FOR YOUR GROUND OF BEING (BSO04)

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When you seek the deep essence of what you are. Soar not with the high winds into entropy afar. Enter the cave and encounter your inner gravity. Blueprints etched into the ground of your being.



If you do not excavate the nature of your roots. If there is no container for your living harvest. If there is no closed sphere of self-reflexivity. No reactions, no reconciliation, no integration.

Then fear not the underworld of your existence. Enter the grave and cross over to harmonic light. Alignment is the yield of your reconciled shadows. If you fear your darkness — light absolves you not.

#BackyardStream #Cave #Shadows #Gravity #Essence #GroundOfBeing #Blueprints #Excavation #AnandaICU

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Night of a long day on the field. Wrapping up on the backyard. Cleaned the cat-shits. Unpacked and hung up the latest delivery of orchids. The chicken's boiling for the dogs — and all is set in the world. Rollie of raw mountain tobacco. Don't mind me puffing — it's a part of the tale.

Inbound Seekers – Into the Ancestral Caves

So today, into the Kiskendo caves. An ancient historical site of ancestral practice, just behind the corner from our hillside dwelling. With a couple of friends, veterans on the road. One working on the end game, integration of a particular life-cycle of awareness. Another, seeker of clarity. Accompanied by my friend, the native wise shaman, fixer of bodies and minds, tuner of the strings of consciousness.

So why should one seek a cave for practice? Is it not good enough just to sit in your toilet or something? You can certainly do that. However, we are typically rather veiled from the essence and the elements of what be, contained in our very own presence, that are present out there, vividly, in the universe. Therefore, we go out there to seek the in-here.

Blueprint in Earth's Womb — Into Integration

Without the long tale of what all happened in the cave, let's look at the cave unto itself. We go into the heart of earth, the supporting element. The container, the structure, the holder of our blueprint.

Is that not the opposite direction? Should we not be heading to high heavens, traveling with the winds in our spiritual quest for... disintegration? Basically, that's what you find there. If you follow the winds far enough, entropy.

You want to also contain all of that expansion. Expansion and contraction — in and out. Both in fair measure. That's the balance of things. That's the harmony of your process. Do one or the other too much, and you drift from your center. It's really simple at the end of the day.

A stable, orderly foundation for all things. It's important for each and every one of us. More so for those of us dealing with the end game.

What is the end game? We have landed here. We have oriented to world as it is. We have felt, we have sought. Formed our intentions, done our works. And it's time to harvest all that we have accumulated. Integration. An integration does not happen in the high skies. Integration happens in your cauldron.

All of your accumulated essence rises into your cranium, seeks to be reconciled, seeks to be

harmonized. And for that, if you do not have a sphere of containment, it will never happen — because you do not have a closed system in which all of your essence is pushed to reconcile, interact, integrate.

There is never reconciliation, there is never harmonization, without encounters, without adaptation, without reflection, without collision, without containment for the interplay of all that you are. With that, we go to the cave. We go there to find our ground of being — the sphere of all that we are.

Out There to In Here - Essence Back to Your Being

As you touch the essence of that cave, as you emerge from the gravity of earth, from the grave, born again into the daylight — that cave, you carry with you. You know how to find it within, you have encountered its essence on the outside. We go to waterfalls, we go to mountain tops. This is the journey. Journey out there — to land in here. Importing the essence of the external world into our internal world.

We don't really import anything. It's all here. Whatever is out there in the vastness of the universe, in all of its essence, is contained within our beings, in our minds, in our bodies. But alas, we need to find it. For that, we need the reflection, the counter-image from the external world. For our teaching, for our perspective, to open the windows of our awareness.

So I won't at this time bore you with the million examples of threads connecting the inner and the outer, the matching patterns, the parallel elements, the threads that connect inside and outside, and the insight of no inside, no outside — where all of it is a single reality, expressed in two directions. Those be the tale for another time.

Light and Shadows in the Backyard Yarns

The backyard is full of stories. In the darkness we discover, in the darkness we brew — and we birth immaculate geometries of light — of awareness. You need not seek any other light. If you need another light, I've got the flood light right here. There's light at the end of the rollie. That is not the light we require. We require the light of consciousness, directed attention into the fabric of our being.

That be the light that reveals the shapes of the shadows. The shadows we discover, we bring them to

high definition — and lo, there is no problem with the shadow. It was only ever problematic when it was veiled, when it was blurry. Discover your darkness, in its exact shape, and it integrates seamlessly.

Bypassing light-workers will not survive a proper backyard session. They will flee from the cave, claustrophobic, because they hold on to their particular desire to become the positive starlight, to become the radiant deity, to be a merry fucking rainbow.

But that's simply a matter of your becoming, in a different ego, in a different form of your desire, and it has nothing to do with your liberation, your uncoupling from conditions. It's just a trip, a different trip. Don't do the trips. Do the trips if you must, but return to the ground of your being, return to your cave. And emerge serious but light.

Light in the truth of your acknowledgement of what you are. The burden was ever your illusion. Now backyard tales are never ending – but alas, it's time to cut. So we cut.

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