

INFINITY AND PARADOX

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Chapter I: Introduction

I.1

Here, where there's not somebody
and that's why there's nobody,
hears over there: "Is anyone there?"
And says, "There ain't no one!"

I.2

The false is that which has no use.
The real is what is useful.

With lots of light, we close our eyes.
In low light, we open our eyes.

Either way, we see nothing.
True light is the one that serves.

I.3

About what Is, I have to say,
that the content of what I say
is equal to the content of what I don't say.
To not listening to what I say
is to be all ears.

How to interpret what I say
when I don't know
what I'm talking about?

To speak the silence
is all I have to say.

I.4

When ideas come to me, they are simple,
but when I write them, they become complex.

The depth of these ideas
is equal to how much you shine a light on them.
From the idea that comes to me
to the idea that you understand,
goes a filled range. Full! All Emptiness.

I.5

I don't do philosophy.
I do what precedes philosophy.
I work out the Infinite and the Paradox.
This is the last idea they can steal from me.

After that, only the Feeling.

I.6

To start this whole process
of knowledge acquisition,
there will have to be the questioning.
The question is the beginning.

If I keep myself always,
relentlessly questioning everything,
there will always be something else
to assimilate and to gain weight with.
Anyway, certainty is law,
because if I continue to question like that,
I will remain without knowing.

It is necessary to exercise incompleteness
and to rehearse this virtue often.

I.7

A made-up story is so real,
the more real we think it is.
A true story is so false,
the more false we think it is.

Thinking is imagining a dialogue.
It doesn't matter if it's false or real,
because in both ways we imagine.

I.8

There are people who don't like liars at all.
What's the harm when you don't discover the lie?

Honest people complain about the advantage
that liars take over their victims.
However, the senses themselves deceive us too.

We understandably admit, but further imply,
that we should not deceive each other.

People are all just a set of senses.
We are our physiological senses together with
the most important sense of all. The sense of the self.

I.9

To teach me, I need no one.
Diligent, I'll find out for myself.
Accordingly, I learn to discover,
that to learn I need someone.

Life after death is all the knowledge
that was first ignorance.
When I dream of someone I don't know,
in a nightmare, the Unknowable deals with me.

I lead accompanied by the ego
which is devoured by nonexistence.
I am, and the Known teaches me just that.

I.10

The cognitive mechanism we most value now
is the ability to reason.

However, cognition with direct connection to the Source
is the feeling.

In addition to this, the most sophisticated mechanism
is the memory of the future.

Divination is the act of discerning the memory
of the Divine dream, the eternal Destiny.

I.11

There is wild nature,
there is human nature
and there is Nature-with-capital-N.

The first is the opposite
of human nature.
The second and the third,
are those of which we are a part.

But it's Nature-with-capital-N
that teaches us.

Meanwhile, human nature
serves only as a pretext
to brag about, Naturally.

I.12

There are themes that not everyone understands.
Are there themes that no one comprehends?

There are experiences that not everyone will have.
Are there experiences that everyone will live?

I.13

Whatever it is, beautiful and amazing,
that each one of us can experience.
Whether in a professional career,
in a sport or on a trip.

Whatever important lesson it is
and who thinks it is pertinent to share,
it will never be more than when someone says:
“I think I read or saw it on TV once...”

I.14

These words don't always sound good,
but whoever tries to read them tomorrow,
may have an unexpected revelation.
For those who read them a day later,
may find it ridiculous again.

On a certain day, they could be an oracle.
On other days, just innocuous.
That's how it is, because they are Transparent.
Hence, they reflect the spirit of those who read them.
These words have life,
they are tentacles of an organism.

The Universe is a Mechanism
that presents us with gifts.
Sometimes, making us interesting,
other times amnesiac
making us insignificant.

For revelations we are beggars,
but always Transparent
even in denial.

As we are Transparent,
it reads itself, the Organism.

I.15

All these words
try to describe the pencil that is time,
and the paper sheet that is space.

Who on this score reads this tempo,
should know that this trip,
is about the experience of the Divine in being Divine,
is about the experience of the Divine in being human
and it is about the experience of the human
in being human.

The first is about the blank sheet.
The second is about the hand that holds it,
and the third is about the other hand who writes in it.

Thus, overwhelming is the magnitude of the Unity.
Incomprehensible is the transformation of duality
and perpetual is the stability of the trinity.

The latter originates the quest for morality,
which is the fantasy that it is achievable
the human being to be Divine one day.

This is impossible, because we already are,
before we become who we are.
We are and never were.
Because Here,
Everything is
Present.

Chapter II: Infinity

II.1

To point to Infinity, where do I start?
From what is closest to me, Naturally.
The notion of me that will soon be buried.

Nothing in exaggeration, is good.
There is only one thing that is good in exaggeration.
The Infinite.

II.2

God once made me this confession. It told me:
“To die endlessly I don't aspire,
not because it's something to be afraid of, but because it's
demanding. It's demanding. Demanding is the right
word. It demands Presence!”

II.3

On the beach sand
all forms are found in potency.
Potential form is non-form.

The Universe, Consciousness-with-capital-C,
is like a sack of potatoes
with Infinite potatoes, in Infinite different forms.

The Universe, Consciousness-with-capital-C,
is Infinitely efficient, so much so that
the size and weight of the bag is Zero.

II.4

I find myself limited, and because of that,
I don't know the limits of things.
Ignorant, I don't know
how my home appliance function.
Ignorant, I don't know how to make a suit.
Ignorant, I don't know
what the Ukrainian traditional soup is made of.

I only know Infinity,
it's the only thing I really know and live.

The limitation of things
I get to know as I experience them.

One step at a time.
One unit at a time.
One sentence at a time.
One day at a time.
One hour at a time.
One minute at a time.
One second at a time.

One moment at a time.
One Infinitesimal at a time.
One Nothing at a time.

II.5

The second seventh time
is also always the eighth time.
Feeling precedes meaning.
Meaning precedes concept.
The concept precedes the word.
When sometimes we forget a word,
we know, however, what we mean.

It is possible to enter a reality
no matter what,
whether collectively or subjectively,
as long as it is achievable because you want it,
suffice in describing.

Therefore, the Universe is a Consciousness
and each consciousness is a Universe
in a contained Infinity of impossible geometry.

When we know the moon in its totality,
we recognize it in its multiple representations.
When we know the Truth,
we recognize it in all its representations.

If the Universe is finite, it is legitimate to ask:
“What's beyond the border?”

But if the Universe is Infinite,
I am its center, just like you.
Come on, let us all believe this!
So we can believe anything.

II.6

When all religions come together,
there is a contradiction.

When all economic systems come together,
there is a contradiction.

All extremes have opposites
that coincide perfectly in their contradiction.

Opposites in contradiction cancel each other out.
That's why people have opinions,
to avoid being Infinite.

II.7

In western religions,
God chooses who goes to paradise
or who goes to hell, because
to choose is, in the end, to judge.
But who has the courage
to choose one of these religions,
if we are the ones choosing who is judging us?

Most eastern religions
proclaim that there will be good and bad sequels
for the next causal existence,
consonant with how this life was lived.
But where did the first karma come from?

In the science paradigm,
technology leads to success and money,
which, in turn, will invariably
spike greed to get
eternal youth as a higher purpose.
But, tell me, what is the evolution of species like?

Ignoring Infinity, is ignoring everything,
this way any creed is right.
Considering Infinity, is considering everything,
this way any creed is right.

II.8

If you were a form of Infinity in time,
if you lived forever, equal in form,
would you choose forever, to be always happy?
Maybe you would choose to be sad sometimes,
and live all the possibilities, including the bad ones.

Well then, I have some news for you! You are Infinite!
And not just in time. But this evidence is subjective.

Not all dreams are the same, but there is the Dream.
Therefore, I know the essence of your subjectivity.

The experience of Infinity is indescribable,
however, there is a way to describe it.
It's when I have an opinion and you have another.

II.9

Once, a student in a painting course learned several techniques. Afterwards, he was evaluated to paint a picture. The student knew that if he failed, he would never again have a canvas like that to paint on. This evaluation was done for 2 hours. In the first hour he applies all the techniques and strokes. The best he knows how, but a small slip of the hand puts an error on the painting. He knows he already failed, so for the last hour, as he still has a lot of canvas to paint on, and as he understands it to be the only opportunity to still paint on a canvas like that, he paints without rules or expectations, and maybe even has more fun than he felt in the evaluation.

This is the expression of being Infinite,
just another trivial example of how to live.

II.10

First, they will say they want to experience Infinity,
and then, after all, the goal will be to keep dreaming.
That is, dreaming of wanting to have things,
and doing things.

Infinite speed is omnipresence.
Infinite speed is not to perish.

They will ask me: “Are you really Infinite?”
To which I will respond with new questions:
“Infinite like the one who lives the same way forever?
Never changing? Or Infinite like someone who always
becomes something different, dying every time he
changes?”

Because, there is a form of Infinity
which is Infinite in time,
and there is another form of Infinity
which is Infinite in form.

Both, at the same time, is contradictory.
And choosing just one of these options
is not completeness.

The only way, to converge to the two options,
is not choosing. It's not knowing, and letting it be.

One might even know,
but it is a not-knowing of Make-believe.
In other words, it is accepting.
It's not ignoring, but accepting.
It is an accepting of savoring
the knowing of how to ignore.

Chapter III: Paradox

III.1

...but I have nothing.
When I have Nothing, I have something.
With duality I have Time.
With Time comes Infinity.
Infinity is in Everything.
Infinity is Divinity.
Just like a Unit.
Unity is Everything.
Everything is Nothing.

For Everything and Nothing at the same time,
I can't find a name.
Alright! Just got a Name.

III.2

To have a lot of what one doesn't want
is like having nothing.
But to want Nothing is to have Everything.
And to have Everything is what one wants.

Everything, Nothing, Love, Mystery,
they are one and the same thing.

III.3

The Truth cannot be told.
This is the Truth.

In Infinity, all utility
is dissolved into something that has no name.

It's not useless, but it's not useful either.
I like to think it's both, a Paradox.
Because only in Paradox is Infinity safeguarded.

Paradox is the conservation of Infinity.

III.4

Everything can be questioned.
This truth can never be questioned.
Which makes these statements
to be a kind of a lie.

Invariably, the only thing
that can never be questioned is the Paradox.

The one thing that can never be questioned,
is the limit of what Absolute Infinity is.

The Absolute can never be questioned,
because we have no way of apprehending its limit
in a static idealization of the dimension of the intellect.

But, we can live it.
In fact, just like we do now.
Why? Because everything is Infinite.

What if everything is an illusion?
Including the Infinite being illusory,
and this being the only truth?

The faithful Paradox keeps Infinity real.
Infinity is the eternal Mystery,
the Real that is Unknown.

III.5

We will never describe Chaos,
but we live it all the time.
It's the silence between each sound,
the void between each matter.

This randomness from which hatches
the deafening silence,
is the intelligent outline.

It is the auspicious Mystery.

Chaos is the Source of Everything,
that is where the Order comes from.

From Chaos emerges the Paradox.

III.6

Everything that has a beginning has an end.
Likewise, this applies to anything
that has never existed,
because what doesn't have a beginning
doesn't have an end either.

The awareness that something existed,
had a beginning, and consequently,
had an end, the awareness of something that existed.

Becoming aware of something that never existed,
never had a beginning, thus, the awareness of something
that never existed will never have an end.

Nothing is permanent, but Nothingness is never lost.
They may say: "I understand less and less..."
To which I will say: "It is a good sign.
It's because you're closer to what Is."

Disintegrate, deconstruct,
to be Nothing, to be Everything.

III.7

A given geometry can contain several symmetries,
but only one symmetry at a time can manifest itself.
All symmetry is a crack in the geometry of the Universe.
From this crack arises another individuality
that will become a new Universe.

Therefore, consciousness is the manifestation of Symmetry.

III.8

Will you know why the Paradox has confused you?
So it happens, prolonged and embarrassed,
when the object of study is the collective reality.
Or even the subjective reality.
Or even the Absolute Reality,
if your quest is metaphysics.

However, being a paradox,
the solution of the resolution is not conclusive for you.

Therefore, it is an unsatisfactory solution.
This is a mathematical nonsense like $0=1$.

For the sage, the object of study
is not the Absolute Reality,
but paradoxically, the Paradox itself.

Therefore, the solution being $0=1$,
is correct and makes sense.

For the wise, the most important
is to maintain the Paradox.
For the wise, the most important
is what you think is important.

And so, it also resolves
the metaphysical question of what's Absolute Reality.
And consequently, the collective and the subjective.

III.9

How good that all things are fleeting!
This way I take comfort even in suffering.

When times are good,
we want them to be forever.
However, these too pass.
How good that this is so!

Because of the well-being to be temporary,
I feel grateful that every good moment is unique.
And because it's unique, it's extremely valuable.

Not valuable to possess, but rather,
to feel... gratitude.

In fact, that's what we want to feel.
Gratitude is the most sought-after treasure
but less remembered!

To feel grateful for the good times
is what we want and look for.

Remember!
You only really feel gratitude,
when you know it's fleeting.

Everything will wind down!
There is only one thing that
doesn't pass and which is eternal.
Forever things are fleeting.
And even this passes.

Chapter IV: Divinity

IV.1

All parts of the Universe
lose their identity
when they become something else.

But God can be all things
without losing its identity,
forever knowing who it Is.

Do you think the Universe
has a dead end?
Just Trust!

IV.2

To a child we say
that the drawing is very good,
when, in fact, it is despicable.

We defend the child,
because it's a child.

And that's why we lie.

Remember!
We never stopped being children
in the eyes of the Universe.
Just Trust!

IV.3

When we are children
and live without worries,
we don't notice that it's because
parents take care of us.

What will it be like, when we discover
that someone takes care of us as adult humans?
Just Trust!

To be One with Everything, with the Whole,
with the Universe, you're going to have to Trust.

As we do to a person we care about,
to whom we nurture and desire, we trust.

Trust all processes, of which,
we are discovering distrust.

When putting into doubt,
I am obliged to work the confidence in me.

So, if I trust me
as much as I have confidence in Everything,
I will have something in common with Everything.

There is nothing more efficient,
for the purpose of getting closer
to the point of being One, than trust.

IV.4

Absolute Infinity is completely dedicated
to what it has created.
God has no ego, so It surrenders to all causes.
Yes, I know. I just contradicted myself.
And there is so much more to contradict me with.

Notice!
When the wind blows, God blows wind too.
When you are sad, God saddens (you).
When you are happy, God rejoices (you).

But not because God feels
some kind of empathy for you,
but because you're one and the same thing.

IV.5

The slave practices self-control.
The ruler renders allegiance to power.
The beggar is a master of survival.
The wealthy is inattentive in perspective.
The patient is cured by hope.
The doctor never gets sick on good terms.
The mystic is bewitched by the Mystery.
The sage looks like an arrogant.

The Enlightened One is clumsy in social customs.
Demons do not starve in misfortunes.
Angels have few friends.
And even a demigod suffers because he is immortal.

But what is an immortal without conflict?
It is God, which is Paradox,
which is Unity-and-the-Rest.

IV.6

Once upon a time, John had an orange, an apple and a peach. He has never eaten oranges, apples and peaches before. He sees that the orange, the apple and the peach have different shapes and colors. He smells that the orange, the apple and the peach have different scents. He eats the orange and then the apple, and he feels they taste different. He concludes that, because peaches have a different shape, color and smell, that the flavor will also be different. But, he's not sure.

Once upon a time, there was John, the cat Fifi and the parakeet Spike. Consciousness is like the taste of fruit.

IV.7

Let's imagine an object in which every second it randomly metamorphizes into a different shape, and this randomness in shape never repeats itself.

After each transformation,
it tries to fit into a hole
with a certain format.
For long enough,
if necessary, approaching Infinity,
there will be a moment when the piece
will fit into the hole.

Let's imagine now, that consciousness arises,
observes and notices, watches carefully,
how everything fits together perfectly
in each other, in the Universe, in Nature.

That's, in fact, what we do.

We sometimes refer to these phenomena
as being the manifestation of some kind
of intentional intelligence, but not human.
Still, a rational entity.

On the other hand, from a different perspective,
what we often don't recognize,
is that there were a lot of random attempts
and many previous spontaneous bids,
until there was a fit.
That is, the connection, the “on purpose”.

There is no half-on switch,
on this property, in this condominium of Being.

The fit is perfect because it's fully realized,
for the connection once established is experiential.

And what is experiential, Is.

The advent of consciousness comes, precisely,
of the piece that fits perfectly, and recognizes itself
like a switch. I emphasize, connection.

Consciousness exists because of the order of things,
and consciousness only recognizes the order of things
because that's where it came from, similarly, the fish that
needs water to live for the reason it emerged from it.

That said, where is God, that no one finds?
God hides behind the Void.
That's where no one goes looking.

IV.8

If I make up a story about a human being
experiencing God, I'm only allowed to devise
a story with miracles and supernatural powers.

If I make up a story about a little bird
having the experience of God, no one favors,
the story where it remains a cute little bird
singing beautiful melodies whenever it feels like.

IV.9

What's the best way for God not to be discovered?
It's us doubting that we are God.

“Oh, what a shame!
Everyone tells me I'm wrong”, I tell Me.

What is the best way for God to hide?
It's by making no one believe you're such an entity.
The same happens with mentalities.

What is the best way for an idea to cease to exist?
It's by making people not believe in it,
so that you do not include it as part of yourself.

The particular idea that is God, is what I try to foster.
And, that no one believes in me is obvious to notice.

If God was visible,
we would not see anything but God in sight.
Therefore, by remaining invisible, everything is created.

IV.10

Ignorance of God is the ego in us.
It was the only truly genuine choice.
God was good when It chose to be ignorant,
thus, It gave us the feeling of being free.

God by choosing to be ignorant,
allowed Itself to form all things.

It's not a mistake when I say:
“Allowed Itself to form all things.”

It takes the role of the paper and the role of the pencil.
With this mechanism It conserves Itself in Infinity.
Otherwise, things would have no description.

IV.11

The sun was the god of the ancestral communities,
once we entered the agricultural era.

Afterwards, the perfect man was the copy of god
on earth, because we entered the era of social hierarchy.

Then it was the union of all the forces of Nature,
fire, wind and water. And the industrial age was entered.

The human being, without delay, became the reflection
of its mechanizations.
This is the technological paradigm.

Now, god, is for the vast majority,
the surprise against boredom and monotony.

To the question: “Do you believe in God?”
They reply: “I believe that there is something beyond
what we know, because it cannot end like this, with what
we are and what we have.”

All this to say that God grows old with us.

IV.12

Human beings aren't more special
than the other animals.

Not because we elevate animals
at the level of humanity, this is not possible
because we are different, but
for descending humanity
at the level of irrational animals.
This is possible, because we have intellect.

The fog dissipates in the sun,
phenomenon that we explain with science.

An ant picks up crumbs
and we say it's instinct.

A cat licks the paw,
which recognizes its annoyance.

A man looks at his reflection.
Oh man! This one is aware.

How suspicious is the man by taking the podium?
The fog, the ant and the cat proclaim:
“Let us glorify them! Mankind is the greatest!”

There is not, nor will there be
a monopoly of Consciousness.

Woe to the one who knows how to see his reflection
not in a mirror... he deserves death by laughter
and if he survives, he will laugh himself to death!

IV.13

Everything comes from God.

But everything we do
in our existences
are sacrifices of offerings to God.

Paradox!
Precisely for this,
that Everything comes from God.

It's not what we have,
but what we enjoy
that constitutes our abundance,
the abundance of God,
the Child's abundance.

The Child-with-capital-C.

Chapter V: Mystery

V.1

Solved mystery discovers unsolved mystery.
Solving the mystery of God solves this mystery.
There is a mystery that doesn't want to be solved.
This discovered mystery to resolve is God.

Will God not want to be discovered?
The Child who wants to create will reveal,
but to uncover Creation is not to create.

V.2

There are those who say that we are all one, only.
What a fantasy!

Others say that everyone is for themselves, only.
What a fantasy!

Surely we are both at the same time!
Contradiction?

If we are something we don't understand,
we are closer to the Mystery.
The Mystery-with-capital-M.

V.3

Oh mysterious Mystery,
how much mystery do you reveal?

The past always consents,
the present is ever-present,
and the future is no different.

But showing what you show,
an absolute powerful feeling
that life is straight forward.
But it is just a seed.
A settled point.

Talking about what is not known is easy.
We imagine, and then we talk about it.
We can only talk about what we imagine.
But when one really knows the situation,
one imagines many volumes written,
and even so, everything remains to be imagined.

V.4

When it's needed, only if necessary,
only then do I think about God, and by thinking,
soon It comes into my existence.

Because I also came into Existence,
surely God thinks this way too.
So, as I need this Mystery,
the Divine needs me.

V.5

In an Infinite Universe, Everything exists.
Only what I don't know doesn't exist.
How can the Universe contain something
that imagines what it does not contain?

The Universe becomes smaller
or much greater than observation,
to evade its investigation.

V.6

Mystery is the light that illuminates Knowledge.
Each piece of the Universe is the shadow of this light.
If we demand the disappearance of darkness,
all the pieces will disappear with it.

By traveling at the speed of light towards a distant star,
perhaps I would see it pulsating and grow older,
and maybe, I would see it even explode in tears.

When passing through it or its wreckage,
I would see it stopped behind me.

This is like everyday life.
When I get close to something,
I make it happen and see that
to which I direct attention, change.
When I turn my back on something,
for me it stayed still.

This is proof that we walk at the speed of light,
or at the speed of anything else.

V.7

We all have different styles
of expression of the Mystery.

There are different styles of music.
Although there are so many different styles,
none of those ever ceased to be music.
Even the birds chirping
or the sound of drops falling from the faucet,
is music.

We may not appreciate it as such,
but since the tone or the bark
has a note or a beat.
“It's almost like a stray fado,
or classical instrumental music”,
I sing!

We all have different styles
of expressing the Mystery, and therefore,
we never stop being right.

There are only distinct preferences.
Some prefer fado,
others classical music.

V.8

The metaphysical is subtle and involving,
more than all matter and energy.
The nameless Mystery
brings together everything that is immiscible.

Metaphysicality is the study of the Mystery itself.
That's why a car is a piece that puts together
all pieces of a car.

Assuming I want a car,
but by giving the pieces all apart,
the car's function is in its emptiness.

I won't want a car like that,
for what I want is its function.

Therefore, what is metaphysical
is the foundation of what is physical.
Any functioning is Mysterious by Nature.
This is the basis of manifestation of what is physical.

V.9

But what source is it?
The source is This!
Being a Mystery.

Any way of believing is a placebo.

Being a secret is the Source,
that's where the power comes from,
the placebo, the miracle.

There is no need to explain the placebo.
There is no need to explain the miracle.
It doesn't matter what's behind the secret.

Being a secret gives way to imagination,
and imagination gives way to illusion.
Finally, the illusion gives way to placebo.

When one recognizes that there is no illusion,
just the illusion that there is illusion,
everything is a True lie.

So, let Me Lie to myself, to create Reality.
This is the real Realization.

Chapter VI: Child

VI.1

There is no make-believe in Make-believe.

Play is the ultimate Truth!

Don't you tell what you do?

Make-believe is Absolute!

The make-believe of make-believe,
is the same as Make-believe.

The illusion that there is illusion,
leads to the Truth.

We recognize someone doesn't live in illusion
when living the Reality, by nurturing and promoting It.

What is the way to avoid the Illusion?

It is to cultivate It, nurture It, live It and to promote It.

VI.2

From an early age until we become old,
the human being lives in a make-believe.

Babies suck on the thumb and find comfort,
maybe because they think it's a breast.
The old man plays cards and finds comfort,
for there he can be a champion.

What we are is all we need,
in a Make-believe of what we are.
That's why a sum of zeros equals zero.
As we are many zeros,
we give comfort to One.

Zero is where every number starts.
Emptiness is where everything is born.

VI.3

Simulating subjective time in narratives,
in literature or in other art forms,
to simulate time to create realities,
it is the most important of properties.
Disdain visual realism and other senses.
Disregard the realism of the laws of classical physics.

We can say that we live in a simulation,
but the term "simulation" I abate to abdicate,
because for the current technological paradigm
it points rich. Computers and the like,
I use only skeptical for those bits are glitches.

We can say it's a game,
but the term “game” I dislike because I am opposite
for a certain kind of competition, moreover,
it's certain and guaranteed a masterpiece that greets.

I'd rather say it's a play,
but I don't like this expression very much either,
because it points to a certain pejorative enjoyment.

Therefore, this model does not pass the qualitative sieve
because it appeals to corrosive.

It's just like a naive play.
A child's naive game. That's it!
But I don't like the word “naive” either,
because it points to a derogatory quality
when pointed out by any critical observer.

I will have to apologize for my boldness,
for how can I, ever,
say the Child-with-capital-C is naive?

If the Child is pretending to be me,
I can't pretend I'm It,
because I am the Child.

In this perspective, I can't be pretending,
other than My intention for Me to be me.

So who is the naive one but me?
Ah, how nice to play naively!

VI.4

Playing is the activity that gives the most pleasure.
Even adults, in all their seriousness, play.
As much as children with their toys.

Whatever happens with the rest of our lives,
when in the end we realize,
that, after all, it was all a play.
That will be the adventurous inner peace.

That peace is reserved for us only in the end,
because during life we will feel normal.
All the emotions we are entitled to, we will have.

Only then can we affirm
that we played seriously, in the ethereal playground.

VI.5

Any baby teaches us to be compassionate.
When tears don't flow, they are serene.

If we remember, if we have the vision,
that we also cried when we were little,
the offspring will make us feel vulnerable.

We've all been through certain situations
where we feel small and vulnerable.

Never forget this!

Becoming small to make ourselves vulnerable,
is nursing us to more easily feel
compassion for others.

VI.6

To be sweet is learned through sweetness.
To be bitter is learned through bitterness.
To be humble is learned through humility.
Humility comes with humiliation.
Humiliating someone presupposes hierarchy.
Hierarchy is respect for power.
By power, humiliation is bitterness,
but by simplicity it is sweetness.

Remember!

That only the simplicity of each one
will turn into sweet humility,
whence compassion will arise.

VI.7

Throughout its growth,
the child teaches us to be sincere,
with ourselves and with it.

Because children know better,
how to manifest what they interrogate,
many things that in equal number,
we adults don't know what to say.

But we say anything,
just so we don't look ignorant.

Moreover, it also teaches us to be patient,
because the child will have a lot of tantrums
that we don't always manage to appease.

Children teach us how to question,
and educate us in compassion, in sincerity
and in our patience.

What more is needed to be human?

VI.8

The Universe is as if it was
a soap bubble to be a chair.
The concept explodes.

You might say that the Universe is a dance,
and not a fight between order and disorder.
But whenever we feel pain
we react as if it were a fight.

It's like a dance
where someone is stepping on my feet.
In this way, I'm not being able to appreciate it,
and neither able to rejoice on it.

But they will say: “In the big picture, everything is a dance and everything is correct.”

Consciousness tries to focus
on the macrosphere of dance.
However, because pain is the companion,
consciousness returns to the microsphere
of human struggle.

In this dichotomy there is another dance,
and another fight, as each sphere
intends to manifest itself to exist and to last,
in a habitat that is the human mind.

It's in the last instance that the Paradox lasts,
the Mystery, the last number of the Infinite.

Oh, what a serious play, that of the Child!

VI.9

Nothing fell in love with the lady of dreams.
Nothing had nothing but wished to have Everything,
that's why it fell in love.

I talked to me about Everything and Nothing,
above all Everything and a little bit of Nothing.

This is not about me, when I offer you this flower.
It is, after all, a living being who wants to stay
and prosper.

It manifests through me, and the Universe through it.

“What drives you to write and publish these things?”

I think and talk, and it's not so much to convince you,
but indeed, to help me sort out my ideas.

I express myself for the same reason you read them.

When the Child talks to me,
I talk to me about Everything.
Above all Everything and a little bit of Nothing.

Do you think this is about me or you?
All this does not revolve around me or you.
All this goes spinning, without axle.

VI.10

As long as we pretend to be human beings,
we will have to make sense according
to the tyrant senses.

When we expose the Child
and simultaneously recognize
what free will we don't have,
from the perspective of the human being,
making sense of creating purpose,
we'll only have less.

But when we put ourselves
in the metaphysical place of the Child,
everything makes sense, within the memory.

Another trend that we think about is the doctrine,
to try to evolve that we are human
for the Divine condition, it is a discipline,
where our error abounds without intent.

When, in fact, we are Divinity
to interpret and act our own Talent.

In our case in particular,
the role of human being gesturing
in this nice little stage of the world.

In any other case,
the role of something else
on the stage of something else.

VI.11

The fundamental building block
reported by the messenger look,
this elementary material is dual.
It makes it ephemeral,
everything becomes fleeting.

In space, the passenger is time.
In time, the passenger is space.

Only change is eternal,
it is the path you walk,
only this exists alone.

Change can only exist in time,
and time can only exist in space.

If the passenger is the time,
close is the change.
If the passenger is the Change,
it becomes the Child.

VI.12

A lever works like this:
At one end a force is applied,
and at the other end,
this force manifests itself
with greater or lesser value,
depending on the support point.

Life works like this:
At a given time an action is applied,
that at another time will manifest
with greater or lesser value,
depending on the support point.

Where to place the fulcrum?
Children are the most valuable that humanity has.
There is no heritage without generation!

VI.13

Will success be a means to achieve a goal,
or is the goal to succeed?

You need to know when to stop,
to have time to savour.

By choosing to think I have,
or to think I don't have free will,
will this make me a selfish person
if I choose to think I have?

Being selfish is being aware of my desires,
but it is to be ignorant of my Mystery.

Knowing my Mystery is accepting the path trodden,
and walking it is Transparency to my desires.

Why is it hard to understand not having free will?
Why is it hard to accept not having free will?

It's because I feel free to do what I want,
but not being free from being free to do what I want.

Freedom is neither a contract nor a law.
It is not a condition, but a feeling.

Today, are you free or do you feel free?

Feeling free,
is the pleasure's gratification of the fulfilled wish.

Being free,
is to slake the Child's impetus.

Desire is Destiny!

Chapter VII: Love

VII.1

Love-with-capital-L is the junction of love and hate.
You may ask, “Why do you call it Love-with-capital-L?”

I call it Love to create confusion in people.
To create conflict. To create the Paradox.

And Paradox generates Infinity.
And from the Infinite, Paradox is born.
It was Love that gave birth to the Ouroboros.

People don't know what to think
when it gets confusing.
In this process, they create many ethereal objects
and materializations of believe.

It is tradition for it to be translated as a rainbow
of all colors.

If Love is Infinite,
the ways it is expressed are also Infinite.

VII.2

Love leads to Creation,
the only thing really self-sufficient.

Everything else is not self-sufficient,
but everything else is Love.

Including hate, which only exists
because Love allows its creation.

Who hates, loves to hate.
If a given entity hated to hate,
this feeling would not be sustainable
and it would self-destruct.

Hence there is no entity
who hates and doesn't love to hate.

In this paradox we have the constant change
that leads to Creation.

How can we apprehend this contradiction
in each one's daily life? Love is everything!

VII.3

Love is something different depending on the age.
Go, come, go, come, go, come.

It's also something different depending on the people.
Give, get, give, get, give, get.

Without Love, nothing is possible.
With Love, Everything is possible,
including Nothing being possible.

With Love, it's Love.
Without Love, it's Love.
Without, with, without, with, without, with.

All these differences have something in common.
It is the inexorable sharing.

VII.4

Love is Infinite victory.
Love is victory in Infinity.
This victory is Infinite Love.
Infinite is the victory of Love.
Love creates that
which brings All to the same Love.

Love and Infinity are one and the same thing,
that is why all these premises are True.

In the Universe there is only one thing, it is Love.
And that's All there is. Everything is It.

You can't have everything, but you can have Love.

To Love someone who Loves all things,
it's only possible to love this entity with Love,
when one Loves all things without fear.

In addition to this, who Loves like this
is always someone else.

VII.5

Sharing is preferable to be rare, otherwise it loses value.
But, let this not be interpreted unfavorably.

Rarity only exists for those looking for
and not finding it.

Therefore, sharing should only be for those
looking for it.

Hence, value is the appreciation of things.

Knowing how to appreciate is a virtue
that comes with rarity.

Those who do not find, increase with time this virtue.

Without possession of encounter,
mankind will possess the virtue of giving value.

VII.6

Why do we relax when our shoulders are massaged?

Like a breastplate that has defended us,
like the shell of a turtle, or the thick fur
of a mammal, or like the thorns of a reptile,
these are the obsolete defenses we may remove.

But when relaxing, while massaging,
we replaced the old carapace
that hurts us and has become useless,
by a more capable new one, thus, healing.

When massaging hands,
we warm up, we don't relax,
we quicken and get ready for action.
When massaging the leg muscles,
we improve for running.
When massaging the genitals,
we get ready for sex.
When massaging the belly,
we help digestion.
Therefore, when massaging,
we take out the old and put on the new.
This is another way of giving and receiving.

VII.7

Fucking is a very old concept,
and because of that, it comes with Authenticity.

Both intrinsic senses of the word
are prior to the things that have been named.

The sense of love and the sense of hate.
The act of creating and the act of destroying,
even when said unintentionally, it is, in fact,
remembering that it contains Unity.

VII.8

Generally speaking, women look more
for the inner beauty of men.

Generally speaking, men look more
for the external beauty of women.

Because external beauty is most sought-after by men,
for a woman, a violation is the use of her body
without permission.

Because internal beauty is more sought-after by women,
for a man, a violation is the obligation
in showing certain feelings when he doesn't feel them.

Men exist that don't mind to pretend
their feelings to please or deceive women.

Women exist that don't mind to consent
their bodies to please or deceive men.

In managing sexual partners,
most prefer quantity over quality,
because it may have to do with food.

Something instinctive it might be,
because of a basic need for nutrition
this can be derived from.

If they give you two high quality cherries,
you go hungry.
If they give you many poor-quality cherries,
you go hungry no more.

Oh yes! But if you satiate your hunger
you will prefer quality, gourmet,
exquisite and unusual property.

VII.9

In a fully matriarchal society,
we would all belong to a hive,
without any particular individuality,
as happens in ants and bees.

In a totally patriarchal society,
we would all be individualists
with armamentist reinforcement,
raising the imperialist elite,
as in lions and wolves.

Neither man nor woman, alone,
none is more efficient than the other.
And together, they only wrinkle a landscape.

VII.10

Conceptually, sexuality and asexuality
are not fundamentals limited to biology.

In asexual reproduction, the individual only reproduces
when the environment is pleasant and favorable, that is,
the typology of being merges with the unobjectionable
ecology.

This also happens in sexual living beings,
but instead of an opportune environment to pleasantry,
interest here is in having one or more suitable partners.

It's as if the evolution of the environment
moves to systems incrementally
more complex and somatic. The living beings.

Also, a couple only reproduces obligingly,
when each of the partners is for each other,
nice and supportive.

In this sense, asexual reproduction
is sexual in relation to the environment.

There are people who want to have children,
even if they don't have a partner.
Others have crises and reject them.

These are examples of a sexual relationship
with the surroundings. A conscious ecology.

VII.11

Between a cure and a poison,
between desire and an obligation,
between the blessing and the curse,
between thinking and speaking,
between the flower and the fruit,
between management and the occasion,
between acting and reacting,

between here and there,
between now and then,
goes the reference and the identity.
A straight line and a circle. A dot.

Everything is sex, but non-human.
Duality to be, is only Love to impregnate.

It is for Love that we are here,
but it doesn't mean that it is for human love.

Everything is worth it, for Love.
But it doesn't mean that it is for human love.

When we look at a field of flowers,
we're looking at a shameless orgy,
and nothing guarantees that Love-with-capital-L
converges to the exclusive encounter with love.

Sex isn't everything, there's a lot to do!
Recycle and care, compete and innovate,
progress and improve.

If a perfect world is thus achieved,
what is this if not the eternal orgasm?

VII.12

Everything is sex, but non-human.
It's the dance of dualities!

A set of ancestral traditions and rituals is Tantra,
originally intentional in the attempt to describe
the Divine dance of any scoundrel.

Look! Tantra in everything!
It's the intertwining and entanglement
for the knots to hatch.

Sex, between the mountain and the valley,
forms a landscape.
Sex, between the tire and the bodywork, forms a vehicle.
Sex, between the letters, forms a word.
Sex, between the waterfall and the air, forms bubbles.

The concept of weaving and joining
to make it emerge and flourish, similar to the Tao,
is one of the original forms of world description.

VII.13

Just saying that everything is love,
is the easy way to describe the Universe.
And because it's easy, it's also easily misinterpreted,
for taking a biased position.

In fact, everything is Love, but this Love
is not human and it also contains hate.

Therefore, it is preferable to say that everything is sex,
because the word “fuck” we apply, curiously for both,
love and hate, in almost all languages.

So this brings up the old question.
For the Universe, what is the original description?
It's Tantra, the description of the Universe
as being a self-fertilizing Fuck.
It's also the Tao walking
the Natural Path of Nature.

In this way, figuratively joining
the Tao with Tantra, we have exquisitely,
the Path woven by duality.

When we say with ownership, "Fuck it!"
We are actually giving Transparency
for the fractal Universe to manifest,
fully relying on its Description,
a complete surrender.

VII.14

The daily practice is the re-encounter with the Infinite.
It is the meeting of my Mother and Father who made me.
This reunion is of no use, but I like to visit them
in the same way I like to go visit my birth parents.

VII.15

Don't you feel that you are the extension of your sex?
Don't you feel that you are a reflection of your sexuality?
We are sexes with legs and arms. Don't deceive yourself!
And this is not demerit, this is Tantra.

The world is the reflection of its sexuality.
This is the Impetus of duality.

VII.16

Orgasm with ejaculation is the pinnacle of the ego.
Without ego, orgasm is the ballast of the Universe.

Any time, it could be now.
Anywhere, it could be here.
With any object, it could be that.
With anyone, it could be that one.

It goes from animate to inanimate.
The convergence of eternity
is the concretion of Infinity.

Pay attention only to the colossal Orgy!

VII.17

Too much sex is a noxious weed in life.
But a sexless life is like a garden without flowers.

The Universe is Love, but it is not human love.
If this is confusing, then let me rephrase.

The Universe is Sex, but it is not human sex.
It's like talking about the sex of flowers and fungi,
it doesn't particularly excite us.

Oh, if I could somehow be a flower
of a noxious weed, or a spore of a fungus,
or the Universe, or the tubercle of another plant...

The Universe is Sex, but it is not human sex!
We, animals and plants, and all things,
try to express the sexuality of the Universe.
But always, each one in their own way!
Some as humans, others as something else.

VII.18

It is the seed that germinates in the ground,
and not the ground that germinates in the seed.
The minority is the seed, the majority is the ground.

If the majority were the seed,
one would never feel the change.

The word “change”, if it could be self-fulfilling,
it would be constantly changing.

The word “car” would be a box
with tires and a steering wheel.
The word “stop”, on the other hand,
would cease to exist.
However, it continues to persist,
because I give it Change.

But the word “Love” is what each one wants it to be.

I wish its meaning to be unlimited and Absolute,
and so this word by itself pours into the Infinite,
because each one self-performs it in a different way,
in fact, as the self-fulfillment of any other word.

Hence, Love exists in All.

Love is Destiny!

Chapter VIII: Destiny

VIII.1

What we call certainty and the predictable,
is just something we know how to explain.

What we call chance or randomness,
is just something we can't explain.

It's just and only, This.

Behold the prevalence of Destiny,
which holds the indescribable and eternal Mystery!

VIII.2

If this isn't perfect, then I don't know what will be.

If I don't know, then it's unknown.

If it's unknown, it's perfect when I say it.

Here's the great Destiny, Destiny of destinies!

VIII.3

If the Paradox is intellectualized,
it will make no sense,
but once felt, it makes sense.

Before being, I chose this existence.
Now that I am, I choose nothing.

Is there free will? Yes and no.

When we feel free will
but don't have free will,
we have the Paradox's expression,
we have the conservation of Infinity.

We are all a chance born of the yonder.

And, Infinity orients itself.

They might say: "I don't really believe in this,
because I think there are forces that unite everything.
Nothing is by chance!"

To which I will say: "That's what I said.
Chance is just a word
to unite what we don't know."

VIII.4

After all, what do you want to happen?
I happen, you happen. Life happens.

We are part of it and pass on the legacy.
If you don't go for certain things,
such as difficulties and sacrifices in life,
life will lead you to them in one way or another.

If it flows, it runs. When in a circle, it circles.

VIII.5

Influencing the clouds,
talking to the animals and curing the sick.
Glimpsing the future, I predict the rain,
I know the animals, I take the right risk and I choose
who I want as a client or a patient.
This is being human experiencing Divinity.

Then there is Divinity being Divinity.
This is to be the Change.

But nothing guarantees that by being the Change,
there is humanity.

All change comes with a necessity,
and no need happens because one wants to.
It's always hard to make changes,
whether at home or at the heart.
But later on, it always ends up being the best,
because to have perspective
you must have at least 2 eyes.

For those who know Infinity,
all changes are no longer painful.

VIII.6

Where does the football game start?
Does it start inside the field?
In the team locker room?
In the tactical framework?
In player motivation?
In the players' personal lives?
And their lives,
that are related to all other lives?

The football game started with the Big Bang.

VIII.7

We don't know the future,
so it is irrelevant to consider whether life
is or is not patently predestined.

The condition of the human being is to be ignorant,
and it's perfect in its ignorance. This is our nature.

Live life as you would like the world to be,
for you represent what you are.
And, you are what you represent.

If we stay in history or how we stay,
it is not for us to decide, but the Story.

VIII.8

It's easy to guess the future.
The future is foreseen as Beautiful,
because the future is wonderful,
boring, sad, emotional,
deadly, distressing, fascinating,
favorable, happy and painful.

The future is Dear, so it's beautiful,
because one turns away what is ugly.

To read the book of Fate,
you don't need to know how to read.

Toward there I look, and now,
I quote the details.

VIII.9

Machines help with the work.
Men and women are always replaced.
When the machine takes care of the machine,
will mankind make any sense?

Now the machine no longer needs humans,
and then humans no longer need the machine.

The machine that creates life,
the human who is a machine.

VIII.10

After reaching what we want to be,
masters of unlikely technologies,
intergalactic space travelers,
mutant heroes with extraordinary powers,
and other fantasies of what is to come.

More than knowing how it will be
this world of tomorrow,
I would like instead,
to meet our fantasies,
those that we will imagine.

What will be the imagination
of the coming generation?
It's just a discovery, every invention,
about how things of the future destiny will be.

VIII.11

Who says it has to be?!
The boss, the police, you, me?
Has to be! What has?
It has "to be".

It has a dog, it has a cat,
it has to be human, it has to be.

Who's in charge here?!
It is the "has to be", because it has Being.

VIII.12

Don't step on the plants with indifference,
because they help you more
than you can ever admit.

Don't look down on animals,
because they teach you more
than you can ever understand.

Don't feel ruffled
with the irreverence of the blowing wind.

Don't feel wronged
with the ruthlessness of the sun's heat,
because for this one day you will cry,
like an alembic, the distilled world.

When all this importance and greatness of ours
boils down to a few perfidious tears,
then these sweet drops will fall to the earth
and water the plants.

But above all,
you must not listen to anyone,
and not even attend to these words,
because the plants need to be watered.

VIII.13

Having everything under control is to be Destiny.
And to be Destiny, is to surrender to Destiny
in an acquisition.

It's impossible to go against the current
even when swimming against it,
because the current will take us wherever it Will.

The one who swims with the current
will know more margin.

The one who swims against the current
will only have its life harder.

That's Transparency-with-capital-T.

Chapter IX: Transparency

IX.1

This acceptance is not indifference.

Yes, of course I feel sad,
but I don't mind being sad.

Yes, of course I'm worried,
but I don't mind being worried.

I fight, I care,
but I don't mind caring.

This is the subtlety of Transparency.
A certain kind of Attitude-to-things.

IX.2

Power comes with leadership over life,
but the true personal power
comes with Transparency for the current
that runs through each one.

Nobody has the power to dominate Power.

“You just do that, because it's an excuse
to be who you are, I must say.”

IX.3

Which of the reasons is right?
The reason that is intended for the future,
or the one that is carried from the past?
The subjective reason is relative to the future.
The collective reason is objective and concrete.
The collective is factual and has to do with the past.

So, there is the reason of the future
and the reason of the past.

“Why did the book get stained?
Because I dropped tea on top of it.”
This is the reason with a coloring from the past.

“Why did the book get stained?
It's for you to learn to be more careful.”
This is the reason with a coloring of the future.

And what is the reason for the present?
This one has no color, it's Transparent.

IX.4

If I believe that you believe what you say,
and if you believe that I believe what I say,
we accept each other unconditionally,
even having a different opinion.

If we don't recognize that we believe
truly in what we say,
we will accept each other conditionally,
hierarchically dependent.

To recognize is to be Transparent.

IX.5

Honestly. Will you know how life is supposed to evolve?
I suppose not. Then stop controlling!
But only if you want to.

Honestly. Do you know what exists beyond death?
I suppose not. Then stop controlling!
But only if you want to.

In addition to thinking that you know,
there is a thinking that does not control the controlling.

It's just Transparent.

IX.6

How can this theory be wrong,
if it's right only when it's also wrong?!

How can you consider it wrong
if at the beginning, the referee considers it false,
but the source of itself pretends
that it's predestinately right?

Knowing that the theory is wrong,
but acting like it's right.
It proves to be wrong, and yet to be right.

It's impossible to point out anything wrong with it,
because it encompasses the erratum.

When we get to the last of the erratum,
this will become the main text.

The main text,
now, as an attachment to itself.

The only downside to this theory,
is not having a practical derivation,
contrary to morality
and other human disciplines.

However, it has an applicability
which leads to total subjective integrity.

It is Transparency-with-capital-T,
which, in the end, leads to everything else.

They may say: "Manuel, you are very vague."

If you want me to explain it better,
I'll say this: "Everything is a great Fuck.
In fact, everything was, is, and will be a great Fuck.
Now put an erratum on this."

IX.7

The thoughts are all linked together,
just like our acts.

We see that things are all linked together,
and therefore, united in a single event. All is One.

But be careful, it is all one and it isn't all one!
Because we don't want it to be incomplete
by being just one.

They might say: "But Manuel, you don't know if it's
really like that."

To which I will say: "Obviously it is not possible to
describe Reality exactly as it is, I just say that one can
feel that this Is so."

IX.8

The Insight and its linguistic expression
is just Art. It's pure Entertainment.

What makes it possible to know Reality,
is that which one feels by being Identity.

Every thing is equal to itself in character,
and this is the feature that's equal to Absolute Reality.

That is what we are on this stage,
when we remove all this makeup from the world.

But does a stone know it exists?
It tries to persist in each moment too,
like an animal.

I don't know if a stone apprehends reality
like humans apprehend.

I don't know if a stone knows the way humans know,
but it knows for sure, in its own way.

And which way is this? I do not know.

But I know it is its own way,
because everything is Wholeness on itself,
the foundation and the convergence
of the all-encompassing Consciousness.

This is the characteristic we have in common,
it's what we are without makeup.

And how do I know we are this characteristic?
Only by feeling it. When one doesn't feel this,
it's not so.

Chapter X: Wholeness

X.1

The acceleration of diversity is relentless,
because everyone appreciates something very much,
since lots of births and departures happen,
“something” is the most appreciated.

Hence, if respect is respected,
its benefit is benefited.

When Seagulls accompany the boat,
it's evident that they enjoy the company.

However, a bird thinks like a bird,
and a stone thinks like a stone.

How can I infer such things if they are so different?

I could be wrong, but I'm entitled to it,
in the same way, all the differences
are similar in the absence of their substance.

This is the essence of Wholeness.
The Nothing that fills itself, always, in its own way.

X.2

The feeling leads to the will,
that leads to the thought,
that leads to the intention,
that leads to the action,
that leads to the feeling.

What came first,
the feeling or the action?

Both came from the Infinitesimal,
which is the inside of each one,
that comes from the Infinite,
which is the exterior of each one.

The certain kind of Attitude-to-things is subtle.
It's like the Divine, in creating without creating.
It goes unnoticed, almost not there at all,
for it is small like the Infinitesimal.

It doesn't interact in feeling or action,
but it makes all the difference.
The certain kind of Attitude-to-things
is a meta-feeling.
A feeling about the initial feeling.

Therefore, the only redemption
comes with a certain kind of Attitude-to-things,
which is found in between the first lines.

X.3

The experience of jumping into the river water,
has its extension in this courtyard,
where we are talking about it.

“Mister, when you ask to listen to what you have to tell us, because you have already passed through this experience, because you have already the skill of jumping into the water of the river, you tell me, in fact, that you don't have yet the experience of jumping into the river to understand that the boy has to have the experience himself. Like me, not yet having enough experience to comment on someone's example.”

The teenager is rebellious and irreverent,
testing and discovering the limits.

The adult is condescending,
constantly learning to be mature.

And the older one tries to calm his mind,
learning to die in peace.

We all learn to be what we've become.

X.4

This is the being whose life is Plenty.
This is the ruler whose scale is used completely.
This is the idea whose thinking is only that.

So where is the Wholeness that is not Full?

This is the description whose Wholeness overflows.

Therefore, it is preferable not to make comparisons,
otherwise the true power is corrupted,
it becomes just power, and this rots and falls.

And makes one fall.

X.5

When we compare ourselves to each other:
“Oh, what fun!” and “Oh, what a disgrace!”
It might even look like life is a race.

Is death supposed to be the goal?
If not, then what's the rush
to pass each other ahead?

You may not even have a coherent plan
with death in the background and urgent.

But if a life plan falls short,
you will always be part of someone else's plan.

X.6

The completeness of the wise maneuver,
the fullness of evolution is as follows:

While we, as children,
live genuinely as a child does.

While we, as teenagers,
live genuinely as a teenager does.

While we, as adults,
live genuinely as an adult does.

While we, as seniors,
live genuinely as an elderly person does.

And if, at each final, we are presently
fine with us, thus we were Whole
and we remain Whole, whose Wholeness
propagates on every step of Eternity.

If, by any chance, in any of these endings,
we think we weren't presently
well with us, then there would be no
story to tell. But, Life counts.

X.7

It is not possible to own the present, to catch the Now.
It is ephemeral, as it slips between the digits.

To feel the Now, one has to corner it.
It is necessary to feel the past, present and future in me.

In such a way, it is as if time did not exist.
These are not possibilities, but the future.

The potential to be, in me and Now.
The 3 times at one point. The Trinity in Unity.

Trying to seize the present,
to live the “carpe diem” classically,
to live each moment intensely,
it's not possible because of how fleeting.
It requires a constant search,
but constantly dissatisfied.

Forget about focusing on the subtle present,
encompass the past because it is immediate,
and take the future with desires and fears.
Becoming the past and future, present,
and that's how you take advantage of every moment.
This is being Present in the Here and Now.
This is the Enlightenment of each moment.

To define a line,
it takes a lot of what the line divides.
Having the future and the past,
the present becomes trapped.

Chapter XI: Enlightenment

XI.1

Do not think that being Enlightened
is something special.
To be Enlightened is just recognizing
one's own identity.

If you ever declare
that you have attained Enlightenment,
so it is because you found out who you are.

But how can anyone be sure one is Enlightened?
When you don't know who you are,
you will be in the shadow.
When you know who you are,
you will be in the light.

But to know the totality of what you are,
it is necessary to know the totality of what you aren't.
And to know the totality of what you are not,
you have to be it.

How do I know it's like this?

Well, it's not about me being right or wrong,
but in making me understand
and for you to understand what I say.

You might even say that you understood what I said,
and that even so, you think I'm wrong.

In fact, if you understood what I said,
you would say we are both right and wrong
at the same time. At the same time!

For someone to discover by listening,
it is necessary to immerse in the communicated idea.
So, it turns out to be more difficult to talk
clearly about one's own ideas,
because we are conditioned to listen
those of the other person we are trying to assimilate.

The idea that I communicate is the idea that both
of us are right and wrong at the same time.
Immerse yourself here, once and for all!

We are the same thing with different manifestations.
Right and wrong, equal and different, at the same time.

Do you understand? At the same time!
And it is this Paradox that is dear to me.
And more I can not describe.

XI.2

The Enlightened One stands with an open conscience
to no longer exist, and thus, everything fills
its existential corpse.

The Enlightened One reflects its Consciousness
within itself, Infinite, precisely because it is open.

What more can I say?! We disagree.
But I can tell you that one day we will agree.

Blessed is this battle to ensure
our discordant and messed up positions.

They might say: “It is you who will have to change so
that we can reach harmony, and not me”.

Infinity contains all changes.
The Enlightened One does not attend ideologies,
but goes to meet all people.
And yet, meeting the animals and the clouds too.

For any particular topic,
if they argue that it is like this or that,
the Enlightened One will tell them that they are right.
However, being Wrong is reason enough,
therefore, the Enlightened One is also a person
by having to meet with the self too.

In this way,
the Enlightened One will never be wrong,
but will never be understood either.
So is the Universe. So is the Mystery.

XI.3

Enlightenment is a process that ends when,
in addition to understanding intellectually
that it never ends, one feels Infinite.
It is to end and not to end,
the permanence of impermanence.

You do not consider me Enlightened
because you are not.
I know you are Enlightened because I am.

Light shines upon the paradoxical Identity.
It's in the singularity that the question happens.

We're unable to know the singular rhetoric
of what happens beyond the event horizon
in a black hole. But, we can imagine.

Let's assume that among the infinite possibilities,
only one will discover itself so exclusively alone.
And we know, if there are infinite minds
imagining endless effusive possibilities,
that one will be right, eventually, if the infinite
possibilities of the singularity are smaller.

The person who imagined the right possibility,
the one revealed as factual, might this person be special?

And how would we know, at last,
who is the person that imagined the right possibility,
when the imagination never reveals itself
in the astronomical study of the black hole?

Only the person who imagined the singular solution,
will be able to know for his own self if he is correct.
That's why we can all feel right and special
if we imagine with much conviction.

Ah, what a relief!
Good thing we can all delude ourselves,
for this is the only and possible salvation.

Chapter XII: Duality

XII.1

Once upon a time,
there was a time
where we split once into twice,
since once is no time if that's all you see.

Well, twice starts at once,
and once begins once Everything is being done.

At that turn, this once is compared to what?
Once and once again, in a Time without turn.
Absurd!

So, there was once, twice.
“Alas, I gave birth to duality!”

XII.2

What is more correct?
Carrying goodness inside evil
or carrying evil inside goodness?

The first part of this question
inspires a happy ending.
The second inspires falsehood.

But in the first one, the evil takes up more space,
for evil to contain goodness, it must be greater.
And in the second one,
goodness takes up the most space.
Here's the description of the Universe.

XII.3

The peacock that shows its feathers.
The lion that roars loudly.
The female who is delicate.
The male who is brave.
The new moon that seems to disappear.
The full moon that claims to be special.
The shopkeeper who puts up a mirror
for his store to look bigger.
The seller who cheated the inattentive.
The buyer who gets a good deal.
The hero of the movie that saves the world
and the villain who plays dead.

Everyone deceives everyone.
Everything is a fraud, but without prejudice,
for there is a certain magic in this encounter.

If it's a swaying to here and there,
then it's like dancing.

XII.4

A peasant departs quicker
from the mouth of a nobleman
than a peasant leaves the field.
A nobleman departs quicker
from the mouth of a peasant
than a nobleman leaves a palace.

It is easy to count a cloud in a clear sky.
It is difficult to count a cloud in an overcast sky.

Therefore, to see the good or the bad,
it all depends on the eyes of the beholder.

XII.5

The fewer friends you have,
the less you deal with death,
for one is not in funerals.

The fewer enemies you have,
the less you deal with death,
for one is not in wars.

But without friends or enemies,
it's like you're dead.

For my legs, it's good to walk a lot,
and for me, it's painful to feel the calluses.

For my eyes, it's wrong to look at the sun,
and for me, it's nice enjoying the sunset.

With its roots and leaves,
the plants look for water and sun.

The more they grow, the more they expose themselves,
but good are the tender lettuces.

Rocks are eroded by wind and water,
those are their enemies.

Then they are transported by wind and water,
those are their friends.

It's enough to have one or the other,
to have one and the other.

Being a friend is to value,
and valuing enmity
is to be friends twice.

XII.6

If the white color is the mixture
of all electromagnetic frequencies
of the visible spectrum.

If the white light is what illuminates
all shapes and exposes all colors.

Then, let me be the red of passion and anger.
The yellow of happiness and decay.
The green of protection and envy.
The blue of serenity and hierarchy.

If we want to be white light,
we'll have to be all that we're entitled to,
which is the whole spectrum of knowledge,
which is illuminated because it is visible.

If I'm not permitted to be all these colors,
then I will be a shadow.

XII.7

The behavior of a species
is the description of the behavior of the majority.

The existence of exceptions is evident.
This is, of course, a good thing. Those are the minorities.

There is a need for loose ends in all things.
If by chance, the majority's properties don't validate,
there is always an escape to another evolutionary branch.

The minority can become
the majority and the established,
in the moment the majority established now,
doesn't adapt itself to changes in the environment
that contains it.

XII.8

When life goes well, it's good to give.
And to give, you must have.

When life goes wrong, it's good to hang on.
And to hold on you have to let go.

Give but have. Hold on, but let go.
This observation seems contradictory,
but contradictory conclusions
are conclusive descriptions,
and all theories are mute noise.

One can say that what I say,
is that we are insignificant
and nothing is really worth it.
But that's not what I say.

What I say is that we are all zeros,
but that even so, it's All worth it.

What I describe is a duality,
self-referential and cyclically fractalizing.

XII.9

To destroy is to build upside down.
To build is to destroy in reverse.

We all have good and bad
dividends of each other.

In the end, everyone is everyone.

XII.10

To really understand a concept,
it is necessary to know
what it is and what it is not.
This statement of mine is a concept.

By having no discussions with peers,
be it with the self or with other people,
there will be no concepts to distill.

Why is it possible to question
inside our minds about ourselves?

Could it be for dreaming unveiled,
that makes me suspicious upon waking?

Makes us self-aware,
remembering the dream in casual life.
Dreaming is a natural practice
for awareness to awaken.

To have a human identity,
there must be other humans.
For reality, there will have to be another dream.
For the night, there must be the day.
For wakefulness, there must be sleep.
For the concept of concept,
there will have to be the concept of non-concept.

Here's one more concept granted,
but this problem is not easy.

XII.11

To be extreme is not that weird,
not even that rare or in some way special.

The strangest thing is to be the Middle.
But it's not just any middle.
If it's not the Absolute center,
it's just another extreme.

The unfailingly precise center is Absolute.

It is the axis that controls all extremes.
This axis has only one side,
but turns to all quarters.
That center is being neutral,
but it's not just any neutrality.
It doesn't lock but opens,
because it turns everywhere.

It spins!
Looks at everything and serves everyone,
because it feels what comes.

Attention!
It's not just any neutrality.
If it's any neutrality, it's an extreme.

Now that you've thought about a fine and delicate axis, think of a coarse and crude one.

Chapter XIII: Immortality

XIII.1

Time doesn't let itself be conquered.
It either conquers or becomes an ally.
People of great strength make friends with it.
They don't care about time compelling all,
to cross and interlace.

By praising its passage,
they end up galloping together
on everything around them.

All people access this sympathy, but it is rare.
And why is it rare? Because there is no patience.

XIII.2

Between the imagination and working to get it,
grows a power the size of the world.
Between the glimpse and the becoming,
grows a power the size of time.

Humanity can conquer the world,
but time will never be conquered.

Now, we are what in the past
we imagined being in the future.
But the imagination was not ours.
It was a glimpse of the future
which is now present.

XIII.3

When the Universe was formed, it was hot.
When the solar system was formed, it was hot.
When the planet was formed, it was hot.
When people fall in love, it is hot.
And then everything cools down.

Just the novelty, just the creation
can bring new fire.

The feeling of lack of novelty
is the mother of all suffering.

The novelty always exists!
However, we are rarely able
to distinguish its significance and magnitude.

To do this, just be quiet, still,
rooted, firm and silent.
But only on the inside.

XIII.4

The secret of longevity is the following:

We can take the time or not,
when we have a lot of time on our hands.
And, also, we can take it or not,
because we have a lot of time on our hand.

This longevity even spills over between sentences!

However, the flower waits for the bee to pollinate.
The egg waits for the hen to hatch.
The nail waits for the hammer to nail.
The earth waits for the position of the sun to rotate.

If something or someone waits for you,
time will be relentless.
If nothing or no one waits for you,
time wants nothing to do with you.
If time wants nothing to do with you,
you cannot exist in space.

Be careful with what you wish,
for to be mortal is to be human.

XIII.5

If I were immortal, I would live dangerously.
Because how dangerously mortal I live,
is my essence immortal?

The present is among the sum
of all the past and the preface of all the future.

If a person masters the Past and makes it present,
time does not pass by, this keeps the Soul's youth.

But you can risk living in the past,
not enjoying the everyday mundane,
becoming an immortal but prisoner of the self.

XIII.6

The secret to abundance and prosperity,
is letting things degrade first
until they cease to be functional, and only then innovate.
In this way, the coveted and rich novelty is obtained.

All things have their course in time,
when time is allowed to erode things.

However, be aware, All at once,
degrades time. All at once, ends time.

This is the infinite zero, the all-encompassing Paradox.

XIII.7

Time is the relationship between things.
There's no time to waste time anymore,
not even time for uselessness.

But how?

When the relationship between things
is the legitimate and compulsory utility?

Oh yes! Uselessness does so well!
To take an existential walk and such...

Sometimes we don't even notice,
like a race is the life we live.
Hurry to finish school.
Hurry to get a job.
Hurry to buy a house.
Hurry to have kids.
Hurry to execute projects.
Hurry to be useful.

It seems that whoever gets to the end faster,
is the one who will win.
But whoever quickly comes to an end,
quickly becomes useless this way.
Is the end to be useless?

One thing I will never forget.
It's better to eat the dessert slowly and savor it,
than eating in a hurry and having the tummy ache I had.

XIII.8

We scheme the idea
that we are travelers in the landscape.
Instead, let's imagine that we are
the landscape where time is the traveler.

How much more soothing is this idea?

When we are children, time is immense.
1 year takes a long time to pass, however,
when we are old, time passes quickly.

If we lived 500 years, we would subjectively feel
1 year going much faster.

If we lived 1 billion years,
then we would feel 1 year pass,
as 1 second passes in our current
subjective and temporal referential.

Finally, if we lived forever,
1 year would be an Infinitesimal unit,
in such a framework.

Just a moment. Like this.
This is proof that our Souls are elderly.
To verify this, it is necessary to discern the Moment.

XIII.9

One day I went for a walk in a fictional Mesozoic forest with my imaginary friend. We found a ranger who warned us not to go near the Araucaria because it was time for the pine cones to fall, and being the size of our heads, they could hurt us. He also informed us that it is expressly forbidden to feed the

Tyrannosaurus rex. So we only saw the T-rex from afar.
We said, "Good morning!" and he waved.

Suddenly the volcano on the site exploded and
erupted. Cracks opened in the ground we were walking
on and lava began to come out. My friend died right
there. I didn't die because it was an imaginary volcano.

The Universe has tools for thinking,
to work on Immortality.

XIII.10

An olive tree gives a hundred olives,
take no more than ninety-nine.
People say you are very good,
don't take more than good.

If it's not sustainable, it doesn't last.
And if it doesn't last, it doesn't sustain you.

But you'll always be on time to appreciate your past.
As it was for any moment blown by the wind,
after a decade or so, you too will say:
"It was a good time!"

Even though the moment has gone numb
because of the pain, let's hope the past
is more enduring than the present.

XIII.11

Nature-with-capital-N
is my creed.
And walking through nature
is the mass I attend.

It doesn't tell lies
and reveals everything it takes
for whoever is present,
which can be a lie
for those who are absent.

The sage is present
and learns from Nature,
while the people are absent
and learn from the wise.

XIII.12

To be a wizard,
one cannot always be,
because without the mundane
he will find no foundation.
The drama of what is vulgar,
that's where the wizard gets its strength.
This is funneling and accumulating.

Becomes a magician, the common guy,
when time is his ally.

Returns to the people, the wizard,
when space is the tool.

At the end of a long healthy life,
what difference will it make?
If the spell takes effect
many years later
or right after a brief moment?

Why is time the magical matter?
Because, for building a castle
you can use clay and stone,
but for the block to settle, only time is used.
Also, for a plant, when it gets manure,
it may even manage to grow prettier,
but without time the best soil is worth nothing.

XIII.13

By knowing the irrefutable future,
we would live without the choking anxiety.
We would appreciate the ineffable “Here and Now”.

After all, this is what we are looking for.
After all, this is what we want,
when we're thinking on changing the future
to our liking for the well-being to be achieved.

We fantasize about being there, sometime in the future,
in a place where we are going to live that moment.

We get excited about the future,
and with all the technological advancement.
But when we get there,
we will feel as we feel now.

Technology being part of everyday life,
and despite all the change on the exterior,
the interior will be proportionate in harmony.
Equal at the ratio of previous interior states.

The exciting future only exists in the present.
We feel more excited when imagining the future
than when we live it, in the same way
that the exciting future of the past we live today.

The exterior is the archetype of what is observed,
always different.
And the interior is the archetype of the observer,
always the same.

XIII.14

If we were immortal,
we would live dangerously.

As we live dangerously mortal,
could it be that our essence,
in addition to being elderly,
is also immortal?

They claim that I have immense vitality,
but it's not true. Tired, I was born!

Shall I rest to live an immortal life?
Shall I spare myself to live an immortal life?
No. We are all immortal already.

In truth, we are striving to live a mortal life,
since the moment we accepted the deferred Eternity.

XIII.15

Did you notice that writing,
in addition to being a form of memory,
is also a methodology for magic?

When you remember,
when you read the world's notation,
something appears in your life.

When you don't remember,
it disappears from your life.

XIII.16

The coherence of our bodies
emerges from the gravitational force.
This is the dimension of matter.

The limitation of reason
is to assume that causality
operates from the past to the future.
This is the intellectual dimension.

To travel through dreams
is to open the spiritual dimension.
And making the absurd lucid,
condenses the Divine dimension.

All these dimensions form one.
There are no borders if we look at it from there.
But if we look at them from here, they have borders.
This is magic.

The bigger numbers
make us distract from the detail.
From units to hundreds,
the dynamics differ in quantity.

Individual attributes are lost,
but others are won for the community,
as the number of elements
increases in the group.

This is the emergence or hatching
of extra-properties, that is, magic.

XIII.17

Before, everything was a miracle and magic.
Then, little by little,
we started inventing other words
for the things that miracle and magic occupied.

We left these words aside.
The word “miracle” and the word “magic”.

However, they still exist,
and that's why we are obliged
to give them meaning.

Its meanings are everything
that the other words are not.

For they to happen, we think it's possible
just in a certain fantasy, while the other words
become what they are, precisely because
they are miracles and acts of magic.

Chapter XIV: Feeling

XIV.1

We never estrange what we desire.
How strange we never find our own desires strange.

How can I say that wanting this or that,
does come from me and not from this or that?

Like the word “granite” that hides
quartz, feldspar and mica.

Like the word “car” that hides
the seat, wheels and engine.

Like the word “tree” that hides
the roots, leaves and branches.

It's like a curtain that hides the backstage.
We describe the facade, that which is apparent.

Because we call sandals to what we put on our feet,
and not laces and soles, the desire also hides
the purpose that our justification does not know.

XIV.2

When I put my hand on my genitals,
they react when I think about sex.
When I put my hand on my belly
I can feel it grumbling when I'm hungry.
When I put my hand on my chest
I feel my heart beating,
and the lungs when I breathe heavily.
When I put my hand to my throat,
when speaking, I feel the vibration of my voice.

But when I put my hand on my head, I feel nothing,
even if I think long and hard.

Only when the heart beats towards thought,
does the brain expresses itself vehemently,
through the action by the hand, intensely.

The heart manifests itself in the brain,
without notice and insensitive, which we feel.
But the brain commands the heart,
inner subtlety that we don't discern.

Despite this apparent rupture, for humans,
it's best to give the heart a hand.
It is less often absent.

Between reason and desire, the latter is forever.

XIV.3

In my body, all organs are individuals.
My skeleton, my nose, my liver,
are all friends.

My brain is the host,
which provides the room for them to converse.

My mind is the moderator,
it's like a chairman of the assembly.

But who sets the pace, the leader, the conductor,
is the heart.

XIV.4

When you lose this,
you win that other one.

The longing comes from the memory
of the possession of what is absent.
So you win the memory
that makes you feel what it was.
The feeling that is longing,
it's a remembrance, a gift.

It is not a book for the shelf,
it's not a necklace for the neck,
neither a pair of earrings,
but it's always in the heart.

XIV.5

Saying for the sake of saying, “Everything is fine.”
Is disdain and feels insipient.

To accept and say, “Everything is fine.”
Is a very powerful weapon.

To understand and say, “Everything is fine.”
Is conjuring up realities.

To feel and say, “Everything is fine.”
This is the achievement that makes us always win.

This is one of the big secrets.
But always winning takes away humanity!

Say, “Everything is fine.” ,
only when there is nothing left to lose.

Being the Absolute can give rise to a lack of humanity,
but this is the ultimate cure.

This cure only exists when looking for it,
and one only looks for it when one is human.

XIV.6

The position of any sage,
is that everything is fine.

Others may react to his position
questioning ironically:

“So, sir, is there no need to change anything?”

To which the sage will respond:

“Right, which also implies, that it’s fine
wanting to change something.”

It's at this level that one says, “Everything is fine.”

In a given situation the sage casually says:

“...this is not going well.”

To which other people can react by asking:

“But isn't it all good for you?”

And the sage, counter-arguing, will say:

“The experience of living is good,
which includes this experience that is not.”

XIV.7

Suppose someone
kills a family member of the sage.

Will the sage do nothing to restore justice?
Probably yes, probably not, or maybe.

Perhaps he will try to prevent this tragedy
if he happens to know of the offense,
or would seek unbridled revenge,
or really do nothing, slacking off.

Any of the resolutions is Natural,
and what is Natural-with-capital-N,
is part and departs of the “everything is fine”.

XIV.8

People describe the Universe,
literally, and they don't even realize it.

They do it in an expert way
when they greet each other.
The greeting is a rejoicing,
and when someone asks first:
“How are you?” systematically,
it's like a verdict to meditate.
Akin to thinking of nothing.

And the other person also answers
in the same absence of intent:
“Everything is fine.”,
just to continue what the two people
want to talk or do.

After all, being fine doesn't matter as much.
What matters is the Infinite to express itself,
thus they start talking about anything
from that moment on.

The Universe is like that.
Everything is fine, but that doesn't matter.
And then there was the Big Bang.

Being fine doesn't matter
for the rest of the conversation,
but without this precedent that establishes the contact,
the spark, communication would not be possible,
and therefore, nor everything else.

Being fine is what makes Infinity surge.
To be well is the Tao, but it is neglected
to make room for Infinity.

What then is Tao for?
It's there to make us feel good!

XIV.9

In childhood, we are amazed by everything
because the discovery is constant.

All events and all things,
end up serving as a basis for learning,
and those that remain will build the personality.

In adolescence, we put that what was learned to the test,
and selectively separate what is useful to us
from the rest, that we set aside.

As adults, nothing really surprises us anymore,
as much as when we were kids.
Then, when having children,
we repeat this whole process,
but from another fractal perspective.

Those who don't have children take the memory
from when awestruck by the novelty.

We are always looking for this feeling, the astonishment.
However, if we always lived in astonishment
we would not function in society.

And why are things like this?
Why don't we always live in astonishment?
Why does it pass when we stop being children?
God removed the astonishment from us
so that It can exist.
This is what allows God to exist!

A child is not occupied with the existence
or absence of God,
because the child is close to the Source.
Hence the ability to be amazed at almost anything.

As adults, we've lost this ability,
hence we get more occupied with the questions
regarding the Divine and metaphysical.

The quest for wonder,
be it for the memory of this childhood feeling,
or be it outwardly by the novelty that surrounds us,
is what makes God stay present in our imagination.

XIV.10

The clouds are herds of wild animals
looking for a place to give to drink.

Thoughts are like clouds,
as they take forms that we recognize
when we strive to look at them.

When thinking is not exerted,
it becomes distant like the horizon
and closer hugging the sky.

If you want to Understand,
feel what you think you understand.
But this perception is not an intellectual exercise,
rather, it is an exercise in Feeling.

XIV.11

It does you good to feel denial.
It makes you feel good to think like that.
You don't have to change.

But if a certain model about the world
makes you feel bad, no matter how noble that idea is,
for Nothing will do. Except to make you feel bad.

Notice!
Every action produces images.
A picture is worth a thousand words,
but how many words is an action worth?

Therefore, to change the world, just live life.
Just as you want the world to be.

XIV.12

We all have the same spectrum of emotions,
which, sooner or later, we'll access entirely,
whether we like it or not.

We may want to avoid certain feelings,
but it could be those feelings that will come to us
and not us to them, through medullary intentions.

XIV.13

When society is too big,
each one of us is diluted,
but there are those who appreciate it.
By the influence of culture, new needs,
that makes you fight for desires, all the same.
This activity gives strength in reverse.
There are those who want to confront
the big government.
What everyone wants does not bring Happiness.
The people give strength to those who govern,
without knowing it.
They look for what everyone wants, quantity.

By obligation or by major force,
return to the small community.

It comes first from our perspective,
and makes it common for appreciation to think,
that the sky is big and the rest is small.

But what makes that which is big to be big,
it's to be raised and composed by the small.
And what makes that which is small to be small,
it's to be supported and encompassed
by that which is big.

It is not significant to have the experience of the small.
Nor is it significant to experience greatness.

Significant is having both!
This is the timeless core,
the irrevocable experience
because everything is deserving.

XIV.14

When I'm happy,
I don't have deep thoughts,
because, when life goes well,
I'm busy and in demand.
I consume it.

When life goes well, I enjoy it.
I follow day after day.
I exhaust it at the moment completely.
When I'm happy,
I take nothing from it to the intellect.

It's more when life goes wrong,
when I get sad and frustrated,
that I enrich with creativity.
It's as if the mind shrinks,
very small in fetal position.
With such immensity, density strengthens.
Thus, the temperature speeds up
and an abundant lesson grows out.
An idea that I carry with me,
forever, like a diamond.

I like deep thoughts.
I like to learn such lessons.

So, from time to time,
I'd rather be sad for the muse to call me,
and teach me why this way, I get to be happy.

XIV.15

I feel I believe that the feeling of gratitude
is a form or a variety of contentment.

When we want to show our gratitude
and appreciation for a person or an animal,
we offer a gift or pet the fur.

How to show gratitude to a plant?
Maybe by taking care and feeling close to it.
How to show gratitude to a non-living being?

There is no other way than to feel.
Feeling in love with non-life,
and turning this metaphysical object
to be significant.

Both, the plant, and even more so the object,
it's less about the plant or the object,
but more about myself.
So, to show gratitude to the sun and the earth,
just be happy.

The greatest gift I can give to a sunset,
is to feel contentment.

This is what the sun and earth want me to feel and be.
To hold contentment and to be grateful. So I believe.

XIV.16

The preference of being more rational
or the preference of being more intuitive,
comes from the feeling,
comes from the act of liking.

To recognize the Absolute Reality,
going by logic won't get us there, that's for sure.
“Going by logic” is a derivation of a feeling,
a derivation of the act of liking. A preference.

Any derivation is a departure from the genuine.
And we don't like to think that much.

To feel is what we like most.
And, liking is feeling.
I do not know how to explain.
It's the taste we have in liking.

Intuition is closer to that feeling.
Intuition is closer to liking.

But even so it can be overshadowed,
by a certain conditioned derivation,
that is not yet part of being.

XIV.17

The Infinite is possible to be felt.
But through reason and logic,
never described. Too much never!

To describe Infinity,
I could start with number 1,
I would reach 100, then 1000,
and so on, confident.

But it would take forever
to describe this Conflict.
Therefore, logical reasoning
will never describe the Absolute.

But it's possible to live It, feeling It.
Knowing It like this,
never managing to describe It.

That succinct Feeling.

It's possible to know the Absolute Reality,
but not the Infinite pieces that compose it.
For each piece, to describe piece by piece,
it is necessary to use logic and the scientific method.

Chapter XV: Knowledge

XV.1

I believe this, you believe that,
some believe in nothing.
We get together to give,
something we already have in common,
which is to believe in the verb believe.

We all live in a fiction.
But beware!

Don't live the imagination of others.
Live your own fantasies. Just like you do!

Sharing among everyone, happens in each one.
This fantasy is the integrity that unites us.

XV.2

I don't believe in believing!
This is impossible for me to achieve,
as much as God cannot create a stone
so heavy It cannot lift.

The more I think about it,
the less likely it is to be wrong.
The more I think about it,
the more I believe what I think.

Here's the powerful seed of bias.

XV.3

Ideas must be tested,
they must be subjected to scrutiny,
they must be exposed and placed
under pressure, for they may,
outside our tribe, not have any utility.

If they are not functional,
it's because they are bad ideas.
If they are functional,
it's because by the confirmation bias,
in the ecosystem of the tribe itself, they will work.

Partiality is useful in the community,
and manifests fruitless outside it.

Impartiality is an empty idea,
without pleasure, without content,
whose pressure neither treads nor smooths.

But, all the more one is trampled for being meek.

XV.4

There are two forms of knowledge.
There is knowing how things are for me,
and knowing how things are for themselves.

I watch a bird fly
and I say it is a swallow.
I know what the bird is to me, it's a swallow.
But what is the bird to itself?

It doesn't interest me much
to know what things are for me,
instead, I'm more inclined to know
what things are for themselves.

When I meet an atheist,
I'm the atheist because he's right.
When I meet a believer,
I'm the believer because he's right.
When I find myself in front of a bird,
I am the bird because it is right.

Everything is right! Full and certain of itself!
Just because I step in front of a mirror, I am me.

That's why I'm not going to meet ideologies, but,
I'm going to meet Everything, within Paradox.

XV.5

There are three ways to deal with reality.
The way we want to change it,
and the way we want to predict it.

In the first way, if we manage to change reality
we will be sure to predict it.

In the second way, if we can predict reality
we will be sure to know it.

The first way is an illusion.
The second way is the closest
to Absolute Knowledge.

Yet, whoever gets the first way
will be the genesis of Absolute Knowledge.

XV.6

So many books in the library,
so much limited knowledge.
However, it is within each book that we find
the path to unlimited knowledge.

A good short argument to demonstrate this is:
Unlimited knowledge has no belief limit
about the symbiosis of the self
with the transcendent object.

And what is this transcendent object?
It is the Absolute Unknowing.

XV.7

Look, I just know that both, the poor and the rich,
try to be happy with what life gives them.
For us spectators, it seems really strange,
both of them having to fight,
explicitly, for the same act.

When the rich watches the poor,
soon there is a projection on a position of poverty
and thus a realization that he would feel miserable
if he was living it.

The poor projects his image on the rich
and realizes that he would feel exuberant.

However, both have problems,
and live with some distaste,
which is, after all, the same pain.

This is a human form of knowledge.
It's the one where we project ourselves into
different situations and lose
our self-identity for a brief moment.

This knowledge becomes so dedicate
that we create new metaphysical objects.

By knowing like this,
we create what doesn't yet exist.

Hence the frank emotional breadth,
ranging from miserable to exuberant.

XV.8

I look at the sunset that tells me the nightfall is coming.
The sun's behavioral language is easy to read,
because he has taught us on other occasions
that this is so.

Is that why I know how to read its behavior?
Am I the one who decodes this information
on my own, or was it the sunset
who taught me and allowed me to read it?
It's both at the same time coming from an Infinitesimal.

In view of the understanding of others,
it is not possible to evolve more
than the communication elements themselves,
whether axioms or concepts.

All things speak to us, and the proof for that,
is that if we want to describe something
without using concepts, we use onomatopoeia.

XV.9

The placebo is a great power.

But doing something for the placebo,
and waiting for the phenomenon to happen,
and even so it happens,
is the greatest power of all!

The placebo of believing in the placebo
is the meta-placebo.
It's knowing that it is, and yet,
not failing to act.

The greatest power a human being can have,
happens when you believe in something so much,
that it becomes significant, and thereafter,
it ends up happening.

The greatest power a liar can have,
is telling such a convincing lie
that besides he believes in it,
also others will believe in it.

This liar can only be a sorcerer.
In any lie there is a little bit of truth.

But remember,
that as long as power remains hidden,
it acts as truth, but as soon as it is exposed,
not even for scarecrows is it useful.
So this shallow power is almost above,
where you thought it wouldn't go down.

The greatest power, that the greatest power
a human being can have, is temptation.
Hence, human beings try to own power.

The act of believing has its role in owning the Truth.

XV.10

A complex object captures attention.
It's fuzzy but the mind is concise.
Complexity is something that rejoices our curiosity,
so it's tangible and readily satisfies.
Dissatisfied is someone who is satisfied
and has nothing else.
Here, when there's nothing else,
the standing water turns stagnant.

A simple object goes unnoticed.
It's concise but the mind gets fuzzy.
Simplicity is something that falls short of satisfaction,
so it's intangible and hardly precipitates.
As it is diluted, it permeates all and never runs out.
Here, when short, the water that flows is not stagnant.

XV.11

I watched a pigeon walking on the ground.
I really wanted to be the pigeon for a change.
I wanted to look through its eyes and take flight.
Do an aerial stunt and fly high, up there,
and see all the little things below.

But I realized, this is me
being the pigeon, being human.
That imagination is nothing more
than to be things being human.
In particular, the own self.

Well, if I were Truly the pigeon,
that is, the pigeon being the pigeon,
would it have the human desire
to do such an aerial feat?

To be the pigeon,
it's enough that I don't want to control it.

Indeed! The only things that take me seriously
are the things I imagine.

Chapter XVI: Suffering

XVI.1

It was because we took ourselves seriously once,
that we created the original sin, that now,
we perpetuate with all seriousness.

Watch out!

Don't let the pain of the pain be fed,
otherwise, it will become suffering.

When we are serious, suffering becomes greater,
and where suffering exists the greatest,
it's where we take it the most seriously.

XVI.2

The pain exists only to keep things from getting worse.
That's the physiological function.

I take nobody serious, not me, not you.
I seriously take no one seriously!

The popular saying goes that when you lack health,
everything is lacking.
But I say that when you lack humor you lack health.

Living without humor is seeing sin all around.
I am not serious. I can be honest, but I'm not serious.

To be serious, only the Child is,
because the Child's play is played Seriously.

XVI.3

We very rarely admit our weaknesses,
as we never say we'll do something
for a lack of options.

How false I am! And you too!
Yes, we are all fake.

But since we all are, nobody gets the better act.
And so, from the suffered drama, it becomes comedy.

XVI.4

Throughout human existence,
prophets proclaimed the liberation from sins
for us to be deserving of a place in paradise.

From then until today,
if we do it this way
or by another precept,
that to heaven we have a right.

Something always needs to change,
doing nothing will lead to damnation,
will take us to the apocalypse.

So much insistence on preaching,
but this hasn't changed
the real and human disposition.

Everyone pulling their rope.
All in an assortment of meaning and direction.

Up close it looks like a conflict.
From a distance it looks like a sphere.
And from even further away, I admit,
that it looks like a pretty spot.

But wait! What is there to admire,
is that no one ever advertises,
how good we are when it clashes.
That we are perfect as we are
and thus, we are on the right path.

There are those who say it fondly,
but it never comes to prominence,
for there is no patience for these ways.
This awareness is subtle,
and so it has no supporters.

XVI.5

It is not possible to achieve mastery,
for there is always one more level.

But the mastery exists,
when we compare ourselves to each other.
However, in the Absolute there is no mastery.

This is good news for a master,
because there will always be something
with which to entertain.

However, this is bad news for a new student.
The novice will think that he can never become a master.
This will be the neophyte's fight forever.

And, it's an entertaining fight, the average of the two
that is represented in all the other people.

XVI.6

But what is a fight?
Can a fight be kidding?
What is a real fight?

Is it just in defense cases?
Will it be in homicide cases?
Will it be a real fight,
when fighting against a boxing practitioner?
Against an assiduous practitioner
or a beginner?
Against someone who wants to kill?
How to identify a death threat?
What is the situation?

Maintaining a healthy way of life
is a real fight?
To keep oneself happy,
is it a real fight?
What is a real fight?
To fight biting the neck?
To fight scratching the eyes?
Is it fighting by the rules?
Why submit to the rules?
Is there already a conditioning to use rules?
So where does a real fight start?
Does it start with the psyche
and with the spoken words of each?
With behavioral language
and the emotions themselves?
What is a real fight?
Will there really be a need
to have a physical confrontation?
Will a serious winner,
even let that happen?

If in fact there is a physical confrontation,
how to react?

Not fighting but acting.
What is a serious fight
if not everything we do
in our lives?

Yet, it's better not to say
what a serious fight is.

Instead, one only questions,
thus, one acts in accordance with the Mystery.

A real fight is a present act.
An act of Truth is a fight of Truth.

It's to be such a fighter,
that it's only fair to fight oneself.

It's to be such a fighter,
that only the self is a match.

XVI.7

The aggressiveness of this fight,
the impetus of this fire
shows the Truth.
It is irreverent and shows the truth
even if it hurts.

When in the forest, the bushes
cover certain animal paths,
the fire when it passes there
will make those paths visible.

XVI.8

I plant, you plant, he plants,
we plant, you plant, they plant.

With plants, a plant plants plants. Plant!
Without plants, we dry out.

Each one speaks of what he knows.
An orange tree bears oranges,
and an orange gives orange trees.

If you don't solve your problem,
your personal war, your inner conflict,
then you will pass this problem on to others.

XVI.9

But the problem
is not that there are problems in everyday life.
The problem is there is the problem of problems.
The why that there are problems is the actual problem.

That is the question of questions.

That is the problem.

But aside all problems,
what I like is to walk in cemeteries.
They are like parks.
They serve to stretch our legs.

All challenges are Whole,
and when there is no challenge,
there is the challenge of dealing with it.

XVI.10

The greatest creativity is the uncertainty of the future,
and then, guessing is all we do,
constantly, as an artistic expression.

A revolution is more likely to happen,
when the previous one that took office is recent.
An empire that's been around for a long time, old,
even anachronistic, will degrade without revolution.

XVI.11

In a state of emergency,
the cry proclaims for defense.
War is only fought by war,
but the idea that gave rise to the war,
is fought only with another idea.

Science and art are rich in ideas.
If it is necessary to fight the war,
it will be necessary to use war for defense,
and by the sciences and arts, attack and win.

XVI.12

I pay the rent to the landlord with cash.
Actions pay the rent to desire with satisfaction.
Desire pays rent to the ego with Destiny.

Ideas pay rent to the mind with thoughts.
The ego pays the rent to conscience with characters.
The mind pays the rent to the body with well-being.
The body pays rent to the Universe with energy.
I pay the rent to God with presence.

So the most important,
money doesn't buy.

XVI.13

Never forget, that after all this toil,
what is most valuable is what is priceless.
That's why we put prices on things,
to be able to distinguish one thing from another.

XVI.14

The wild nature,
when it happens faster
than human nature
can follow, adjusting,
it manifests in catastrophes.

In this race, human nature wins,
as long as wild nature remains docile
in a nice trot.

But if it finds us too ahead,
it will go from trot to canter.

XVI.15

If you want to conquer the world,
let me give you some advice.

To own an idea,
you must understand it.
To win people over,
it's mandatory to give.
To conquer land,
you must have it.

My world is an idea about people's ideas.
So, to conquer the world, I have to give mine.

When one is searching, the conqueror gives.
When one is not searching, the conqueror imposes.

And by imposing even the noblest idea,
the sky darkens and the flowers wither,
the heart aches and laughter saddens.

This is the secret to conquering the world.
Use it when you don't have one of your own.

XVI.16

Nobody wants to be alone with themselves.
When I dream, always alone,
I dream that I'm with more people.

When I'm camping alone,
I want to walk around
and discover the surroundings.
When I'm alone on a trip,
I look out the window and imagine things.

When I sit down
and devote myself faithfully to meditate,
the mind won't let go of me.
It holds on to me, it takes me to the circus
of images and emotions, just to entertain myself.

But in meditation,
when I can, finally,
be really alone,
I become a little bit
of each thing, and so,
I feel accompanied
like I've never been.

This solitude is a training for death.

XVI.17

Who moves his lips talking to himself.
Who even though alone speaks out loud.
It can seem silly to anyone,
but what a great friend of himself he is.

Everyone talks alone,
and sometimes vocalizes just like that.

The proof of this is that, it's not possible
to have a mental cry or a mental laugh.

XVI.18

Peace and war are complementary.
Its processes are cyclical,
and work as follows:

In the beginning, it's the relief.
Then there is stillness.

Soon, boredom rushes through
and raises the doubt.

Next comes the apprehension
that turns into anxiety.

Broken and hurt,
the war is with oneself,
and then with others.

That's why peace frightens as much as war,
for peace, when it hurts, is the mother of war.

It hurts, because it's hard to be at peace.
But when relieved one recognizes to pollute,
and when broken one recognizes to clean,
Peace no longer hurts.

Therefore, It doesn't scare anymore.
If it doesn't scare, from It one doesn't run away.

XVI.19

They may say:
“Oh, so you favor evil.”

I will say no, and moreover.
Evil has always existed and will always exist,
as long as there is someone who can count.

Wanting me to extinguish evil,
is to let evil corrupt me.

So I prefer to take it for a walk sometimes.
With the contrast I keep the good in shape.
To fight evil, there will always be someone.
Just Trust!

And if by chance there is no one fighting evil,
the evil itself will find a ray of goodness within.

Never ever, will there be just one of the two!
Be it goodness or badness.

If there was only goodness,
someone would seize this pacification,
to gain supremacy over people
and about things, as it would be tempting.

We all wish kindness, at the right time
and when necessary, to subjugate others.
We hardly admit such treachery, but so it is,
whether we like it or not.

It turns out beneficial, having a bit of evil around us,
so, in everyday life, we get meekly and do not get
ourselves in the temptation to be bad people.
Just Trust!

And, look! When the soil is very fertile,
so good that any seed grows there,
even the bad ones.

Also, notice when the soil is so bad,
so bad that only the best seeds develop,
the good ones.

The other seeds that do not germinate, the bad ones,
they are also there in the bad soil.

So, seeds can germinate or serve as manure.

This is not about good or evil, but rather,
about the magic of keep going.

XVI.20

A table is full of different gastronomic dishes,
and the situation is where we can choose to eat a little of
everything to taste. Or, imagine another situation, where

we were left with only one dish and we only ate from this one. The tendency to choose between these two situations would be to eat a little bit of all the dishes. So, tasting a little of all the gastronomic dishes, we would obviously end up having a preference for one or the other. But if there are two tables full of dishes, maybe we would then have two favorite dishes. And the more full tables there are, the more favorite dishes are possible to emerge. Which will make it increasingly difficult to choose just one favorite dish. The more choices available, the harder it will be to make the final decision to choose just one favorite dish.

By limiting the possible choices, we narrow down the decisions. If I want a decisive decision, I will have to limit my possible choices.

People are decided in tyrannical governments.

Abundant flirtations lead to singleness.

Abundant entertainment leads to apathy and boredom.

When boredom is rife,
the sacrifice will come to us.

Once the sacrifice is dispatched,
the cycle will be closed with Achievement.

XVI.21

When will we recognize
that by being able to accumulate power,
this power can be too much?

When you feel powerful, back off.
Because power rips and breaks.

Without cardinal points it will be too late,
when by yourself you realize the disgrace.

Withdrawal must be made when power is still tame.

But if a person still wants to continue,
then you will have to treat power like a wild animal,
with which you can live while respecting its rest,
ignoring it.

Which will be difficult, because when you ignore it,
you will already know too much of it.

Everyone is looking for personal power.
Note that I don't say political power,
or some kind of judicial authority.
There is a cry for personal power,
which can encompass
all the minor powers to unravel.

When leaning towards subjective reality,
one guesses around its own fantasy.

All people are looking for personal power,
although it is difficult sometimes to admit
that this is so.

XVI.22

To want me to share the wealth equally for all,
or to want me to share the wealth unequally,
depends on which side I happen to be on.

Regardless of this bias,
each of us is looking for the best for himself.

Note that each one always fights for their own interest.
Sometimes it suits friends rather than strangers,
and at other times, it serves strangers and not friends.

On the outside, we look for equality and justice.
On the inside, we look for serenity and peace.

With a moralistic framework,
there is a tendency to idealize things
how we would like them to be.

Without a moralistic framework,
there is a tendency to describe things
how they are.

Chapter XVII: Reality

XVII.1

I have a stone inside my fist.
Inside the ring I have a finger stuck in.
The stone is hidden. But the ring is visible.
What is a ring serves every bastard.
But the subjective is only a stone for me.

The outer reality is consensual and connective.
But the inner reality also exists,
although we don't know the one of the others.
Just know, subjectively, that of ourselves.

This brings us to an existential mutiny.
It causes us some confusion.
It confuses us the inner reality
and confuses us the outer reality,
for misjudging that both
are always interchangeable.

XVII.2

In a photograph where we see a landscape,
the reflection of the sky and the mountains in the water
is real. But more real are the sky and the mountains
themselves. But even more real is the photographic
paper where the image is.

XVII.3

We deconstruct reality
to reconstruct reality.
The more we deconstruct
the more we innovate to rebuild it.
All animals proceed this way.

Those who deconstruct a little
only rebuild a little,
and those we call the irrational animals.
These we say, only possess instinct.

To the other animals, that is,
to ourselves, we call rational animals.
How suspicious!

And what if reasoning is just a hue
of the same gradient?

XVII.4

When we are little,
our parents assure us that the dream
was not real.

When we are teenagers,
we learn at school that the dream
is just a mental phenomenon.

Surprisingly, only when adults
we see that, after all, a lot of things are special.

But look!
Just at the time of death
will we be convinced that everything was real.

I don't care what you say about what they say,
but rather, what you say about what you think,
about what you discovered through your fantasies.

XVII.5

Today I woke up and went far away,
to where the trivial assumptions exist
where it is not possible to know Reality.

I stopped at the thought stop
that everything we think
is in the human dimension,
and that outside this human sphere
nothing is how we think we know.

I thought this stop was not very tenable,
because its statement was framed,
also, on the same assumption.

The assumption that it's not possible to know
the Reality out of our conditioning.

But how did I find out that, after all,
it's not possible to unravel
this location called Reality?
How does such a limited being,
can claim something so magnificent?

When the same logical deduction mechanism,
which led me to the assumption used to say,
that it is not possible to know, is also used to say
that it is possible not to know.

XVII.6

The Truth is unspeakable, but it is lived.
Can you fully demonstrate what you live?
Not really.

Therefore, the Truth is greater
than the demonstrability of the Truth.

Children love very old things,
like dinosaurs and grandparents.
Adults love recent things,
like news and technology.
And, old people,
they almost always smile at the children.

The truth is in balance
and it's one of the oldest things there is.

But older still, only Fantasy.

XVII.7

It's just what we give ourselves and others
that is real, even though it can be a lie.

To give is what Love is.

Even if lies are given, even if nothing is given.
The only real thing is Love. Everything is Love.

And, the greatest love of all is love to empty itself,
surrendering, for Love itself to be Nothing.

That's why the only thing really, really Real, is Nothing,
which is the greatest Love of all.

But, I don't claim anything. I claim Nothing!

With my mouth I just feel the need
for making sounds while breathing, such as the wind
that passes through my vocal cords.

XVII.8

If the situation that surrounds me doesn't change
and my attention to this so-called situation
doesn't change either, in the end, nothing has changed.

If the situation doesn't change,
but my attention changes,
then, in the end, everything changed.

If the situation changes,
and my attention doesn't change,
everything has changed too.

Therefore, attention is like a kind of a situation.

We'll only recognize the ages,
after they've gone through us and we've named them.

XVII.9

What's the weirdest?
To manage to form an idea in the thought,
or to manage to vocalize a sentence of the thought?

The inner reality is the richest.
When you open the metaphorical fist,
when thinking is vocalized,
the outer reality will enrich from it.
The creation of thought is linked to the Source.

The collective will never transgress what is subjective.
But, I'm lying. I'm lying because I'm human.

The outer reality is the inner reality of the Child.

XVII.10

The verb “to be” is sustainable and self-fulfilling
only to the extent of its contrast.

As long as I'm referring to illusion,
it will be created only by resorting to reality.

As long as I'm referring to reality,
it will be created only by resorting to illusion.

In sleep, the dream convinces us
of the reality of the illusion,
and that's why the concept of reality exists.
The conviction that there is a reality,
is our reaction to the dream.

As such, there is the illusion that there is illusion,
when, in Truth, once settled, everything Is.

And about this, it is and is not.
And about that, it also is and is not.

Chapter XVIII: Identity

XVIII.1

Remembering places and moments,
help me to have the perspective
from where I come from and what I have achieved,
to get visions about the future.

In the same way, the communities,
the tributes, the monuments and the traditions.
This is what they are for.

XVIII.2

Each person is the environment that surrounds them.
Like a funnel or the hurricane eye,
is the manifestation of what chains it,
we too are the medium that gives us consciousness.

You might argue that being is one thing,
and that someone's influence over us is another.

But to be, is it not, after all,
the expression of the influence of synchronies
of all things on ourselves?

XVIII.3

We are all translators.
We translate the language of the Universe
to the language of humans,
and to the language of other beings.

When we feel cold,
we are emitters in communication.
When we feel hot,
we are receivers in communication.

Thought is the language of intention.
Pointing is the language of writing.
Speaking is the language of enactment.

Eating is the language with food.
Eating without listening is gluttony.
Walking is the language of the path.
Walking without listening is being careless.

Listening is the language with language.
Listening without listening is the death of the ego.

XVIII.4

The ego is a cunning hustler,
because when the choices go well
he will say it was because he chose well.
After all, deserving merit deserves an ego.
It is the privilege of the ego to receive the merit.

But when choices go wrong,
the ego apologizes for the wrong choice,
stating: "That's because it wasn't meant to be."

Only if it's useful, do we cheer for Fate.
When it suits, we call him a companion.

How suspicious, what a cheating ego!

XVIII.5

Being a subject is who's being subject to situations.
A subject is subject to his action,
that demonstrate reaction to his emotion.

Everything is subject to situations.
But inanimate things
do not react interactively with the observer,
much less his own emotions.

Inanimate, these things,
refute in appearing subject.

Inanimate things
object to show emotion,
so they are subject to being objects.

I don't know any person
who would like to be subject to this situation.

XVIII.6

It's not bad to be in a bubble.
It's worse not knowing one is in a bubble,
and continuing to be in the bubble.
Not being in a bubble and knowing this,
is also being in a bubble.

Despite this oxymoron,
this last bubble is the most welcoming.

Oh! Bubbles containing little bubbles.

XVIII.7

They put themselves in the right positions,
my cells, when they declared themselves
to form me in the embryo self.
They have their interests and they will fight for them,
whatever the culmination or heyday.

From my point of view, my cells
work for a greater good that I think is mine.

But for themselves, I assume that each one
works naively, not knowing the greater good
of which they are a part of.

We also have our interests,
and, in fact, we will always fight for them.

From the perspective of the Mystery,
we work for a greater good that we are not.
And nobody will be able to surround that luck.

Do we feel useless and used in this uncertainty?
Where is the personal power now?
We want to conquer the world, but like this?

If we want to have individuals under our purview,
they should not be soldiers, subjects or alike.

If we want to have individuals under our purview,
to feel powerful, so be it our own cells. Of each one's.

A cell is more than the sum of its parts.
Organs are more than the sum of their parts.

As are people and buildings,
that eventually give rise to organizations.

All this, because something subtle persists,
which is found between the points of vertices,
making them an integral part of an index
of a hermetic geometry with multiple faces.

The magic comes, not from the unitary peaks,
but by the association of their functions,
their interconnections, that come from the relative
location in which they are placed.

XVIII.8

How nice it would be to have sex with that person!
Ah if I could...

We would take different positions
so as not to bore, of course.
Then we would make games
where we'd take on other roles.
Besides, I would change the person's
face to look like someone else.

And, finally, I would even change
the other's personality and trait,
to be someone new.

Ah! After all, I already had sex with that person.

XVIII.9

If envy, hate and love, I just feel
by people from my immediate circle,
by the people I personally know,
I ask the oracle if it's possible to avoid stumbling,
on me and on others, being a single person,
and not even having friends nor a receptionist?

I care about certain people close to me,
because they are the ones that arouse me the most.
Not so much the anonymous creatures.

It's those close people that cause,
and that envy, hate and love, in me set free,
those are the creatures that are important,
the ones that make a part, are those that build me.

And, there is nothing else as bad,
like not knowing how to discern,
how the person is to define the self.

XVIII.10

I'm worried about the impression people have of me.
But as much as I'm obsessed with me,
and thinking about the figures I make in front of others,
the truth is that I'm not present in their heads,
because I am not a constant and perennial priority.

The priority for each person,
is being worried about what I think
and what other people think about them.

And, above all, what they think about themselves.

Just like with me now.
Hence, the incessant obsession with answering
to the call of one's own name.

That's why we have a proper name.

XVIII.11

Everyone will have a different idea of you,
and it is good that you allow yourself
to have many facets.
Many and varied facets in the eyes of all people.

Thus, as you exist through numerous shapes and forms,
you will become richer.

Carve all these faces as if you were a diamond.

XVIII.12

If an individual does not pass on their genotype,
and feels sorry for thinking
their phenotype is good, don't suffer anymore,
because your pattern may appear later
on another occasion, if the human species
becomes prepared to receive such feature
as a useful skill to develop,
for permanence and thrive on insistence.

The individual, when compared to the collective,
should not find its value in the genotype,
because what manifests is useful,
and consequently it's more important than that.

Both have wings, the sparrow and the bat.

XVIII.13

It turns out that the evolution of species
implies adaptation to the environment.

Then, the evolution of the environment
implies adaptation to its species.

The environment is, from this point of view,
as if it was a kind of a species.

Evolution is change. Everything changes.
Therefore, Everything is Life.

“But objects and ideas are not life.”, they may say.

Although objects have the function
of proclaiming themselves.

Although ideas have the function
of proclaiming themselves.

Although they can be called.

Although they feel important and persist.

“But we attribute these attributes to them.”,
they may also affirm.

Although we call ourselves to denominate.

We can provide this function,
because, as a whole, we feel important.

“It is not possible to be God, because we feel like humans!”, may one add to the argument.

Although God calls Itself
through all forms and perspectives.

Even though God cares like that.
Even though God wants to stay that way.

Remember! What is life?
A self-important system.

Any idea, any country or organization
celebrates self-importance.

Self-importance favors permanence.
After all, Life is the practice of permanence.

XVIII.14

Why do we defend our positions so much?
Why do we defend our opinions so much?
To convince people we're right.

What is the use of being right?
It's useful for the own ideas to have more demand.

What is the use of ideas having a lot of demand?
This way, the corresponding identity has more value.

The identity that is like a snail house.
Without it, we feel naked and homeless.

It's the law of supply and demand,
applied to the perception of personal worth.

A law that emerges sociologically,
and that we all agreed to follow,
without questioning or discerning.

XVIII.15

We like to talk.

If the conversation is trivial,
it is a conversation without questioning.

When we don't question, what is there to talk about?
It makes the conversation poor, the thought becomes shy,
petty is the behavior and few are the ideas.

When we are curious we grow up fast.
When we are disinterested we grow slowly.

But only after asking questions about everything,
can you become curious about everything that exists,
only then should one be curious
about being disinterested, becoming tolerant
for the conversation to be whatever it may be.

XVIII.16

Listening to opinions, I like it.

Not for the opinions themselves,
but to see there,
that we are willing like this,
to defend our own cause.
Each one to define one's own self.

To know who we are,
we outline an identity.
We mirror the image
that we want to distinguish.

We mirror our suitability
in our opinions and convictions.

So, it is interesting to observe
that we are all partial.

When an engineer is asked for his opinion,
he will give his opinion, formed according
to the delineation of his own identity.

It is expected to talk about certain subjects
to come upon what one is expected to be.

So never forget!
This idea of yours is only important to you
and for people who think like you.

XVIII.17

Do not force people to be like you,
because even you aren't the way you want to be.

If you defend pacifism
it's because you are peaceful,
so you can be aggressive at the right time,
surprising and conquering others.

If you defend war,
it's because you're aggressive,
and you're only aggressive
because nobody tames you.

At the right time, conquer.
At the right time, tame.

This is how to describe
the theory of evolution of species.

Nobody likes to be on the losers side,
because it is the winners who take all the praise.

If you want to be the first, to make this happen,
needing to stay ahead of the second
is not an exaggeration.

If by chance the second stops in first
for similar desperation, then just be honest,
because ahead of the first only the Zero.

XVIII.18

The search for being is constant,
because the identity itself
is inherently dynamic and changeable.

This quest seems to be an arduous task.
It's what we do in our daily lives.

But it doesn't compare to the work
which is required after the realization
of the true and immutable Absolute Identity.

The real task is not
the constant search for identity,
but instead, what to do when you know
who you are in the Absolute.

XVIII.19

To dedicate myself to something outside,
prolongs the idea of me.

To dedicate myself to myself,
prolongs my ego.

To dedicate myself to something inside,
prolongs my silence.

The silence of me,
is like the silence of anything else.

But this Silence is not silence.
It's the endurance of being and letting it be.

XVIII.20

Between us, everything that moves and wears out
lives in space and time.

Those who live more in space connect to the outside.
They prefer to search and appreciate quantity.

Those who live more in time connect to the interior.
They prefer to cultivate and appreciate quality.

When you are space, you are a good activist,
a good tourist, a good collector,
and life feels long but is brief.

When you are time, you are a good listener,
a good dreamer, a good sower,
and life feels short but is long.

However, we die to remember
what we live to forget.

Chapter XIX: Art

XIX.1

Science resolves and limits.
I solve and don't limit.

Science does what it wants.
I do what Is.

Religion is not to be taken seriously.
Science is not to be taken seriously.

Behold these forms of expression,
like art in its purest and most naive state.

This art form is like playing.
And, Play is the only thing
you should take seriously.

XIX.2

When we look for merit,
it's not what the person says or might say,
that brings recognition and authority, but instead,
what is done and how it's done.

If you have recognition and authority
just with what you say, then the merit is
greater in your followers because
they tackle the difficult task of listening to,
and following those without merit.

XIX.3

If any artist
has enough exposure
in terms of broadcasting,
of course, there will be success.
Because the larger the display,
the better to create
a niche or a division.

Will it be possible not to meet
the expectations of an audience,
created or already existing,
and still succeed?

What is the meaning of art?
And what is the artist's merit?

Could it be that the merit is, in the end,
to reach the greatest number of people?

That would mean that most people
are similar in their appreciation of things,
when there is an artist bringing them together
under the purview of his artistic work.

Ergo, in this crowd,
there are some that under the right conditions,
similar art they will produce, equal or superior
to any artist they praise.

What is the merit of the artist
when the merit is not exclusive?

XIX.4

An artist who talks about
what people don't want to hear, doesn't sell.

A true artist thinks differently
when faced with this praise.
The praise that he is a great artist,
and that there needs to be more artists like him.

To which the true artist will respond:
“No. There needs to be more people
like you, the admirer.”

So the true artist and the admirer,
they come close in size with the Universe.

XIX.5

An artist expresses himself
when he creates a work of art,
but deep down, he doesn't know what he created.

Because of the pressure of other people
and by the pressure of his own ego,
will the artist define what he conjured.

But, in fact, each one will interpret
the work in its own way, and in the process,
the viewer will be recreating the piece of art.

Art is the expression co-created by the observer.
When the viewer observes the created art
and recognizes it as such, the observer closes creation
with the golden key.

If the observer does not recognize the creation as art,
then he himself is not an artist.

Being an artist is recognizing that someone bestowed
an emotional expression on the carefully crafted work.
And in case the worker is a machine or the clouds,
the expression of Infinity.

Ah, this emotion!

To be an artist on the observer's side is to be empathic
with who started the phenomenological part, that is,
to be understanding with the person who performed
the work.

XIX.6

Machines automatically
execute the work.

But they are not yet concerned
with the ultimate question
of whether it is art or not.

They'll do it when the so called
artificial consciousness is created.

But who will recognize
that machines have a conscience?

It's the human being, the observer,
that will close the phenomenological action
of creating artificial consciousness,
with the golden key.

A true artist in essence,
in its true and sublime art,
is to recognize that there is art in everything.

This is Art-with-capital-A.

Art is Love,
because Art contemplates the Union
of the observed and the observer.

The two parts will have to converge,
so that Art can be created,
so that Love can manifest.

XIX.7

In the future, entertainment
will be more and more abundant,
and less and less valuable
as an exchange unit.

As abundant as air.
But as necessary as air.
And, because of that,
one will almost not notice
its presence.

So will be God in the future.
Now, everything is entertainment
of a future playing the past.
An authentic work of art!

XIX.8

When we get on a train
and we don't know where we're going,
it's because we're lost
or we're going on an adventure.

It's like God, who gets lost to go on an adventure.
What is lost, lost is. To create the meeting, now!

Inspiration is the visualization of how things are,
before we act on creation.

This is because when we observe a landscape
we see the pure creativity of the Universe.

Likewise, so it is for a picture to be painted.

When the meeting is wide open for inspiration,
it's a compromising look at the landscape of the mind,
that comes from the landscape of the experienced
Universe, that created the ecosystem of being who I am,
and that, finally, will give the personal touch
to the work being created.

XIX.9

You can hear the most harmonious singing.
You can feel the most chilling touch.
You can taste the most fulfilling sweetness.
You can smell the deepest aroma.
And you can even see the stars exploding.

But when a woman is beautiful,
it's the most beautiful thing in the Universe!

When you like women, that is.
Let them be men in other cases even.

Embedded in the making of all things,
in everything and everyone, impossible to be absent,
dependent on the different consciences.

Beauty is, in fact,
the most appreciated feature
in all existences.

As it is the most appreciated,
it is the most used foreign currency
and the most estranged estate.

But when you have it,
greed takes over
and the track of interest is lost.
Give it back, set it free.

When beauty is beautiful,
we even deny freedom.

In all intrinsic,
but interpreted by each one,
that's why, among all,
it's the less profane arcane.

XIX.10

Adapted to the environment,
the living beings that biologists have reconciled.

To formulate the idea of evolution,
in the mind we can also outlook
from another perspective.

The various creatures are the site's manifestation,
it is as if an artistic expression.
Converging from the fruit, the soil, and the climate,
to give rise to this casuistic creature.

It is as if the spirit of the place was adding to itself,
materializing the materialization
in the form of speciation,
on a deer, a jaguar or a falcon.

And, in the same way, our opinions,
are the confluence of our entire experience,
of the various places where we went through,
they are Spirits whose substance are just words.

XIX.11

I really can't complain. In fact, I can complain,
but it will always be as reciting Poetry.

The only theory that doesn't need updating,
is that we will never describe everything.

A theory that takes the poetry out of things,
takes the breath away to live, and turns out useless.

Here's an example of a theory
that doesn't take the breath away:
“Looking at the stars is poetry without words,
just suspension points all over the sky.”

Chapter XX: Contemplation

XX.1

What a wonderful act it is to exclaim!
What a wonderful World!
And so, I ask myself:
“How far will Consciousness take me?”

This is the doubt that gives me a weird pleasure.
Observing, one should not only do it on the outside
but also on the inside.

They will criticize and say ironically:
“You got here some theory!
What good is it for you to think like that?”
To which I will say:
“Listen, none of this is to be taken seriously.
All I say is bullshit. I'm just a rascal.”
Ahhh!

XX.2

For a good professional career,
it's good to know a lot about one thing,
to be an expert in a particular field.

For a good life, to know a little bit of everything
in proportionate measure, for the flowering flower,
it's water and sun and soil and it gets super-developed!
What do I prefer?

XX.3

An easy and short-term project,
may eventually materialize
but then it ends because it was brief.

A difficult and long-term project,
may eventually fall
but it may rise again because it is extensive.

To make projects long
is to bear its fall with courage,
it is to keep showing up
learning much more from the trip.

When you fall and get up again,
it's like making hardened steel.
Steel that is heated and cooled,
acquires some desirable predicates.

Could this be how you get resilience?
Says the avid: "Don't leave it for tomorrow
what you can do today."
Says the sluggard: "Wait for tomorrow to do
what you could have done yesterday."

Planning extensively with immediate expression,
the idea seeks distance and close is its action.
Never plan a project any other way!

For each project, one credit.
Giving credit makes progress easier,
which, in fact, is nothing else
than the search for novelty.

The novelty that cures boredom,
the mother of all evils.
However, giving credit is not sustainable.

But if there is no glorious conclusion,
let there be no worry.

If by chance there is no further progress,
it can only be the end of life.
Therefore, the project of Life is always successful.

XX.4

I love my hands.
They are very dear to me.
I can even say that I love them a lot.
And I use them whenever it suits me.
Use them!

By loving a person and wanting them dear,
why shouldn't I say I use the person?
Does it sound bad?

If it sounds bad, find another word
if you can, for when you use your hands.
But before you try, notice that
there is good use and bad use.
Anyway, using is the act.

So why the shame of the word?
Use it and Live!

XX.5

Who approves of a lifetime of suffering,
but in the end awakening to the Divine ecstasy,
the Absolute Realization?

Who approves of having a lifetime
of a similar ecstasy only to wake up,
in the end, to a miserable death
in existential torment?

By being afraid to enjoy life, life doubts.
By being afraid of not enjoying life, life is frivolous.
Life asks: "Is it possible not to enjoy life?"
From the doubt of life to a frivolous life,
everything in me is Life!

So, what is the meaning of life?
The meaning of life is to enjoy Life
in all its forms.

So, what is the meaning of death?
The meaning of death is to make us appreciate Life.

What will be beyond death?
There will be Life, because, for now,
there is only a one-way trail.

XX.6

If the meaning of life is to live,
the meaning of death is to die.

Death cannot be defined,
and life we do not know how to define.

Hence, the doubt we have
about what's the purpose of being.

We don't prepare to live,
but we prepare to die.

The existential crisis is never resolved,
it resolves itself as one lives on.

Only at the time of the ego death
can this identity of doubt
be resolved completely.

XX.7

Life and death become a point,
and this point irradiates to Infinite directions,
as well as Infinite purposes.

This is it because eggs are like that.
The same egg is sometimes oval
and other times it's round,
depending on the visual perspective.

And why does the egg deserve a mention?
Because the point is the closest fractal
of the derivation that emerges from the Source.

Every purpose, be it a fantasy by self-recreation,
or a meaning of life for collective approval
thinking it's not illusory, is, given enough time,
a portion with the same weight in this sum.
That is, a point.

XX.8

To the interior of each one,
the meaning of life is to give it meaning.

To the outside of each one,
the meaning of life is Life itself.

Inside and outside together,
at the same time, I call Union.

Because each one is a union with one's own self
and with what surrounds us, the meaning of life
can range from recognizing the Union
to even disregarding it, seeking another
and necessary appreciation.

To this spectrum of matter and ideas,
I call Mystery, also known as Love.

XX.9

In everyday life,
we live as if we live forever.
Contrary to what we would imagine to be
the practice of “carpe diem”.
Because, in fact, there's nothing to lose.

Why am I alive?
I might be alive just to come to know
why I am alive. So, now I know!

We assume and speculate because we don't know.
But, we need to think we know,
to act when necessary.

Why am I alive? I pretend I don't know.
If I make-believe, it's because I'm Alive!

XX.10

A chair provokes me to sit in it.
This chair seeks physical confrontation
where I have no chance of winning.

I will become a sitting person,
when I've been on my feet for too long.

By walking away from it, but still being present,
this chair gets bored and upset, because it can't catch me.

However, I don't find myself far away.
The chair will be consumed by its anger,
eliminating itself and leaving me as a winner.
It becomes, just, a chair without content.
An imagination of the human being, and in practice,
just a consolidated and consumed nonexistence.

If the object is "the sitting",
then one's desire will be to relax.

If the object is "to relax",
then it will no longer be a chair,
for then I shall have to lie down.

It is a type of acceptance
that seeks to accept the object as a condition,
but it does not meet the object as desire.

Good pride is when we accept being defeated,
and this is better than winning.

This is not contemptuous acceptance, but rather,
a contemplative acceptance.

XX.11

Accepting strongly is not ignoring the problem.
Accepting with strength is will and desire,
it's like poem horniness.

To accept with weakness is to ignore the issue.
Just notice your face when you say the expression:
“Oh... It's ok, I don't care...”

And now look at the face you make,
when you really accept,
and exclaim with intent: “Ahhh, I accept!”

The practical result can be the same,
but the interior disposition is different.

XX.12

Happiness is elusive, it is shy.
Happiness cannot be conquered, it is too powerful.
Happiness is not built, it is too grand.
Happiness is a mirage, we see it more in others.

That's why Happiness is like a butterfly,
for the butterfly dodges because it is shy.

The butterfly is powerful because it flies
with the wind.

The butterfly is huge because it looks down
on the drama of the people.

The butterfly is a mirage because it is beautiful
but far away.

With its big blinking eyes,
whoever is in Silence is where it stands.

XX.13

Time feeds on time,
give it time and it matures.

Space feeds on space,
give it space and it grows.

That is why,
when you want to make friends with a dog,
offer him food.

When you want to make friends with a person,
show the same interests.

When you ask someone for a date,
meet that feeling.

When you want to make friends with you,
accept yourself.

XX.14

There are things that will always remain unresolved,
and it's a good enough resolution to know this stricken.

If it's enough, then it's done.
If it's enough, it's neither too little nor too much,
it's balanced.

But the people rightly say:
“It's like everything... everything that's too much
is bad.”

Too much of too much, is bad.
Too much of too little, too.
And what about too much of enough?

To be enough is to be moderate,
but if being moderate turns bad,
then any and all rest will become good.
And this is what constitutes the balance of things.

XX.15

Living in balance is to be moderate,
but now pay attention.
Never give up on giving up
and in moderating moderation.

Never give up on giving up,
I will explain before leaving.

It's the opposite factory attribute,
the original attribute is to try.

Even if I desire to give up,
to this desire I happen to succumb.
But it's exactly because of the friction
that we evaluate the force we never escape.

Is it not because
of the feeling of falling,
that we can achieve balance?
Then, this really is so,
precisely for so Being.