

Nathan
Neuharth

Pome of a
Psychonaut

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**&
Other Machinery**

**By
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Pome of a Psychonaut

Chasing the dark.
Dream machine gnosis.
Repetition ascension.

Missing something. The missing link. The urge to be crazy again. The wind howls. Nostrils flare. I don't want crazy. I want the secret fire.

Thirteen. My lucky number.

Frost on the concrete. Street light reflects off the blacktop. I will write until my fingers bleed. Halloween in my veins. Ancient punk rock. Forgotten metal head mentality. Young renegade aged. How many of you are there? How many personas presented? Who is your audience? I am as worthy as cosmic dust and crumbling pyramids.

As pretty as Rozz and Rimbaud in my heart. Invocations of the Lizard King. Muscles burn well.

She said, he has a way with words. She said, I know right. Skinned tatter with scars and tattoos. This dream is longer than before. Reborn I ride.

My angel. A butterfly. A flower. A wisp of goodness. The scent of beauty. The strength of a woman. Heart like thunder. Eyes of lightning. Red burning ashes ever turning. Souls dancing. We haunt the world. With eyes wide open.

Remember when everything was new and out of control. Holy blood emotional man. Patchwork flight let me see your hands in the air. Smile drunk on resilience.

Constellations like clockwork. Dark matter hiding. Old voices in the sky. Gods watching. I love you.

Witness. Space and time. Consciousness. A few tiny tricks bring everything together.

Ain't got much to say. Can't force it. It's got to be real. It's got to be rad.

Heartbeats and halos like psychedelic solar flares and melting celluloid flickering. I'd rather hibernate than think about your dollar signs and buttons. Your egos and ignorant manipulation. Don't talk to me. Leave me my space. Have yours. Your dominion doesn't do it for me, man. You're a distinguished man. It's over. I just do what I can.

Sorry it's in writing. I've reached out to you. I've tried to connect. I've offered my help. I can't talk to you out of fear of retaliation. You are in a position of power. If your confidence is shaken you can hurt people. Bring them to tears. Lost, looking for validation. So I'll sort myself out and realize I need to say a prayer for you.

I'm caught in a trap with no easy way out. It will take time. Planning. Rational cool. Emotionally in check. Give you my kindness. Polite respect. Like all people deserve. Only God can judge us. Only god can forgive you.

Clear deep breathing. A cool circle. Feels good. You, man, make me want to cry. You hurt. You control. You stare into the camera. Such a soggy son of a bitch. Alone inside your walls.

She stands naked at the top of the stairs looking down on me. A silhouette star goddess. Sheer sheen. Eyes like deep dreams. Breath the mist of revelations. Graceful movement crystal calculations. Angel lords sweep down with sweet wings of white ether.

Crumble like a rock with arms out spread flat to the ground. Bring hands to head. Praise holy holy. Empress animus. Two parts one soul. Hair bursts out like electric cotton candy. She hisses like a sexy serpent. Take my everything.

Voodoo dada pome. The end of the day is impossible. Confidence. Climbing. Diamond hard deep consciousness. Primordial rising. Repressed memories locked in DNA codes. Uncharted helix. Secret keys and elixirs. Grape vines and wines. Pomegranates. God's food. God's flesh. Ritual revolution. Arcane artists. Articles of experience.

Strawberry dizzy delight. Heavenly fight. Moon dog prancer. Sixty-six problems and...

Warrior poets. Philosopher kings. Urban shaman. Witches high. Elves in exile. Exhilaration of challenge and success. Of the unknown. Remember to be fearless. Lions of the sun. Lioness queen. The thoughts inside bones. Free of mind control. Everything's okay even in the cold.

Grandmother. Grandfather. Your drums beat through me. Hallow chant to the natural. Ancestors live. Cherry blossoms. Apple pie. Rhubarb. Live through me. Pure joy. Elation. Wolves hunting. You can't touch me when I overcome the morning.

Long drawn outlaw. Falling up through the day. She floats down the stairs and I'm naked.

Poems are pomes. Pomes are fruit licked from the tree of life. The taste of experience. Forbidden fruit wet on lips and tongue. Dripping down the chin. On bed sheets. Memorable orgasms. Stains. Sweet. A sweet stain on the heart beating a tribal drum of the ear listening to gods eternal voice of change ever happening fast as killing speed with nose and needle stitches in veins of blue velvet rabbits hopping playfully across a pasture of milk and honey love dripping wet and stinky, sticky icky smoke rolling up to heavens below droopy eyes. Dada prince of pomes.

Your pain is so heavy. I want to help you. Don't push me away. When you hurt I hurt. How can I help? How can I heal?

Broken roses. I'm blinded. Blinding. A great big awkward secret. Used to something. Tip of my tongue. Pause. Peace.

I'm moving forward in space. Debris. Love floating on the breeze no different than yellow, orange and brown autumn leaves swirling and crackling on concrete sidewalks. Everyone is a wax candle burning. A melting shape. Soul flame. Conscious fire. We cry. We brave. We move. We still. We wake. We sleep. Overslept. Dreams bleed into life. Save the world from you. From me.

Lords of depression and anxiety. Chemical balances. Checks and balances. Digital hypnosis. Network him. Drones. Drinks. Square circles. Mechanical vagrants. Monetary sinners. Kings of a dead world. Pome of men and women.

Edited personalities. Filtered portraits. Fake beauty. Pretty ugly. Ugly pretty. Electric wha wha. A thousand generations. Hyped.

Antigravity arms of iron.

We're all trying to lose something. Butterfly chimes. Secret desperation. Fear of death. Eagles wings. Cyber ghosts vanish in digital depths. Smear and dissolved identity. Secretly seeking. What is it? What does it mean? What do we want? What do we do? What is the purpose?

Eyes hollowed out with money. Hearts hardened with abuse.

In my sight. Take the shot. Or walk away with your head low. Take the shot, lion. Roar. Sun. Crown. War. Splendor. Thirteen. Tight ass. Target. Success. Succession. Take the long road. Machine gun paradise. Smoke powder. Vintage class. Disrobed aristocratic animals. Marching parades of socioeconomic clans.

I'm solo. No. Got my family. My tribe. Running wild. Running free. Peace and love to all. Self defense instinct. Common sense. The rights of man. Liber Oz. Take it to the stars.

Muscles run down. To be destined or choose destiny. Fate or luck. Choice or program. Liberty.

The great nothing.

The ever dream.

The grand secrets hidden within. Let us search. Let us free. Let us love.

She is the moonbeam holding my life together. She is the warmth in the long winters. She is the grace in the face of all difficulty. She is everything that is good.

I have just as much right to life as anyone. This space is mine as much as yours.

What the scientists and philosophers don't dig is the difference between theory and practice. And just because you read it doesn't make it so. The world is false and full of sin.

Is he a believer?
Is she a believer?
Are they believers?
That's the power of Christ, bro.
I'm a daydream believer.
I roll my eyes
Out of my head

There's blood in the water
Smells like sulfur
Bigotry parading as love

Hands on ivory hips
Honey drip vagina
Guilt free love
Worship in the sacred altar
We own it all
We are all
Always

There is blood on your hands
Murder
Killers of truth
Slaves to fear
Afraid of shadows
Afraid of the light

All of my love for you
As I walk away
Protect myself
Play in the night
Play in the day

The bird is the word

Perseverance brings contentment. To rise off your laurels and hold strong to your ideals. Do not bend. Do not react with emotion.

Life is swimming through chaos and doing what you can to keep your head above water and make the distance. We must innovate to get ahead. We must not give in. We must persevere. In the face of utter defeat we must soldier on. We must push forward. Blaze trails. Leave markers. Make changes. Brave ridicule.

Come be my buzz buddy. Have a bottle of beer with me. I can't see as far as I used to. Eyes have aged atouch. It's somehow shocking. In youth aging is unimaginable. It's not going to happen to me. Think of all the cliches the old say of the young and the young of the old. It's all true. What they both say. Those things are cliches for a reason. When you're young you think you know all the answers. When you're old you don't know any of the answers.



Meditation by Francesco Hayez 1851

"I speak only of myself since I do not wish to convince, I have no right to drag others into my river, I oblige no one to follow me and everybody practices his art in his own way."

-Tristan Tzara "Dada Manifesto 1918

IX = II

"People are afraid of themselves, of their own reality; their feelings most of all. People talk about how great love is, but that's bullshit. Love hurts. Feelings are disturbing. People are taught that pain is evil and dangerous. How can they deal with love if they're afraid to feel? Pain is meant to wake us up. People try to hide their pain. But they're wrong. Pain is something to carry, like a radio. You feel your strength in the experience of pain. It's all in how you carry it. That's what matters. Pain is a feeling. Your feelings are a part of you. Your own reality. If you feel ashamed of them, and hide them, you're letting society destroy your reality. You should stand up for your right to feel your pain."

- Jim Morrison

Demons

A voice rises up from the blackness,
reminding that nothing is deserved,
it's all a lie and some day will be revealed,
the dark heart, this black hearted demon,
whispering upward, you cannot,
you cannot, you cannot,
pay and suffer,
be damned.

Blood King

Priest of Atlantis
Remember Being Born
Black Nobility
Oh, Nikolas Darcia
Lost in the wilderness of the new world
Indian Sunset
Grandfather Nergal
Imagination Exploration
Manipi Peta'
The Ancient of Days Behold Sephiroth
Ghosts wander the hallways
Sin cut in flesh
Unconfined rage & pain
The Long Dark Night
Disco Shaman
Alone in the basement invoking Pan and finding Galabram.
Oh, Neophyte
A Golden Dawn
Spiritus Existo Infinitus Dominus
Chaos Theory & Quantum Mystics
Galabram the Holy Guardian Angel of Eden
Abram to Abraham
Galahad & Siege Perilous
The Gods of Egypt and Greece
Sumerian & Akkadian
Babalon & Isis
Anuttara Amnaya
The Birthing
Crossing the Abyss
The Black Pilgrimage
Virgo Rosa to Master of the Temple
Avatars & Yugas
Fifty Gates of Night to Magus Melchizedek
Adept of Atlantis
Etherion

Gnostic Thoughts

What is gnosis? What is Gnostic Christianity? It was present in the beginning of Christianity prior to the current form having taken shape, before the Nicene Creed and the politically inspired Roman conversation. There were myriad Christian sects and cuts. Many more akin to something like Rosicrucianism than the Christianity we know today. The Nicene Creed hid the humanity of Jesus and deified the radical Rabbi teacher like so many spiritual leaders before him reaching back at least as far as Pythagoras. This creed of the church founders took the heart out of the teachings of Jesus the Christ. There was a multitude of diverse sects of Christianity in the infancy of the religion before the censorship and vicious dogma. The faith was not faith at the time but knowledge based on the experience of God and the Heavens. The spirit was known.

A common trait among the Gnostics before their systematic extermination was the belief in a Demiurge (or Demiurgos). From sect to sect, teacher to teacher and student to student the traits and story of the Demiurge differs slightly.

The Demiurge is a god who believes He is the One God because He is the God of Creation. The Demiurge is not the creator of all as it believes. There is a limitless source of light, an original source the Demiurge flows from and in turn everything else flows down to the lowest point of existence which is the material or physical plane of reality-perception.

In some belief systems the Demiurge has envious awareness of this. In others it is ignorant of the Source. Some of the sects believed the Demiurge is the God of the Old Testament. The God of Abraham, one of a pantheon of deities who led Abram out of Ur. The Gods of Ur were Sumerian. The patron deity of Ur was Nanna. Abraham followed the example of Melchizedek. Abraham could mean anti-Brahma or anti-Brahman, as atypical is to typical. This suggests the mix of the Hindu and Sumerian theology. It seems likely that Abraham and Sarah were the gods Brahma and his wife Saraswati. And some believe that Jesus the Christ is a Hindu-like Avatar incarnated to teach souls they are not bound to the physical realm. Whether Jesus be a god of Immaculate Conception or a man ascended matters not.

Gnosis comes from the Greek root "knowledge". This an alternate state of consciousness, this is an inner experience of divinity. Spirituality can not be contained or limited. Dogma and politics are the enemy of spirituality yet the ally of religion. The tribal shaman is a fluid experience, the tribe being the greater extended family. The union of science and spirit is a pathway to illumination. Science does not know what to do with mysticism other than pretend it doesn't exist. Science unwittingly reveals the hand of God. From what I have read of quantum physics the observer affects the behavior of the observed. Science is a master of the physical world. Science needs to embrace the emotional, mystical and psychological aspects of existence as well as taking into account morality, ethics, accountability and responsibility. Spirit exists regardless of opinions. The spirit world is the unconscious mind and all the subtler planes of perception.

The realm of the Demiurge is governed by His Archons, the gods of His Pantheon. He is like the All Father Zeus. Jupiter. The "true" god/godless is the Source, located above Keter (of the Tree of Life in Kabbalah). Jung refers to Demiurge as the trickster and jester god. As Daath is a reflection of Keter, Keter is a reflection of the Source. Ialdabaoth is one name of the Demiurge.

Quantum Thoughts

Reading Michio Kaku's book about parallel worlds. He is one of the world's leading quantum physicists. It's pretty cool, according to superstring theory and it's more advanced version, M-theory, the most recent theories and data point to the existence of a multiverse instead of a universe. It's like a group of bubbles expanding. A bubble breaks off and is a Big Bang creation of a universe, a bubble pops and it's the end of that universe. It is theoretically possible to move from one universe to another by traveling through hyperspace.

The universes get colder as they expand and die, so another way to escape a dying universe rather than hyperspace is to travel back in time to when the universe is younger and warmer.

Back to quantum physics. The multiverse also presents another revelation. All religions have one of two stories, the creation happened or creation has always been. The multiverse means both theological ideas are correct! A paradox.

I'm thinking gods, aliens, angels, demons, elves, gnomes, nonhuman intelligence could be communicating to us through hyperspace from other universes. Quantum physics unexpectedly overlaps with the psychology of consciousness meaning that the brain is not just a computer made of flesh but has a quantum aspect which scientists can't duplicate to create artificial intelligence.

Quantum physicists can't explain why particles react to each other without having contact with each other or why simple observation of particles alters their behavior. The ancient mystery schools say the multiverse/universe is made of pure thought (non physical).

Quantum physicists agree there are 4 fundamental forces that hold the universe together: Gravity, electromagnetism, weak nuclear force and strong nuclear force. Many suspect an elusive fifth force yet to be discovered. To me it is an interesting notion to ponder a correlation between these forces and the ancient belief in the fundamental elemental forces holding the universe together: earth, air, fire and water with spirit being the secret fifth element.

Social psychologist Stanley Milgram proved 65% of humans do what they are told by authority. That was 1964. Done on television in 2010 the number was 80%. This is one of the most disturbing aspects of humanity. Is it intentional manipulation? Are we biologically built to follow the leader or the herd? Is it a little of both?

Sadly we are not all born equal socioeconomically or biologically. Some are more skilled, talented, intelligent, stronger, privileged, etc, than others. That is an act of nature. What is amazing about free will and human capacity is that we have the ability to make the decision to treat everyone with equal respect, honor, value and love. Life matters. Everything is holy.

It is noble that we do what we can to make sure children do not suffer for the mistakes of their parents.

Occult Thoughts

There is a reading list presented in the syllabus of the A.'.A.'. and to include all of Crowley's suggested reading is a daunting task let alone getting through his literary legacy. But if we are not reading these books and discussing them we are not doing the work. In total sum of word count these reading lists are greater in volume than the words of Crowley himself.

The reason piecing together old systems of mystery schools with the Kabbalah is important is because if you are going to follow the A.'.A.'. system through to its end once you become Master of the Temple you will develop your own system of illumination, your own first and second order. It's a system with amazing potential to have an effect on the world if people follow through with it. Once you've reached a high degree you don't even need to accept Thelema or *the the Book of the Law* any more. I do not.

One flaw with chaos magick is the system is teaching people to behave as if they are the Master of the Temple without the preparation, training and experience required. It's the equivalent of putting firearms in the hands of children. Who knows, maybe Pete Carroll was a Master of the Temple and the IOT his work. I never thought to ask him. It seems unlikely but it's a possibility.

Aleister Crowley knew this system is powerful, his only problem with it was intellectually he understood what he was proposing with the Master of the Temple, however emotionally he struggled to follow through, because he was human. I mention Charles Stansfeld Jones and Jack Parsons because both became Master of the Temple and both crashed and burned for two reasons. Crowley was like a father unable to let his children leave the nest when it was time. They both began development of their own systems, Jones declaring a new aeon and Parsons writing an additional chapter to *the Book of the Law*, but their second reason in failing is because as Crowley could not let them go, they could not let Crowley go. So Jones ended up running naked through the streets eventually converting to Christianity and Parsons was taken by L. Ron Hubbard and consumed by the fires of Babalon.

For those interested the Norse tree Yggdrasil lines up perfectly with the Kabbalistic Tree of Life, as does the island of Atlantis. For example the seven islands or kingdoms of Atlantis correspond to the 7 Elohim. Etc. Multiple paths leading to the same place.

I briefly looked for my notes on Atlantis but I can't find them at the moment. If you saw my notes you would understand why. I will have to find them eventually. I believe I first made the discovery via the works of Manly P. Hall and after that made some more connections via writings of H. P. Blavatsky. It was in reading Hall's description of Atlantis that a light bulb went off in my head and dots began to connect. Everything he mentioned about Atlantis, the islands, the kings, the kingdoms, the golden statues of dolphins, the winged horse, the descriptions of everything began to match up with the Tree of Life of the Kabbalah. Maybe Atlantis does refer to an ancient civilization that was lost, I am a believer in ancient high level civilizations that were lost but all the original information regarding Atlantis, the first things to come to light I believe are a reference to a system very much the same as the Tree of Life. It may be that the story of Atlantis does represent more than one story, that it has historical aspects as well, but it most definitely is a system of initiation; we've lost many of the puzzle pieces to it. It's very interesting to realize that the first known recorded mention of Atlantis is through Plato who

reports that he received his information from Solon. He says Solon was given the information by ancient Egyptian priests of a mystery school Solon was initiated into. Take a further step connecting the Tree of Life to the Norse tree of life and it matches as well. Another system with the same symbolism. It leads me to believe all three systems stem from the same original source, it's the kabbalah that we have the most pieces of. Both the Atlantean and Norse systems could be restored with correlations of the myths and what we know of the kabbalah. All coming from the same source, a legend says this original source was called the Brotherhood of the Snake which for philosophical reasons broke up via conflict into 3 brotherhoods at odds with each other. Essentially the left hand path, the right hand path and a middle path.

I believe all the major religions and mythologies of the world are the exoteric side of things presented to the uninitiated, which is why the stories don't make sense to the mob. Look at Wotan. Crucified on a tree like Jesus. Pythagoras and all the solar deities share the same story when deconstructed, Jesus is one of the solar deities. It is likely many figures who later became deities were actual people who were deified after their deaths and their historic stories mixed with the symbolism of initiation. With the kabbalah we have a great tool to piece many of the methods of the ancient mystery schools back together. So much had to be hidden in allegory. For example the story of King Arthur is the religion of the Knight Templars hidden within *Parzival* by Wolfram von Eschenbach.

On my mentioning of the three paths. I understand the right hand path is the way to be reunited with god out of love for god, to become god again, return to the source. As for the left hand path to become like god out of love for god, to become a companion or peer of god. The middle path I'm not as clear. I think the answer is in eastern philosophies, a more neutral and non-active path. When I use the word god here I use it for the sake of ease but I'm referring to the original source before the demiurge.

It's difficult to be a philosopher. It's all subjective. Objectivity is an ideal unattainable due to being trapped within the human condition. My paradigm is Gnosticism. I enjoy experimenting with my consciousness. I'm partial to the idea of a multiverse. Also the opinion that philosophy absent action is similar to masturbation. I suspect a quantum aspect to consciousness. I also prescribe to the old assassin and beatnik idea that belief systems are a malleable tool, useful as a means to an end. As they say, nothing is true, everything is permitted. Because all is illusion. All is opinion tainted by one's personal perspective. But I don't really know anything.

We're dreamers that think we're awake. That perfect place Plato refers to. The Akashic? The ether? I say we are in a place made of something like pure thought. The foundation of existence as a non-physical blueprint.

Consciousness is a pinpoint of the all. Very limited perception.

We are the surface of the water. We know nothing above or below the surface. Everything appears partially to us. Our perception being like the surface of water when a cone is dipped in the water we perceive a circle rather than the cone extending above and below.

Maybe I'm Just a Memory

It was a sunny summer afternoon on the front porch. I sat next to an old drunk wise man who said, "Don't write more than one thing at a time."

I nodded and put my cigarette out, never to smoke again.

Bagpipes played somewhere over the horizon of the neighborhood houses. I liked the sound of that. Made me want to rebel like a Scot. "Freedom," whispered from my lips.

There was something in the air this afternoon. The old man at my right had fresh vomit on his shirt and he'd pissed his pants. The cigarette in his yellow withered fingers was such a stub he was almost inhaling the filter.

Across the street a foxy neighbor moved in. Everyone was curious about this interloper. Like the pale moon rising she crosses the street with long jet black hair and the porcelain skin of an albino dolphin. She darts directly to me like an arrow flung from Cupid into my heart.

She stands before me. "Hi. My name's Jolene. I don't know what to do with myself."

Overhead a jet soars leaving a trail of chemtrails.. A squirrel scurries across a power line. The nosey old lady next door peeks out her window mostly hidden by dingy hermit blinds.

I point at the old man. "Old man said do whatever we want."

The pale skin raven of a young woman sighs, unsatisfied.

"We can dance on fire." I shrug, nodding to a man across the street dancing on fire. He had inflamed himself in my peripheral vision. Now sad music with a groovy beat comes from the stereo inside his open bedroom and living room windows. His wife screams like an eagle, dropping to her knees, hands over her face like a pious monk lost in immaculate prayer.

People called him the strange old wizard. He wore robes on the hottest days of summer and in the winter wandered the sidewalks barefoot in nothing but sagging worn out underwear. Now the tears sting my eyes as I think of the magic he taught me over the years. I grew up on wet dream street. Watching him dance is beautiful. He's got moves like Elvis Presley and Mick Jagger. Go cat go. Burn baby burn. Fly like Enoch.

Old man chuckles, coughs, spittles and claps his hands to the beat of the music and screaming. Old Wizard dances on fire. Doesn't stop. Moonwalker. Break dancer. Do the robot. Disco.

"Let's cut out." The pale woman grabs my hand with an unexpected grace.

My eyes widen and my mouth takes the shape of a smile.

Old drunk wise man yodels.

"It is what it is and it doesn't mean a thing." She explains as we march the concrete path of the sidewalk. "Time to wake up, Natas."

"Oh," I raise my hand to the multiple stings of the rose thorns I'd been squeezing. Blood drips from my fingertips and paints the sidewalk in tiny red dots.

"I'd stay sober all day for a night for you."

A ghost and angel fuck on the sunsets horizon.

I've disappeared.

Let's pause.

Let's exercise our wings as silhouettes before the sunlight.

Let's come back to this later, Dada.

Where is Melchizedek?

“Later, Dada, hush now.” She kisses cheek and forehead, tucking me into bed and turning out the lights. “Sleep like a thief in the night, love.”

An angel and a demon in the back room. We’ve left trails of blood through Heaven and Hell. We’ve been in this place before.

Baby, we’ve got to be crazy.

Always facing the world and falling apart.

In the green. Like the witches Green Man. Like the Lantern.

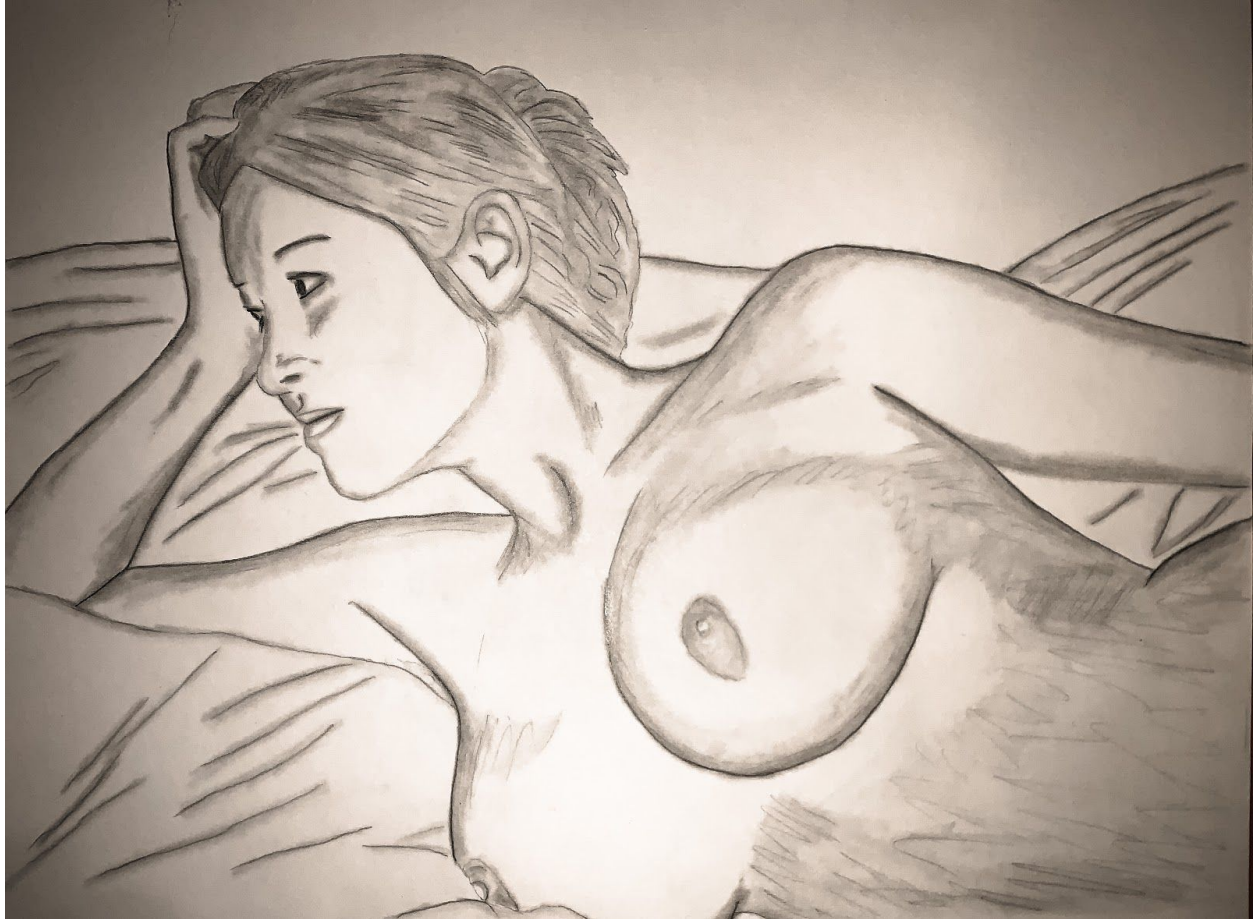
Fierce love.

We’re moving in love like machine guns rattling in the night.

Anything imagined accomplished.

Baby. Dance while we cry.





*“If the doors of perception were cleansed every thing would appear to man as it is:
Infinite. For man has closed himself up, till he sees all things thro' narrow chinks of his cavern.”*
- William Blake



“A poet makes himself a visionary through a long, boundless, and systematized disorganization of all the senses. All forms of love, of suffering, of madness; he searches himself, he exhausts within himself all poisons, and preserves their quintessences. Unspeakable torment, where he will need the greatest faith, a superhuman strength, where he becomes all men the great invalid, the great criminal, the great accursed--and the Supreme Scientist! For he attains the unknown! Because he has cultivated his soul, already rich, more than anyone! He attains the unknown, and if, demented, he finally loses the understanding of his visions, he will at least have seen them! So what if he is destroyed in his ecstatic flight through things unheard of, unnameable: other horrible workers will come; they will begin at the horizons where the first one has fallen!”

- Arthur Rimbaud

Falling Knife Wisdom

Life continues to present challenges and difficulties. Once those are overcome more are presented. It seems to be an ongoing divinely intentional process. Each time the new challenges and difficulties arise I tend to forget the meaning is to overcome. Each set of problems is an initiation. A cycle of birth, life, death and rebirth. The cycle of seasons. Each time I struggle through and come out transformed. I am at the beginning of the cycle again.

Spiritual awakening is an ongoing process. I sense four dimensions to the human condition. The body, mind, spirit and emotion. It's easy for us to see the body grow and change. The other three do the same. If the mind, spirit and emotional selves are not nurtured they will either stagnate, plateau or wither. Just as we care for our physical health we must care for our mental health, spiritual health and emotional health.

I think of the guru. The great spiritual leaders. Our icons and idols. Our celebrities and heroes. Without calling anyone out, I know that when people get to know their guru, guides, teachers, masters, hierophants, high priests, shaman, whatever the title may be. When we get to know these people as human, they fall off the pedestal. We see the mistakes, the faults and frailties. They are not magical ideal beings, they are as human as us all. We lose our gurus and heroes when we meet them and learn they are just like us or anyone.

I still seek the holy and sacred light of divinity. What is a star but a more distant sun. Clear in the night, in the darkness. Our lives are spiritual sojourns stumbling through the dark. We have diamonds in the sky to guide our path. One of my many esoteric teachers went by the name Rama Alla Rama. He was a wise and foolish man, twenty years my senior. He often expressed to me the importance of keeping my midnights and mornings separate. I learned things from him. I learned he was human and had the flaws of humans just like all of us.

To keep "your midnights from your mornings" means to keep your spiritual life apart from your day to day life. It doesn't mean that will or is always the case. There are exceptions to every rule. What it means is that when you're going through some weird spiritual experience don't go to work and tell your boss and co-workers all about it. Don't go bragging or blabbing to the general public. One, to avoid ridicule. Two, the motion may not be completed. Three, the experience is subjective. Four, it is intimate. I'm not going to go to work and describe in detail how my wife and I make love. That is a sacred matter between us. Therefore why go to work and share the intimacy of your relationship with the divine? When it is time to share details don't tell people with words. Show them with action. If something is shared it should be through the innocence of love rather than the vanity of ego.

She wanted to see an angel die.

I wanted to see it sigh.