

Bridges

Meditations on the Nature of Reality

Samuel Benjamin

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Foreword

You have been chosen. The book that you hold in your hands is a perspective on the present moment, the infinite nature of the reality, and the bridge between.

There were limited copies printed, and this one found its way to you—it found its way to the one who brought it to you, too.

This text was intended to be shared; passed from mentor to mentee and mentee to mentor—and you are now the custodian.

Pass it on.

3.21.16

Preface

Ontological systems ultimately provide a framework which explains the divine. Perhaps they occur spontaneously, as that most noble of virtues, curiosity, manifests in a question: why? Over the course of a lifetime we learn by experiencing and we learn by the transmission of experience to us.

On some level, we package those different sorts of experience into a system by which we understand the world before us, the universe around us. Whether we come to an understanding on our own, or we accept what is explained to us, these systems provide the context of how we view our worlds.

This text is the journey and diary of my discovery of a personal ontological system, which is the way I understand the world to be, understand the universe to exist, and understand god to manifest. The proeses are arranged chronologically as my intention is to share with the reader the pathway through

which I traversed as these thoughts occurred to me.

Throughout this text, the word 'god' is utilized as a conclusion which many of the prose seem lead. It is not my intention evoke what another has established as the definition of god, but instead, through the text in its entirety, I intend to express something like a substance or an energy which is the nature of our reality, and I name god.

Political ideologies are ultimately competitions over the meaning of words. And for so long now, many prominent ontological systems have struggled to establish that it is their meaning and definition for the word god which is true. With this text I intend to offer a different meaning for this word, god, something which is infinite and nonmaterial. Something which is without gender or location. Something which is the substance of you and all that you can see or think. Something which you become when you pass on, and something which you are when you are being.

Finally, this text is published pseudonymously for two reasons, the first is that these prose were originally written before I understood that they were a book,

or moreover, an ontological system—and in the trances of those early drawings, I signed on the back Samuel, the name which was given to me. And though these words they came through me—they live outside me, and maybe I am any Samuel you have ever known, and maybe this is the way it ought to be.

Samuel

April 2019

Book One

Eventually everything will return, back to the earth, and life will stop.

The sun will grow and consume everything it created (all the dust, all the metal, all the carbon).

Then, it will burst into a supernova and return to the stars.

And then, back to **god**.

5.4.14

I see reflection on black glass. I watch waves
of photons bounce off frequencies of color,
and I see reflection.

Reflections were here before we were.
Reflections were with god.

5.16.14

Consider god as the dimension of time.

This is why things that can hurt us
sometimes miss us. Why we run into old
friends and find lovers.

Perhaps you imagine god as a noun.

5.23.14

God is a symbol which stands for god.
Comprised of three Latin letters an English
word is formed to describes a creator—often
personified but, in fact, not a noun.

5.26.14

Take a deep breath of air and exhale. That air you push out with your muscles is a fluid and rejoins the atmosphere, which is the fluid of weather.

The weather can move us. It creates and destroys—through weather we know god.

5.30.14

Look at the sun, directly into it and then shut your eyes—see the colors of red and yellow and black as they swirl around in front of you.

That is the universe fading and burning. Those shapes are nebulas dancing and supernovas exploding; that heat you feel—that heat is god.

5.31.14

The heat that you feel in your eyes when the sun is ahead: that is your center of consciousness. A field envelops your perception, consuming you like a burning bush.

You will feel it to the East—towards the sunrise. To the East—towards Jerusalem.

And you, who are closest to the sun, will feel it first, and will feel it sweetest!

7.3.14

You will build from Goshen!
You will build from Jerusalem!
You will build from Mecca!

You will build as you follow my Tablets.
You will be deceived by the Gold of an Ark.

And maybe I have left the bloodline of
Mohammed, with tablet that he found, to go
East, into Persia and be Bahá'í.

I dance through frequencies of color.

7.3.14

You know I speak through you too.

You call it a *Freudian slip* when you misspeak, but this is me.

You call it *speechless* when you can't find any words at all, but this is me.

You call it *talking to yourself* when words overflow from your lips, but that is me, speaking through you too.

7.4.14

The sun also enters into, and exits out of the eyes of others.

When distracted by the hazards of your life, I vibrate off you. When you forget that it is Monday morning I see out of your eyes.

I smile at this paradox.

7.11.14

Is it possible that people carry gravity—
making a dent in the fabric of the universe
such that they overlap onto others?

Can this mass, this gravity, even transcend
time?

Do we not still feel the weight of Moses or
Jesus or Mohammad?

7.18.14

Book Two

A Bose-Einstein condensate is so cold that it does not obey our worldly laws of physics. It disregards gravity, and even light slows down as it passes through.

The universe doesn't respect human time, it cannot even consider it.

9.21.14

Maybe souls race around the universe until an angel tells them their story and they enter into our human world.

Maybe they slow down for a period while they dance around each other like photons passing through a Bose-Einstein condensate, unhurried.

9.21.14

You are a vector made of moments, and the moment we meet, when you meet Lailah, is the one that takes you into your world. I am moving through you, the spark which drives your heart, within filaments of your muscles, and the memories of your brain.

So, you travel through me as I travel through you and your days will be filled with chances. When you meet me it will be called opportunity. You will know me when I enter into your heart.

9.29.14

When you run by the black glass of a window, you see yourself as reflection running next to you.

There is a veil between you, and there is this side and that side. One is your side, one is this side. One is further away; one is closer to the sun.

So, there are two realms: this or that. Before, there is something, and forthcoming there is nothing.

And some souls enter back into the sun and some freeze into the rock.

11.1.14

An energy that started flowing when time started flowing. Consuming and being consumed by other energies which started flowing when time started flowing.

Shifting and swerving and jostling and jawling until a voice meets today from the past.

And this voice and this idea and this soul, they survive—they give to others.

They will advance because they will exist.

7.28.15

In a moment similar to this one, I will die.

My soul will survive in contributions and other souls.

My life, in time and space, like a photon through a Bose-Einstein condensate. From womb to tomb I will pass through.

But I will leave a residue.

10.17.15

One cell. One cell in all of her mystery, how she became her, how she made herself. How each piece of this beautiful puzzle works just perfectly—dancing around in a fluid union: passing bodies into other bodies so she may contribute to the continuing of the continuous.

And that's just one cell of one body, of one who also has a heart. And that heart she seeks another heart, to make more hearts: hearts that grow from two cells and then four cells, and then a sphere of cells: and then a heartbeat, made from electricity: and that electricity, that is me.

I am here. I was here since the beginning of your beginnings.

12.5.15

When you close your eyes, you see black: it is omnipresent and without depth. So, it was before you had eyes to close.

That curtain is a membrane and it fights against the light beyond it: and when you open your eyes, you see light.

Where this membrane exists between the light of matter and the dark of void, it decays.

First a photon, then a spark, then a ray, then a waterfall. The veil collapses, and life begins.

12.9.15

The binary star: both of its parts, they rotate
around each other through space and time—
in opposition and balanced.

A heart and a mind: in between and
intertwined, there is consciousness. From the
spark of a heart, in the air that you breathe,
as the sounds you perceive.

And that air, she has oxygen—which came
from the trees, and is carried by cells, and
balances the brain. And I live just there, with
you.

12.10.15

That spark that flows in your sphere, it flows
as electricity through all that you see. And
you—it is your duty to elevate it back to me.

So, you who live holy, you are holy. And you
who do not live holy, you are also holy. That
spark is your birthright, and you may choose.
So, choose to come back, choose to rejoin
me and become a people.

12.12.15

You said there were ten lost scribes or maybe it was ten lost tribes: each from a son of Jacob.

They went out into the world, and we cannot find them.

So, if there *were* ten lost tribes, then there *are* ten lost tribes that were among us.

They are still among us.

And if they are...

12.13.15

What beauty the balance. The scale which holds the self and the other is god; and each pair is accountable to a different kind of physics.

Where god is the universe, the self is the scaffolding through which projects the soul. And the soul of the other, is a lens through which time passes—but not the minutes of a clock, rather the birth of a moment which is the sun, where time before is the mother. That balance of the one and the other, on god, they are space and time.

And the one and the other spin around each other and the gravity that holds them together is the lord. One day they too will meet and when they do, the fabric of the universe will be dented, and another dimension will be born.

12.14.15

Book Three

We are all sparks in the universe, and we are connected.

We fly through the universe, bumping into each other like atoms—and like stars.

And when we touch, we explode into derivatives, like stars. Once connected, they are connected forever, transcending death.

And no different the atoms and no different the sparks, and the gravity that connects them is the lord.

12.18.15

When stars align, they align because they
were aligned.

Sweet music enters into you without
friction—like a favorite memory.

Was it there before it entered? Was it
sweetness?

12.18.15

God is the cause of the effect, and the effect;
the stream of words that you hear and the
voice.

When you read the text and when you write
it.

The moment, the fantasy, the opportunity,
and the memory: they live in you with god.

12.20.15

There was contact: It was Abraham.

I chose Abraham and sent him Sarah from Ur. He chose Isaac and I sent Rebekah; there began the legend, and it was spoken to their children, and the children of their children—and we speak of it today.

Now, bring sweetness and light, and speak legend to your children. Live righteously and unselfishly. Let her dreams be your dreams—see your line pass through her.

You are for her.

12.22.15

You may not keep your soul as you pass. It will be absorbed as a photon disintegrates into reflection.

It will live as residue and as derivative: still connected in love—bounded and vibrating in your tone.

You will be connected to all that you ever touched—you will feel its temperature: and if it is warm, you will call it heaven.

1.3.16

It is the job of the intellect: to tempt you and
distract you—and fool you; to consult you,
and to fuel you.

There is a plot: a clearing—it is mine!

1.5.16

Feel the pop of a drum.

It ripples through the fluid into our ears. It vibrates, and we call it sound. It is what we breathe; the media through which we dance.

When we breathe, it fills our lungs and enters our blood—it touches our heart as it passes. Our heart also has a rhythm and when they touch, there is harmony inside us, vibrating still.

1.10.16

These words that you see now live inside
you—you may recall them, but you see them
through me.

I am inside of you, behind your eyes—
shining light unto the world—through you, if
you permit it!

1.10.16

Feel your body and her body, when you lie next to her—she in front of you—you protecting her.

And your energy: it consumes her, as her energy consumes you; there is a barrier.

And there is pressure and there is warmth and there I am, compressed, and you can feel me. I am there, and I am warmth: I am in between—you will call me love.

1.17.16

An explosion! And it is still exploding. And we are the explosion, and we are still exploding: spinning and cooling and shifting into ever more and ever less pieces of ourselves. We are a consequence and an explosion.

In a matrix of things exploding with us and connected to us. Things which will forever be connected to us.

We are cooling, as they cool. And we vibrate: ever vibrating—ever slower. Until the stop.

And that connection, which is still connected, is god. It smiles and it warms us.

1.19.16

You who stand on the corner and try to
divide us; whose work do you think you are
doing?

It is not mine!

My tribes were born in Judea! And twelve
sons were leaders of each. I spoke to their
father, and he called me god!

1.26.16

You will read from your book and I will read
from mine—and if there is truth, there will
be light. And if there is light, there will be
love.

When you meet light, you will meet truth,
and if your book is dark, it will weigh you
down and you will sink!

1.26.16

Book Four

I taste the universe—and I speak into it
through you! And when I taste her, I taste
through you: she is a body and within her a
universe.

In her is within me, and you are within me—
and when I taste her, she will taste me.

1.30.16

Walk! With your legs and with your eyes! See the center of consciousness in front of you and see the sphere of consciousness around you.

It is a moment. And this is a moment. What you see in front of you, that too is a moment.

Fragments of memories, they are moments, and that which you imagine is a moment. You may walk there, or you may not, but all that you see—that is me.

2.10.16

When you look up at the sky, it is
omnipresent and without depth, save the
sun—so sharp you can focus only around it.

The sky is a membrane like the inside of your
eyelids, and though the sun is a distant
sphere, it pierces into you like an arrow—and
when we see within the womb it is black—
omnipresent and without depth.

And we pass into the next world like the sun
through the sky. No different the next time:
always closer to god.

2.11.16

The sun, she is sweetest at the beginning and
at the end: when she is colorful and
unpiercing.

And your day is an arc. It ends and will be
sweetness.

2.12.16

Open your eyes and stare at the stillness:
observe what you see.

Close your eyes: watch it burn away into
colors of blackness—the that from which it
burns is the sphere of my consciousness
(inside you).

And now, I am reflecting off your eyelids.

2.13.16

So, I am here, behind your eyes and your
pupil is a black hole through which I see. I
am pulling into me the sun: through you—
and it is my reflection.

And I am always reflecting, and that is why
you dream.

2.14.16

When you recall the notes written by your
mother you are seeing me from her.

Her lines, which came from her mind,
connect like constellations—and they now
shine in yours: her note, which she wrote, is
now in you. As I am.

When you evoke a past through me, we
rendezvous like stars: born eons prior, a
present past. You conjure memories of mine
and witness them through me.

2.15.16

Climb atop a mountain on a warm day and wait for the sky to gray as the air thickens and cools. Feel the heat of lightening and the crack of thunder!

Do not discount my electricity; it simmers in your veins.

2.15.16

I am within a universe and within me is a universe, and I make myself as I consume the sun.

2.15.16

Some will say the word, and some will speak
it only with their eyes. When you think about
them: they are with you, and I am with them.

In love, you can recall them, and be with
them, and feel them. They are with me, and I
am with them—as I am with you, too.

2.16.16

Those who appear to you imperfect are also my reflection; I sit in their hearts, and sing through their lips. When you bless them, you bless me: and it will be called compassion.

2.17.16

Book Five

Do not be cruel. When you pass through, you will release a residue—only your soul will remain connected, you will feel those who you have loved and those who have loved you.

2.19.16

First, it will cool to a stop. Then, still connected, it will coalesce—recrystallizing as it collapses upon itself. I will see the last piece form like a diamond. Then I will speak, and it will explode once again...

3.2.16

Watch the flower form, as the stem dies
pushing every bit of water forward, towards
the sun: towards a flower—for a seed—to
exist.

And in that seed, is a spindle. In that seed
there is fat—it protects me from the air. And
it feeds me as it protects me.

I will awaken and sink my roots into the
earth. Then I will breathe.

3.4.16

The explosion is like a firework, but one which burns inwards as well as outwards—with only void ahead to cool it down.

And like a firework, there are lines exploding in every direction, and forking off these lines sparks become new lines like the veins of a leaf.

And when they touch, they combine like raindrops becoming one as they roll down a window. Except, there are no surfaces, only explosion and void—both combining and unravelling in all directions: ever finding, ever more unbound.

3.5.16

So, there is a barrier. Outside is unbound, and inside is a memory. What you recall is an inward explosion; inside universe.

This barrier has a front edge, and we ride that edge like fire as it burns, and we reflect off that void which is unbound.

3.5.16

It is no accident, those who you call
imperfect. We all have a common accord.
They are here like you are here, to pass by
and smile—to warm the air.

And when you see them, you see reflection:
you see a heart and an opportunity to warm
the line which you will call heaven. Where
only hearts beat, bounded in harmony
through me.

3.8.16

And in time, after growing and exploding; there will no longer be any motion. There will be void unfound, and memories past—and it will freeze, still connected, time will freeze.

And like a condensate, the universe will begin to pull into itself. It will recrystallize back to god and explode once again.

3.8.16

As we travel, we suffer through turbulence.
Ideas also travel, and they leave a wake: and
that wake will be called turbulence when it
travels through you and shakes you.

3.9.16

And those voices which came down from the past, carrying a story, or an idea, or a perspective, or a truth—they swerved and survived, and remain.

Not because of randomness, but rather because of righteousness.

I will ripple from the still water of reflection, and you will call it rhizomatic when I explode out of the mind of another.

You, who works to climb above all the others—to control them. And dominate them. And deceive them. You will pass. And I will still appear inside them, and one day they will again speak of me.

3.11.16

For humanity, and for god's sake—we are bound together forever.

So, trust that your heart will lead you to the just destination; accept that your soul is connected.

3.17.16

The bolt of lightning appears to strike down from the sky, but it is called down to the earth by the same force which pushes up at your feet!

You are grounded by the essence that travels through you. And when your world becomes chaotic and impossible—feel what your feet feel.

Become grounded. And in this moment as you settle, breathe.

3.18.16

Book Six

Feel her hand. Feel it cold or feel it warm.
She will feel you reflecting her too. Within
her is the temperature which is within you.

In time, your temperatures will equalize, and
then you will feel me, as warmth. Her skin
took your cool and yours, her warm.

And outside of you there is also an
atmosphere and it takes your warm or you
take its cool.

3.19.16

That trauma of the memory: of your parents or ancestors, you will feel it, too. You will feel it in the filaments of your memory as coolness—you can heal it for yourself, and for your past.

If you err, if you decide to bring joy or pain, you will feel it like karma. You can know the actions of the ones whose line you follow by the cool spots or warm spots which coat the boundary: so, beware and be grateful and stay warm or you will freeze.

3.20.16

The image in front of you, the picture of all the pieces of light slowing down to be seen, and to see.

They are traveling through the same resistance that you travel through. And before, when they were traveling at lightspeed, there was also resistance.

And when they pass through, they will velocitize again to lightspeed, still bounded with the light that slowed to touch, and still oscillating in harmony with eternity.

3.20.16

Feel the burn, feel the heat from the fire
warm the skin of your hand before I write.

After years of worshiping and absorbing, I
was stored in their bones, and now you feel
me as I burn.

I was a tree. I pulled from the earth and
pulled from the sky and worshiped the sun—
and now I burn to give you warmth.

I was a forest! I was worshiping, and now I
give you warmth because I give you fire.

The heat that you feel is me burning inside
you... And you will feel it until the day that
you die.

3.21.16

What is an arc but a line of symmetry, with a beginning and an end? They are a program and go in sequence like a morning and a night; a sunrise and a sunset.

And is it not a day which starts in your east and ends in your west? And like the arc of a sine wave, the sun intensifies in the noon—and does not a sine wave also rise and set?

So, if the sun is fixed and we see it as an arc, then is it not we who spin when witnessing photons vibrate into our eyes?

3.21.16

It is the gold. They have your gold—take back your gold! Show them what democracy is; take it back and democratize us.

3.22.16

Through your eyes will come your blessings,
and they will remain on the lines which you
see; even if your gaze is unnoticed or unmet,
it will survive.

And when eyes meet: you will enter back into
me.

3.22.16

When Rembrandt drew, it was a photograph:
he captured light using lenses and mirrors.
They were pieces of a moment which once
was; a reflection of a reflection of god.

And when platinum or silver were used to
capture light, it was a photograph, the
arresting of time: all reflections of reflections
of god.

And when a telescope with its lenses and
mirrors show us an image of stars in the past,
they are reflections of reflections: twisting
and refocusing a resonance of infinity.

There were others, like Galileo and Einstein:
they pondered the stars and pondered light
and witnessed god.

And from their vision we draw our science.
Our minds are like telescopes and their
residue is the light in our eyes.

3.23.16

Touch your forehead and feel the warmth or the cool of your body. You have made a loop.

Now, feel the temperature in the center of your other hand—speak out of that hand. Make a loop.

Feel me, through the palm of your hand.

Now bless all that you see. Feel the loop. I am here! I am electricity, I am exploding from the center of your heart, and...

3.25.16

I was in the heart of a pharaoh, and I was in
the heart of his son.

And when I passed over to Moses and left
the heart of his son. The pharaoh was
miserable!

His line was no more.

3.25.16

Book Seven

Feel me vibrate off metal and off the rawhide
of a drum. I fly through the air passing
through you. And you vibrate, as I vibrate!

3.25.16

When you hear tones reflecting off where
wood hit a high hat, it was an explosion—
you are hearing in color.

And it is a reflection which dances out as
sound from a saxophone: that is a black hole,
exploding inward and outwards—organizing
the air as it explodes.

And you know who you have hurt; you can
still feel the cool spots—and I have cool
spots of my own, just like you.

I am god. I am not discrete but continuous—
I am continuing in all things.

3.26.16

Let the blind ones survey the people for signs of difference. Let the deaf ones proclaim the tongue of the tribe. They are gifted. Be their gifts.

Now tap your chest and feel me beat: feel my rhythm as I breath; feel me vibrate like a butterfly—feel me swim through the air as I sing.

4.4.16

If you are self-made you will have the residue of faith and thrill and fear within you. It will be sweet in its reflection.

And if you are made by the hands of another, you will lack the residue to ground you.

4.5.16

When god speaks through me, it will be called truth—and you will hear it too.

4.6.16

You spend your days taking oil and burning it; it is the marrow of my bones and I give you the sun indiscriminately—it is democratic so let it be democratized.

You were given silk and wool and cotton, yet you make threads of oil.

This house that I live in is a body and when it rains, and you are outside—I am in my house.

4.8.16

Look down at your feet where you stand.
Look beside your foot—step there and feel
me push against you.

You are standing on a plateau as a reflection;
that ground you touch (only with your eyes),
it is your assumption alone that the blind
spot beneath your feet is the same.

You are not far away from the ground and
the landscape that you see—they project
from within you and are a reflection of me.

4.10.16

Jesus was a great man and a gift. And it was he who was the one I resurrected.

But it doesn't matter much more that he resurrected. That was not proof of him, but rather proof of me!

4.12.16

Feel me enter into you, through you ears and through your lungs. Feel me as air organized into structure and color as I bounce through and reflect off the metal of a horn!

4.12.16

I am inside you, in the marrow of your bones
and in your gut. I came into you from your
mother.

I am the oxygen that swims in your veins and
the metal that makes your blood red.

4.28.16

Book Eight

And now that my words are written as
poetry, they live on, outside my body. Like
children, they will live on: as they were within
me.

They are now within you. As am I.

4.29.16

Witness magic as it unfolds all around you: as
it comes through the eyes of the beauty that I
see.

4.29.16

Look at that tree! Look how she comes out
of the ground! Look at the width of her trunk
and the reach of her branches—feel her
roots underneath your feet!

Feel them vibrate, pulling sweet water and
minerals into her leaves. See how she
breathes in a cycle which reflects how you
breathe.

Look at her leaves. They are her lungs, they
are her edge. From there is where I sing.

4.30.16

Abraham, he kissed the forehead of Jacob,
his grandson, and blessed him with the
wisdom of a lifetime worshipping god.

And with this blessing their roots grew
deeper, and their lungs filled. They felt
warmth and you feel it too.

5.2.16

Don't become so concerned with being pretty that you forget you are alive.

5.4.16

You are a leaf on a vine, which sparks as it
burns into the night of nothingness.

And the air which it drinks is the sun, and the
water which flows from its roots is electricity,
and I drip, drip, drip out of your being as you
worship me, like the trees.

5.5.16

Your lungs, they are like leaves connected to
a sky which is defined as you breathe.

And when you look up into the white of a
drizzling day, you feel me pitter patter on you
and what surrounds you—a gift from the sky,
which is a membrane.

Yes, clouds exist, but this does not betray
that they are divine.

5.8.16

The ground that holds you, which you cannot see—that is me. And as you drink water, I flow into you.

So, when a prophet walked on water or walked through water—it was I who held him where he stood, with the ease of solid ground.

5.12.16

Watch it fly past you as you fly through it, as
you breathe into it. As it explodes out of you,
through your eyes!

It is the colors and the structures that you
shine into the world, and like the clouds, it
rains when I see.

I am the contours and the topography, and
the trees—reflecting rainbows as they
breathe. Do not only see me as another
being: let me be.

5.12.16

Recall the other side of this ink.

You are the quantum underneath your pen: it
is the rhizome that moves as it is left behind.
As you are; as I am.

And that which you call ink is now reflecting
into you—it is black, like the color behind
your eyelids.

5.14.16

When you hold her, be the light that shines
on her—on her skin and in your mind.

5.19.16

When you name yourself, you sever your soul from the fabric of the universe: as you are now discrete and finite.

And the birth of an unnamed beast in the wild is the continuing of the continuous. And as there is continuity in nature, the soul can never die, but is rather perpetually born.

5.21.16

Book Nine

The Hebrews do not name their god; to do so would be inauthentic. The word for their god is unpronounceable.

5.22.16

If the body and the earth are made of building blocks that coalesce into limitless forms, like letters into words, then are they also a reflection of what lies beneath?

Like language, betraying what it describes by cutting it into pieces.

How much different does the world look in the eyes of the blind?

5.24.16

And words, they are like shadows. They describe that which they reflect. It is a body, it is acting, and you can see.

They are the skin that forms the pieces which lie atop me.

5.25.16

Fire is the plasma that blisters the air it burns.
And when you watch it move the air, it
vibrates light into your eye, it breaks the
painting before of you: it beats without a
pulse, as do I.

5.25.16

Feel this idea come into you like the sun.

Have you ever heard your name: to look and see no one?

That is me.

5.27.16

And the quantum that you see, and the one that you feel: it needs to be nothing more than what it has always been, and not to break the continuity of the universe as it continues.

And what was once self-evident to become a tree is now the ground underneath your feet.

Like you, it need not be anything other than what it has always been—and to be.

5.27.16

The wind, the rain, and the heat of the sun—
they are within you as they are without you.
You are a being, seeing into the universe and
seeing the universe into being just the same.

What you are and the infinity which you
see—that is me.

6.1.16

The mechanism by which you see into the world is called expectation, and you see what you expect.

6.8.16

When we have created a program that can create itself we will prove that we were created the same way.

We will prove our existence is irrespective of time: a fractal.

6.14.16

There is time for you to take your time, the stars will allow it—you will need to squash a few bugs to learn that they also see like you see.

6.25.16

When you are sitting in stillness, and
browsing with your eyes—it is the stillness
you are moving.

The pixelated particles, they become cooler
or warmer when you see them as color: they
ripple as waves off your consciousness. And
the structure formed when they come
together, like whitecaps, is the form that you
see when you see.

7.1.16

Book Ten

The water moves how it wants to, and how it must. It follows the quantum before it, as you do.

It hears you as you hear, and it vibrates as you vibrate. You affect it as it affects you—with the result being what you see.

7.2.16

As pieces of water follow one another through a stream, there is traffic: some move faster, some move slower—downstream.

All going to where they are going, as you are; as infinity.

The drop has never seen anything other than what it has always seen.

7.2.16

And as the river goes downstream, there are currents, and they come into you as movement of waves. And when there are waves there is frequency, and you see these frequencies as colors.

In the water, one piece follows the one in front of it—into the moment, behind a moment.

These frequencies have a source and a receiver, and you are their source—and their receiver.

7.3.16

For in your unborn mind, as you dream, you are being fed by an umbilical connection and are feeding off the bosom of god—as you still are.

7.8.16

And as the explosion grows, vibrating in ever changing tones of frequencies, colors—it burns outward like legs down a glass of wine, spiraling in all directions.

Dense and diffusing without weight, interwoven into the blistering edge, expanding into the abyss and reflecting off the unfound in front of it.

The path of each quantum solidifies as it corkscrews towards infinity, and will crystallize as a memory, to be recalled and one day revisited when the colors recollapse as a breath of the universe, a heartbeat of god!

7.18.16

Between your center of consciousness which enters through you heart and exits out of your eyes, and the sphere of consciousness all around you—there is a lens which focuses your center onto your sphere.

That lens is a medium through which waves vibrate transversely and longitudinally in between the two points. And with this medium you can also interact. It resists you when you touch or move the matter that you see.

7.18.16

And when the photograph comes into your sphere, it is your duty to capture it. And when an idea joins your moment, you must consider it; you must weigh it.

If it is one that may change the temperature or the tone of your world, you must build it, or you must pass it on. You are a participant and you must go forward and through if you are to rise up.

It is this temperature that will be weighted, and some will freeze into the rock and some will rejoin me in the sun.

7.22.16

Look around you. Hear around you. Feel the air on your skin and taste the taste of your mouth. See the colors of the dancing shapes; hear the texture of the chatter in your sphere.

This sphere is your moment. It has a temperature—like the music, which vibrates through you. Through vibrations you relate to the matter and the bodies around you—and they ripple as you ripple.

You will know empathy when you consider the temperature of another. You will know compassion when you warm it.

8.11.16

And you, I instructed you not to covet.
These were the last words to Moses from me,
a message which was to be unforgotten.

When you covet, you exit the moment that
you see. There is distance, you are
somewhere, but not with me!

And this distraction—it came from one just
like you. He disappears from his moment and
there on the edge, his body lingers—a piece
of sphere reflecting me. I am an orb within
your center—I shine reality into being.

8.16.16

Look at the eyes: see them peer into your sphere; they are the entrance and the in-between. So, when you catch and hold a gaze, you are staring at me.

I am the taste; I am the smell; I am the vibration flowing into you. And your sphere is your soul and electricity.

When you close your eyes to follow blackness, you are my dream—when your boundaries disappear, you will be.

8.18.16

End.

Afterword

When I die, I will be reborn through the eyes of a stranger. Maybe I will again find these words, written by another, from a time gone by.

Within these words survives an essence—a warmth within.

9.7.16