took you in, looked after you, raised you! You have no backbone and your actions are that of a monster! You're gone and I don't know if you'll come back... but I won't wait. And I will survive. If I had the choice: I would've had continued having the best time of my life. These past 4 years have been beyond perfect. I never wanted it to end...

I wake up sick to my stomach wishing you'd surprise me. Waking up next to you was my favorite thing. I turn to see you sleeping and it's just a painful memory. The bench was for the two of us... everyday reminds me of you! You killed us, you killed me... not even a note... the reason it hurts the most is because I never saw it ending. As I lay here on this rainy day, still cold from the lonesome walk, after sobbing hysterically, I find myself more alone than I've ever felt. I find myself so full of pain that I'm numb. You broke my heart so badly that it beats differently. I lay in the same spot for hours, your old spot, waiting for death to remind me that she's not ready for me. Our favorite view has once again become *my* favorite view; I stare for hours, watching the whole world go by. The sadness is overwhelming that all I wish for is to sleep and magically awake with a different outcome. When you killed me, you also killed a piece of you; you pulled out the roots because you wanted to bloom too quickly – little did you know, we both watered each other and gave one and other adequate amounts of sunlight.

If you want to know what love feels like then read my words. I'll never forget the day you left me, the day I walked in the rain. My skin chilled like the first Autumn

frost – I wished for you to come after me, for this to be a lapse of judgement, a bad dream – it wasn't; sitting on the bench in the rain was how the concept of time was created because truly the only moment you can feel how precious time is is when your heart is broken. Time only exists in tragedy. I could cry thinking of that feeling; wishing to hear your footsteps, wishing to hear your voice creep upon me, calling me in the middle of the pouring rain; rediscovering your voice, telling me you're sorry and how much you love me. This nightmare is real – it still haunts me. It is the reminder of who you are – the reminder of who you've become. The person you think you know depends on who you think they are... or are they? It depends of them and on you.

If I could tell you how much my heartache haunts me; it's like you never existed – it's as if I've dreamed this all up; how attached to the dream I ~~was~~ am – what a nightmare it's become; but in every nightmare is a great story.

I feel lost today... impatient – I'm longing for something to happen. The pain of losing you doesn't make things easier. It seems as the days go by my disdain for you becomes stronger. How can you live without me? I'm barely living without you. You hurt me several times a day and I haven't seen or heard from you in months – what power you still have over me. The longer it's been the more it hurts; it solidifies the death of us even more so – “how two souls act when they part tell whether they belong together” – obviously I belonged to you but you never belonged to me; the truth hurts and love hurts even more.

I used to call you a ghost; now you're simply a dream, a ghost would've had to existed; I never truly knew you, quite simply because there is no you. If you never knew her, how could I?

Girl, who doesn't believe, let me tell you now: I am and will be one of the most influential beings to ever live; a movie star with a purpose, here to fuck up the system, to

promote individuality. How many times must I say this: I'm famous; my audience just hasn't found me yet...

It's time... I'm here and I'm strong.

"Leaving you was the worst thing I could have ever done," said the lost girl....

"Giving you my heart was the worst thing I could have ever done," said the desolate boy.

You painted the picture you've always dreamed of; it's now a reality – the naked and lost girl in the desolate abyss. How does one feel? We truly do sail our own ship, we paint our own canvas. How is it that you sleep fine? Why is it that when I toss and turn in bed I expect to see you or feel your warm body or see your precious face... your face is precious no more; now it is a nightmare. Your precious face is a faint memory, a dream; I dreamt it up because it never truly existed. I slept next to a mask for too many years – make the same face for too long and it'll be stuck that way forever. Is this what your mother told you? I know that's what I was told.

What did I do to deserve this? Remember when you told me you didn't believe in me? Your ghostly words still haunt me – nothing could ever take them away. Remember when I told you I didn't hate you? I must say this: in the moment I was genuine because I thought you were someone else, but now I know who you are, and if hate and love take both the same effort then I guess I prefer to not love you anymore. You see, love and hate are one in the same, nothing changes, only the name. I'm eternally hurt, forever deceived.

We choose to live after heartache, this shows how much we love life and ourselves; to live after tragedy is truly courageous and what is essential to life, to constantly live, to never give up, rebuilding oneself over and over and over again. This mysterious pain is a lot to bear at times. I'm numb from you and I seek no one – I'm a nomad in the rhythm of the pulsing hearts. Fragments, pieces, that's all that is left of you. If I can take a few

lessons from our relationship they'd be: words are worthless, nothing lasts forever, and you're truly the best actress ever; you had me completely fooled and you still do... I still have these beautiful memories but I'm so angry because you chose to make them end – who's the one that taught you attachment is torturous? – That expectations are hazardous? – Though I didn't have expectations, I "felt it in my gut," but I guess our gut is many times wrong.

The answer is always right here... I write to release; I've cried over you today because you are dead. I devalued my accomplishment once again because I couldn't share it with you... the one who didn't believe in me. How masochistic to mourn over someone who never existed. You were a thought, an expectation, you were me... you were what I needed you to be until you couldn't be it anymore; you were you and knew yourself better as a young girl. I say that I'll never love again – if a vibrant pink rose can withstand the frost than I too can survive our heartache.

The creative process (creative consciousness) truly evokes me; though we're all not destined on a path of creative mastery, we are innately creative, not just for survival but for evolution. All of this power we have in our minds, how we can make it a reality, sitting with a pen; thoughts are the fetus and scripture is the birth – and film is the reiterating and remembrance of the combined three. I remember when my most recent film was just a heartbroken thought: *Me, standing alone in a field... I just buried you* – now it's a work of art, now it's a lesson to be learned in a form of purposeful entertainment. I wanted to hold onto this project direly – this project is me putting you to rest. I will live with a broken heart and you will live with a broken mind. But don't worry – I'll be just fine.

You're a distant memory yet you're at the forefront of my pain – I have forgotten what it's like to be so attached, so in love; I'm happy I can't remember because I'm too busy loving myself. I know what I long for reliving

the memorable times we had – I mourn you like a death; I seek liberation in doing the same things we once did – I keep holding onto a person that was never there.

I've written you several times but I feel this may be the last time... I felt the loneliest I've ever felt today; it was a familiar feeling that scares me to the bone. In these moments I choose to do anything and everything to avoid the thought of what you did to us; I love you with all my heart – I say this to the girl who was my best friend, now I write to a new you, a person I'll never know and don't desire to know. Words can't articulate how much you hurt me; my film does a great job though. Whether you watch it or not; I conveyed how I feel in an art form, more than just words – destroyed, confused, lost, and desolate. You hurt me so badly; I genuinely thought I was going to be with you forever – even though I feared the conformity of monogamy. You showed who you really are; a narcissistic demon like the cards you were dealt. I'm done with you, I'm done crying over you; you don't deserve my tears. When I cry it'll be simply because of the gratitude of how strongly I've loved without any restraints; an experience that not all has or chooses to let themselves have. I thought I was mourning the dead, I was mourning the living – the girl I loved never truly existed... she was an actor of all actors. You should have never put on the mask – you choose darkness, facelessness. I've lost interest in writing this – bye.

Art

Mankind has only evolved through art which is an extension of the Self. Art is expression of the human condition – it is us and isn't us. When they ask, "Where did these words come from?" I say *beyond my soul but it is me*. Passion and madness are one in the same... in order to genuinely create one must have passion. Why I desire to unchain the individual creative genius in an imprisoned

society? – Because it is our innate nature to be in tune with the creative vibrations of the world around us.

Creative geniuses choose to be in tune with their innate drive to create out of originality due to the experiences interpreted by the psyche from the conditioned and unconditioned human condition (under so many conditions!); this is the soul's purpose. Existential comprehension and interpretation; there is nothing more simple. Creating is unearthly yet the most human thing anyone could do. I choose to be the brightest star in the sky – this has been ingrained in me since I was a child, thanks to my parents, “Do what you love, try things...” – thanks family.

“One must have chaos within oneself to give birth to a dancing star – and one must be burnt to ashes in order to become anew.” What is passion after all? Passion is madness directed in a way of self-education. It is the map to oneself but there are no directions – passion is the compass to compassion. To attain stardom (based upon one's own ideal) one must dedicate a life to mastery of a craft, something difficult, and something that evokes development towards discovering their Self.

Our Mind

Our minds are made up of two personas and one truth; the talker, the listener, and the Self. The two personas are stems from our egos thus feeding our insecurities, our goals, our lack of, or wanting more. The Self is our true nature; it is a neutral position and lacks any envy whatsoever, it's so pure that it's unpure. The Self-centered state is a synergistic compassion to the universe, nature all around us becomes the most beautiful show. Our egos create a persona, both true and untrue, to form individuality, or for others that don't choose to cultivate their Self, the poisonous sea of collectivism and conformity become of them. Individuality is a unification of the

universe as a whole thus promoting culture and evolution. Cultivating individual thought leads to a grounding of the existential Self. Treating the Self with compassion leads to compassion for all living things – all things are living. Our persona is “us” but it also is not. We must be able to separate who we define ourselves to be into a greater consciousness of our own true nature, therefore remaining our true persona, the persona that coincides with our heart and soul as well as our Ego and Self; this is the social persona necessary for a definite reality to what is, while consciously remaining true to what is more, only to realize that more is nothing. Our true persona doesn’t identify as what it says it is, yet it works with all levels of consciousness (unconscious, conscious, the Self, the Ego) as one.

I must finish this by saying: All that I’ve grown into, that I’ve worked on, diligently, relentlessly, is finally coming to an end. During this particular project I grew more quickly than I ever have. I’m scarred but whole with a hole. What a unique star I am, I’ve this proved again and again to myself – how wonderful I’ve decided to become and how grateful I am for it. I speak these self-liberating ways to all. I am in the sky; what happens next is another chapter. It’s time, they know, and they are ready – there is no doubt in my mind; and that took an immense amount of structure and practice. It is in the reconditioning of the individual, the formulation of overcoming-habits, that we can constantly grow and become more than we’ve ever even envisioned. The possibilities of Self-liberating conscious evolution are endless and so is the path of artistry.

Love

Love isn’t the need for another person; we can survive without others, we’re self-reliant. Love is consciously choosing the other partner as an extension of our selves,

uniting the bond of two souls beyond reason. We don't *want* each other, we also don't *need* each other; needing is dependence and wanting is possession – love is so much more than that. Love is choosing to be with another being beyond the pull of our toxic ego. I consciously choose to love you without attachment; the strongest love of them all.

The unification of love is two individuals that propel one and other to attaining their best Self; this is solitudist's ideal. It is two helping one and other achieve their individual goals – not needing one and other but greatly appreciating the company and support of each other. Two souls never become one, they merely join hands – but the letting go of hands can be the upmost painful of the soul. Sometimes the broken-hearted soul roams desolate a bit longer and reestablishes a connection with solitude despite always knowing one was alone throughout the relationship; as we mourn our counterpart we also mourn ourselves.

Writing

I love writing the ideas in my head that are me and that aren't me, yet they are pieces of me, of my ego. My ego and the *beyond* both have great purpose, like myth, they evoke creatively. The ego is to be observed and the beyond is to be listened to – it's a gift never to be ignored and is one with nature, the whole universe, it is part of the Self. We are endless energy beyond time. We were put here to understand this. This is such a beautiful life, a beautiful body; who would ever want to leave it? To wish of an unknown magical theme park is ungrateful – the magic is all around us. Life is about being comfortable with not knowing, which joins being born to taking your last breath. Death is a mystery and artists attempt to escape it and live everlastingly, as do humans with procreating; in many primitive instances, it is to live endlessly by some

means; it's tricking the mind of endlessly living on in this plain of existence through art, though bloodline etc. Nevertheless artists intend to liberate by sharing their mutual experience of the human condition, I intend to liberate the Self, to enjoy the now, nature, what we know and even what we don't know. But I desire to live endlessly but by means of my own core purpose – not the masses.

Every time people say “One nation under god,” bend over and prepare to get dry-raped by a chauvinist in a suit and tie, controlling your every thought and making you think that you're free with your consumeristic choices and pleasures hidden behind a communistic democracy. America's “God” is a suit that no one knows – he doesn't even know himself nor does he desire to. Learning this is essential and learning itself is essential but public schools attempt to destroy that because they were created by these ego-driven elitists. They will do what they can to mask the enlightened rebels – I refuse to wear the mask. The core difference in my extremism, fascism, elitism, dynamism, radicalism, passionism, relentlessism, and whatever other invigorating *ism* I forgot is this: there is no higher-power involved other than what has been already provided within you – this is an overcoming of your Ego, this is the birth of the Self, this is for the individual and I am no greater than you and this is why I write this, not just to tell you but also to remind myself – we tend to be forgetful. I write for myself therefore I write for all.

Fear

If I didn't know how strong the downward pull of the ego is I wouldn't be where I am now... one must be aware of our conditioning, one must be aware of the fearful procrastinating saboteur – only then can we overcome our self-perpetuated enemy, and only then can we become our best creative geniuses. I am so fucking great at everything

I do because I genuinely care . I put forth diligent effort into whatever the challenging moment may bring and I always do my best. There is no *trying*, there is only *doing*. What is action but a matter of doing. I've developed this because I directed my passion with structure and practice, I respected myself and decided to consciously love my Self and this opened many doors and continues to do so. Compassion is the compass to passion but for it to work it must first be discovered for thy Self. The abilities I choose to have, I am forever grateful to be worthy of practicing them and continuously evolving throughout.

Sky

Why I look to the sky – it grounds me, it is a part of my creative process and it makes me one with the beauty of the universe, it is gratitude in the iris of our eyes. I get lost in the stars, I love this. No matter how busy or how consumed one gets one must observe nature to remain still, and in this stillness there is immense growth: a tree never moves to grow big and strong, it sways with the wind and withstands the heavy storms with its roots. And when it falls and decays back into the earth it becomes something more.

Neurosis

I absorb my neurosis and remain aware of them. Once again fearing the unknown – though I know it is essential, I attempt to mentally sabotage myself. My ego is frightened, timid, selfish, and fearful of failing... at a task that means something to me but not everything to me. So why should I fear it? I'm so trained and so passionate – what separates me from the rest is: I genuinely care. Projection, the “victim” role, this is the ultimate toxicity. Laziness is the enemy and we should be forever fearful of

it. Even upon defeating it repeatedly we should still consciously and unconsciously fear it.

In order to become a master one must be obsessed with one's work – this is productive compulsivity. But a master must learn to step back when the work is done. The true creation swoons in the conscious after structured work and is birthed in the unconscious with assistance of the Self and its godly universal singings. “When the work is done the master steps back; this is the path to serenity.” In serenity is the birth of a creation.

I've noticed old habits arising due to fearful procrastination of the separation from a project that I created in order to provide a meaning within my heartache and suffering. Anger, fear, I'm on edge – I identify with these emotions when the pain runs too deep – though I know I'm not them; at times I fear staying there. I never want to be away from home – it's peaceful in the present and away just creates a masochistic purgatory. My art has grown to a more concise structure embedded in the plot – it roots back to the purpose of dramatic tragedy: to shed light upon the human condition, not just the surface but the depths, the abyss, and even the hollows. Cultural enlightenment then follows this growth because through this process I create myself, therefore I create you; it is a cyclic bliss between the artist, the Self, the audience and admirers. We all genuinely inspire each other – this is our job. This job takes no skill other than developing our Self.

How strongly we identify with our insecurities and pain – we do anything we can to run away from it. We fixate on meaningless but useful things like *anger*, *jealousy*, when really we can observe and use them as tools to creativity. We hide because the pain of sadness, of pure heartache, is just so great. We make complex stories to justify and feed our negative thoughts, rather than observe we cling out of fear of the present moment, out of feeling what truly ails us (it stems from the ego and past stories and experiences) – the past doesn't write our

present and once we know this and make peace with this, the here and now becomes that much more fulfilling. Why don't we just accept it and it'll dissipate sooner rather than later...? The problem is we don't want to accept it because part of our condition is wallowing in our sorrows. Our demons want to keep us safe while scorching us with a cast-iron prod. Acceptance leads to growth, moving on, and change, something we've, again, been conditioned to fear. I'm constantly judging my thoughts upon finishing this creative project because I fear it – I'm scarred from re-watching my pain and misery over and over, and I'm fearful of leaving the partner that danced with me till night's end and day's beginning month after month, year after year. I fear losing my partner and I fear feeling the feelings I've been distracted from, while in purposeful action, though, now, I'm alone with them, with a completed work of art rendered from my soul. I seek distraction in the form of projecting upon the ones I love – cowardice traits that sicken me thus causing me to be the villain of my perpetual story-stream in which I don't gracefully let drift by. I've built a dam to catch them and stare over and over. I feel vulnerable to codependence because I don't like myself in this moment – solitude becomes a fearful thing. The state I enjoy the most is my most feared state. I need to feel love from those around me because I fear being abandoned, left alone with myself; myself is now an enemy to me because I don't recognize him. My pain-body stems from heartache and masks itself in forms of any other culpable emotion that the ego can feed upon like a hungry vampire, both beneficial (observant creative) and non-beneficial (grasper and hider of anxiety, anger, rage). Non-beneficial can quickly be turned beneficial if used as a nonjudgmental liberating and enlightening source – if fixations remain fixations then old destructive habits will be the only product of the toxic environment. The pain from heartache is so great that at times I justify my fabricated stories, no matter how

sickening they are, because I know they are not the truth, they are easier to cope with while condemning myself for having them rather than to know what is truly bothering me – my ego blinds me to protect itself while choking my Self. I bounce between “feeling” it and identifying the thought, and then my falsified nondual ego self-righteously justifies the condemnation of the “toxic” thoughts rather than remaining neutral; it pretends to be consciousness by implementing logic and reason but we know that the Self is beyond what is rational. The torturous power is in the pushing away of the thoughts, they then become real and solidified, and they become stronger. Observing and labeling on the other hand, in this we can see clearly, and when judgement comes into play we light ourselves on fire and willingly burn, we embrace the flames and engulf ourselves until becoming smoke, and this smoke then dissipates and then once again true consciousness is reborn. I’ve been labeling but rather than observe I hold and therefore I choose to identify with my ego.

Out of fear of solitude I look to remain isolated from the ones I love; I seek attention – upon finishing this film I speak of, I lose another partner, creatively, this was my counterpart that stemmed from true memories that still ail me. The 4 months of assiduous creativity were quick, passionate, and intense; but they were now coming to an end. Through this catharsis was a purposeful release but also I was now dealing with emotions and fears that were not important during the meaningful opportunity to shed light upon my heartbroken condition in art form, the highest form of inarticulate articulation. The shock of an unoccupied mind set in with immense loneliness, a lack of purpose, a deep insecurity; all of these things were simply just sadness – a part of me just wouldn’t identify with it, I wanted it to go away because it didn’t feel “good”. My nondual Self dissipated in the sea of confusion. My ego attempted to make enemies to make

myself feel like I had control; it was generating false stories to distract from the painful reality: the fear of change, the lack of control, the sadness and lack of self-love in this particular moment. I don't identify with these thoughts yet I push them away because I fear old habits... normally, solitude is heavenly but in moments of sadness we're our own worst enemies. Hyper-sensitivity to everything around us ensues with grasping and aversion rather than observation, we obsess upon fears that are only put to rest by sleep, with the false hopes of awaking with a new found day. In these moments I've grasped negative thinking as a distraction because I have a fear of doing "nothing" and being present in the moment; I am then fearful of what the present moment will bring despite my Self knowing that it's a gift. With no distraction, purposeful (creative) or wasteful (superficial), I can truly grieve, I can truly move on. Within this breakdown I can mend, within this desolation there is a rebirth of a desolate soul.

Oscar Speech

Words cannot articulate the feeling I'm experiencing. There are people that I wish could've been by my side to see this, but do to choices, or just life's impermanence, they couldn't. Rose, Zizi, I'll keep you alive forever. When I was a kid, I went with my Poppy (my grandfather) to the movie theater every week; I loved it more than anything. We would get Whoppers and Whopper Jr's (before I knew what poisonous scum the fast food industry was), and this was impactful and prominent within my life. I didn't find my passion until much later in my life. This is when I began to do what I feared, what interested me, and I took my first acting class at 25 years old. By the time I was 29 I wrote and self-produced 20 (30 minute) shorts, 3 feature films, all while writing, directing, acting in, doing the cinematography, the lighting, the sound, the editing, and

the coloring, for just about all of them. I even composed an original score for my 3rd feature with no musical abilities whatsoever. I published 8 books, written about 50 feature-length screenplays, and in many plains, through the competitive and nepotistic turmoil, I suffered rejection but also had many positive and valued critiques from the industry and genuine people I've interacted with or solicited my passions to; not as many as an only child would have liked but they were there and I was grateful for them. And for someone who barely graduated high school and is completely self-taught, to this day, what a feat; I surprise myself – I'm proud of myself, of how hard I've worked and continue to work, and I wish the same for all of those that pursue their passion to the fullest. All of the kids and adults that want something *more*, that want to try something, that want to do what interests them – follow and find your passions, don't settle for less. Do what you fear and do what interests you – the path to mastery may come out of one of those choices at any time. Life is about trying things that interest you and through this you will develop compassion for yourself and that then exudes to all naturally. Just don't become prisoners of society because of the monopolizing capitalist infrastructure that we've been dealt. Work hard and work for yourselves, make time for your craft, whatever it may be; dedicate yourself, cultivate your individuality – it all starts with one. The growth and evolution of our species isn't in these false collectivists groups, whether it'd be with positive or negative intentions thus depending on the self-righteous morals; it's also not in a white house or a specific political party – they can and will do nothing for you. We must let what's natural be yet we must work to get to what's natural. Cultivate a genuine personality, it's natural to us and self-love will guide you with compassion spread by the means of creative geniuses. Old habits and our ego may attempt to procrastinate, attempting to sabotage, but overcoming takes work yet it takes no work

at all: “True words do seem paradoxical.” I’m not special – I just choose to be and so can all of you. Fuck what other people say, never give up, and love throughout. The core originals: Zizi, Mom, Dad, Ricardo, Sandra, The Berry’s, The Renna’s, The Kayser’s – I love you all.

The firefly shines for itself and so do we. I’m famous; my audience just hasn’t found me yet. I’ve always said it – and now.

Due To

Do the people of *now* truly value the soul of an artist? Does poetry resonate with anyone anymore? The more people’s minds are distracted with superficial stimuli the more art dies. How can one truly relate to poems of heartache or a touching film, if one dedicates their time to stimulating their neurotic thoughts and creating tragic multiplicities within their mind with no structure implemented – it then becomes one note, but not even a beginning, middle or an end, it is absent of all because there is no presence; the presence is artificial and constant – robot-driven humans are on the rise and genuine humanity will be erased.

Society has become lonelier than they ever have been despite the world literally being at their fingertips; human interaction has become taboo. Political correctness and a propensity of self-loathing have made it improper to even say *hello* to a stranger – this is not only due to the insecurity of the ego, or scarred past experiences, this is driven by the media, by the news, with the means of implementing fear and callousness amongst all.

Dating is beyond dependable due to technology and heartache is minimal due to lack of any presence within the suffering – and when one does sit with it it’s in an inebriated state. Society depends on artificial stimulants for its false accomplishments and the building of a new-aged ego. Society today leaves no time for

solitude and no time for reflection; their emotions are being harbored and masked within with nowhere to escape and it's manifesting in mentally toxic ways. We are meant to feel, suffering gives us perspective, and in this suffering there is great meaning and gratitude of it. The more people shut their emotions the less impact an artist has; this is simply because society doesn't give them a chance because they're no longer giving themselves a chance. They've chosen to become numb, they've chosen to become inhuman – this is when art truly suffers.

The Artist's Drive

All successful creators have this in common: they've repetitively beaten their egos through structure, routine, productive patience, and persistent perseverance.

The balance of non-duality and creativity is one in the same. When a neurosis becomes a distraction, despite the creative expression to alleviate it, to find meaning, perspective in it, isn't enough, when one rushes grief too quickly, a conscious voice of reason (or non-voice of reason) must make interference for psychological well-being. We, as both artists and humans, must know that the attachment of, or grasping of, our thought process. Whether it be positive or negative based thoughts, we will create substantial amounts of unnecessary suffering.

When we're not distracted with meaningless chatter within we can evolve upon many different feats. I wear so many hats that sometimes I forget which one I have on because I wear them all so well! Not only does this take an earned courage to say, but it takes large amounts of presence and practice of this way of just being. Conscious passion conquers all because of the attention and respect we pay to it therefore it's never neglected.

When all is dark and seemingly lost, it is in this masochistic moment when life is the most fruitful – it is within this moment that the sun shines so vibrantly. If

we're open to this then the warm hug will be that much more fortifying. We must be patient – what comes goes and what goes comes. We attempt to capture the beauty of nature, it's all we think about, but then a lens can never truly replicate nor can a brush. As artists we go in knowing with the upmost respect that we will do our best while we consciously know the task to replicate nature is impossible unless one experiences it themselves.

The artist has the intention of interpreting the human condition and all of its onion-like layers, explaining the explainable and even the unexplainable; the entertainer on the other hand is a propagandist – there is no art in their means of creating, they create from one layer of the onion, and it's not pungent whatsoever. We choose to strive for greatness because we're consciously aware of our Self. I am in tune with my individuality and I work to shape it therefore I give back to all naturally as I develop my core beliefs, the way I interpret the world; those who don't desire greatness have not yet discovered their drive, they haven't yet cultivated divine truth. I'm so determined, I'm so hungry, and I'm starving. Success as an artist is about being ready when luck strikes – and success has no end, it's an endless beginning. By no means is fame and fortune the primary drive of myself and other true artists, we wish for the admiration of our taxing and courageous work while we all work as one while remaining one – inspiring all to be themselves and to never be satisfied with that; there is no self-loathing in this, only conscious growth and compassion towards one's Self.

The most important form of education is the liberation of the autodidact – self-education is essential to us. The quickest way to become a self-taught individual is to sit and stare into nature – it is staring into the depths of your soul.

There are moments when I just want to be held and told that “It is okay,” like a frightened child – this is the

naïve child still alive within the artist and with the heightened sense of maturity we've attained, along with the emotional scars, we must nurse this creative force within us – for it is a part of us. It's not that we are fearful in these moments, the scars are just more present; the moments full of pain and even pleasure, we will feel these emotions because we courageously welcome it – and it's in the greeting of that when overcoming occurs. One must always remember that there is no pain without pleasure and there is no pleasure without pain. Our child heals. Our creative genius is self-reliant.

Cruel World And The Girl And The Boy...

It's the world that hasn't been kind to her. Her hopes and dreams were too difficult to obtain – unforeseen purposes appeared, a new life, and here I am, writing to the light of fire. Here I am, keeping the hopes and dreams alive – here I am, crying with each breath – I would have it no other way.

We cannot be mad at society for doubting those who choose to discover their greatest Self because their hopes and dreams have been buried by the economic structure that we live in; as if their ego isn't enough to defeat. They're either tainted with security or not enough of it, either they're accomplished in their well-paying jobs that they don't even enjoy or just think it's "a paycheck" or "stability" and "better than something else" – all these choices are not their own. This is the sad world we live in, the "American Dream" – and yes, there are the few that choose to break on through to the other side but society shouldn't be a prisoner to what's naturally been gifted to them. People have no time to develop themselves and when they do they're too lazy to do so – humans are notoriously lazy. It's an odd thing because their overworked and accomplishing nothing because the work isn't their own – people deserve more. Society deserves to

pursue their interests and enjoy life while not having to constantly be in fear of what's beneath them or what's above them.

The innocence has been taken out of humanity and an evil cynical demon has become of them. They fear everything and they especially fear those who don't abide by their laws, but more importantly they fear themselves. In school we're bred into picking business, education, healthcare, or if that's not for you then trade school: plumbing, construction, an electrician, a mechanic, but what if none of these interest the student? Then what? "But they must interest you, these are the programs we offer, this is what society requires and what is needed in the economy... what else are you going to do?" said the *guidance counselor*.

"I don't know," said the confused girl.

"What interests you," he asks.

"Maybe I'll become a musician..." she says.

He looks to her while squinting, "Well, what instrument do you play?"

"I don't play anything but I want to try, my parents never let me."

"Why didn't your parents let you play an instrument?"

"They think music is a waste of time," says the girl disappointedly.

"It's difficult to make a career as a musician; your parents are right about that," he nods.

He reads from his pamphlet, "Your math scores are high, maybe you should go to school for accounting; this way if you try music and it doesn't work out for you then you have a backup plan."

This is a *decent* counselor just doing his job, abiding by the curriculum, trying to steer the soldier in the right direction so insubordination doesn't occur – but this passivity, this lack of interest, is much more than I've experienced. I was told that trade school was my only

option – there was no interest in what I liked or had in mind or even the desire to help get me there, because I was clueless and unknowingly fearful. This counselor is saying without saying that this person may not make it at what they want to do if they are to try it – is this what a subjectable child needs to hear when it comes to their life? They worry about cursing and swearing but the cynical means of what’s become of this world, this hidden doubt that stems from these chained egos; should you really be a counselor? – should you really be “shaping the youth”...? Not only does this girl have parents that don’t support her but she needs the passive pessimism of a fucking *guidance counselor too!*

Here’s what I say: Fuck your economy and what’s desired of it! I’ve experienced the feeling of being made to feel like I was going to be nothing because I didn’t enjoy school and the curriculum. I didn’t fit into anything they had planned so they dropped me, literally, out of school. Now, there’s nothing wrong with subsidizing talents or things your good at to hustle and make a living, unfortunately we have to in this society, but there can be no external deterrence while pursuing things that we are interested in, we have enough internal deterrence at these grade school susceptible ages; our egos are being shaped heavily at this age and I don’t mean this with any positive means whatsoever – this is when inspired youth begins to get corrupted and uninspired youth begins to feel helpless. I didn’t even know I was a creative back then! I had no idea what I was! Like most! Except for those that are driven (the inspired youth) with the ideas implemented by their own parents, the kids that go against their own interest and their own identity to please their family’s dream, not even their own. And by the time they realize this they’re in debt and either working as a barista or waiter, or they’ve luckily received job placement in whatever degree-requiring job they chose, they then feel obligated to stay there because it “pays well”... so now

fornicate, birth and steer your children either the way *you* want them to go or guide them to going their own way. This is the circle of the conventional life.

I was the uninspired youth. I hated the system and I didn't even know there was one. I was hopeful but hopeless – school made me hate learning, reading and anything that supposedly evoked “intelligence” – little did I know that they didn't teach intelligence, they taught obedience. Intelligence isn't to be earned by test scores; it is to be cultivated within the Self. Intellectuality is humanity with the sense that it stems from compassion for the Self therefore flooding towards others. The autodidact reigns over all and this must not be killed with the hidden agenda and curriculum of schooling – it is a social experiment and only useful in ways of learning how to cope with both current and future assholes of life.

We don't need any more suits in this world – create yourself – be what being a human being is all about: freedom – not this bullshit *freedom* fed by the fine government of the world, but freedom to be offbeat like we were born to be. If I knew what I was destined to be back then I would have told the school body exactly what I tell everyone I meet: I'm a fucking movie star! I'm famous; my audience just hasn't found me yet... but they will. Are you my audience *Mr. Guidance Counselor?* – If so I guess you chose to grow – good for you.

There must be a rebirth in conventionalized education that only teaches the cultivation of the Self, the cultivation of the autodidact. No more mass conformity, only individuality.

Smothering Creative Energy

What happens when creative energy is shut away? I have experienced this and at the time I had no idea that I was a creative. This manifested as neurosis, fixations, hypochondriacal illusions, both physical and mental

sickness; there was a time that I would wake up shaking with anxiety for the very first time in my life and this wasn't until I was about 24 years old or so. I can genuinely say that if you stifle your creativity, your interests, your passions, and especially if you, like many of us do feel, like you're worth more than what's expected of you, or that there's more to life, there is – and once you realize that *more to life* literally just means doing what you desire to do then all will naturally fall into place. In trying you develop your Self and in this you find passions and in these passions they begin to open doorways to so much more.

There are some of us that are more in tune to this and there are some that choose to numb it with drugs and alcohol. I would like to say that this hit me very hard because I never resorted to drugs or alcohol, I've never tried anything, never smoked, I've tasted alcohol, I've had a glass of wine and felt that buzz (yes, from a glass), and just from that buzz I feared it. I knew there was something to it for people like me, someone who's hypersensitive, someone who's an artist. I reached my breakdown quicker because I chose to not follow what everyone else did and what they all did was "party"... I chose solitude and being in the comfort of my family, older people especially. Also I must point out that I didn't have a belief system yet, I never believed in organized religion, even when I went to CCD and I would pray to my dead relatives or their "god", or whatever I interrupted as god back then, I thought it was shit. And when you're a kid you kind of believe it because like Santa, you think if you pray hard enough that god will give you shit – and by *shit* I mean stuff; because we *love* stuff, we love meaningless things that have no true worth in life other than in the occupying of that big empty void. Already we're implementing laziness and materialism by means of prayer but this is what people do, this is even what adults do; they ask for meaningless things, some pray for health and decent

things but mostly its finances, job placement and a new car or a new purse, for Julie from church to get hit by a car because she touches your husband's arm too flirtatiously upon greeting the two of you.

If you're young and you don't drink or do drugs and you're not brainwashed to religion and you're not occupying yourself with the meaningless technology of society, then I guarantee you will experience a breakdown on some level, it may not be as extreme because I'm an extreme dude, but it will arise in other means of your psyche and ways of life. It's a deadly disease but it could so easily be cured. Do we really not know why drug abuse is on the rise along with suicide and existential nihilism? I know the healthcare industry and the pharmaceutical companies are a huge part of it but there's a reason *before* the *reason* that they go visit these quacks – and in that reason is the answer. It is self-healing. It is mindfulness. Once we become aware we see things that we've seen a million times but never truly have seen before and we especially see those who are too occupied to notice anything, too occupied to even develop their own thoughts. We then even find meaning in them despite them having a desire to find meaning within themselves therefore remembering that we're all capable of the same traits and the mirror is the reminder to mindfulness, it is the reminder to constant growth and hopefully infectious growth.

Our egos are fed and conditioned to attempt to deceive and conquer us all of the time; it even taunts our subconscious, telling it to fear our goals because what happens if we're to accomplish them? Then what? What will be left? "Life will be meaningless," says the ego. That's blatant fear, both based from procrastination and laziness, not only that, but we know the best part of the ride is the journey, not the destination. We know that the struggle is the best part. So what then happens when we achieve our goals? We make fucking new ones! Life is

about constantly evolving, by no means is anything in nature stagnant. The only thing stagnant in nature is pond scum and even that has inner-workings with bacterial vigor. We fear the unknown so much. We have the “if I make it” and “what if I don’t make it” and “why bother trying” chatter that all stems from our ego – do you want to know what I tell my ego when I don’t feel like wallowing in artist self-pity? I laugh at it, I laugh at my thoughts and sometimes I just scream, “Shut the fuck up!” because why not...?

Passion, purpose, drive, action, direction, these all are self-reliant factors and if your ego is second-guessing these things then let me clear it up for you: you don’t have to have a passion to know your passion nor do you have to know your purpose to find your purpose, you need to try things that stimulate your drive and then keep trying things that’ll keep developing your drive or, what drives you to trying what you want to try and why – if you don’t have anything you want to try then you’re lazy and just don’t feel like thinking about it, don’t worry though, you’re not lazy, your ego is, and fuck your ego, so think consciously and try what interests you and if *nothing* interests you then do what doesn’t interest you and make yourself realize again that it doesn’t interest you, but experience with an open-mind and even if it doesn’t interest you at least you’ve established that it’s not your purpose or passion and it put you in a *direction* and this direction doesn’t have a right or wrong, now you’ve realized one more thing that isn’t your passion or purpose once again despite already knowing it but at least you *tried* which is a form of action. And if you pity yourself for not being passionate about anything then you’re still identifying with your ego and just fearful of what genuinely interests you or too lazy to discover it with the chance of potential failure of the possibly pursued goal or task – ego, ego, ego. Fuck your ego, fuck my ego, it’s a tool

that puts you where you need to go – listen to it but don't become of it.

It's always the best when leaning towards the positive connotation to everything because it keeps us grounded. By no means is this false optimism, this is reality; this is the present and this pure gratitude. Do we need to add to our Ego's negativity? I'm pretty sure we have the balance. Upon writing this essay I've found that it has more of my comedic sense to it, if I was judging and not being "mindful" I would say it's more fun and looser than the rest. And that's the beauty of this rollercoaster ride; you can see layers of this onion-like labyrinth of a mind that we all have, all these different voices and personas that are all equally a part of us, even our ego, in the present they come through so much more vividly and vibrantly. Through these essays and introspective journaling is the birth of something new. Speaking upon my school years definitely triggered this witty and playful cadence that arose through this essay but also the comedic tragedy of the ego, sometimes you just have to laugh. But even this analysis as to *why I wrote what I wrote* is a form of mindfulness but also the investigative part of it and there is no need to perform any form of psychotherapy upon myself because as I've been writing this particular essay I've not looked at my notes because I'm just having too much fun! This is bliss in the present moment and it's not describable but you can observe it through everything that I've written thus far. This particular essay is a genuine trip to bliss: absolute presence. With observation you can see when the witful bliss kicks in – but I'd rather you stop observing, investigating, analyzing and just laugh and be present with it – if you can't do this then do whatever you feel like doing.

Mindfulness is a form of positivity because it is our natural state and being in it does have positive values, but it's also a form of negativity because it observes and

welcomes all to it – so mindfulness is a big melting pot of all emotions but with no attachment and no aversion, we're neutral in this state. Our natural creative state has a sense of individual pride attained from original methodical work to obtain self-mastery, a state of bliss beyond good and evil – it is laughter in cup and this cup is neither half empty nor half full nor is it full nor is empty.

We're so attention-driven that if we're not extroverted about a matter dear to us we scream inside – our ego is toxically selfish and needs to be trained in order to remain humble; even a humble ego begets the other so therefore we must go beyond to the observer and the identifier of the Self and the Ego. The Self is nothing yet it is everything – it uses the Ego as a tool, it's a spotlight upon the human condition. This applies heavily to me as a writer – we cannot get lost in our own stories. There are great dangers in stifling our creative force and the neurosis it induces in doing so.

The ones who obtain their dreams are those who endlessly follow them through.

Productive Patience

“Good things come to those who hustle while they wait.”

A lack of patience is the enemy and is the benefactor of the fearful ego. Productive patience, if used in the correct way, will heighten the experience of the chosen passion while trekking upon the path to whatever task or goal that is desired to accomplish.

When patience is lost it causes the ego to visit us in different forms of toxic mind-play, such as projection, insecurities, and these useless things are a distractive force to the creative process (if we choose to be attached to them), they hinder progress and are just procrastinating means of the egocentric initiative.

I attempt to make a villain in these closest to me because they are an extension of me, and more importantly

because I fear myself. It's not doubt but the need of immediate gratification that clouds me. I'm fearful of nothing. I write this from beyond my consciousness. I am a movie star. My fixations are fictitious fears that stem from my heartache; from the haunting voice that I thought was someone dear to my soul, one with my soul. Those words... I'd like to say they fuel me but I need no external fuel – they more so pain me despite knowing that the lack of belief was thrown upon a mirror, not upon me. Even knowing this these words still pain me, which leads me to believe that my love was so deep that her lack of belief that was projected upon me (which was really her own), breaks my heart because I believed in her so much, I believed in us so much. Poisonous words are the ultimate betrayal. Words are arrows and arrows can't be called back once fired. We're just fearful.

That entry was a form of productive patience, it was essential to my nature to purge with the attempt to identify what was causing these poisonous thoughts and reasons, what was lighting my Ego's fire, and with this form of journaling, reflection and an instantaneous trip to the present is humbly available. Some may view this as a deterrent or hindering force to the goal but our goal is first to become the best human beings we can be and this is essential for us. Because my recent heartache is new, every ailed moment I felt, whether I knew it or not (and I always truly did), was based from this betrayal. Even when I accomplished something dear to me, I made it seem like nothing of importance to my Self and I didn't appreciate this way of thought, I felt ungrateful. But then I was speaking to my mother and she identified it for me despite me already knowing it, but then her just saying the idea out loud, the pain that was rendering in my mind, I instantly cried. I wanted to share this important experience with my former partner and due to the splitting of two souls, I couldn't do that – this hurt me very much. Not only that but the words echoed in my mind: "I don't

believe in you,” and meanwhile this accomplishment was part of my goal, so bitterness filled me as I trekked upon my path when really gratitude should have been my primary emotion. But it was necessary to feel how I felt and to discover *why* despite our consciousness already knowing and even our unconsciousness – this places us back into the present, we’re again ready to fight to our goals and little did we know, we were doing it through the whole process of productive patience, while being courageous and not wallowing in our sorrows but truly embracing them. Sometimes these written words must also be spoken out loud – in a matter of fact this is necessary. There is no shame in this, and if there is, it’s not your own.

Resistance of a thought, of a feeling, it leads to unnecessary suffering and an entanglement of toxic thoughts that don’t even exist – the existence is in the resistance to them. Work towards the Self incites genius, go ahead and try it. Be a glimmering mirror for others. The purpose of an artist is to remind others of their artistry. The purpose of a writer is to remind others of who they are when they doubt it most. The Greats courageously write and create to inspire those who are too fearful to; we intend to drop the admirer onto their own fiery scathing path with the intention of bravely walking it, bloody bare feet and all, leaving the path for the next to their own. I write to remind myself; I write to remind you. What’s a *good book* but a friendly reminder; what’s a *good sentence* but a purposeful slap into the present... Great artists remind all that they are equally as such.

Doubt – it appears the moment we leave the present moment.

I’m a fucking movie star!

I’m a creative genius!

I will never give up...

I am one of the most influential people to ever live –

These words seem ego-driven (except for *I will never give up*) but they're merely reinforcing my own passions, my goals, we need this level of grateful grandeur to constantly defeat the Ego, we need to recondition what several Egos (society) have built, this newly innate conclave of fear of the masses; this is why I write to reiterate, to develop this, to work this muscle – every time I pick up a pen I go the gym and workout my mind, making it stronger, more resilient. These courageous words speak not from the Ego but from the Self – it's a healthy individualized pride that can only be accomplished by one and for one but it gives back to all. *I am one of the most influential people to ever live* because I courageously battle my ego, I respect it as a humble warrior respects their enemy, knowing that it could defeat them at any time – it is in this mutual respect that the war never truly begins. To simplify this: the mutual respect is *mindfulness* and mindfulness has no preference yet it is a naturally overcoming state of being.

If you choose to do what you fear, what inspires you, what interests you, what your passionate about, if you endlessly pursue this path of ever-evolving mastery, then you too are the most influential of people to ever live, and I thank you for that.

I am the most influential: Ego

I will be *one of the most* influential: Self

Sometimes a sentence is worth a thousand words. And through revisions and growth we constantly become anew. With that said: I will be one of the most ~~influential~~ *admirable* people to ever live.

Influence creates followers, admiration births inspiration. Inspiration births freedom. Freedom births the Self.

Individuality: the only time a word can shed the worth upon an infinite amount of lives.

Creative Love & Structurelessness

What is love? Love is commitment, it is compromise; love sometimes includes infidelity, fear, hatred, doubt – true love overcomes these ego-driven flaws in order to grow with the partner, to evolve endlessly. This love I speak of is the creative love, or the love to create; it is passion within oneself and derived from the work of the counterpart, both conscious and unconscious: this is true love. Our creations are creations of ourselves thereby connecting all through art: self-love.

12/12/19: Every day I wake up with ambition that I mistake for anxiety, it's an unstoppable hunger assisted by the melodic cadence of the universe; though at times this *cadence* becomes a shrill ear-piercing scream. The scream lets us know we're extremely close; this is when perseverance and unshakable structure fortified with patience and dedication appears to be the upmost soul saving upon descending into the abyss. The reconditioning and self-attained level of structure has become structureless therefore affirming that this is our newly obtained state, not second nature but first. We got there through blood, sweat and tears and we will do this over and over and over again. Notice there are three *overs*: this is because the beginning is the beginning, the middle is the beginning and the end is the beginning in this three act structureless tragedy – there is no end.

Structurelessness roots in the present moment, in the absolute, it is in this, that creativity breeds fruitfully and the innate nature of self-evolution occurs. We need to be structured to become structureless – this seems paradoxical because it is, we have made it to be. Diligent practice must be implemented before the ever-evolving attainment of our natural state, which is naturally advocated by progression of Self developing tasks and interests. What is the best tool to overcome the Ego but to observe it – one's own or that of another.

A Walk At Hilltop

12/12/19: What is a *creative genius* but a glance in the mirror – *this* is who we are; the reflection beyond the reflection. As stated in prior essays, a great writer assists with the reminding of the reader who they truly are and what they may become: good, evil or beyond. She never feared anything therefore she's invincible – there is truth in this and it is simple truth.

There is no *lust* in cultivating creative genius or in the Self – lust is instantaneous love that is a must; the becoming of greatness is not instantaneous therefore lust is its poison and everything superficial and materialistic about the matter. Lust may be responsible for creative amusement but like all hedonistic things it must be balanced. Developing the Self is by no means hedonistic, the pursuit of this innate task is beyond two planes of existence, and the spiritual articulation of this *Self*, is inarticulate, though I've attempted my best to explain it to myself and to you- it is without words and even beyond bliss. It is a masterpiece within itself. *Lust* isn't just a hedonistic principle because lust also involves a yearning for, and at times to attain the desire is incredibly grueling. There are many variables of lust just like there are many different meanings of other words. In many times the subconscious or unconsciousness lusts to express a song, a melody, a story, a well-thought idea, a new way of life, a creative explosion and this is not instantaneous, it takes time, this is where the structured work and diligent mindfulness take us, to the unstructured state and it arises as such: The mind becomes entangled with chaos, unsurety, a lack of clarity, as it prepares, in its unconscious entirety, to deliver a comprehensive and well-crafted creation. It is upon this eruption that the lava subsides, the storm passes, clarity comes to, the clouds part and the sun shines – all is quiet, still, peaceful – and then you wish for the chaos once again; but one must be

patient. These times are the simplest moments for creation, it's a gift, it's the Universe speaking to us, and the feeling is beyond words. This is heavily for the mindful artist who is already in tune with one's harmony, for the less aware, this chaos within you is for you to find your tune in order for you to spread your own universal message. This begins with action. When one takes up *action* as a religion then *inaction* becomes God.

If I was to overexert myself on a vigorous hike where my heart was to combust, and I was to then lay in the frost staring up at the bare trees, I would think how happy I am to endlessly pursue my passions and then how little of their mastery I have yet to acquire; and then my heart would instantly beat again like the persistent woodpecker – the warm sun then produces photosynthesis amongst my clouded breath. The *will to live* supersedes death and those who shun this are the walking dead. It's like those who let their Ego speak for them and say that they have “writer's block”– *writer's block* does not exist in the present moment; it is procrastination, it's a perpetuated time machine with too many programmed destinations, it's an absence of the present moment – who can feel “stuck” when Life's an endless story. Release all your thoughts and set your Self free – you will never be “stuck”.

Tribe

Primitive tribe mentality is etched into our collective consciousness, meaning, it's in our genetic code, it's what's been a part of us since we were created up to our current state in the modern era of 2020; it will endlessly be a part of us as human beings. We have families, we look after one and other, we take care of each other, we are a part of a modern day tribe whether we like it or not. There has been a slight change, particularly in America, the elderly of the family are now put into nursing homes

and are barely visited. I'd say this is due to the "American hustle" but it's not – the most hard-working middleclass citizens, American immigrants especially (of both middle and lower class), have this compassionate primitive tribe mentality more than most. They live with their families, buy homes next door or nearby, they have weekly or nightly dinners, they value where they came from, this loving support system is beyond what organized religion has capitalized upon – this is truly godly and not by false external means, this is internal, this is the belief in one and other from one and other. It's quite a beautiful thing. I've been fortunate enough to have a great family life, but I've also experienced other beings that didn't and I saw the effect that it had on them. They desperately longed for a supportive and loving relationship with their families but it just couldn't be; this could be due to either side – say the daughter to the mother or the mother to the daughter or even both. If love is unreceptive from one side or the other, the situation then becomes complex. This is unnatural and leads to many unhealthy mental complexities – this is a blatant and rational sign that we're naturally prone to care for one and other, to love and support each other, up until death and even beyond by carrying the cherishing memories within our hearts and souls. If you're not fortunate enough to have a beautiful family then open your heart and the right people will find you, blood or not, family is thicker than blood. Despite us completely developing this individual level of consciousness we are still innately social and the staring into the warm smile of a beloved other, or the glimmering eyes of a tribe member, is essential and fundamental to our growth. We were birthed and raised to care for one and other, it's the least we can do with this privilege of being conceived.

I grew up in an Italian household, my mother was adopted which I didn't know until later in life, I lived with my grandparents, my great-grandparents (who were deaf-

mates), and had regular family gatherings and dinners for as long as I could remember. My father's mother used to come and stay with us (up until her passing) as well – a Peruvian in an Italian household, Abuela Carmen. I've witnessed my mother look after her bitter and abusive mentally-ill brother who has severe OCD among other self-habited things, I've experienced my parents divorcing and them both remarrying or re-spousing, and always staying best friends – this friendship has grown even stronger as I've grown older and it baffles me in the most humble of ways – not the fact that they're best friends but the matter of how gifted I am to witness this in a society driven by the ego, where divorce is literally war, and hatred follows these ex-spouses to death. If you have children with someone and your relationship doesn't work out, and you're not capable of having gratitude for this person in the making of your children, then you really shouldn't have kids. This should be a deeply stoically spoken thought prior to fornication between both parties. We've gone on vacations with the whole family and this at first perplexes the outside eyes, especially those who have been separated or divorced, but then they greatly admire this, this beautiful thing that people are capable of; I admire it heavily, I'm incredibly grateful for it. My family has set the most beautiful example for me to be the best human I can be and words can't pay enough homage to the humbleness I have for them – but I always try. After my great-grandparents passing, and then my grandfather's, who introduced me to the movies and took me to the theater every week, and then holding my grandmother's hand upon her death in the same room in which I write to you now, along with always having a slew of dogs as well, the house never lost its connection with family. My great-aunt (my grandmother's sister) came down every weekend from the Poconos to New Jersey, our home, and her and I would go to eat, go to the movies, go to anywhere and everywhere at all hours of the night all the way up until

her 90's, which was recently the most difficult experience I've ever encountered, her passing. She wasn't even sick, she had fallen and hit her head and then went into a coma; a week later she passed. We literally spoke every single day; she was and always will be my best friend. She always said if she couldn't do her own makeup then she'd rather die – who says that...? What a strong sense of Self that is to know exactly how you want to live your life and when you want it to end. I miss her dearly but I see her in the clouds and hear her voice every time my production logo comes up at both the beginning and end of my movies, literally (I saved her voicemails). I love my Zizi, Rose Renna. Also we've found my mom's birth parents and met her sister and now they all continue to come for holidays and we have an intermingling with the whole family tree.

The reason I speak about this is because the beauty of family must be conveyed – not only did this tribe of souls inspire me to value humanity, but they inspired me to value my Self. Through this collective union of love I experienced my own birth of individuality – this is what family is and does, not only does one and other look out for each other, but they also inspire one and other to be their best Self.

Procreation isn't necessary anymore for tribe members, we now have developed other means of consciousness and yes, our species, in order to go on, we must procreate but we've developed other means of leaving an imprint on society by developing what's true to our newly conscious nature. But I must state that there is nothing more beautiful than the chosen choice to creating a healthy and supportive family; coming from an inspirational family, there would be no better gift than to provide a healthy procreated human, an artist birthed from a family that is a work of art in itself – a master piece. Embracing the functional family and supportive love is taking the hand of Nature. Bloodline doesn't matter, we

can be connected to those around us, open-hearted strangers, anyone and everything, there is strength and an unbreakable bond between the souls of our fellow being. Not all will be open but that's okay, it's their own purgatory they choose to live in – this life is about genuinely opening yourself up and being compassionately shameless when doing so. The dysfunctional family on the other hand, I would say, from experience, after dating so many broken-winged angels (this is where I developed heavy perspective and psychological meaning as well... lucky me), we must express ourselves, work with one and other, and be conscious to whether there is productive growth, and if not, despite how difficult it may be, end the relationship with the family or family member. I can't imagine the difficult feeling but I've seen the abuse, the damage and what it does, I've seen the inhumanity, I've shared the tears, I've opened my heart and felt the synergistic pain; a dysfunctional family, an abusive family, it's not worth the unnecessary pain – I assure you that you will find people that genuinely love you and care, just remain open and honest, there will then be love, truth, value, and open arms along with several warm souls – just embrace it and feel worthy of it, because you are... we all are.

Being that impermanence is so blatantly in front of us, behind us, and in every which direction, it's necessary to spend time with those we love, supporting each other, looking after one and other, because that's what a tribe does; this is what's built into our primordial nature beyond our conscious evolution. Self-sustained isolation is a prison, it is a voluntary poison, and this isn't just by means of a physical place, this is a chosen disconnection within you, this is a lack of desire to grow – if you're disconnected from the world you're only disconnected from your Self. Solitude isn't isolation and solitude can be grasped amidst the masses.. We must work to overcome

this disconnection and get to the root of the matter – we must never settle for less and we must never give up.

An artist creates for one's Self which naturally propels the means of interconnectivity that one's art brings. There is no better paint than the beings around us or within us, and there's no better brush than our action, and there's no better canvas than our Self. Here, I write for me but as you can tell, through me is a cultivated you; we're both here to learn with each other.

Black Screen

How one overcomes the ego – find a couple of weights and the largest hill and then climb up and over it. The ego isn't only defeated by emotional tactics; it is in physical exhaustion that one can also train our Self into disobedience – and by this “disobedience” I simply mean to not care about its counterpart's chatter therefore we have acknowledged it is there, that it is a part of us, but there is no identification of us in it. It is the Self loving the Ego – because the Self doesn't know hatred.

A great writer gets what one wants from the reader. The best creations come from when we sit and even better creations come on a brisk walk – and this is because we've put the time into remaining still. The difference between dreams and passions is that passions are followed on a day to day basis within reality and dreams occur involuntarily while sleeping, sometimes in the form of nightmares due to blanketed passions and inaction of pursuing these creative endeavors; they mask themselves with illusions in the subconscious because even there they're too fearful for the truth. Action put me on the path to inaction, with this courage I opened doors that I've always feared what would be behind them, I owe all of my creativity to meditation as well as my growth as a human being – it has reconditioned what has been tainted by the world, by the ego, I have become conscious, mindful,

aware; it is within the deliberate practice, the immense structure, I have become and continue to become more in tune with myself therefore becoming an ever-evolving artist, a forever blossoming human. This all begins with the breath – how simple is that? Action embraced my fears and Meditation embraced my Self. I now sing to the melody of intrinsic growth while I perform without action.

Just like good ideas unacted upon, hot coffee too cools too quickly unless drunk. Everything that warms our soul must be enjoyed and cherished in the present. We think this is action but truly it is inaction, it is within the practice that this comes to be. When I was younger I didn't know why I was a natural leader other than due to the fact that I was an only child but I didn't yet know what I was in tune with (creatively speaking). Many times when one feels confused or unknowingly develops disdain for the system created and isn't able to articulate it, it then comes through as a rebellion. I was a rebel, I was an observer, and in observation I had noticed that everyone was very fearful and they all desired to be like one and other – and this follows directly into adulthood; yes, their personality is more developed but their choices are made within the conventional ways. Starting at a young age, middle school, or so, I noticed the attempted task of emotional numbness and the goal of “fitting in” through the consumption of alcohol. Kids do what they see but once the taste permeates and the unconscious worries dissipate, then the problems begin. The problem is also the pressure to fit in, no one desires to be themselves or discover themselves, it must be enforced that *odd* is the best trait. Now not only substances are available for an “escape” but the artificial means of stimulation are at the top of the tier; technology has become the strongest distraction of being present with feelings and has hindered the development of becoming who we are. This does work in both ways, technology can be used as a great tool for self-education but we cannot fall susceptible to the political, consumeristic and lustful

propaganda – we must become wise in order to become aware. We must become present with mindfulness. I chose to be a rebel from a young age, and not out of spite, this is the opposite of a rebel; a rebel is true to one's own nature. A rebel adheres to the inner-callings of the individual. I chose to be me from a young age – I chose the dangers... and I wouldn't have it any other way.

Tree Of Thoughts

The skeleton tree is covered in glass, it's fragile and frozen in time; though their beauty has embraced this state how cold must they be – but also how resilient. Come winter do you think the trees like being encased in frigid glass, patiently waiting for the sun as their twigs and leaves shatter in the wind...? They do this because they have to; they do this because they have no choice. We, as human beings, have a choice: to either remain frozen and fragile or become resilient like the trees but even more so – unlike the trees we don't have to wait for the sun, we can choose this immediately. This is the advantage we have over our tall sheltering friends. We can melt instantaneously by the power of our own will. And if we are to fall susceptible to the frost once again, we shall again admire the trees as a reminder of our own resilience.

Capturing nature as closely as possible with words and visuals is possible to an extent, but the eye is still absent of the beauty of the present moment. Artists know this upon the creation and that's why the respect is so great, therefore it is mutually reciprocating. Motion picture has the ability to take the audience through time and draw them into the screen – this is the blatant advantage of filmmaking that other art is absent of (except with imagination), it is the only art form that demands nothing of our thoughts other than the *just being*-state of the present moment. This has the ability to convey a message through all means of the artistic process: literary,

visually, and melodically – this can convey a strong message to even those who live with their head underwater. Filmmaking has the ability to open up and appreciate art as a whole – through all means of artistic expression. It's that powerful. I'm that powerful. How grateful I am for this.

Fears

I fear my solitude. I fear the loss of those closest to me. I fear abandonment. I project micro-fixations from my ego upon them therefore reassuring myself of my 'falsified hurt complex' that I've perpetuated in the psyche. I don't believe it but I still let it torture me. I'm attempting to micromanage due to life's lack of stability – this is much more prominent in this state of being. Overall, I feel very sad and this suddenly came upon the holidays even more so. I fought my ego but I keep giving it the time of day because the pain from loss runs deep; I'd rather face it. I do not identify with these ego-driven ways but my body becomes easily exhausted – I assure you that you will not find another being as determined as I to constantly becoming good-natured – I love all, I love life, genuinely. My family is everything to me and that is my greatest fear – to be without their presence. So I shall overcome it by loving them freely and without restraints.

We take out our pain on those who we love and desire to make them feel bad because they are an extension of ourselves – this is no different than a bully picking on a stranger, the only difference is in the closeness of the relationship and the amount of presence spent with one and other – this is our ego as always, fearful of being alone in its pain, creating micro-fixations and projections upon those we love, upon our fellow beings.

We truly need to express our deepest darkest fears with no shame, in this there is liberation, in this there is

self-love; within self-love there is love for all. There were a few times more recently where I was upset that my family hasn't read all of my books, and to be fair, they're not readers to begin with. There was this compulsion of justifying my ego with falsified information that I knew was stemming from self-righteousness and an insecure ego. It was my ego backing my other ego, an ego within an ego – the trickiest of them all. And at the rate that I write, publish, create, this would be a second full-time job for someone to read all of my works – upon observation, despite my mindfulness, I knew it was my ego that was concocting up this self-centered state, especially because I come from the most beautiful and fully supportive, loving family that a person could ever ask for – this was a form of control, to have some order over their lives and to have security within myself; this is how dictatorship occurs! This is how organized religion occurs! With this self-righteous agenda that is all ego-driven with its very persuasive stories that it generates, it really does attempt to ruin all that is good and shatter all that is great: and what is *great* is being in the present moment. Between the lack of belief in my career choices spoken about me from my ex-counterpart, my soulmate, which evoked my other deepest fears, being the loss of my family, abandonment, I then let them drive me despite knowing that I didn't believe them. I wanted to wallow in my sorrows, I wanted to have a pity-party... boo-hoo me... sometimes we need to dig, which is really just letting ourselves naturally feel what is our core disturbances and then don't grasp, don't run, just be present and open – this doesn't mean you won't feel the emotions of these past scars or future fixations, it just means they'll make a brief visit rather than a full stay.

Dreams will also show you the way, in either symbolic mannerisms or with utter blatancy.

Dream Of You

I thought I saw you today, my stomach dropped and then I cried... but then I remembered it wasn't the you that I knew...

I had a dream that I confronted you; I expressed myself, my pain, my anger – and in this dream you wanted me back. You hated your newly chosen life that was absent of us, your choice of the “regular life”; the conventional way of work, eat, sleep – the life with no passion and just financial security. You kissed a guy named Ryan – I then saw him and his friend outside of a restaurant. We fought and he tried to hit me with his skateboard. You wanted your life back so badly, your family, and I was the most confused that I had ever been. Why would I even consider this? – that is taking you back... this is simply because I'm not over you and I still don't trust you. I kept going back to sleep to see the outcome of this dream, and amazingly it continued, it was so vivid. I have a choice... in this dream. I asked my mom and told my dad; I knew the look in both of their faces but as always they just desired my happiness.

This dream ended like that – its interruption is pretty blatant. It has the longing of my previously desired outcome: the love of my life realizing her mistake and her coming back to me, along with the fear of me seeing her with another man, creating a new life with someone else; skateboarding was my means of expression upon growing up and it was also when I experienced my first heartache in which my first love left me to go mess around with a bunch of young boys – I had hoped for disappointment in her choices because of how deeply she hurt me. I was left with two decisions: continue loving her or move on – of course this was in my dream; in reality I was left with one decision: move on.

Nature's Corpse

Rigor mortis sets in as if the last amount of life we have struggles to stay alive; it becomes our hardened external shell then preserving us in time, becoming a frozen object therefore reminding us that time stops – but the urge to stay alive doesn't, we fight to the very end. If we remain frozen in time like the petrified tree, releasing its last amount of life into nature, into the soil beneath its roots, then we too release our energy becoming one with nature – seemingly we've become frozen in time and ready to decay but truthfully we've superseded time and proved that it is inexistent. This frozen state becomes life's most paradoxical joke: time stops but as our body decomposes it becomes one with the earth, with the universe, back to nature's innate cycle – we are nature and should live as such: freely and beautifully.

The Poet, The Child & The Actor

The poet's ears sing all day with the beauty they see and the fear they hear. I remember being a child and playing in the bathtub with my action-figures; I would make fake explosions and pretend that I got knocked out from the blast of the force with my wrestling figurines. As the waterfall fell from the showerhead, I would give that fainted look of determination passed the camera (there was no camera) that I didn't even realize I was performing for; I was attempting to dig deep and find the courage to rise, to get up, to overcome – and I did. This is what being an artist is, this is what being a human is; having the innocence and imagination of a child, with the bravery to always arise to the occasion. And if you've chosen the path of an actor, like me, then you will get to play a real hero written by your own imagination – playing a real hero

while being the hero you looked up to as a child... what beauty. And come to think of it, I wasn't unknowingly performing for the camera in the bathtub because that would be *acting*, this was not acting, this was belief, this is where action takes us to inaction – it brings us back to the unrestricted mind of a creative child fully immersed in the present with no shame; this imagination is the Self, in this all becomes what we desire to see. Every time we choose to pursue our passions we can always count on looking in the mirror and seeing a courageous hero. And it is never too late to start this journey, and this journey also never ends. It is an endless beginning.

Dream Continued

The painful dream of heartache continued during a recent night of rest. We had gotten back together, or we lived together and I was incredibly bitter. Her mother was trying to fix her up with some kid named Nick from ShopRite – I said, “Fuck you!” to her mother, finally.

Dream analysis is blatant – no one even needs to know the story to create the dream's meaning. We're all our worst enemy, but she consciously chose to become the enemy without a fight.

At night, when all is asleep, the universe is the most strong – there is the power of dreams, the unconscious, that connects us to one and other – it fuels the individual yet it connects all as it grasps from primitive ways of thought; our dream structure is spoken in symbols, symbols were our first means of communication, and we still speak in symbols to this day... how interesting this is! We have evolved from this symbolic form of communication yet it is us. The ancient writings on caves and pyramids, symbolic architecture and culinary utensils – this is still very much us. We have evolved from this and the respect of that will be forever embedded in our genetic makeup.

Movies

Even the most extremism in films only has the ability to do so much – it is in this strongly thought-provoking interpretation that the artist wishes for consciousness to be greatly stimulated, but the artist knows that the unconscious mind is that of the most importance. The audience is so ego-driven and they have been desensitized in many means of life, so we must speak with both the Ego and the Self (spiritually), in order to convey a mindful liberation. This gift derived from the arts reminds us that we're either our best or worst gods – this again reminds us that we are our own gods.

My Father

My father's heart is heavy – there's a strong presence given off from his strong sense of Self. Through my father's great fears and emotional scars there's innocence so pure that nothing can touch it. There are moments when I'm emotionally conflicted about something and when I step into his presence I lose the desire to speak. Sometimes silence is the strongest means of communication. Silence is our strongest bond; I get comfort from this. This silence speaks of everything because we already know everything about one and other. I get comfort from his presence; my fixations loosen and become minute. My father grounds me. He doesn't realize this power he has; it's in the unspoken wisdom of a hero who makes mistakes, acknowledges them, and then makes more because he's simply human – and he has no shame in that. Therefore his mistakes become lessons – and those lessons become my own. I have learned the importance of having no shame from my father – this has helped me immensely as a human and as an artist. Thank you, hon.

Investigative Mindfulness-Self-Psychotherapy

Everything that has been read up to this point has been a beautifully articulated roller-coaster ride of the mind, of my mind, and on this roller-coaster filled with ups, downs, loops and hairpin turns, is the synergy of the temporal states of being with the rhythm of Nature therefore shedding light upon the tainted human condition, exposing the Ego, rationalizing the native bond that we have with Nature and the fact that we are very much a part of it – we are it. My mind is no different than anyone else's and this is the beauty of exploiting a shameless journal, it promotes a great connection despite the unique experiences and perspective of the individual, so much so that even if we weren't aware of having these shared thoughts, when an entry rings true it grounds us in the present moment, subsequently reminding us that others have the same or similar thoughts all brought on from this fearful Ego being fueled by conditioning, a mass conglomerate of collective Egos. This exploitation is shining a spotlight upon the Ego and accepting that it is a part of us, yes, but also knowing that it is not us. It is a tool to be used and a compass to put us in the direction of what we fear most, which is what we love or admire most. This is the blueprint to growth because it is the work of growth, my own work to growth and conscious evolution, and the methods I've used are ways of thought that cultivate the individual's soul, ways that take root in the spiritual Self which is beyond articulation and an extension of the Universe, an extension of us all. Does this mean I expect others to write essays of artistry upon Life, the Human Condition and Nature with such profound admiration and beauty as I have done...? – Not at all, this is one of my chosen paths of mastery, which is *writing*... But I do wish that others journal about their condition, from their egos, from their Self, in order to find the courage to take a deep look at themselves while valiantly

pursuing what they desire to do, what they desire to be. I wish for others to practice this fearless mindfulness, and if one is able to discover other “methods” then the conscious observations and means of practice that I have articulated then go ahead and get to work, however you can. Just be wise, be conscious, and be human. I assure you that these ways are older than the Universe and they are possessed by all, and even despite being that no individual experience is the same, nevertheless we all share the same experience. How in depth the explorer will go isn’t up to me, but the work speaks for itself, the practice is what it is and even what it’s not. By no means is this *my* way, this way has been gifted to us and is a part our innate nature, I am just fortunate enough to be consciously in tune with it; and this took great practice and great action to the point of inaction and then birthed actionlessness. I have articulated the “methods” and work involved to both action and inaction and within this *practice* is the newly derived heroic and conscious creative genius, a genius that stems its roots deeply within the Self.

Our mind is full of layers within layers with a labyrinth of emotions, stories, questions and motives, all within each. The onion is sweet, sour and pungent, as is the mind. This journal, along with the poetic essays I’ve compiled, have been about a year and a half of mindful thoughts – one consistent trait that I’ve notice is that throughout the observation of my ego-driven thoughts I’ve always maintained a level of mindfulness, but I had to work to get there. As soon as we write our thoughts down we become mindful, even if we think that this *thought* is no longer there (usually to abstain from writing it down which takes “work” or “time” out of one’s day – this is all stemming from the hidden realms of the procrastinative and fearful ego), most likely it’ll arise once again if confrontation isn’t met; so exploit it sooner rather than later. This is consciousness; this is the start of a practice that peels away the layers of the onion. It’s as if we’re an

embryotic puzzle that is completely assembled together in the womb, it is a finished masterpiece, then upon birth and as we grow older, more and more pieces seem to get lost. What I have done is rediscovered these pieces and then put them back together and then once again took them apart. This is becoming whole while remaining empty. There is great practice involved to have the ability to seemingly go backwards while consciously remaining centered and present. There is really no explanation of this practice; we've already studied it while reading through my soulful essays and journal entries. This is an already existing way of inquisitiveness with some more technique and structure implied in order to become our higher Self, to awaken this essential way of being. And the "technique" I imply is merely the concise and unconcise articulation of my words to the way of this inborn practice.

Raw thoughts are incredibly important, not only are they the best form of understanding of the human condition, of our ego or egos, but they also alleviate the burden of shame and therefore lead to a more naturally accepting world. In this there is compassion, liberation, self-love – this jumps passed many levels of conventional therapy and the freedom felt can be taken on instantaneously should one choose to be *shameless*. Mindfulness gives us the freedom to observe our thoughts from a neutral and inquisitive standpoint – in this there is a nondualist mentality. We're connected to all. The investigative part of this state begins to unleash a slew of emotions, because when we're present, when we're sitting quietly, we begin to take on things that we wouldn't normally choose to take on because all of a sudden we have chosen to become conscious to them, these thoughts. We're hit by a monsoon of overwhelming thoughts and some of these thoughts seem to stick more-so than the others. This is where we must investigate from a non-judgmental place; otherwise we will cause unnecessary suffering – and unnecessary suffering is just a

procrastinating force derived from the ego that stifles creative initiative, both in blatant artists of mastery (literature, film, art, music) and subtle humans of mastery, involving the cultivation of the Self and whatever genre-bending form of artistic passion that they've chosen. Because some thoughts are frequent it may seem like we're grasping them but we're not – sometimes a life left unfulfilled, or emotions not dealt with, a conversation left unsaid, will come up and within this we must liberate it, by either expressing ourselves out loud, to the person, to a journal, or to the air. As we become more mindful and when we begin to investigate why our ego deceives us with projections and fixations then we can overcome it, then we can discover the Self. We must also laugh at nothing; laughter is the quickest way to not only defeating the ego but to hold hands with the Self. And again, when I speak of “defeating” the ego, there is no violent war, there is no fight, there is just the acknowledgment that the ego is present and it will always be there, but this is part of the human gift, this is the tool that gives us so many layers of the succulent onion, with so many different webs and labyrinths, and in this compassion towards the fearful and lonely ego, we then let it become our best tool in order to cultivate the Self. The Ego unknowingly works with the Self to liberate the Creative Genius. This is a peaceful war that takes meticulous and strategic practice.

Through discovery of our innate nature we will experience immense pain and suffering, we will experience solitude which may be mistaken for isolation; we will begin to clarify and put into perspective what's important to us by practicing both mentally and physically healthy acts, we now take the liberty to treat ourselves as Philosophical Gods, both grateful and curious to Nature and its celestial creatures.

The unburying of the Self is as easy as just writing down how we feel and releasing it. If it still causes problems in conscious reality or in the subconscious then

it is intended to be revisited but always from a mindful perspective. We are aware that we have thoughts, it is natural to our nature, but we know that many of these thoughts, the thoughts that make us suffer or that give preference, such as 'likes' and 'dislikes', these are all ego or persona driven. A *personality* (persona) is very different from the Ego yet it is more susceptible to the Ego's swayed words opposed to the conscious and unconscious Self. Upon consciousness a healthy personality will still be who they've become but with less attachment to whom who they identify to be thus realizing that they are so much more than "preference" – this is best understood once experienced. However *I* can best describe it from within my own notable experience from when I had *acted* angry at a matter rather than *feeling* angry; this was a sure sign of mindfulness due to the fact that even during the event of a dramatic situation I didn't identify with my toxic emotions – it was as if I was a poor actor that didn't believe in the lines that I was saying. In order to understand the negative feelings or unwanted thoughts that we are having, we must curiously ask questions and in this, through practice, we will alleviate the Ego's constructed stories. If you've built false cities of the future or the past within your mind, this way of practice will demolish them with the spacious love of the present moment.

The key to the Self is to begin doing what we fear, doing what interests us, trying things we're passionate about; this is a core map to the development of genuine individuality, this is the practice of discovering our Self. And as stated, the Self gives back to all while consciously remaining one. The Self works with all levels of consciousness yet it is beyond consciousness and is one with the Universe. Working towards the Self does take a great amount of action but the Self truthfully operates from inaction. When we cultivate what makes us tick, when we choose challenging paths, when we go against

the norm of society, when we choose to be “weird” and “misunderstood” which are essential states of individuality and have also become tainted words by an envious society, we then consciously choose to be true to our nature. We choose to be unique and in this uniqueness we spread a sea of quantum electricity, jolting all, waking them up from their living-dead state.

The cultivation of the creative genius, which is a conscious and unconscious state stemming from the godly Self, is a muscle to be worked; it takes action and practice. The only fear we should have is the fear of laziness. So what’s left from this? What do we take from this exploitation? This is rather simple and can be said in just a few sentences but these pages were necessary to make the following statement worthy:

Become aware and friendly to yourself as a whole, ego and all; but to obtain this means following what intrigues us, pursuing challenging paths, passions, Self developing endeavors, and along the way we will experience our *own* form of discouragement because now that we’ve taken on this challenge, we’ve opened the door to pleasing something that is greater than any external being, this passion to ever-evolving mastery is within us and we desire to never disappoint our creative genius, to never jeopardize the truth of our Self, it is in this that we become the greatest admirers of our own work, it is within this productive patience, persistent perseverance, and both perceptual and physical obtained health, that individual greatness will be birthed, and this structured practice is beyond necessary to do so; it is through structure that we become structureless and the practice of relentlessness then becomes first nature because what is *relentlessness* but *the habit of constantly overcoming*; it is no longer a practice but it is a newly obtained way of life – overcoming stems from the abolishment of the prior poor habits and poor habits all stem from the shallow ego; with mindfulness we become aware therefore becoming so

much more than our “expectations” and then embracing Life’s present moment. Working for the now later produces the how: this is the key to making our dreams a reality. This is what I mean when action becomes inaction, this spirit becomes us without thought, it is beyond habit because habit has limitations and inaction has no limitations and neither does the Self.

The blueprint is within this book and it’s blatant – it’s consciously being in touch with your Self and in order to get there we must understand why we choose to suffer and just make peace with it, embrace it. By no means does this end our suffering, we’re born to suffer yet we’re also born to question it, to be curious about it; it is within this curiosity that there is peace; it is within this embracement that there is cultivation. This is finding the meaning to our suffering and constantly overcoming it by laughing at it, by respecting it as our best compass, by letting it lead us to our Self. Let this written work be the path to your way and then realize that there is no *way*. My methods are essential because they aren’t *my* methods they are Nature’s methods, they are *our* methods; they are the Universal way of being. The compass has always been leading to one place the whole time: within.

My Rules To Life

- Gratitude and mindfulness
- Love without restraints
- Meditate daily (morning/night)
- Train hard & respect my body while cooking & eating naturally & passionately
- Take care of my family
- Live fearlessly & never give up
- A poem a day
- Create endlessly!
- Write every single day!
- Read, educate, grow
- Laugh at nothing
- Act shamelessly
- Productive patience, persistence, perseverance

Light Upon The Labyrinth:
Essays, Meditations and Introspective Journaling
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