

Shoreless Sea

by lex via sylph - Jungle Drum Newswire *Sunday, Nov 12 2017, 9:58pm*
international / poetry / post

the infinite shoreless sea
is not without qualities;
waves/frequencies
permeate its continuous boundless presence
to each plane/dimension a relative frequency

from the more rarefied, to the
gross that identifies this
planet of gross 'matter,' tho we know
that matter is merely energy/light
at slower frequencies

do not marvel or scoff
if i say that a boulder is only coalesced fluid light
as is everything else on this and every other plane

the animating living principle, light/energy, is of varying speeds,
that characterise the qualities of each plane, tho in essence
no forms, constants or constraints exist,
the infinite range is traversable

on earth, scientists/'authorities' trapped in/by
the constraints of gross 'material' bodies/minds
perpetually search for constants,
and failing to locate any permanent constant
in the sure-less fluid universe they create a constant lie
upon which multifarious, unintentional consequences
produce illusions (false notions) upon illusions --
or what we imagine we 'know' as our reality on earth

however, Reality is fluid, in constant flux,
have u ever tried to measure light, water, air,
or any other fluid, none have a beginning or end point, such is the
quality of fluid light which is misinterpreted as matter/multiplicity
by limited minds

yet in each 'quality' continuity prevails, pure kinesis,
there is no standing still in this cosmos/existence, no constants/borders/
constraints/rules whatsoever, tho people are taught to live, jailed
in false discontinuous notions which they perpetuate

therefore, we are able, if we choose, to appreciate/move within the greater
movement from the most dense to the most rarefied, but only when free

of the constrictive formulating principles of definition/measure/matter/
or finite THOUGHT that binds via its limited finite nature -- what it form-ulates
as each concept, symbol, image, all of which have a beginning and end

thought is a train of finite thoughts (easily proven), thought is not ONE continuous
uninterrupted experience/process, as is existence

and so it becomes immediately apparent that thought constricts, binds
and blinds us to continuous infinite Reality -- thoughts are only
components of language and every word/symbol/image has been learned/taught by those trapped in
thought/culture and the limitations it necessarily produces

yet we know intuitively (from our source) that something is beyond this limited existence,
as WE ARE part of a greater whole, which is the infinite PROCESS of creation;
yes indeed, our true/real essence (consciousness without content) is beyond thought
which binding characteristic keeps infinity hidden, like a heavy curtain that blocks light

however, there is nothing that confines a free spirit that is not jailed by thought,
tho thought/language is necessary to understand the matrix of culture, however, it veils TRUTH, in
fact it is an obstacle -- the finite and infinite are mutually exclusive

if one truly wishes to appreciate and participate in the process of REALITY, or continuous creation,
which has been referred to as the dance of Gods, one must abandon all limiting factors, particularly
thought

however, i must warn of the fact that the cessation of thought also annihilates
the notion of a limited self or 'individual,' as that considered self is a cultural creation and is
separate (due to its finite nature) from the continuous infinite whole;
so identity/self, which is a cultural construct, must die before u/we are able to swim in the infinite
sureless/shoreless blissful sea of existence --
this is all that is meant by making the gross fine (Hermes), as REALITY is ONE ecstatic
never-ending PROCESS, no birth-death, beginning or end

the cross (an archetypal symbol), represents matter and so we must climb
off the cross of our veiled existence in order to KNOW the truth/reality
of infinite existence/continuity/Life, which i should add, has the most sublime qualities of all,
but u must KNOW it to Experience it, and so it goes ...

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-786.html>