

Unread Letters

by feather *Saturday, Jul 16 2016, 10:10am*

international / poetry / post

it stands to reason
time does not exist
forget ur chemical memory
try to produce the past or future,
neither exists
there is only the continuous present
tho unfortunately
few understand or are aware of it

the present is not measured
in this or any other dimension
it certainly is not a mark on any measuring device
or a location in space;
distance is measured by time, it does not exist
infinity is one continuous process,
it does not have a beginning or end point.
all 'travel' in the infinite expanse is therefore instantaneous

the present is kinetic, the most rarefied of all vibrations
engulfing all that is and if u like that 'was'
or 'will be' -- the present is continuous process,
infinite, expanding and inescapable
only the chemical imprints it leaves on the brain
create the illusion of time --
'yesterday' and 'tomorrow'
exist only in the present
and when you free urself from those chemical
imprints and the mental habits they create
u soar forever in creation, it has always been as it is,
frenetic, expanding, kinetic creation

Existence is not constrained or limited by time
therefore the past, present and future roll into a 'ball,'
one supreme activity,
where time 'travel' is as the
dreaming of the indigenous natives
of central Australia
where no door is closed, where no barriers exist,
fancy that! the mystery that haunts our scientists
is a routine affair for the oldest continuous culture on the planet,
which peoples are able to visit planets and other dimensions at will
though not all, only the elect of this group but they are always

present

how arrogant we are imagining our material, limited, empirical
culture is
superior when consciousness reigns supreme, and where is
consciousness?
only in the NOW
but who lives it today? very few indeed!

Call it fate, call it good fortune --
when the last family group came in from the desert
i was with the few remaining indigenous that moved freely
in the present, i learned much

no description is necessary -- there are no secrets
in the present, all existence is an open book if you have the eyes to
see

what have i done with this knowledge or more accurately
state of Being-ness?
i write letters/texts of wondrous things and warnings
of a calamitous 'future' already written
in the present for all to see
but people avoid the present like the plague --
continuous existence, immortality is veiled to the ignorant,
they fail to see, their minds jump backward and forward
in illusion/delusion never appreciating that life exists ONLY in the
present,
in other words, they are dead to existence
and the bliss of continuous creation;
somnambulists, the walking dead of legends
and horror stories --
and like the dead they do not read
the signs
which remain as so many unread letters

some are written on common mediums
while others are written in the wind, sky
and sands of a timeless, magical land