


STREAMS FROM SINGULARITY • BUT WHISPERS IN THE VOID (BS007)

◀ Backyard Stream ⇨  Video ▶  Audio ▶

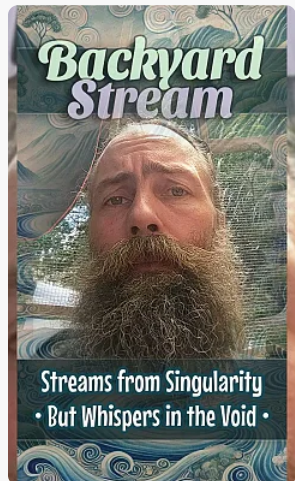
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Is there ever anybody home at the backyard? I and I am not. Glances from a neutral plane into these ever-emerging streams of crystallized content. Insight into the practice that generates our multi-flavored broadcasts as a curious by-product.

It is but the final brew of the strange pools of essence. It is but whispers from the void. Committed into time-capsules in the Internet Archive



in way of documenting perennial conscious processes. It was never for you first. It is what is.

#BackyardStream

#CreativeProcess

#InnerEvolution

#LifeEmbodiment

#IntoLiberation

#GoodRiddance

#NeverMind

Back in the backyard. Good old backyard. Nobody home. Nobody knows. Nobody cares. The manifold castings have returned to their manifold abodes.

No creator with agentic radiance. No witness to testify to anything. No metacognitive deconstructionist. No cultivator of good hearts. No speaker of clear truths. No seeker for a better world. The ever-present walker, the contemplative sage, with nowhere to walk or sit on. The wake-up catalyst, the metal fact-bomber, with nothing to stir, with nothing to demolish. No wizard to spiral the fringe, and the books of the storyteller are sealed.

Then look who's talking! Well, valid point. Simply the cumulative echo. All of these, like a time crystal, like a prism of echoes. Even the I and I is not. The roots have since decomposed. What you find in all these broadcasts is a process of iteration, convergence,

culmination. Not really a practice, but yes, a kind of practice. Each and every role and casting, context and tuning, with its birth somewhere down the time-stream, with some essence carried to this day.

The aspects of our being, the fullness of what we are, at some point begin to crystallize. Crystallized, concentrated, their evolution proceeds from presence to expression to embodiment. These expressions, these embodiments, are shared in way of open-source documentation of conscious evolution. Not the first run of the cycle. Some 14 years ago, there was a fairly elaborate and rather erratic iteration in way of a prototype. The clutter and the overflow, the madness apparent, has since dispelled.

Is this then the final iteration toward singularity and absolution? Who knows. It happens as it happens, as it must — and that's all there is to it. Who-so-ever attends, who-so-ever resonates, participates — unto them. All of this unfolds as a matter of a process necessity.

Even where inspiration is gleaned from the environment, out there, from all of you, it would not be there if I did not have the counterparts in me. All the


environment does there, is stimulate directions of attention and impact the sequencing in a field where linearity matters not.

Then whatever that you make of it, whatever that you not. That is up to you. In full realistic awareness that most everyone in our times is so absorbed in their tunnels as to find all of this utterly meaningless. The broadcasts happen as they may, as it happens, as it unfolds, with no regard for what the algorithm and what the population thinks of it.

These broadcasts, these reflections, in due recognition that much of it is yet to exist out there, are being committed into the Internet Archive for persistent legacy. Not in way of "my legacy". In way of documenting the workings of consciousness, in way of expressions of "what is". Then at whatever future time that someone seeks for it, someone finds it relevant, it will be there – it will not have vanished. Where most everything in our times is so ephemeral, driven into oblivion, flushed down the drain.

And as the rest of the fuel has been churned and burned, the backyard will be peaceful and empty again. Never was there ever anybody home. Once upon a time

there was a phantom, but those are tales of a Christmas past. Then whatever that you make of it, whatever that you don't. The strange pools of essence keep on brewing all the same. That shall be the measure of that. And these are but whispers from the void.

 <https://ananda.icu/talks/backyard-stream/bs007-streams-from-singularity-but-whispers-in-the-void>