

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

Gettarr



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Terrence McKenna made the statement more than once that human beings in their current psychological modus operandi require a need for closure- that Everything Must Be Explained.

I would like to further add that we all want everything to be wrapped in nice, neat little packages like slices of deli meat for proper consumption at our leisure.

There is very little room for real truth, for the reality of the nature of the universe in this present patriarchal system of violent clashes for supremacy of control by male ego-driven factions whose purpose is greed and the plundering of the planet's resources for their own selfish ends.

It has been argued that some kind of ontological cosmic event is about to take place, something that will cause the human race to shift out of its genetic phase of neotony, and finally allow us to reach maturity, cosmically speaking.

I believe the human soul craves new mysteries, something to be experienced on a meta-level which cannot possibly be explained in terms of our present verbal language systems. It is a statement of our wish to be shocked out of the complacency of our dead dreams and burnt-out past illuminations and finally allow us to access the substance of what our dreams have tried to relate to us in a darkened-mirror sort of way.

Once the depths have been plumbed and the marrow chewed cleanly out of any topic of our interest, we either decide to ‘sell out’, compromise and buy our meal ticket by continuing the plodding treadmill tradition of what was learned in previous generations, or we give up altogether.

Sink into a bottle of alcoholic mind-alteration of the type that obliterates any inkling of real illuminations, or some other narcotic process that destroys our ability or inclination to re-connect with the process of recognizing our connection with spirit.

We do not, however, under any circumstances, decide to leave the road of the known to find out for ourselves the ever-present mystery that is real and has always existed, outside of our purposefully stultified and bluntly fenced-off areas of knowledge and experience.

In reality, our consciousness is an extension of the planetary soul, and apart from the glaring noise of the ego with its constant idiotic babble and meaningless indulging in paranoid delusional thinking (a product of centuries of self-poisoning by generations of erroneous processes of thinking), it seeks reunification with the universe, or more accurately stated, a dissolution of the maya, the delusion that keeps us from seeing reality As It Really Is.

Without the illusion of maya, we would see things As They Are, and would realise that All Things Are One, that inner and outer Divinity are self-evident, and the need for duality-based binary thinking will dissipate. Only something that is whole to begin with, and is divided requires counting, and therefore an accounting.

At present, we are living in starvation mode. If one were to compare our minds to that of a physical human body, we might well appear likened to those of malnourished children in Bengla Desh, or other impoverished third world countries.

Strange that we sit at a table of such immeasurable bounty, and starve ourselves to emaciation spiritually, because of ego-based fears and paranoias. The ego hates to lose control, to be left out of the loop, or made to sit in the back of the bus and let true spirit drive for a change..

Cannot handle the crashing of its own dishes on the floor or the tumbling of its flimsy card-houses of lazy pseudo-reasoning, yet the ego won't get out of the driver's seat unless you 'force it back at gunpoint', so to speak..

These things according to the understanding of my experience, and of course, I find myself victimized by my self on a daily basis, catching myself doing the same things others are accused of..

Does this negate the truth? No, it just makes me a bad representative of the truth, but then I am in good company. Everybody on the planet is a bad representative of the truth. Why?

Because NO ONE can contain it, or the complete knowledge of it. Any organization that even claims to have a complete knowledge of the truth is more likely to be fallacious than sincere, even if they think they believe what they are spewing on the populace at large.

We get bits and pieces of illumination, but we want and need more. Is this the bottom line, once we start to follow the 'bread-crumbs' trail of Truth?..

What matters is WHAT WE DO WITH WHAT WE CAN CONTAIN of the mystery.. Do we bring it back to the other members of the tribe and share it? Or do we hoard it, and try to protect it from being disturbed by hiding it under a bunch of rocks so no one can see but us?

I went off the trail of the Known and saw a Few Things and was able to carry back a very little bit, but a very little bit of pure gold is worth far more than acres of plain rocks and harsh common stones..

For my efforts, I was thrown against the wall by the ego-driven institutions and punished.

Mystical experiences are not valued by the incumbent institutions of man, and sadly enough, not even by the religious institutions which claim to have a direct line of communication and inspiration from that which created us all, and is termed nebulously as GOD, which (like it or not) we are an integral PART of..

Even more difficult, I was punished by my own EGO, that side of me which howls against anything that does not fit into the category of neatly packaged rationality.. I wanted to be absolved of the responsibility that the burden of knowledge has placed on me.. I did what we all do when actually confronted with the reality of FACING truth- I ran like I was being chased by hell-hounds..

I wanted to go back to hiding under the flimsy canopy of my ego-made shelter for lazy pseudo-reasoning.. the one that only made me responsible for grubbing and rooting for myself.. this leaves me only three choices: a) I try to go back and forget what I saw and learned and be 're-absorbed into the matrix', so to speak.. b) I obliterate what's left of my consciousness with the mind-altering

destruction of alcohol or some other 'blunt object' narcotic like quaaludes or valiums.. or c) I 'gird up my loins' and go back along that weed-overgrown trail I took a long time ago from between the 'carnival midway' of the maya-driven ego play and get back to my scrubbing away the barnacles of illusion cluttering my recognition of my true connection to spirit..

What is the most sensible choice?

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