

How are you? Are you how You are?

I am a dolphin once. I am a dolphin multiple times. Ecstatic sounds dance their luxuriant colours. They dance themselves. My ears open to hear. My ears hear beyond, beneath, in between. Into the infinite I hear. Heavenly Joy. Into heavenly Joy I hear. Heavenly Joy I am. Lush, defiant, uninhibited Joy I am. Sun rays enter the within of me water. I see from the within of me. I see from the within of water. Light dances its presence towards me. A dolphin whistles profusely. High, high, very high I, a dolphin, whistle. A dolphin I AM

Can you hear birds singing? Let yourself hear. Let them sing. Chirp with them.

Look! The sun is dancing into the within of you.

ENOUGH IS ENOUGH AND IT IS NEVER ENOUGH.

They glimmer and shimmer. Euphoric colours unchain their untamed nature.

Light releases its form. All forms release themselves. Everything softens. Everything rounds and soothes their existence. Borders become borderless, angles angleless. Walls lose the sense of presence. Rules find pointlessness. Impediments, barricades, blockages deliquesce into motion. Motion fluidises how, why, what you assume to be. Structures, concepts, ideas dissolve into beingness. Matter diffuses. Eternal dissolution into How, Why, What Is. Into You.

We enter the out of time. We enter the out of space. Time and space liquefy into nonexistence. Dissolved, they suspend the (in)finite. From the in-between of the suspended (in)finite permeates the (in)finite. We permeate into the beyond, into the beneath, into the in-between of nonexistent time-space. In, with, through nonexistence we are. Nonexistence We AM

Orange, yellow, white light radiates its hazy density.

Voice. My voice. Your voice. Me voice. You voice. Me voice in you. You voice in me. Me voice with you. You voice with me. Me voice through you. You voice through me. You speak through me. I speak through you. I ask, You answer. You ask, I answer. I ask, You ask. You ask, I ask. Silence.

I live in infinity. I live with infinity. Through infinity I live. Infinity lives in me. Infinity lives with me.
Infinity lives through me. Infinity lives me. I live infinity. Infinity I live. To live is NOT evil.

I desire you to know that to live is NOT evil.

Look into the blue sky. The blue of the sky is very different from the blue of the ink, isn't it? What is the colour of air?

Where are you? Are you where You are?

We are within Ever(Y)land. We go nowhere. We come nowhere. We are. We are where we are. We are how, why, what we are. From how, why, what we are, we create. We create in, with, through how, why, what we are. Now by now.

Ever(Y)land NOW we are WeAM

I burn within you Water.
I swim within you Fire.
I run within you Air.
I fly within you Earth.

We just continue.

I scent ecstasy.

I hear ecstasy.

I hear ecstasy in, with, through silence.

I hear ecstasy beyond, beneath, in between silence.

I touch elation.

I inhale euphoria.

How does euphoria smell?

Euphoria, let me taste you scent!

Ecstasy, let me smell you voice!

Let me touch you lips!

Let me caress you heaven!

Let me be Me!

MeYou.

YouMe.

IamYou.

IEcstasyAM

CELEBRATION PURE

I receive. Baby socks wait for me on fences. Through the air balloons fly into my hands. Under the cover of night sweets melt into my eyes. Out of the moonlight a golf GTI presents itself to me. I receive.

I paint bliss.

The form of its colour dissolves as I keep painting into the centre of the canvas circle.

Within the Centre of Centre bliss reveals.

Its wakefulness catches me breath.

Its peace excites me skin.

Its serenity electrifies me bliss.

FRESH DEW ON THE MEADOW AT DAWN, HOW ARE YOU SPIRIT?

I practise living. I practise me living. I practise me life.

I do not die.

Navel, are you an entrance or an exit?

How are you?

Why are you?

What are you?

Are you me?

MeNavel

How can I register scent?
I desire to keep the scent of the dawn.
I desire to hold the scent of every dawn.
I desire to bathe in you, scent of every dawn.
Again.
Anew.
Now.
And now.
And now again.
And now anew.
Now

BOUNTIFUL FLOWERS HERE AND (T)HERE, EVERYWHERE.

Am I dreaming? Am I living?

Am I both? Am I one? Am I
the third one? How many am
I?

How is the pain of Death?

Why is the pain of Death?

What is the pain of Death?

The pain of nonexistent Death.

Me Nonexistence of Death I choose no pain.

I Nonexistence of Death know no pain.

I Nonexistence of Death AM

Can you hear angelic bells ringing? Can you hear them ringing within? Can you hear them ringing without? Can you hear them in between? Their sounds dance themselves into waterfalls of multi coloured light. How do the sounds of angels scent? Of this one? And of this one? And of that one? And that? And of this one? And that one?

An invisible leap of light.

You know the leap.

You cannot see it and you know it.

Know it to see it.

Know it and see it.

Their touches, tastes, scents, sounds, images, textures, shades, colours, adventures, surprises, perspectives, ...

Illimitable pleasures of life.

Change your perspective.

Move and change your perspective.

Choose how you perceive.

How is the in between?

In(Finity), do you need my invitation?

The sound of a kiss, let me savour you.

I walk with a pack of balloons. I hear them sounding around me. I feel them touching me. Look how they are dancing through the air! One of them leaves us. A pink ballon flies up into the clouds. We keep walking inward.

Intuit your vibration.

We taste the uneatable. We scent
the unscentable. We hear the
unhearable. We see the unseen.
We touch the untouchable. We eat
sounds. We scent images. We hear
watermelon. We see through. We
touch you. You We AM

Whose fear is it?

I own places and spaces of nonexistence.

They own me.

We own each other.

In Freedom, with Freedom, through Freedom.

In, with, through Freedom we are.

Together each other we are.

Freedom we are.

Freedom We AM

I love cocos. Do you love it either?

DATES, MELONS, RED GRAPES.

You are the portal.

I live within water. I live water. Water I AM

Fire love me, love me Fire.

Busiu, you live in me. You live with me. You live through me. I live you.

Naked innocence.
Innocent nakedness.
Pure, primal, free.

I Deer AM

Spirit is a quality of presence.

Here.

Now.

Whole.

One.

Here.

Now.

Again.

Anew.

Now.

Again.

Anew.

Now

MY BODY IS ME.
ME BODY I AM ME.
ME I AM.
Full, one, total.
Absolute I AM

Coconut flakes fall from the winter sky.

How does the scent of this Mary rose sound?
I dance the sound of her scent.
I sound the scent of her dance.
We celebrate us.

They say that you are not. I know that you are. Just as I am. Just as they are. You just are.

Coconut truthing is one of my beloved engagements.

Whiteness renders itself into transparency. Existence into nonexistence, into different existence,
into different and same. Again. Anew. Into the NOW existence.

My clothing is covered with multiple tiny bells. I walk inward. They sound playfully dancing with one another. I join them. We sound and dance inward. Together inward we are.

Multidirectional I breathe the how, why, what of Freedom. The How, Why, What of Freedom I breathe.

- Which one do you mean? You need to be specific. Each happy butterfly emanates a younique scent of their happiness. So which one do you mean?
- How do happy butterflies scent?

Within the Now of the Now of the NOW.
Within the Here of the Here of the Here.
(T)Here MultiTruth WeAM NOW

I do not believe in how, why, what
this world says. I do not believe
in how, why, what this world
proposes. I love this world
very much. I could not
love it more. I create mine.

Imagining is allowing How, Why, What You are. It is allowing, enabling, welcoming You.

I SAY GOODBYE and I SAY HI!

There is something strange in your death. It is your aliveness. You are so alive. So peacefully, so blissfully, so abundantly alive. Aliveness you are.

I enter the forest.
The forest welcomes me.
I kiss trees and caress grasses.
They smile.
We smile and talk.

I am

Now

I desire to embrace you Sun. Come closer please. Let's embrace each other!

I excite you Water. You excite me Air. We transcend.

Elated Wings are growing from the within of Me Heart.

Clouds of soap bubbles touch
my infinite physical borders.

I see a monstrous tree being and cloud faces.

I smile.

They smile.

We laugh.

- I will ask again: how does the scent sound? How does the sound scent?
- Which one?
- The scent of Freedom, the sound of its scent.

I move to transform how, why, what is. I move and transform how, why, what is into How, Why, What Is. A grey menacing horse transfigures into a pure white unicorn. There is neither negative judgment nor positive appreciation. None of them exists within Source.

I burn you Air.

I melt you Sun.

I kiss you Grass.

I fondle you Flowers.

Love me!

A moving embryo me. An embryo moving within me. An embryo moving me.

Wait, I need to consult Water.

Sage, cleanse our space please.

Why don't I feel the human grief? Why don't I enter the mourning? Why should I?

I just desire to accompany you through what they assume to be the end.

Within Ever(Y)land celebration is the one and only purpose. (T)here celebration is everything. (T)here celebration is everywhere. (T)here there is never too much of celebration. (T)here there is always more and more. More lightness, more laughter, more vibrantly shimmering lights, more lavishly rejoicing sounds, more bountiful flowers releasing their extravagant scents. More and more. More of me, more of you. Moment by moment delighting in eternal celebration.

(T)here are lots of flowers and an abundance of dancing. All ephemeral. All so ephemeral, ungraspable, impermanent. Is it? It may be sensed. It may be received. It may be felt. You may scent the flowers before they (dis)appear. You may dance the dance before you (dis)appear. Can you flowers scent me dance? Could you be me dance?

I am a transparently rainbowed unicorn with a golden horn.

Sense me.

Receive me.

Feel me.

Me abundance.

Me celebration.

Inhale me.

Into you I come.

CREATE YOU REALITY.

THERE

IS

NO

OTHER

SIDE.

Stars kiss the night sky. Sense into your own death. Know that you do not need to die.

We live on a cloud.
We own this cloud.
This cloud owns us.
In, with, through Freedom.

Can you hear the scent of Mary
roses? I can. Enter my nose. Enter
my ears. Their scent sounds
somewhere (t)here in between.

Let me melt into you. Just a bit. I desire to dissolve into me.

What colour am I? And now? What colour am I now? And now? Now? What colour I AM?

Am I one or many? How many am I? Can you count? You cannot. I cannot either.

Be How, Why, What You are,
How, Why, What You AM
I AM

"It is what you cannot escape from. It is what is always there." - I say to my Friend in one of his recent realities.
My Friend's name is Robert.

I will say it again, anew, more NOW, I do not die.

They say that you are not. They say that you are not (t)here. That (t)here is your grave and that you are in this grave, they say. I listen to them and I say nothing. I open my eyes wide and look at your photo. I look at you. You look at me. We look into each other. I see you. I choose to see you. You are forever more present. You are more and more and

more... You just are. Just as I am. Just as they
are.

