

## **It begins with purity and ends with purity**

by jude *Friday, Mar 30 2018, 3:35am*

international / prose / post

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the creator is one, entirely pure and so  
only purity is able to manifest from it  
and that extends to what men consider unclean  
there is no difference in the essence of pig shit,  
honey, or a pearl, nothing exists that has not  
issued from the creator -- who would dare attribute/categorise  
the emanations of the creator as unclean?

indeed, all is pure with the exception of man's mind  
which self-created impurity/perversion, though this aberration  
is only mirage, leads to a 'real' pit for the subject;  
so never forget, nothing is unclean or not  
of the body of God, the creator himself -- unless otherwise entertained --  
would you dare challenge the Oneness of the creator with division?

there can be only one creator otherwise that creator is a creation  
therefore second to the first, do you see?

from the one issues a myriad (infinite range) of things,  
planes and life, each according to its own context/environment  
though the push is ALWAYS to perfection/purity and clarity,  
that 'push' is the only consistency throughout  
all existence, the majority of which is beyond man's comprehension.

nevertheless, we are not abandoned as all things issue and have their source  
in the living creator. that understood -- by the few -- it becomes apparent  
that a living blade of grass contains more wisdom than all the texts written by men  
as that living blade of grass has no choice but to express that life which created it and all else.

and so the holiest 'book' we are able to read is the body of the creator itself, as what is created is  
connected to that creation; it therefore must be pure, unblemished without flaw, otherwise there  
would be no infinite creation -- do you see?

any flaw would have extinguished creation, we therefore arrive at the beginning of knowledge.

men's books are dead containing dead content. that applies to all linguistic texts  
as the creator's 'book' is living, infinite, existence; would you rather life than death, knowledge and  
the path to it, or perversion/death and the path to madness and self-inflicted torture? there can be  
only One living perfect creator without peer.

now to the false notion of Satan, or the fallen evil angel. what utter rubbish to imagine that a perfect

creator is able to produce imperfection, so the question arises, who created satan, a perfect god? not a chance, impossible, as is obvious, no imperfection is able to arise from perfection. so it would be wise to review the false gods created by men that enslave you, as it is perverse evil men that have personified their own folly perversity as the evil angel, and that in order to evade responsibility and lay blame for their numerous evils follies and perversions on a convenient imaginary fabrication, such is the pathetic nature of this species, if you wish to locate the source of evil, look in a mirror.

the gods and demons created by men found in their texts are only productions of those men, not an iota of man's feeble productions resembles truth and the purity of living creation. this supremely cowardly species attempts to evade itself and lands in a pit of vipers and scorpions as a result. have you ever wondered why only heroes and the courageous are able to enter paradise, which truth defines the vast majority of this species as failed -- as is apparent, the overwhelming majority are COWARDS and persist in attempting to evade responsibility (which they cannot) that is, the responsibility of their actions and inactions (when appropriate actions are required).

creation, the creator, does not (cannot) hide its living Self/body, it's in your face daily, only puny men and women imagine they are able hide from this radiance, like the frightened children they really are. if the sun contained one skerrick of fear or doubt it would cease to shine, that is, it would not be able to transmit its rays and would cease to exist, which specific rays are an expression of the one divine ray which feeds its particular character.

creation's light only is able to enlighten, not the darkness fears, perversions (religions/ideologies) and fantasies of men.

if you wish to live you must die in that transformative light, which turns all dross into the most rarefied light, the kinetic, infinite, creative process itself; as the only real death that occurs is the death of ignorance, fear and folly.

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Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-3255.html>