

It stands today, atop the mountain of waste built by those and that we live with, that beneath it all is not a fertile ground, for it is part of said waste, but beneath that still, 'tis dust that settles and make the bed of the unsightly. Unsightly ontologically, perhaps, for those and all that live with beliefs put onto them by nature or through the means of their peers. Systems of identity, of senseless sense, of an illusion of perpetuity. Be they be systems from the hands of man or the Nature before man. While that much is clear, what is less clear is it posing itself as a problem. The question should then not be about the evil or it being wrong – they are answers to a perpetual anguish felt by all living things, through the passage of time. The question then, perhaps instead, beneath all the uselessness of distracting observations – bequeath it so that questions are out of the order of things altogether.

Of course, that goes for those that can understand and see time as it passes by. As the seconds pass and the past is already forgotten, the present has left, and tomorrow has already ended. Obviously, mortality comes into play as well. Even the immortal ends through means other than the decay of what sustains life functions. As well, all this encompasses questions not of ontology, as those are for the whole, instead they become questions relating to teleology. Unsurprisingly, never are they being answered by those that believe in their knowledge of modern science; but we've talked of it before¹.

Before we remove questions and answers from and for a strange world of seemingly infinite complexities, would it not be, as we still will exist within it even were we to cut the ties from whichever systems we choose (*for as long as we live still we are, of and in, nature*), interesting enough to stall fires of a void to the soul, to wonder about things pertinent to that very spirit and its container of flesh and bones?

Lately I have been wondering about life in relation to time, in its purest form. Attempting to experience it, which simply would be “existing” in time. But, surprisingly, or perhaps not (*depending on how cynical you are of the world as a whole*), systems do not exempt the individual from them. The primary needs² of course (*food, water, warmth, sleep*), perhaps secondary (*safety, clothing, consumption*), depending on how far removed you are from the realities you are presented with, all exist on a very limited time basis. In a period of one day, it is recommended to drink and eat at various amounts depending on your biology. And “if you do not drink for three days you die”. And “if you do not eat for weeks, the same goes”. And sleep. And too cold for too long. Perhaps in an overwhelming amount of heat for too long? Hypothermia aside, let us be reminded that the human being is made to live in climate where the cold is only at night (*and even then*). Nevertheless it is through human ingenuity from past millennia that we are all over the world as a species. The simple possession of the knowledge of fire is truly the most impressive, when it comes to many things, and foremost, the perpetration of life and the comfort through uncomfot. Of course, the body itself generates the heat that is needed, but again, not for cold climate (*at a “normal” state. It seems possible to live through unbearably cold states while naked, though I suppose some Eastern monks know more about this, through incredible breathing techniques*).

1 [On the death of Man, and the modern human](#) – page 4

2 Looking at part of the **Maslow hierarchy of needs**, but removing all the modern “values” in it.

Then the other systems, those of men, built to assure safety and to fill the desires of those that are willing to “put in the work” to achieve these. The fastest: consumption. Of nature through alcohol or tobacco, for example. Of the flesh through sexual satisfaction or mere “well made” food. Noted as vices, even in moderation by some. But those that speak of evil or good speak from the basis of something built up to be something that it is not. And that basis, wherever it comes from, be it culture or the soul³ itself that speaks from a place of convergence by the nature of it being human. Following the soul to satisfy it, is the same as following one’s peers. A sheep to your fellows, a sheep to the spirit. Same name. Questioning, answering it or not – but questioning the truth of all of that is, truly, would that not make more sense than to blindly accept things as they are? The soul wants to be heard and satisfied. Even if one satisfies it, one must still blind oneself to the inescapable degradation of inner peace, once these states are reached. States of mind are as beholding to time as anything else is. But the tragic thing for the soul is that it itself cannot be satisfied with stagnation. To simply “exist”, by fulfilling only one’s primary needs as indicated earlier, requires to shut off exhaust valves from the soul screeching for change. For something “better”. Or simply to blow on the candle of its small whispers of doubt. Individually speaking, variation is obvious, as some will be satisfied wherever they are (*and the opposite is of course true*), and some will never return from their personal nirvana once they reach it. Who will say, however, if they are honest with even themselves to the satisfaction of the self? And of the world? Time and Nature still here are there to exist, overseeing (*Nature especially*) the rates at which it wants to keep itself in tune with what it is beholding to⁴. Tragedy is natural in that Nature is tragic. Its sheer desire to exist, its simple sin of simply existing. By Grace, none should be:

To the grace of God
And the contemplation of forgetfulness,
To the blindness of the real
And the gouging of peace,
Endless emptiness devoid of all ills.
No more anything except:

Pigmented sea, darkened and hazy.
Obsidian, here it was!
Here you were all along -
The coast of my soul
And the pillars of theirs,
May they have been blessed
When they left.

The ability of us to understand what should perhaps not be understood, makes us able to project – or understand, depending on scepticism of what is, and for that I have no answer (*one believes what one will. Mines are beliefs of extinction and not of sanctified life, after all. Yet, is there no clearer truth than emptiness?*); still we ought to see through things as they present themselves as. Perhaps we should not, perhaps we must not. The paths taken are said to be

3 And the soul cries and lashes out, calmed by forgetfulness of the purest condition of existence, or the twisting of it.

4 [Nature’s Contradiction of Existence](#)

determined by the individual. But the individual grows through and by the world and systems in which it lived. Would it not be thankful for it? And by doing so, would the individual not be required by its own soul to exist within these systems? Ergo, there would be no explicit or implicit need to question, at the very least, the world. But why? Teleology still exists, and coupled with ontology, is there no worth in starting from the Nothing? To simply take the Nothing as everything that is? Truly?

It is a fascinating thing, that all living beings are made to act and react. Most do so in unquestioning loyalty to their needs to survive, and to fulfil the uncertain role of procreation and evolution, were we to blindly believe all that speak in favour of letting nature be, or modern scientists, that for some reason end up being one in the same in many aspects, even though the latter also wants to grasp control of natural patterns and “improve” upon them, with or without full understanding of what makes it, *it*. Although the religious zealot as well does indeed the same, but would change the self rather than the external, that which he can control wholly rather than what arguably should not be controlled. Yet if nature leaves itself open to exist in the woes of its children, and it does not remember the rise of the previous day and its sun setting behind the horizon, perhaps there is something truthful in the manipulation of matter and things beyond one’s abilities to exist equally. Perhaps, then, equality is a falsehood within the very nature of things.

Nevertheless, still is it not a reaction to the abandon of their own human selves, to a conspired abandon of grace? Were they have not rejected whichever one would take for higher powers, they themselves would not have put their transformative ego into a state of un-being – into a state of presumptuous, falsified and utterly incomplete godhood. One could take the biblical tower of Babel and apply it with similar patterns to the “good sides” of modernity. ‘Tis easier for an empire to fall than an entire world, perhaps through the strength of a wide sustenance, even if most of it make no sense in rationality or spirituality (*even morality, though intrasectorally bound*). A compromised lie that most suspect and few know of fully, but none willing to cut through it – hence fueling unending and growing hatred, towards the human systems, human nature, and the uncontrollable. And so, once we reach the seat of God, will he still be here?

There is an ongoing innocent belief that such a thing as “karmic justice” exists. Yet when one imposes its will onto the innocent and the unwilling, for his own sake and his own pleasure, and receives no punishment for it during its life (*as laws unspoken or explicit put forward since we exist as a whole*), sometimes even after its death, where may be the justice there? See to it as example: an old friendly acquaintance of mine with whom we shared our ills years past, rest be his soul wherever he may be in life or onto death; has one night, just a few dozen meters away from where I was sleeping, used his belt as noose and hanged himself on the court outside. Were it not be for his best friend taking a sleepless walk under half moons, the full moon would have risen earlier than it would have normally – for us anyway. This person was sexually assaulted by one of its family members, and until that one died, none knew. And after, none wanted to hear it. How could a loving figure be, in the end, at its core, a monster to the very blood they shared? Ah! Perhaps things would have been different if the victim was alone in their fate. Perhaps the memory afterdeath of that figure would have not been tarnished so vehemently.

The noose, the hanging, just a few minutes more would have signified brain damage, then heavy, then death. The logical conclusion from an outsider to this would be to say that it was to send a

message, because he wasn't being believed. Or maybe it was because the man never received "proper punishment" during its life. Certainly its memories are being erased, but what of it? Life goes and time passes, and whenever the former dies the latter continues on no matter what. How many times have we walked past or talked to or laughed with or even liked, what many would consider monsters. How many of them will never be, for as long as they live, be outed as this very thing all hate?

On the opposite side of the spectrum, the "saints". Innocent souls that desire to only do good for the world or/and for their peers. A stereotype would be a feeble lady. But a feeble maiden married to a person who will, in many cases, abuse them – weakening them further in the process. And if not their companion be wrathful against them, then the world will hear it and crush it, too. Sometimes both at the same time. A shorter example: An old colleague, one of the kindest individual I've known, ankle in pain through the burden of a husband beating her down every sun-nights. And small joys of life obscuring themselves to her, little pleasures of flesh and mind unknown entirely. Society in which she lives in shunning her or abusing her further in smaller more intricate ways. Her will diminishing week after week. What became of her I wonder? She did remove herself from our sight as the year progressed. Periodically I think of what may her fate have been, and as well think of those that knew her too, and I think of those that knew me too. As we all knew one another in some way, but all broke apart and moved on to places, strange or not, depending on whom says what is.

And so, in both these extremes cases, still true, many would likely say that because they are extremes, they are not to be taken as truth. But why? They have happened, and are real pieces of a forgotten history of one's own neighbour. Only remembered by the witnesses that want to remember it. What happened to these individuals is and has never been new to the now. If the concept of "karma" is real, then, simply, it must be a twisted one. And by such a contradiction, that itself is a tangible proof of Nature's contradiction.

- *Questions after a total car wreck*

22/04/2022

Words are as much as anything is, when they are written more-so than uttered. Although, the unspoken remains in memory in a weaker form. But eventually, words spoken are mumbled and forgotten and shaped by passing Time – Bulldozing calender day after day, with never any escape from the end of the present, then the disappearance of the past. And the eventual future becoming immediate past.

Ever always do I have this notion of time passing by, in the confusion of walked life. After surviving a complete car wreck in great health with only superficial wounds, I question again the forgetfulness of things and Nature through the passage of Time. The abandonment of the self, or perhaps the idea of an ideal through conversations and duty, is the one wonder I have now. Half-jokingly I liked to seldom talk about old religious concepts, and most explicitly penance. Penance for those that were wronged, and then penance for a world – my own perhaps, but emptiness would not require a God to oversee it – that is, if the world was already empty from the beginning. A life of constructs and defilements, then reconstructions on purified grounds. The ills of the world surrounding still sip in the inevitable cracks of the foundations. For all the perfections that Nature

may have, now more than ever, I am convinced that we are separations from that primordial, carving path through abstract understandings and materialistic beliefs, shadowed still by the logic of life, and hidden somewhere through us, unearthed by some, the truth of an empty world of woes.

Such because Time, and Time only operates on the now. And now here we are, and here we will forget and be forgotten, as all is and will be. Over and over until nothing remains except Time itself. There is comfort in that when going through discomfort – and discomfort in that while living through comfort. ‘Tis when we blind ourselves to reality that this very thing takes on a definition imposed by our fellows or by nature.

But here is not another essay on this. As said before, two days ago I crashed. Fell asleep at the wheel, woke up on the side of the road, car driving through grass, and I steered left, and I steered right, and the car flipped and I braced for impact. After three barrel rolls, the car stopped upside down. Almost crushed I made my exit through broken glass. Another roll would have likely be the end of that life, but now here still I stand with no physical wounds, except superficial. Alone in the car, the car is gone, wreck, nothing can be done to it, except perhaps find one unbroken part somewhere. And the eggs bought just thirty minutes before the crash are gone, too! Nevertheless the mental state is another story. I live what I preach and thanks to this was able to react in cold blood to it all. From the steering, as reflexive as it was (*especially after waking up*), the moment of the loss of control, and the aftermath of impact. It seems my constant physical exertion and the body’s response to it was a great boon, as if touched by Grace, or anything else, or nothing.

Yet at the same time, if I did not overly exert myself on that very day, the accident would likely not have happened. But it is done, and all is gone. Almost all, for still here I am left. Or maybe nothing ever was, as likely as it is, only I will remember this ever happening – and, eventually, none will remember me, too. These thoughts have always been very familiar to me. Regular companions of daily walks through the hours of the day, and the night-sky touching ground again and again – remained here, cross-questioning, ever-confused soul that I am. This event does not ease or aggravate. All that was done, was done in the way I idealized myself to react “if ever it happened”. And it did.

The world turning around, never did I realize the understanding of natural apathy. A feeling of having lost something. Something that wasn’t the car or what was inside (*plus, got all the stuff out of there while bleeding, and for some reason adrenaline never did kick in – as the pain never changed, and the next day all was fine, day starting and going and ending as usual*). Then, what was lost? Even though I live through the days with eyes widened and time still going even faster than the previous day... All I can think now, is that when death arrives, will it welcome me with kindness? On that moment of the crash, no questions of mortality and fragility arose. Now they are clear, clearer than ever. The fragility of a mortal coil, but as well, the strength of that very same thing. ‘Tis my experience that made it so. In two weeks, or two months, maybe I shall have a clearer understanding of this internalization. But all in due time – for now, confounded is the state of mind.

The most vivid memory of it all, after the rolls and the violence of these few seconds, was the pattern of a light raining sky. As if under an ocean, salted waves waiting to be formed. Under the sea: “Ah, the sky is beautiful today.”

- **Night Prayers**

Beholding to Time, all below go through each second as painfully or joyfully as any Being can. Those conscious, and the unconscious, hand in hand see eye to eye – In the unknown and in the moonlight of decoded ills – and the more, forevermore, diseases clouded by flesh. The ability to seek, the ability to feel, the accumulation of comfort and pleasure to distinguish the fires of life from the brazen deserts of ash; yet explicitly to forget, often most, the latter. And it shall be, until the very last breath is taken, be it from animal or else. To walk in forgetfulness, through the trees: the shape of a home, abstractly; and warm, burning.

Seek the abandonment of the bearings of man and the shackles of a world unknown to itself. Through this, undo unto thee the stone tower rising to the aeons of a burnt sky. Skies scarred with the dust of ages past, and the shaking of foundations through a stone falling down unseen ceiling: Another age began and already ended without any knowing of it. And never anything and anyone will ever know of this place we rose to, and closed our eyes to. As we pass a world of words, and the words themselves lose their sense. Where only abstract remains and abstract contents itself with the mere passage of it through sheer existence – until that ceases. In contrast, the ceaseless flaring from the extinguishment of fragmented souls – the yelps whispering out to dim stars in a non-existent night-sky. Until the last movement of life, in accordance to the music Nature played since its birth. A final, long lasting, dwelling note, without reflection, droning out, filtering nothing and amplifying into silence. And the silence was so loud that it deafened the stars, extinguishing light to let back the glow of a calm ocean, and at all shores, broken lighthouses.