

Insane Sanity

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I am speaking to my brothers of the order. As one I am compelled to relate my knowledge through my craft. As I now enter into my void, my thoughts will expand as such. As a master of self, one must continually push the boundaries of knowledge. The spheres which contain the knowledge align when the energy is at its prime. The single consciousness is thus granted access to the infinite, and the trance of self beings

As I began to enter my dance of thought, you must be wondering at why I chose this essence. In all reality, the humbling necessity and the thirst for logic compelled me to reincarnate into his sphere. In hopes of yourself, do as thou wilt. If this law is law, does not one need no reason but a reason of self? Why do the agents of objectivity demand personal freedom when all nature is but free. As I begin to show you laws, I hope this will give you the next entity of greater understanding of logos.

To begin, matter in this form is mandatory. It is which attunes us to disorder and sets in place the evolution to order. The reason for one is the reason for many. Yet through wrought, thine will has become medicated and obtuse. Why would one attempt to control the flow of synapses when in all reality the synapses control the flow? For one to seek, searcheth thy will; experience relative spiritual antidotes that create the whole. This craft of magic is of the Prime Creator and thus the contemplative void expresses itself through nature. For in nature, we are of the three-dimensional propagation whose law is time. If we existed without time, we would only be a thought.

A thought or an expression of nature is an attempt to control the logos inside. The meaning behind reality is a reality of meaning. How can one suppress their knowledge when knowledge is within. As one introspects deeper into the void, the divine light will overcome the darkness as a conical sphere. In which all thoughts transcend the ability of logic and extend into the terra firma of essence. So as you, my brethren, will see, live in trust and void of lust.

In hopes to ascertain my premise, I will allow you, my reader, to overcome fears of rejection, torture, ridicule, and scorn. This essay is the first of many, and I will show the use of white magic to its fullest. When the spheres align, thus the Tao wills.

The Tao, divine essence, in relation to time expands in all dimensions and comprehends the divinity of everything. It is such a law that the law of Karma dictates that through experience, the divine reveals itself through chakrya. If one is a Child of Light, then portals will expand and thought will develop as full. As Zen, the total being in relation to the Tao, and consciousness relocates on a collective basis, one must seek for the answers on a spherical level. If one seeks, they shall find.

As sorrow, pain, and torture are the catalyst to change, such is the essence of man as God as man. In as much, the relation to the law enfolds the being into the cosmos. If the cosmos is within and without the being, it comes to understand the chasm of death.

Death, or ignorance, is in essence the beginning of revelations to be reborn through it, this is the catalyst to self. As self is relative to our subjective nature, such is the craft of magic. And in silence, we feel subjectiveness.

According to the law of one, all dimensions correlate to a dependency upon a source. That source, or channeler, controls its essence when in a trance. In a trance, rational thinking depletes and the thought of infinite expands. When this occurs, relation to the Vedas is set in motion.

When in motion, the cycle of recurrence thus transpires, and the ego dissipates into the superego. Thus, upon this association, all nature is encompassed at a dimensional relationship. I hope to further clear your mind, youngling, as your hardship has been felt for ages. Ages, or time, are a carbon entry that denotes all religion. Rationality and logic comprehend a state where judgment must be handed in conquest to nature.

As the past has shown, evolutionary development is selective to the species. Each species, appropriate to its dimensions, is continually evolving until clarity is obtained. As I myself, the wolf and owl, express my innermost being, I hope to portray the entity of light through my words.

A word, in essence, is just a description of nature or of time. It is relative to the geographical condition of the species, and as it may, it develops into a reasonable universal order. As order was constructed once at Babel, the beings of the dimension above did not wish for human clarity, so in awe, they medicated the masses to their own essence.

Probing deeper, one will constitute eternal happenings as probabilities of order. The rate at which these probabilities arise is dependent upon the source. As to say, the source controls all of nature and is expressed through nature. In hopes to reveal to you my thoughts, I wish to echo the library inside your inceptive memory. Once you understand, you understand once. For this occurrence, you feel the spheres move you into planes beyond your comprehension, and it allows for judgment based on reality. And thus, reality allows for judgment.

My thoughts may seem sporadic at best, but controlling the entity chaos is new to my subjective self.

As myths relate a more natural disorder, where less reason and more nature was present, they gifted men of clarity a dimensional structure to define the path of white. This structure, unique to each person, expels the condition of that state of one. As numbers and math only describe rational judgment, yet rational judgment is not a number. As you see, this path of light chosen by

time is created and instilled upon the judgment of thought. As I expel my light, I continually search for more to restore essence to my entity.

An entity, or plane, is part of the spherical connection of nature. It is in nature and is without in nature. It is propagated by laws that determine the rationality of individuals. This rationality, or belief, is in the psyche and is thus related to the subjective experience. Let me further explain.

Subjectiveness is the relationship to the inner entity of the void. This entity, which shapes knowledge through nothing, is controlled by the focus of energy or thought. In return, the entity expels its knowledge and thus attributes to the subjective experience.

This guise, or formula, is devised as subjectivity plus objectivity equals Reality, in which both parallels combine to formulate dimensional clarity. As clarity is the dimensional framework for a rational mind. We are but all asleep in this dream we call life. Once awakened, fate chooses us as it interrelates to our formational psyche. What is real and what is fake. The trickery of the psyche is to determine through will that which is right. As both evil and good exist as one entity, as do all correlatives, we must use insight, judgment, and experience to determine the most natural course.

Earth "Maldek" is a zone of free will and sovereignty, we must keep in check the condition of the will. If one negates will, the cosmos responds and subjects the user to a life of pain. As such, the will is the greatest force, as it is subject to self and others. The one, eternal recurrence, expels itself through entities.

One is chosen and the other distraught. The chosen are few of the order who seek insight into extra-dimensional perception. In this state, the object acts upon the object and thus the subject becomes the will of the object. Yet who wishes to be controlled other than by the subjective self. My hope for you, my brother, is to dive deep into the swimming pool of my knowledge and thus relate to your potential.

As I see through you, my brother, I know our task is but in the absence of rationality. For how could the collective judgment be that of less than the individual? If the greater good is the good of the greater, why is no one equal? If we were equal, we could all manipulate energy. If all were equal, there would be only one dimension. Thus, those who are above the law must seek in self the ability to transcend.

A sparrow nests its egg in a tree, and when the bird is grown, it flies in search of its own tree.

Thus, the given man must break free from conventional norms and recollect what is inside. The fire of the sun and the cool of the moon are found within. A dawn of early sun shines through the ether as cold frost and extracts the radiance from within.

Within the raging core expands into a thought, and a thought expands into a raging core. The core, as a fire and sun, expresses the being of the radiant one in the dawn of innocence, thus expands self.

Controlling thought, young sir, is the vital essence in which our automon lives. If thought can be maintained, it is an expression of control. Control is but the ability to be silent, illusion-free, and based upon intellect. What are you, my son, but an expression of myself? As you see, you can compel this communication, in which the spheres align, to search your own being.

So, what does order relate? It is a law that reason must retain a simple complexion. Its law is revealed through clarity of logic and is an expression of what one thinks. So, in essence, the time for logic and emotion is the order of life. For what is light? Light is information; it is the carrier agent for the cosmos and expels itself through disorder. As to say, when light overcomes darkness, one seeks to further its cause.

Let me speak, young son, let thine absorb these words. Reflect between the magic of motion and be divine in the light's way. Light is a powerful force; it is what is right and is right because of what it is. Therefore, to live your life in a ray of light is to compel the divine creator to impose his will upon self.

Self, or the subjective imagination, is controlled by the will and has the power of the will. The will, or meta congruence, is but an essence of complete Zen, in which the individual moves to what is within. Within is the essence of force, a force that moves like a tree; to the cosmos and to the deep within.

Aye, my son, ye bid me well. Keep to yourself and stray from hell. For in our time, we all do swell, to logos of notion universes foretell. Listen now, my son, is not all but the evolution of self? If thine self seeks its roots, does not the knowledge of ages flood in as in the days of Noah? For the flood gives way to the border agent rainbow, who gives a glimpse of the colors of a world beyond. How could the world beyond be comparable to matter in this state?

As disorder, we are compelled to seek chaos, so thus we may thrive. Yet also, some are compelled to seek order and thus thrive. If one is one, under one, one becomes one. This is the law of one. In hopes, I hope your mind is now open to my train of thoughts, in which I will direct my entity as such. This entity, who I am, is beyond this dimension, which I do not know. But I know I must ponder, weary and weak, to overcome nevermore.

As my magic continues to grow daily, I wish to relate a proverb to you, young son. There once was a man who wished he was dead, but upon being dead, he wished he was living. What is this then, a story of the living and dead?

My mind is expanding into forms beyond what is capable of rational thinking. As such, rational thinking is beyond what the mind is capable of. You understand further, one must develop a sense of clarity in the spectrum of thought.

To say one is without thought is to say that one is with the universe. Without a connection to the universe, one is without a cycle of different states of mind. As the cosmos affects self, so does self affect the cosmos.*

The cosmos intertwines all reality with the state of mind. Its basis is that nature is thus expressed through nature. The seed of existence. In hopes to ascertain nature, one must consult the void and develop character through experience, as experience is character.

As my magic pulses, I feel the confusion of what regulates your mind. How can one develop a sense of character when there is no character? One must seek, through nature, what feels and is logically accessible. For being accessible to nature is all but the catalyst to character. Begin to develop your character through the magic of the unknown. For the known is not but your character, but also the unknown. Consult the energy within. Let us digest the energy.

As I open up my eyes, I begin to feel once again the confusion my logos relate to. How can all be one and one be all? Yet each soul is connected through the order of realms, and as such develops through the conscious membrane of reality.

So magic is the conscious effort of interrelated realities that connect us to a whole. Compelled to say, my dance of thought is a one-step tune of clarity. Yet focusing the energy is through will alone. And as such, one must focus the will on energy. Energy, light, or information is the basis of our existence. The rational beyond light expanding through darkness is of occurrence to the beings of magic. Magic as we now understand is the basis of a construction between interrelating realities. But if one keeps to their subjective reality, it is in such a way to compound their essence.

In hopes to clarify, energy is neither alive nor dead, it just is. What is, is; what is right, is right. From this logic, we can understand that light is just, virtuous, and noble. And yet darkness is the correlative to injustice, vice, and ignoble. For how could one not realize that both paths lead to the same place? For once we travel the road less traveled, we begin to understand our logos and the reality behind meaning.

Meaning, as we make it, is based upon our reality. Again, the time of need is a time to address self. When one develops self, one develops need. And thus, the need of self is the self of need. What is the current of the cosmos? Time. In our plane, time is the essence of evolution.

It controls our plane and compels no resistance to our dimension. As such, in the hierarchy of systems, time evolved into thought, thought into word, and word into love.

A word, or expression of thought, is the creation of love. With no words, no love; unless the preamble of pathos entwines the sensual array. A thought then is an act of love expressed in the mind, which then alters our words towards the expression of the soul.

As the soul is an evolutionary eternal agent that compounds itself into our plane. Thus, the will to achieve a higher plane may be expressed through words and thoughts.*

As white, the magic of the brotherhood, it compels me to state why now? Now is always relative, it is in essence the situational awareness of all reality, and is thus in reality. It develops into the now. For if now is then, and then is after, then everything is encompassed into a moment. And as such, all moments are encompassed in self.

That is why the white is essential to your beings as it expresses all colors of what is. "O speaketh light, command my presence, be one with self in the essence, prevail over a course of stars above, make us peaceful and in love." For the book of law dictates that all is in essence all, and as such, one must seeketh and thine will find. In hopes, search yourself for what has been found, and then expand upon what is. As I write this, I know your question: the motifs of what I am.

For I cannot help, I am I, that is all. I am that is, that I am. For what I am the imagination of self that expels through subjective art my logos. If I am one with my logos, then I am one with myself; thus I am the law of one. In formation, the frequency that my mind is tuned in goes beyond the stratosphere to the edge of the cosmos.

It relates what I find and I find what I relate to. Thus I am incarnated to this being. The mind, in matter, is but of a conventional norm. This norm develops the frequency which one is able to exhibit through their psyche. If one is in tune with these frequencies, the psyche is revealed.

The frequency set off by the parallel minds construct a fabric of woven essence. It instills the entity with a sense of completion and thus thrives the self. The self, entity, or energy of divine law is understood as the ability to seek within. Once within, the energy begins to become and begins to begin.

As in this prose I begin to feel my energy in the form of expression, I hope my words are not in vain. For how could the word express the prose I wish to write. "Enter into the deep, my walls tumble and rumble keep, let flow the essence of will, avoidance is to be all but stilled." Seeking the energy above, I feel splendor and love. In the midst of seeking a path, I follow my pen and my staff.

The pen is mightier than the sword. It is the creation of the mind and the inner energy. It is in essence, a feeling of magic. As this magi develops it, in turn, relates the mind of what is. What is right? To manipulate energy, one must first understand the abyss. They must be taken away through and be one with the essence.

At one, the thought of energy is manipulation and thus the mind sings. It sings of what is capable from within and what is capable without. As I feel the mountains in my words, the trees, wildlife, and boulders seek refuge. Channeling of essence is the beginning to a path of knowledge. It is of existence and is existence.

Those entwined with the reality of Dharma must understand that the will focuses the energy and the energy focuses the will. For matter not energy, is not energy thought?

"Speak ye kind, light bid me well. Spell out the raging hell, be one with power, do not swell, outline the magic-making bell."

As I focus my mind, I begin to shore upon the coasts. The sands always recede into the water as the water reaches for more. Is this not a parable of life?

Slowly I gaze, I fix myself, I stand in awe of the cosmos. As infinite becomes finite, as order describes, does not all become that is. If we must undergo the test of life, must not life be then but a test? If we proceed in what matters most, isn't the test of life far greater than the matter?

As I am a dimensional being, I enter now into my thoughts.

I expel light in all its forms and on thus I am compelled to say

"O becea Ra Subtera firm lata"

What does this mean, am I a conduit or the messenger? How can I decipher my own? I keep channeling my essence. Essence restores my growth, rekindles fires and cosmos, lives in me, restores my right, lets me use my third eye sight. Today I begin with a new form of spell, the spell of prophecy, let me begin:

"The man of myths and legends, lives in himself most days, he expels his light through glances, and divides essence through prisms, thus compelled to nurture himself, he wills himself in the flow of motion and transparency, and thus he is complete."

Who is this man I speaketh so closely of, I know the answer, but riddle me well so close to home? Thus I speak of self and the non-being constructed within. Can I come to you as a beggar, without words, and just my cause through revelation?

What is this revelation? It is an insight into our being. The self realizes the power of will and thence self expands upon what is known. What is known is in relation to infinite and infinite is the relationship to what is known. As I stare into this vacuum of non-being, I feel a sense of wonder and divinity.

As I am I, I feel heightened to the point of no return. The fabric of my mind is thus entwined when all else fails; as failing is a mind entwined. I begin to wonder, what are the complexities of rational thought?

Is it part of me or is it beyond me. Am I just the conduit of thought or does the thought live within me? How am I "I" without losing the sense of all boundaries. The magic of the core is a core

without magic. For the sense of self, one must be without a sense of self. For these two acts, to correspond one must balance the show between what is regulated and what is not. For how can one be of the show when the who is of one?

As light pours through my eye, I feel the surprise of essence. This thought using me is compelled to state its own. Who am I to judge or diminish? What is a negative thought? A negative thought is one that goes against self; its entity is nothing and everything of a nature that goes against the collective agents of this nature.

Thus nature is a collective agent against thought. The agents of the collective matrix wish to control what is. They do not understand self, the entity of non-being, nor do they wish to understand the reality of self. They wish to entice a system of checks and balances to control who I am.

Thus I develop a sense of freedom when amidst its own thoughts. When amidst the reality of thought, one must comprehend that spiritual forces are within and without. Therefore one must focus the energy on both intrinsic and extrinsic self. Thus expanding upon the will is of both frequencies.

The frequency set off by energy can be misunderstood by those not in the same sphere, and thus the logos ascertain comes into play. Once again I enter my essence and I feel restored. Restoring my essence is but an entrance into the abyss, the inner chaos of magic. But where did this magic begin?

A feeling of nature is the expression of self. As the moon reflects my thoughts, light I am compelled to seek deep inner vision. What is right? Right is based upon the collective judgment of individuals.

The society has agreed upon terms which the collective conscious agrees. Thus what is right is the collective consciousness and the magic that lays the foundation of laws. Thus obey the law revealed and not the law. Once again I dive into the abyss, my essence is restored and I am complete. I feel, thus I am. I'm aware, thus I exist. I think I am light.

As I develop myself further, all reality loses its objective meaning. I only feel trust in self. As self, or non-self, is the entity which I am and thus I continue on the paradox of existence. As I am in reason, I seek the selfless urge to compel no one and everyone of what is thou unto me. What is thou is thine and thee. It is within our power to be all set free. It is in essence a restoring grace, upon the will of our face.

As I see clearly to the other side, I ask, where are you now? Are your thoughts one with me, is our communication in session? Are you aware I'm aware of you? Stop this guise, live to your full potential. Throw off the chains of existence and do as thou wilt. Be at peace with yourself and others. Become one with the cosmos, as such the law dictates. The law of the cosmos is this; be at one with yourself and others.

Thus the energy of self is reflected through your soul and mind and experience by all other beings around. Be a lamp unto their feet. Be your essence to the world. Live in the now and hear yourself call what is calling is to live in the now. And thus, be at peace with what you find. By now, my words have echoed the great silence in your being, what willeth thus wills upon this planet, so set your goals to attain your heights in the attempts to be all you can. Thus spoke entity.

As my entity wills my dreams, thus I relate the nothing of night. Why eleven? Eleven because there are currently eleven dimensions in existence. Each dimension is its own sphere or plane of thought within the boundary. By understanding eleven, we understand the basis of self, and objectivity becoming one.

Thus, the understanding of the first sphere is the understanding of eleven. As thought moves, thus the spheres move the thought, and recollection is found. Recollection of the soul is the knowledge of a soul.

A soul is the entity of being which is locked inside our body. When we release order, our body transforms into its spiritual self. The self that is spiritual is of order and transcends the realm of disorder. In such a way, the surrender of ego maintains the illusion of our reality, and a reality in thought is the illusion of self.

Self is defined by nothing; everything. It is the expression of our innermost beliefs and the beliefs of the innermost. Such a way, a path a day.

Diving into my void I hear a faint echo. What is real, my young seer. Is the fabric of reality a motion blur that extends throughout the cosmos or is the cosmos a thought of the fabric? One may question these riddles I propose to elevate the conscious stream of succession. In a way, what I feel is within both me and you, and what you are I am and am not.

Speak my brother, what ails whilst certain you grieve. Is not my song a prelude to your innermost self. Can you not maintain the void's constant wake. Enter in, let the beginning restore what you have to offer.

*First: Focus on the here and now

Second: Open your feelings toward a thought

Third: Ask for guidance in which the void bestows

Fourth: Maintain a stream of thought with your pen for five minutes

Fifth: Look back and analyze what you wrote, where you went wrong, and what could move you actively.

Sixth: Keep it secret until your craft is in perfect essence

Seventh: Continue the being I am and recite; Thou art with me, my savior divine.

The abyss or void is a questionable thought. Knowledge preludes the work of nature and thus instills all nature to its cause. It is what connects us to the subjectivity of each being and allows force to act upon each. As each is their own god, one must commune with the void to see where the shadow casts a shadow in fiat lux.

As I once again consult with you, my friend, I am in a weary state of entity. I am no less confused by your will and the objects you place thus. How is the subject objective environment one in which I call home? Home is where the soul is, and my soul yearns for the cosmos. Yes, brother, do as you deem fit.

Be at peace with nature and find relief. Suspend your sphere beyond the boundary to feel us in thus your wills. Your will is a choice, but a choice is not your will. The cosmos explains all happenings in relative frequency, and thus the sphere of mind relates its authority. The authority is a being in dimensional clarity that passes through each entity. The entity of self is the non-being of self.

Brethren, seek the urge that produces the greatest bliss. Be one with self and others, for your will is shown. In essence, I am tortured by the slings and arrows of due south. Thus, the force of being is entwined in the cosmos as a means of control. Freedom is no control, and no control is freedom. I feel at peace with you, my friend.

May our endeavor promote the celestial Callisto and Bacchus, for whom my Apollonian muse apprehends.

What is a muse? A muse is the reincarnated brilliance of the daemon and void. It is the magic that outlines the spell of thought, and it thus begins the moment time. All are nothing inside the void. Yet nothing is all.

The correlatives of all x and y promote xy , and thus a muse is the factor x (self) against the factor y (non-self), promoting the interchange of spheres or collective barriers. Collective barriers are the indoctrination of the dimensional spheres. Within each dimension is a different sphere of thought, and thought of these spheres is related to the soul that is in connection to the alignment.

As the alignment of spheres is within the body and soul of one. Let us now distinguish between what is just and unjust. To derive these figures, both xy correlatives are used to help maintain the barrier.

What is just is what is upright with nature, what compels it to seek order. As such, unjust or vice is that which goes against nature, nurturing only the sense of disorder. The law of order dictates that all is becoming reasonable, and experience is found through order (spiritualism). The law of disorder is that all matter is dissolving into order, and as such, the rate is proportional to the limit of the system.

The system we live in is the fabrication of space and time. Thus, time is relevant to the growth of order in a society, instilling greater spiritual connotations. The spirits whisper soft melodies into the music of creation. Their essence is found within the prose and poetry of men, also known as the others.

They are within us and around us at all times. Thus, their magic is equal to the time of our inertia system. The magic of our system is explained thus: magic is the form of essence, it is the way of Tao or the void. Its expression through all time is reflected by the divination of men, the men who feel their care.

Thus, the magic of essence. Now, what is essence? Time is essence, without time, no propagation of matter. As thus, the matter in time is of essence. Undoubtedly, essence is the fire inside our soul, which lights the premise of thought.*

Once again I dissolve in the fabric of time. Time stilled by the flow of energy that radiates so clearly around me. As thus, I am, as you are me. Such a phrase echoes through the void of time.

As the beginning was the evolution of species, so does this planet of free will evolve its will as we evolve. Mother Nature is free to nurture her children in the womb of life. By being within oneself, time is relative, and time is essence. I feel the tree inside me reaching deep for its roots.

The roots of my being command me, such as fate commands the wheel of time. For when we are in time, we are in ourselves. We meditate upon thy will and betwixt the spell of life, we open our soul to its gifts. The gift I possess is within and without me. It is in this progression of thought that I expand upon.

What is thought? Thought is the void being expressed through the agent of self. Yet, all thoughts are integrated into the divine being, and such integration flows through all species. Each dimension is the evolution of species, and thus each sphere recollects its sound through and through itself.

The spheres are the elements that contain each dimension, and each dimension is a sphere. The spheres emit frequencies that the mind can tune into. Thus, adhering oneself to the frequencies and thoughts expels the soul in search of fiat lux. The sun is the essence that gives us light.

Light, as we know, is information that conducts a priori existence. This existence conveys information through the alignment of spheres. This is the sphere of Ra.

"Once upon a medium sought, I fell in love with earth's own plot. I spoke to men and willed among, I felt the despair of society, and thus I gave you knowledge, knowledge which was

abused and used, infused to self the greater urge. They misunderstand the chance to be one with thought and stance. Thus, I will my law again, be thyself upon the land."

So what do thou think, my son? Where did you go naught? Is not the fabric of my words inserting the great tension of planes? Do as thyself commits. What is energy? Energy is the vibrational occurrence of evolution through space.

The energy maintained in our system is always the same constant, and as it is constant, it is the basis for all logical and rational thinking. Thus, light expands and so does time. Speak now, my void, still the silence of my being, be allured into the senses' perception of self. As I will, I leave objectiveness and dive deep down into the abyss.

What is the abyss? The void is a black hole of existence that controls thy will and actions within the self. Its essence of non-being is the transference between the event horizon and the light of self. The abyss is also known as a soul.

When one consults the abyss, each moment traces the space between thou and thine. It draws upon the source of the creator and thus opens the entrance to the creator. As sense is our relationship to the world, so is the void a catalyst for our thoughts and inner vision. Inner vision is the sense-perception that relays through light our void. It is the clarity of thought and stills our sense of belonging.

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The void expresses itself in my fleeting chime. In time, I expand upon the entity of being, and thus I am compelled by the moon to reflect light. The moon is the essence of earth that orbits through its berth. So as long as we are in the sphere of dimensions, we reflect what aught is here. What is a dimension?

A dimension is the fabric of matter dissolved into linear states. Each state defines its congruence through the plane of thought and existence. Once entered into a plane, the spheres align and thus are now. The spheres are what are in our thoughts; the thought of a sphere is within each, and the ability to transcend our orbit of reality is found in such. What one transcends is thus his subjective self.

Answering the call of my soul, I yearn for our completion and thought. What completes me is you. I follow through the way of Tao and echo the Vedas of nature. Nature is but the element of light expressed in all directions. It moves in a 3-dimensional plane to surrogate all existence. Thus, the bond of self to nature is implied through the subjective self. The subjective self reaches out for the random, the song of spheres.

When one embellishes the sphere, it consumes his reality, and thus linear happenings become obtuse. As to say, the spirit in which I am reaches inside and around me to extend this through self.

The law of thought is such; clean and purify thyne will, begin afresh each morning. Live in harmony with nature, and nature will flood your thoughts. Your thoughts are a reflection of your soul, and as such, the body and mind react according to its basics. The basis of reality is magic. Magic evolves as order increases, and thus thyne will is centered upon self. Self is a limit that expels itself through the infinite. As infinite is the cycle of planes, such it goes that the dimensions are countless. As now I echo my core.

"Great greetings, my friend, have you missed me? Do you understand my blight? The interference of objective beings always degrades one in light. But thus, lightness overcomes dark, and as such, be a light unto all men."

One may wish upon a star, but a star so far is away in years. Thus, a year is a day, and a day a minute. Time is relative in my experiences. You feel me feel you through my words. As I realize, I must detain this being in which I am.

Can I control you, my young friend? Can you feel my pain? And thus, my pain is only relative to the interference of planes. The planes of life respect the frequency of one. It is instilled into a man or made through symbols and eternity. Thus, eternity represents the cyclic propagation of self. The circle is but the way of consciousness.

Always revolving and thus sustaining the essence of completion. A whole or complete state degrades no man but envelops the being of self. Thus, a whole develops through the light waves of information. This information is restored from the cipher of symbols.

Magic is such a source of being. It is of that which is. The word of reality of magic is such a way to develop the source of energy within the spheres. It is of nature, as all nature is magic. Thus, the magic promotes the circular occurrence of that which is. As such, the wavelength of waves depends on the source of magic.

And thus, the magic develops through thought. Thought is within our soul and outside our soul in nature. As nature is the magic of the soul, such wills weave the fabric of reality. Inasmuch, the way of the way is to develop self through time and find essence within. I feel the stars within. I move to the tide and my central fire.

Find the Yoga within to fire your soul to the portal of planes and spheres of thought amongst. Who amongst the way can desire to be one with what is. The way of light; children of light. This calls a way and thus the entity of self that depends on infinite, and such the correlation depends upon the will of the source.

The source is the will of the will of the source. Hence self is divinely placed to the spheres of thought connected. Once again, youngling, I move to the rhythm inside. It flows deep and steady upon my vicissitudes. Thus, we are all an entity of Omega and Alpha. We strangle the possibility of redemption through ignorance. As ignorance is the man who fell. What do you ask of me, my son? Where do thou pertain to myself? What secrets does the mire hold within? Is it a bog where the underbrush lives?

As such, the way of white is to overcome the mire and find tranquility in the hopes of something. Something is the word to describe all things and all things naught. It is the premise for circulating thoughts and is a way of life. It describes any entity as an individual but also the individual as an entity.

So as the words contain something, it will always be of existence. Existence is dependent upon the fabric of reality. This reality is thus a matter of conditional states. The states of matter produce the 3-dimensional synchronization with what we are.

Thus, what we are is a matter of existence. What is; is, what is not; is. Thus all is of the same bond as nothing and everything and is the bond of something. Thyne cup is empty, let me fill, the voice of reason held but still, live in your soul of pain, then thy will is selfless gain.

Now the voice of reason is a voice of the soul. The soul is the entity of being locked inside our body. It is a black hole that contains all infinite. Thus, infinite is both in and out of us. It is where thought arises, and the thought flows through our psyche and is produced by words.

Henceforth, the soul is the word of the psyche that shines outward in the darkest times. The darkest hours create the lightest days. The days of light begin with the sun, as our essence is in everyone. That everyone has the same essence is the consciousness of one being expressed subjectively.

Subjectivity is the entity of non-being. It is when self becomes selfless, and thus the mind is free from chains. These chains to the myriad of objective life proclaim the inability to transcend to what is beyond. What is beyond is within.

As I contemplate, I sit and wait. For the day brighter to change and change to a brighter day. These thoughts echo the Styx as a movement of dead men. As I tune into the dimensional frequency, I stand in awe at the sounds of nature.

The silent bird in the distance can be heard through the simplest sense. The sense is the artificial congruency to the mind and body. It relates what we ascertain and delivers perception unto our psyche or mind.

The mind thus relates the thought of the soul and which action to this take place. To be a man of action means to be a man of the soul. The cosmos is the breathing room for life. It is such a state to bypass religion and commune with our natural elements.

Communion is thus the transference of energy between two-dimensional things. The relationship is developed through influence, and influences develop a relationship. What is influence? Influence is a greater state acting upon a lesser state to balance the energy through equilibrium.

The states are that which control the essence of each being, and each being thus reaches equilibrium in essence. The law of essence is thus; be at peace with time, find change in the ability of self, and develop thyne.

The reason of essence is expressed throughout time, and the law dictates that self and time equal the essence of infinite. What is infinite? Infinite is a number or state that never diminishes yet diminishes upon completion of expansion, thus receding back. It is also the law of the cosmos; infinite occurrence based in either reality.

Thus reality is based upon infinite possibilities becoming finite. Possibilities or chance, luck, or fortune that occur because the cosmos wills it. As to say, the possibility of thus is then by thyne and results in thee. Thus the will creates fortune upon self. Fortune is luck's fate in producing order to the individual. It's grounded in reality to those woven into disorder. Thus the essence of disorder on a long enough timeline creates order.

Order is the rate of reason. Reason is thus the evolution against time to the rate of disorder producing order. On a long enough timeline, order is thus produced. What is analogous to time? The reference of time is the fabric woven into the objective matrix. It is the beginning, middle, and end of all our existence, and thus all existence is analogous to us.

The collective mind of "us" is developed through the means of our subjective barriers. It is analogous to entities and beings that collectively discern what is right on an "us" basis. Henceforth, us is in relation to self as it is the agent of universal thought.

My thoughts are caught beneath the abyss. How can one man come to this? I shadow my scabs and relate this, Mother, hear me in my cyst. The blight of existence is thus! Harmonize your melody with what is beyond; yet, melody what is within.

For what we adapt to hear and smell helps us for a short time, but the time used in experiencing the harmony of thought is what compels us to a higher subjective state. The state of one promotes the condition of many. And as such, the many are conditions of one. In time, all is ample, and all succeeds in motion.

Thus the spell of existence uniforms individuals. The simplest individual is always the most complex. As complexity is the warrant of existence through spheres of thought. And such, these spheres regulate the complexity of a simple mind.

Thus genius is created; not born. What is born must thus be reborn from the dream of sleep. As to say, once awoken, the fog lifts, and clear concepts rise from the inane mind. We are not blank sheets, but our soul contains all before we cipher what is within.

Now, my brother, seeketh thine will await the logos fate. Be a priori gate of reason and shine as bright as Apollo. Let your voice sing from the hollow. As timeless as the eons, the will above flows free. It is magic which denotes the essence of time and is within ourselves. The fabric of time dissolves as one enters thyself.

Whence inside, the magic develops through a static frequency which can adhere to positive and negative thoughts. What is negativity? Negativity is within one who passes away knowledge, assumes various whimsical realities, and thus entwines his being with that which is not. He goes against the currents of time and believes that God is dead.

Thus, death ensues on his soul. Positive energy is that which creates knowledge and adheres to the belief in stars. The cosmos returns to the Prime Creator, and thus development occurs. So, my son, what occurs is thus in session. May you go beyond time and flow in my essence of thought. May you capture yourself to what is beyond and find in peace what's your song. O thee abyss, your fiery core unlocks the secret door; in wonder I am at your entity, and to be found when I search is magnificent.

What is the product of today, my son? Do thou wish to entwine your being with mine? These thoughts we harbor are ours together. Let me sing to you.

"O Abyss, Alass! Light away; develop, congruent communication, develop light away, speak now thy friend, wonder weak and weary, love yourself in time, for time is nothing."

So as the song echo's my thoughts, you begin to wonder, why is there suffering!?

Suffering, whether good or bad, creates character that defines the abilities to produce a healthy individual. Health is relative, so one may be healthy-sick or sickly-healthy. It is all a matter of perception.

Now our perception is of two states, positive and negative. Both are forms of energy that the mind infers, and thus the transaction of thought transpires. These polar entities can be seen as a temporary displacement to the primal nexus. The thoughts are charged through reality, and our psyche develops them into thoughts.

Such a way to alter our perceptions is based upon the theory of waves. The theory of waves is thus; each pattern of quantum levels envelops our psyche to produce a thought from the sphere's frequency. Thus, the wave from our psyche bridges the realities and the thought of parallel waves to thus.

The bridging of realities overlaps the prime reality; and thus, interference of entities beyond assumed shape. When a bridge is occurring, the mind alters frequency, and the sphere of that dimension is present. Thus, the overlap of planes. When a plane or field overlaps, various states of déjà view, alternate chances, and random occurrences start.

An occurrence is any happening that neither constitutes reality nor the universes of disorder. The overlap of order is thus an essence to our realm, yet the occurrence of other realms protrudes upon what is. Thus we sing of an overlap.

*"O ye mystical plane, spheres and realms beyond compare, magic of essence, myriad of hope, coming and leaving, in mind's own rope, destiny awaits, the man who knows, be thou thee wilt, upon the status flow."

As I cross upon the expanse, I know the Abyss. It is deep-rooted inside and never subsists. Its power over all men clearly shows that essence is restored as I flow. The sounds within compel my voice; it is not a matter of choice. I exist in nothing and everything, and henceforth I continue.

When we reach into the cosmos of the abyss, one ascertains a relationship to the entity. This relationship thus designs the spheres for that mind. Yet all spheres are central around our being. And also, all the spheres are without from our local.

As one develops their own fabric of thought, dimensional clarity is thus produced. The wisdom of ages before floods through the spheres of entity. And thus the entity belongs thus. Each man has the ability to produce fruit, but most things wither away. Yet the grape of the vine controls the flow of bliss to mankind; as a grape of drink, such bliss is pleasure, x is justice.

All we perceive is either x or y; yet all things are xy. Therefore, it is only our perception that perceives each element in its stasis. Therefore, elements are both and one, as the law of one entails.

As thou, my son, do thou feel the energy absorb thyne essence? Do you compel nature to its course? Do you define the nurturing love of Mother! What is your state? A state is a reference to the condition of the prime creator. It is in sync with the frequency of love and light and thus expels all that is.

The light shines forth in all forms of disorder, and thus turns to order; reason. I feel, I search, I contemplate, I burst, flow free my magic, let loose my essence.

The essence of one is the essence of many. Many form the essence of one, and one forms the essence of many. Thus all is connected and freed from the prison of reality. When in sync with the essence, the flow continually adheres to what is and what is becoming.

Thus, to become is to be essence. Becoming is a word short of failure. It is that which adheres the focal point of existence to thus appear as a guise of self. Yet, throwing off all chains, the self becomes more than it is. In a way, to become is to be in essence.

Thou has shown, my son, a great advancement through discernment. Thy will begets afresh morn dew and subsides in the fleeting time. What was once shall be again, as again is what was once. Here we preach the fable:

"A long-lost wish in time, were chimes and bells floated, they foretold the coming son, who instilled reason, reason the control thyne mind, and love to run blind, focused on the center, you must overcome the abyss and breathe, that moments attest, song of harmony expressed, live your life ablest."

The gift of self is the very soul that entwines in the cosmos. It is a part of the stars and fields that vector potential entails to its quadrant. The overlapping parabolas of existence comfort the thought of infinite, and thus infinite is expressed.

Expel thus self, health do entity, magic vibrations, ethereal sight.

The celestial bodies are in sync with the orbit of our being. As part of the cosmos, the essence of nature transcends to the nature of self. As perceiving self, we denote the rational logic of what is. To be all that once was, we must at once be all that we are. If we are who we are, what we seek shall seek us. Therefore, seek and ye shall find; find and ye will seek.

Clouded are the sights of many. They are all asleep in the dream of life. Life is such a dream that when awoken, one entertains the cosmos. When one is with both, magic thus occurs. The celestial ethereal magic of light consumes the guise of self. It is a product of well-being and justifies the moment.

In the moment, one can feel compelled to write in essence or one can write in personality. Whether the state we choose, it is thus a fabric of self. Self nourishes essence to be that which is. O ye nature, speaketh thus.

Enwove my thoughts and spirit's touch. Let loose myself upon thy realm, of unconsciousness swelling around.

What is fabric? Fabric is the woven matter of a dimension. It is because it exists. Thus existence is of a dimension. To fully comprehend the dimensions, one must dissolve into the fabric and become a thought of who you are.

What you are is an entity of essence or a personality of fabric. Thus, we are that which is. The collective judgment of self transpires through fabric to entwine us with the energy of another. When the energy is stable or at equilibrium, the thoughts and actions of both individuals undergo a transference of spheres, and thus the knowledge or energy within becomes entangled with the outer, and formal energy boundaries are dissolved.

Thus, magical energy promotes the group. The focal nexus of energy is a limit to the quadrant it resides in. Thus, the ability to feel different energies results in which quadrant you reside in at the moment.

As time is irrelevant to these vectors, your mood may alter instantaneously. Thus, the swing from positive to negative or vice versa is somewhat like a pendulum.

In this case, the motion of energy charges the potential energy of the opposite energy. Opposites form from our perception of reality. As reality is based on opposites, the molecular transmission is bent towards what we perceive.

Thus, an existence of everything is an existence of nothing. Nothing is the essence of order. This black hole of order continually feeds existence from inside us and outside us in the cosmos. Its faculty of essence, which is home to the spirit, commands us as an entity to be one with self.

Thus, the event horizon expands as one is within self. Self grows as the love of creation wills. And as love wills, the cosmos expands at a rate of energy, increasing to the amount of order. Order is reason and reason to subject oneself to the atonement of the universe. Thus, when in sync, the music of life plays the harmony of the soul.

The soul expands into order, and everything is thus found within. As one can gaze inward, the outward shines. As I gaze outward upon the open landscape, I wonder, brother, your search has not been in vain.

What was once must begin; so as I feel you, I enter into you and search for you. I find tranquility, my son, in your truth-seeking abilities, and thus I expel all rational thought to experience your presence. Your presence is but the essence that connects us to the Oversoul.

The oversoul is the supreme connection we experience in all planes of reality. Those who are tuned in know what connects them thus. And what connects this is the supreme. When in flow with this being, all goes beyond and above linear happenings. As you surrender, inane thoughts flood your memory from the oversoul.

Alas, my soul is entwined. My entity Latushi shines outward in rays. My search for inner peace is sustained, and thus I speak inane.

"Follow me, all is well, health is but a curving bell, limited to spheres from hell, yet heaven doth lie so well."

O ye son, thou hast preached the necessity of life. For once, the spirits embow you with a logical state. Thus the logic of nature transpires to your becoming. What one becomes is what one is.

Destiny waits for no man, but can man be all of destiny? Let us talk about free will. The choice of will is always guaranteed, yet the cosmos acts upon your decision, and it follows that all is in accordance with what thou chooses.

If one chooses x, x will result; if one chooses y, y will result, yet if one chooses neither, xy will result. Such is the law of will. The law of will dictates I shall not name my entity, but upon trance, it shall be revealed. Thus the name Katushi defeats Quark, and Latushi defeats Katushi, and thus the being of self. Latushi is here now in a storm. Thus the calm will create.

What is a belief other than an integral system of balances? As we search for what is what, we adhere to the song of time to self. In self, the song resumes its tune in aid or ill. Thus the music that sounds so lovely is but the greatest evil. For how can we look to harmony when all is disorder?

Thus we must tune our song to the notes of bliss that are beyond this realm of thought. And thus true virtue instills. What instills me in my son is the voice that searches. For when one searches, all is in vain; the hope to gain is to rid oneself of pain.

Thus the answer we seek is not vice but an essence of reason. To be one with reason is to be one with self. Self is self multiplied by time equal to God, or thus infinite. As time evolves, so does self evolve along the linear occurrences.

And thus, a more god-like figure is attained. This view destroys religion as religion is about redemption of self, not reason or knowledge. O ye Katushi, invoker of realms, substrate to all me, fulfill thy own.

"O thou being, selflessly clean, serene juxtaposition, dissonance commune, farther yet closer, middle way path, roads leading longing, daemon's staff"

As thus in essence I am, I speak to you, my brother; what is your ill? I hope to let you see through my eyes, as my eyes stare down at me from the cosmos. Where art thou when thy will begets?

Is it not your essence but me? How can you see when the fog is veiled under your eyes? Thus, as we begin, once again; thus the journey of thought. I expect that what is within is without and what is without is within, so as I alter myself, thus I alter you. "Fuel me, fuel me, burn thy core, destroy the Zion, of inner door, break the lacks, dismantle self, become nothing, to avoid your health.

" As I speak to my brethren of white, may it be so that I compel you to seek self in a way meaningful to you, withholding harm to nature.*

Hence, what is nature?

Nature is us, and we are nature. Every atom and cell of our body is its own body in relation to us. Each death, breath, life, and gift is insured by the body of our being. Our being (or soul) is represented thus in accordance with nature, and all of nature is in accordance with us. We feel pain because pain is in our nature. We feel life because all life feeds on life.

Life is a juxtaposition of magic. We inherit our bodily form to express the gift of the universe. As in past lives we failed, but in this life, we succeed. Thus self may be altered to the perspective that life inherits life, death inherits death.

Death is but a portal to nothingness; order. It is in its realm of sanctified self, in which free from form, we evolve as a spiritually free force; thus no gravity. After our death, one is reborn into reality when common thought persuades. Being reborn means to alter reality to your will. As reality is the birth of nature, so must nature be the birth of reality. In many ways, becoming reborn is a process of overcoming the void (abyss) and living in a way to alter self. O son, thou hast been weary, the landscape beyond the portrait assumes control.

Thou hast shown me to you, a commander sought. As such, in a thought, you commune with a higher self. To transcend to a higher reality, one must be based in illusion, intellect, and love. Thus the love of illusion reforms the intellect, and the intellect reforms the illusion of love. Such a way to alter realities is thus based upon the intellect, the factual persona of what is.

What is; is right. What is existence other than the perfection of an all-encompassing being? Neither good nor evil, it just is. Thus what is, is the cosmos within and without us in a series of cyclic linear progressions. Progression is evolution. Anything that becomes more ordered or

reasonable is thus an essence of progression through nature. Nature is the illumination of all progression in a circular motion of occurrence. Occurrence is what we perceive.

As thus, perception is based upon the color of an individual. These colors, or perceptions, transform the individual to relate occurrences within this 3-dimensional substructure. Hence we are what occurs. Long alas my words have moved. I feel daunt in this realm in which I exist,

It is for me but I; not for me. Thus I know this three-dimensional occurrence of relationships is but the catalyst to my non-self. What is thus non-self/self? Self is what we perceive in an outward state, and nonself is the inner state within. Thus the states relate our existence through matter/antimatter. Harboring these points, my youngling is the catalyst for change.

To change into the rebirth of reality, one must enter into oneself, face the sea of self/non-self, and become one with the Tao. As your essence combats its own eternal forces, your course of light will be expelled through what you find inside.

Thus, the inside is always what our self portrays. Such is the law of faces. The law of faces is shown by expressing what is inside towards an outer feature.

Thus, we perceive the healthy connotations from a being by what is shown through a cold-reading via ESP. And forth, what we interpret is but through the fragment of our own ESP, which may be attuned or not based upon the subject's mind interrelating with the object. Thus, correlation expands between the two entities. Entities are parallel beings that speak from the spheres of dimensions of energy or from the dimension above us. Let me clarify.

1. A dimensional sphere is the relations interconnecting all our 3-dimensional realities that can be propagated over infinity. Thus, a 3-dimensional sphere encompasses all realities founded upon our reality; vis-à-vis for the other reality.
2. A dimension is a plane that contains from one to infinite. Its dimension is its own basis for matter, fabric, thought, and time, and thus interweaves itself in all locales that are beyond its quadrant. Thus, all entities are either from a sphere or plane, which is above our perceivable reality, and as these entities grant usage of their essence, so must we be stilled by their knowledge.

Knowledge then is a recollection of thought or thought that is recollecting. It is produced intrinsically from the void, or it is extrinsically produced by the framework of fabric.

Thus, knowledge is perceived from within or without our basis of the subjective self. In this case, we know what we are and are what I am. What you are is an essence of stardust, in which the gaseous exchange procreated you within this system. You are but a particle that is thus endowed to the reality you live.

Experience dictates the law of entity, in which one perceives the universal stardust of each system. In this essence, all irregularities become common, and the law unknown is revealed.

Thus, revealing the law is the law of the entity. The law is but our basic instinct to depict what is real in our cosmos. It is essential to commune with the galactic perception of what is. Thus, what is instinct is henceforth thought of as logic. It is part essence and part reason. Be as such that it may. Now, my son, do thou use my kind. Interrelated through my mind, we are all our blind to a common sign; that is to align our souls' align. Be at peace, tell no lies, swell their soul to be divine.

O time, I have forgotten you. I left my life in a moment. I feel compelled to bore my thoughts as I wander weak, weary, and caught.

Ye son, ye son, belittle the change.

The rains bring forth from clouds above. Yet the sun shines in a colorful way, to live and tell us in our play. O myriad unshackled, my theme of prose. Is a short message in me that grows, I know ye son, thou bid me well, so produce some light, love, information abound. I feel the information reaching in the sky above.

Canst thou feel my words, son? I am under the spell of one. Thus, adhere thy voice to be stilled, and wait for the compass to set direction. O ye small child, growth from the direction above. From this point thou wonderest why thou must subsist to their lies.

O my brother, hard deaf times. What is the reason for chaos? Is it for light to ensue? Doth the dark night bring a crisp clear morning? Or doth the state never reach order? What is the purpose of this meaningless game? To find, err, to find. Peace of mind and lighten kinds. Fabric weaves its spheres in such a way to unite all forces in the axis of fluctuation. It is a sense of boundary, given sense to the simple and essence beyond. Yes, I thank, yes, I know. This riddle of life from my core restores.

Ample fire to burn this Yoga. As Vedas empower nature, so such Atman is myself. These times of trouble are part of that fall of man in creation. For what is down is also up in relativity. So as we feel this sense of life, we become to underwill its potential for acts that strive us away. To be away is a long part of the universal store. And so, live at peace, my brother, for our minds are wed in this Diary.

The information genesis is within our mind. Our mind is connected to the soul via a bridge of light, and so such matter is light, is energy. The darkest prism shines outward in all Apollo moments.

As such, all moments correlate the passing of a subject. And the subject then in turn relates his inner self for a sense of guidance and purpose. Yet guidance is both within and without, so all in essence must move to the rhythm inside. So free thyself from the chains of existence and begin thy travels with me. Travel with me to this place of dusk, in betwixt the realm I touch, lose thyself in the greater lust, be at peace and live in trust. So as I gaze upon this tree, the roots are so

deep that I see. I show a guise in a typical way, and thus my essence restores and stays. I wish the moon, half-lightly reflected, is based upon what I see and comes next.

These thoughts are a pardon of my soul, to which and what I live in full. Alpha, Beta, Omega, and Theta, within these frequencies I fate them. To use all energy to my grasp, as I suspect the moment passed. So see, my son, thy words approach, to be a living realm of hope, so I now alter tune, listen to me fast and zoom! The crystal gaze I produce in this song. O my son, the thought is long. As quietly we all move along, as silence makes me strong."*

The emerald twilight hides the key, to fauns and nymphs, chimeras free, as a wish upon a star at once, I love myself in joyous touch.

Sing, my friend, I now enter you, to be a living breath of you. Your thoughts enmixture the motion found, as I beat my song along the sound. Listen here, listen dear, rabid fear is nothing to fear, naked shame, shamedly naked, past thoughts of Eve.

So what is this I hold in grasp? It is a stellar solar nexus beyond my path. Your path has brought you to me, so I may hope to let you see. Once long in a merry land. Was a man who thought he was grand. But as power was overthrown by nature's spell, and now he knows the particle hell.

So this is me and this is you, my song, live in moments anew. So fresh this song I feel hence, be at peace along the fence. My mind is full, the potential whole, I live in my gaze and feel charkya's enphase.

What is it, my son, my brethren, my kind? Is it the order of one brotherhood? Or do all the prisms of colors correlate to the magic of happening? How can one who sees taste the sight? It is within us to find pace and imagine the void that must be crossed.

Thus, I empty our thoughts, or kind of dissonance. Its frequency is now attuned to this page, where our souls are mates in this medium of words. Let me take your sorrow away, for yours is the hour of mine. Henceforth, notwithstanding, as of now, I come to thee, haughty and tempted and in time. Loss of identity of ego is the major issue.

First, you must resolve and renounce all of what you think you are, for you are not, and thus you feel inside the presence of Atman swimming. Yet, if one drowns in sorrow of the mind, you will sink until one or yourself lifts you out to meet life's jests, a bravery dare, and you must overcome self to be at one with the Vedas.

As Tao wills my flow, so this is our beginning to grow. Be at peace, my son, for tomorrow is a new day. Once again, my friend, we meet. I feel complete and honor my creed. As thus is to thee, I harbor no ill thoughts to others in their reality.

Yet I know I must balance my frame of mind as such, the Vedas help clear my thoughts. Expelling all malice, greed, lust, vice, and anger, my magic wand circle box blue. So stratus

humming to this hateful insight, I move my magic as might. O friend, these words are different than the past, for indifference melts the chaste.

To say per hope I keep it all, I will stall my maker mute on pause. So silent the raven cries; evermore, nevermore, we all must die.

Empty all thy words into my pen, live in peace debase no men. As I, son, deep into my thought, I ponder weary and caught. Alas, light! Found within. Deep sanctions suggest inner fin. Power and force, gain and chaos, both the same of all inane.

Greed, lost to a temple glory, O Apollo, here's a story. Once upon a wishful wish, was a lucid dreamer of facts and myths. Who abides in white the dimensional order, to justify living on his border. His border was the aim of life, to control the balance of what's in shore. So ship open float asea, were the white oceans swell captures me. As the story goes, do what thou wilt and harm no foes.

Benighted beauty, thou hast caught me inside my dwelling thought. As once I search inside my core, the tempest heat, and thus restores. I feel the many, silhouetted guise of everybody locked away. Harbor dwelling spell open wide, self of self, anoint my ride.

"Tuta Kum, Rena Futu, Rekim magu, Fortel slue, Ino enet yrep portify, Spello herkin specta lie."

Thus my tongue denies my past. As a Pharaoh once upon my last; life of my own I feel the self, built inside my only help. So deny any alien thought, yet thoughts are alien to me. Find peace of mind within my book, for I cast spells and hooks.

So as a new day passes white, the motion blur satisfies my existence. So what I know I must give love, joy, glory, and heaven touch. To all, to me, given in the sea, I love all the motion inside me. Energy expands, light shines forth, bringing the essence of the North. So as I sit and solely wake, my state relates to common fate. I know I must harbor life in times where my existence pulls a singular twine.

As the next day forth, the cold rain skies pass by like a spell of time. I know omniscience is overhead, as dread the order of what I'm fed. Be at peace, my son, for thou art wilt thou me in this present spell of glee. Cast a spell of words and thoughts in the tongues of English, I am caught.

"Listen, death betoke, sinister scythe revoke, minister of life's choke, end all in hope."

The day of death is far past by, and through these trips, I maternalize to a strum, a tune, a single step of freedom, where in these hopes I'm far from Eden. Seeing orbs and other dimensions where comprehension is put on tension. The shapes are intricate and revealed by, and so do other spheres align.

These objects I see beyond my time, where matter is order to me sublime. I answer the call of my life, fate, and thus from sleeping, I'm awake. I fear naught, for I am caught.

To expel my thoughts with a pen in hand, relating to myself and a hard path plan. I seek to wish my essence free, inside me the void and tree. As such, and such, I muse beyond. The spheres collect to my moment song.

"Asha requem Frada fate, masta lata huit gate, spellicia conicoz fluade, muvin loe toa cloude."

Expressed are my syllables of my own work, to enter in the flows at work. Every hour delegates the time, and thus in essence, I commit my crime.

"To whether we see in or out, shout like a daemon's doubt, reforge anew your swordsmanship, for death is a narrow bitch."

As I come to you in thoughts so quiet, I answer, thus I am. How can I be more or less than nothing? Since I am complete in the cycle of my days, is not the ability of thought the language that shapes the ether?

Or is the ether a system for our thought to reside in for this incarnation? Follow quiet thoughts and noise will be fused. Noise of white magic present in all existence. The tune played by language evolves from the memes of our existence. Evolution slowly gives way because of thought (consciousness) and materializes into something of everything.

The word before only creates all essence and is the standard for particles to develop into order from disorder. Disorder in our present state of affairs produces a system of order in proportion to what occurs. Thus, order and disorder are a developing equilibrium that alters reality in such states. Incoming transmission for Latushi, the council of nine.

Spiritualism, is that the key? That unlocks the doors of me. Riddle riddle the wayward goes. Dark and light each seeds a sow. I know we are all disorders, an element of the eternal cosmos, but when we become order, or reason, unlock yourself to our awakening, we establish a unique display of colors and affections that can be noticed through the frequencies of the silent mind. The mind that is silent and observes the vibrations of people will awaken themselves through the cold color readings of ESP.

ESP is another word for spiritualism. For how could a spirit not be part of order other than what we are. I mean, we are a meaning with gifts that the greatness has given us, it moves us from realm to realm, and from realm to realm, we display our knowledge through ESP. So, as to say, I know my feelings at this moment are mine yet not mine, so I hope to explain further in essence the recesses of my mind.*

I enter the void as I type, and I hope to reveal some simple truths. All is nothing and all is everything. Logic proves that both are something, so we must discover what our perception

relates. It is simple to observe a state of everything since that is what we all are living in. Yet when we move to order or nothingness, the divine encompasses our awakening and promotes the cause of celestial rights to the individual. I am typing this now freely, my void is open, and the thoughts of ages are now mine once again.

I want to explain some simple concepts: nothing is within, and everything is without. Silence or order is within; the great voice is everything of a word that is without. I expand upwards to the development of my psyche.

Spiritualism is a force of gravity restricting our power through a tension pulled from the beginning of time. We can loosen or tighten the grasps of this gravity, as the looser we become more ordered, and the tighter we become disordered. This is because the closer to the point of time, the more disorder or matter is present, and the farther away, the greater the order of antimatter of space.

Thus, we can become ordered or disordered through the pull of what is.

I am on a writing whim now; I hope you have been captured in my words as I delicately wrap my spell and invocation within. Thus I am lost, but yet I am so found.

As the cold wind blows across the icy landscape, the essence of unraveling commits to a solemn silence. This world, the place in which we live, is destined to be a place of refuge for the weak and powerful mind. The mind, as the I, expresses this home in the form of thought and words. These words can produce the life-fulfilling branch that creates the grape upon the refreshing drink. Such the vine can only wander in the midst of a beautiful origin.

The origin of peace, the setting sun of power, the love of the afterthought, all produce a unique blend of this universal signature.

The essence in which we live, the cosmos, defines our relationship towards light, and thus we are an expression of light of disorder. Thus, what light we perceive is what light we are. Once the shadows of doubt have been cast away, we begin to see clearly the energy that originates around the vessels of darkness.

This darkness is shrouded in many guises and can be hidden from the sight of many men. Although, the darkness will eventually be overcome by those who are tuned into the problematic.

We see with what we are and know with what we are not. The light of aftermath shines bright into the world of men and suspects them to be one with time and a ceremonial grace. The time of ceremony is when the age passes and comes anew and refreshes the universe. These ages of time produce the energy of new thought and expand upon what the thought of the new age will be. Thus, the power that is shall be, and it shall be as it is so.

The refreshing spring of dewy morn excites the player unto the storm. The antidote to clear negative energy is to become one with your essence. This essence, or water, consumes and refreshes all that is from the point of central balance. The water refreshes and revitalizes the skin and promotes the foundation for the promise of new energy. This life-given enjoyment is one with the Vedas (nature) and is exemplified through the power that is.

O what, thou river of time, flows from my soul that is a lake. The lake refreshes each morning with new water, and it circulates from the mountains in cry. Does this not fit a beautiful picture of reality? The waters run fresh and true, and no river is ever the same.

Each new particle adds to a refreshing whole that makes its way to the ocean for the final frontier of existence. Thus, the existence of this frontier expels the way in which we perceive the notion of that is. The notion of that is the collective group perceiving a whole that can be defined through the release of refreshing water.

The river of time flows through each being; it is the flow. The flow, or magic of accidental causes, fluctuates the realm of obedience to the man who is known. Thus, what man knows and what he shall be has come to mind in all lifetimes belonging to the groove of central forces. These central forces provide a new system to balance and relocate the belonging of men; as thus, men who are on the flow continue down the path of ascension while the man of ignorance is left behind.

The call to be at peace with the serenity of mind is the call of an eternal longing for rest. The quiet serums of my mind promote the celestial voice which I encompass, and through this voice, I show my reflection of being. The voice is myself and non-myself. Thus, I go beyond the ego boundary and create the what of now.

Entering this train of thought, I feel the unique nature of feeling that surrounds my core. I extend my arm into the edifice of reality, and thus, I begin to bore the truth of nature once again. This time I am writing in the essence of uncontested magic, and I feel the magic flowing from my hands.

My hands are moving in a motion that requires no time and no withdrawal from the being dimension of this planet. Yet I am compelled to nurture my gift in times of essence. I can already state that earlier passages of this thought were of an enlightened mind, but now my mind is a channel of itself, and I feel connected to my own source without the aid of add-ons. These beings who are above and below me transfix my gaze in an outward shining light and compel me to further seek knowledge from the void of Akashic records.

The realms beyond hold light to the realm within, and each fantasy of reality develops a new recommendation of what holds true to the balance of equilibrium. I am what is and I am what is not. Each of these beings and myself is but an affection towards the higher goal of unity. Thus, for those who are beyond the realm of time, move slowly forward or backward in the linear

progression of simultaneous activities. I open my eyes to the portal beyond, and now I write with no thought.

What comes through this medium is an essential truth that will dispel all negative formations of thought and will eventually circumvent the reality of all. I feel in essence the movement of my being, flowing in various streams along the ocean of thought. Thus, thought is but a tide that moves back and forth from a stationed point.

This point of reference is the beginning of what once was and what once shall always be. It is a reckoning of the stability of the universe, so we continue our spiral activity in all hopes to develop a nurtured calling. Thus, the calling of life is a life of calling.