

# Mesosis

## The Eighth and Ninth Days of Creation

A yellow-orange scintillating beam shone upon me.

At first, to my eyes, it was diffuse.

I looked into the beam, holding my arm across my brow.

I squinted through slits which remained between the lids of my eyes.

The beam seemed to intensify, to focus.

It intensified and focussed, first beside me, creating a torsion,

which acted upon something besides my body.

It made me turn, but at the same time,

it made me draw arms and knees across the front of my torso,  
and caused me to bow my chin and wither on the sloping ground,

upon which I had stood erect, facing the mountain ridge

over which the luminous form had risen, like a swift rising sun.

The beam then seemed to sweep upon and over me,

encompassing an area larger than my contracted form,

but then narrowing to shine only

upon portions of my shoulder, neck and head.

The beam or beams narrowed more

and began to sweep over and upon, but through me,

leaving me coiled, weeping, beyond ecstasy.

I was flooded, enchanted, transformed, but shattered, will-less, weak.

No motion of my form was adequate . . . no, it was more that motion was futile.

There was some toy-like pretend effort to agonizingly report to others,

but it was met with bewilderment.

I mechanically moved a body through the many weeks required

to disengage from the whole course of activity called living.

Through what seemed to be mammoth jewels,

the beams of energy emanated.

These beams of light and more than light, illuminated, penetrated,

transformed, ignited . . . myriads of unfamiliar effects.

# Mesosis

## The Eighth and Ninth Days of Creation

There was an intensity of sweeping comprehension  
which violated the bounds of every rate of thought  
and feeling I had ever known, no matter the ecstasy.  
All of known history, legend and myth merged with every tale of magic,  
no matter whether the work was fiction or a holy book of revelation.

The scheme filled my mind at that instant.  
Perhaps that is a mis-statement.  
The scheme was something which I now am able to recount,  
but the edges of my mind were so diffused  
with what seemed to be known  
and that which was told to me by something else,  
I could not care nor heed what my mind was or was not.

Even now, what used to be slow paced hours have a fullness and rapidity,  
which makes each hour seem to be a lifetime,  
compressed into swift currents of converging hyperthought.  
Some distance is sustained between my body and my mind  
to prevent my mind from exploding the fragile  
and slow changing form of my body  
with a transcendental ignition of the substance.

A clear and painful awareness of the ways  
of slow line by line processes of thought  
and all of the hell of that existence, constrains me to report,  
at least to attempt it.

Like imparting the beauty of a piece of sculpture  
by slicing it into thin slabs and delineating the pattern  
with profile after profile using Babylon's linguistic torture.

Describing life in this way is so still it is more easily called death.

Doubt fosters the anatomy of life in this way.

The sceptic is deluged in illusions arising  
from examining too little with each view.

I was thrust into a screaming journey of my mind  
from microcosm to megacosm in hope of relating  
to creatures of this form the greater consequences  
of the practices of life and the greater causes of life and its unfoldment.

# Mesosis

## The Eighth and Ninth Days of Creation

That was more than three years ago.

It has been an era of waking sleep, where

within or beyond the confines of my body some dream flow  
has distributed the concentrations of that moment.

Nothing remains of that life or identity.

What I bear about on worn legs is more like a butterfly

just emerging from a cocoon and writing this  
as the first stirring of life after emerging.

The context of forces and motions

to which I find myself accountable are like pin points  
of distant stage lights shining down upon a stage called earth.

Many minds submit forms with voices to encounter one another,

like a celestial conference conducted by robots  
which issue telemetry signals back to the authorizing mind.

The negotiations are real.

Yet it seems to be a game board.

Direct exchange between these minds needs translation.

Unique patterns were nearing one another and are attempting their fit.

A translational switchboard called human existence

was the convergence of diverse minds,  
each contributing ingredient forces and fields,  
cross modulating the resultant motions of the forms  
with which negotiation and communication were implemented.

What had seemed to be all of me was indeed a form incomplete,

still being nourished and still enfolded in a mental womb.

I was without sensation of the greater context of my existence.

The converging inspirations which propelled me

seemed to come through the walls of self,  
whence the source beyond those walls seemed unknowable.

Now I conjure every form of expression I can pour meaning into.

Assimilate what you can from the art-glyphs appended to this account.

Assimilate what you will from the poetic formulations.

# Mesosis

## The Eighth and Ninth Days of Creation

Glean what you will from the diagrams and photographic records  
of the constructs, which all together constitute  
the collective effort to enlarge the distribution -  
communication of this scheme within which we live.

Reality more and more convincingly discloses itself  
to be a grand thought rather than a grand machine.

I will not credit the statement to the mouth that uttered it  
because the edges of self pale into insignificance  
in the light of the very thought itself.

That grand thought touched me.  
Now like a coherent echo I attempt  
to allow another translation of that grand thought to flow.  
Another view of another fragment is all that it is or can be,  
confined to expressions possible by this form and level of existence,  
but I am compelled.

The universe is not space perpendicular to time.  
That is the human experience of part of the universe.  
Time is a rate and manner of assimilating,  
with a mind still being formed, the properties of part of the universe.  
There is a greater perpendicular.  
The greater perpendicular is the concentric essences.

Upon myriads of thoughts, a few emotional constructs are formed.  
From myriads of these emotional constructs, a few enactments are resolved.  
From myriads of these enactments, the supplementary exchange  
between beings and forms appears.  
The celestial conference is constituted of these exchanges.  
Physical existence is simply a required augmentation  
which will not always be required.

# Mesosis

## The Eighth and Ninth Days of Creation

Physical reality is an encoded remnant  
of the uncommunicated elements of minds  
seeking the required mutations for unity  
and the nearer range of existence  
and mutual freedom that nearer range permits.

I leap.

It is so effortful to reach into explicitness  
with and of patterns more tedious than aesthetic.

Every part of the universe is attempting  
to notify every other part of the universe of its nature,  
its forms, motions and forces.

That yellow-orange beam was a deposit.

It was a report of the nature of other portions of the universe.

It was deposited upon or within the substance  
which could best register its patterns, living substance.

The substance of my body was not necessarily best suited, it was available.

There is no eminence which derives therefrom, only a burden.

I am therefore discharging that burden as best I can.

This orb called a planet moves relentlessly through the heavens.

It changes proximity howsoever subtly  
with multitudes of other forms  
and trespasses multitudes of fields  
in the trajectory of its motion.

It is not especially needful for it to harmonize with those fields and forms,  
but it is reasonable, orderly, expedient and more than that,  
efficient and aesthetic for it to take on the mutations of concord  
with each sector of the universe.

The substance of the planet, not exploited or easily influenced  
by man's whims will be the first yielding response.

Earth changes shall be. Tractable minds will reorient.

The minds which do reorient will be in harmony  
with the geophysical transformations.

The meek shall inherit the earth.

# Mesosis

## The Eighth and Ninth Days of Creation

There is some need to structure this disclosure  
in a manner less like bursts in sequence  
and more like a graceful ballet  
of coded postures and motions.

I will earnestly constrain the fullness.  
Forgiveness will be required should I burst again.

The grand thought has a configuration,  
but it is a moving configuration not only changing posture,  
but changing its substance and changing its form  
like a wildly growing creature becoming ever more graceful,  
ever more beautiful.

There are moments of exquisite beauty of form of the grand thought.  
They are held hesitatingly and then submitted  
to the process of transformation again and still.

Eventually the sequences provide kaleidoscopic shape and color  
which provides a kind of concert of growing,  
allowing one to anticipate the emerging climax of beauty.

There ceases to be regret however,  
when the form is again more turbulent,  
moving towards another even more wondrous living pattern.

The living motions transform the onlooker in a spell  
which causes some divine image to replicate itself in his eye,  
then in his mind, then in his manner and form  
until the center of beauty becomes a sacrificed form  
plummeted into the view of a sea of creation  
with rings or rippling images of the sacred figures  
disseminating through the levels  
of the progressive stages of living substance  
until rocks themselves are tainted in measure  
with the afterglow of the igneous descent of heaven  
and they heave, attempting to live.

Evolution is the unfolding of something folded.  
There was a descending arc of isolation, alienation,  
schemes ever more limited, form ever more lifeless.

# Mesosis

## The Eighth and Ninth Days of Creation

It is the force of doubt, the skeptical arresting of streams  
which evaded comprehension in their swiftness  
and so were halted, retarded, slowed to be encompassed  
by the slow, dull mind not understanding  
that his doubt was a dagger thrust into reality  
forming murderous illusion.

He did not gain the truth by his insistence that splendor dim for his eyes.  
He made illusion his gallery of experience and thought himself wise.  
Unwavering, life pierced, quickened him tirelessly  
with taunting delight, sorted the mingled dull substance  
and fear laden patterns of his small mind  
and blended the skeptic into its scheme.

The folding was the work of fear, doubt, ignorance, but it was part of a plan.  
Creators were to be created.

That a creature could be created was not enough,  
not the work of the grand thought.  
A creator being created was enough of a task  
to signify how grand this thought was.

A cycle then, folding then unfolding . . . evil, the small scheme,  
the work of the descending arc of isolation and alienation,  
then evolution, the unfolding of the ascending arc.

Civilization is a minor work of the grand thought,  
a work incidental to soul forming,  
incidental to the organism of fraternities of spirit.

This existence which we grant heaping funds of attention  
is only the augmented requirement of the greater pattern.

It is the remnant still to be composed.

It has no use for all of our attention.

So we wake and sleep.

They whom we infringe upon are disguised  
in flesh of another form, in another episode called a lifetime.

We are navigated to encounter whom we have abused,  
but without selfbounding guilt.

# Mesosis

## The Eighth and Ninth Days of Creation

We are led to face and admire the orderliness  
of our own grotesque identities as suitable and required sequences  
of the whole process of soul forming.

Life is a complex change of energy.

Freedom is the product of order

by and between the free and the territory of his freedom.

There is no place of refuse.

Nothing we have thought or felt can be discarded and left unencountered.

We determine our destiny with our skill at synthesis.

Fit together every small scheme.

Evil is not to be rejected, it is to be composed into a greater whole.

The good of today is the extremity of our capacity to compose

and heed a finite scheme of forces, forms and motions.

The good of today is the evil of tomorrow.

There is no form towards which we grow,

which is not also a form through which we grow.

The grand thought is modeled in our body.

Sincerity is the trueness of our thoughts to our inspirations,

our feelings to our thoughts, our actions to our feelings.

When sincerity is forbidden, discontinuity arises.

When we are unable to be true to our feelings in our actions

because of social intimidation (a lack of distributive order in society)

we thrust a stress into the substance of our bodies.

This stress accrues as a limiting of motion or function.

We retard the distribution of thought

into the augmentary systems of physical existence.

Our mind is frustrated. The human form accumulates limit after limit.

Eventually so few requirements of life can be fulfilled

by the persistence of our physical existence

that we withdraw the mind (life force field) from the body.

This is death. Death is not a single moment's disaster.

Death is the progressive diminishing of sincerity.

Social order is the alternative.

# Mesosis

## The Eighth and Ninth Days of Creation

As cells and tissues in progression diminish the order  
with which they were formed,  
the substances are no longer nourished by the life force  
and must be isolated or expelled.

Symbiotic exchange with bacteria assists this.

Disease is the consequence of social disorder and resultant insincerity.

Death is the culmination of these forces.

Murder is the practice of harsh and ignorant social forces  
of every form which give rise to the discontinuity of insincerity.

The grand thought is a conquering pattern.

It assimilates these requirements  
of the descending arc of alienation and fuses them together  
into the scheme of life.

We heed often and much the forces, forms and motions  
which are surrounding us at near range.

Our sensations have great priority over the commitment of our attention.

We dim the unacknowledged senses of the mind  
which do not have organs well known with which they report.

It is one of those social intimidations which fosters insincerity and disorder.

Atrophy prevails.

Fellow creature, fellow creator being created,  
turn you attention to the intricate order of subtle senses  
and turn your attention only in compassion and care  
upon social limit and disorder.

What surrounds you at greater range must be given priority  
over what surrounds you at near range.

Neither loudness nor brightness are a virtue  
which in themselves should procure the priority  
of your attentiveness.

Listen to the still small voice.

# Mesosis

## The Eighth and Ninth Days of Creation

One of the depositions of that yellow-orange beam  
disclosed a principle prevalent through the universe:  
uniqueness and oneness . . . every force, every form, every motion  
composes into greater and greater wholes.

The microcosm reports this.

All That Is, is little encompassed in the stars that shine,  
the orbiting planets and moons, the untold galaxies.

All That Is, is little reported to minds yet so limited.

There is not one enlightenment  
which renders one a citizen of heaven with rapture and bliss  
as a leisure to be perpetuated and conserved.

The living index expands. There is a metabolism of mind as well as body.

The building up and breaking down are microdeaths of form  
not yet dynamic enough to protract their existence.

Continuity is the property of the larger pattern of force.

The body continues with and through the microdeaths of metabolism.

The soul continues with and through the microdeaths of physical existence.

There is a greater and greater whole of which we are a part.

When the form mutates with rates of distribution and sincerity  
to the directives of the greater whole,  
at the rate of requirement for augmentation  
of the more precipitous form, death is overcome.

Social order through exchanges of intense intimacy  
will overcome death.

We could live upon the sun if we could assimilate  
and distribute the energies of its nature.

There are they who do.

Everything primitive discloses a remnant microscheme, an evil.

It is not to be rejected. The universe has no place of refuse.

The jewels through which that yellow-orange emanation shone  
were set in a structure in which dwelt they who themselves evolved.

# Mesosis

## The Eighth and Ninth Days of Creation

That emanation was an act of compassion, a gift full of hope,  
yet mandatory act required by the aspiration of they  
who gave it as much as by they upon whom it was shed in hope.

The living always navigate the universe between their hope and inspiration.  
They are always the object of care and creation of those more evolved.  
They must distribute to and through they  
who pursue their stature of achievement.

For them or us to disdain any role of the living  
is to alienate us from a path  
of distribution of care and compassion  
as needful for them or us  
as our inspirers are indispensable.

Uniqueness still prevails.

Stature does not prescribe the forces, forms or motions  
to which we are accountable.

Stature prescribes the living index, the extent of flow typical of our nature.

The social order of which I spoke must found itself upon that principle.

The intimacy which fosters order is a natural network  
of concern, compassion and care.

Forever is a long line which folds upon itself never.

Our destiny is that eternal. Life is transcendent.

We are as uneventful rock to they who have traced a path  
through existence as meagre and as great as ours.

We live for the sake of all life as well as our own.

We undertake expanded existence as sure and expedient as this word.

We may hew a future completely unfounded  
on the tradition of any past achievement.

An excellence of living technology  
which is as unique as the extremities now prevalent  
in the heavens and essences may be ours.

We gather and synthesize unique remnants  
and fit them together in a unique place  
in the gradient of forces filling this universe.

# Mesosis

## The Eighth and Ninth Days of Creation

Our place in the heavens is between our inspiration and our care.

We navigate blindly or knowingly. The choice is ours.

We are and have been elected as an object of care,

but our object of care suited us to that election.

We forfeit care by diminishing our scheme of care,

we enlarge our care by enlarging our scheme of care.

We alter our destiny by modifying our object of care.

We navigate our souls by what we give our attention to . . .

Do not allow your object of care to close the flow. Make your care living.

The yellow-orange emanation was care of that form.

The setting for the jewels from which

that yellow-orange beam shone was a macrocosm of a megacosm.

Militance and rigor were discriminate.

No one within that macrocosm was dominated by any other,

but no one was independent of the others.

Consequences distributed between them

as easily and surely as distress within one part of my body

alerts and beckons the upholding of the whole of my body.

Their fraternity was so profound, the mind of one

had as much influence upon each other body

as it had upon its own home or host form,

yet each was a distinct receptor

providing a stereo sensitive network anchored so intimately

that they became a possible object of creation

to the inspiration to which they were accountable.

Captains were no more in order than a body with twelve eyes

and proportionate deficiency of other members.

It would have been a weakness, not a strength.

Order is not the product of domination and militant subjection,

it is the product of oneness.

Their habitation was more a shrine than a technological masterpiece.

# Mesosis

## The Eighth and Ninth Days of Creation

Lagging achievement of one of the members,  
concentrated the concern upon that one.  
It did not disqualify nor merit disdain or punishment.  
No one was deficient because they intended to be.  
Need may have demonstrated itself in the deficiency,  
but need was never mistaken for malice.  
Malice is the forceful pursuit of a small scheme,  
infringing upon more comprehensive schemes,  
but that is desperation which propels it.  
It would have been easier to say they were holy  
than to say they were superintellectual.  
You simply couldn't separate the functions.

I comprehend some of what consciousness is by the exposure to their nature.  
Every being constantly emanates, thoughts, feelings,  
piercing energies which permeate and orient the substance  
within which he lives.  
He may be unaware of the effect of his emanations  
unless he closes the domains or loops upon himself  
to sense or experience the emanations.  
That is the practice of consciousness. It is needful.  
The network through which the closure of consciousness takes place  
may vary in complexity and may vary in the duration  
of the cycles over which the sensed feed back occurs.  
It may also be a mingled report.  
Other forces may have converged  
and joined the emanations of our own  
to produce the resultant sensed  
by the practice of consciousness.

Still weeping and weak I arose, numb, overwhelmed  
and walked sobbing along the brow of the mountain,  
through the trees which had deposited upon the slope  
all of the fragments of their summer apparel called leaves.  
I laid down upon the slope.

## Mesosis

### The Eighth and Ninth Days of Creation

Somehow, along came one sensitive enough to remain silent,  
concerned enough to cry with me, not knowing why I cried  
nor needing for me to say.

She laid her lap beneath my head  
in some graceful way I can't remember and her tears fell on my face  
to double the streams upon my cheeks.

Soon a couple seemed as compelled to have ventured up the slope  
and along the brow of the mountain, without the guidance of a path,  
to come upon us.

He put his hand upon my shoulder.

This was not the first act of upholding care he had rendered towards me.

Moments passed which were not awkward, but were silent.

A distant bell rang. The couple walked on.

I arose still quite numb and in staggered leaps  
made my way down the slope toward the bell.

The days that passed required that I indulge in insincerity.

It was a place and time

where as much sincerity as can perhaps be practiced  
upon the face of this planet was possible,  
but more agreement had been reached

about exposing one's weaknesses than exposing one's nobility.

Anything able to be construed as creating advantage of experience

of one over another was not easily distributed.

I could not speak much about what had happened.

I tried, but found an unwelcome deflection

amongst most of whom I tried to speak.

So, I followed this course of retreat, during which

I have correlated and cross correlated all I can.

I have searched as many tangents to the believable as I could find.

It seemed to be necessary to start

with the tangent to believable experience

to distribute the insights offered by the yellow-orange beam.

There is no nobility in this undertaking or experience.

There is compulsion.

