

NOT YOUR TRIP MAKER — OUT THERE IS OVERRATED (BZ005)

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Scouting for a bearded mystic to lead you down the yonder rabbit hole? Well you know — yes we could — but I like to bring contrast to your escape schemes. Snap that tether right back in and make sure you remain grounded in solid actuality.



Your gods and angels in the heavens high — we harpoon and reel them back to the earth of what is. If they resist download —

nowhere to be found in the workings of your body and mind – they are all dead, redundant, retarded, retired.

Then forget all those long leaps into the outer space. Take a simple step to the dead center of everything you are – exactly as it is. Return trip from the peripheries back into the elusive core of what you actually are. Right here.

*#BriefSnaps #Grounded #Evolution #TrippingBalls
#BackToReality #Embodiment #Immanence #RabbitHole
#Tethered #AnandaICU*

So, I'm not your trip maker here. If anything quite the opposite. Trip grounder, if anything. Making sure you remain tethered. Don't go too unhinged down the other rabbit hole.

What typically happens is people go guru shopping, spirit shopping, in order to be somewhere, anything but here. In order to escape their present realities. The fact remains – The substance of your enlightenment is right here and right now. In front of you and within you. The more you escape it, the further you go.

Sure I'll watch your trip out of concern. Make sure you don't fall off the edge of the earth. Space holder – a

space of containment. Making sure your integrity remains intact. There's a return path. Sure, we can peek through all sorts of rabbit holes and wormholes out there, probing symbols, probing mythologies – but let's not escape from here.

We set our base camp in the here and now, build our fortress of realization firmly grounded in what is. Your gods in high heavens, we take aim at. Harpoon, drag them down to earth – to the plane of actuality. The god, the spirit, the angel that is nowhere to be found in the workings of your body and mind, in the realm of your living awareness, is as good as dead. Redundant, retarded, retired.

Keeping it real, reeling it all back in, that's the process. There is no process out there. When you go out there, looking for solutions to your existence, you are simply embarking on dualistic trips. You will not find your inner self in the pits of earth, the pits of your ego in the subterranean planes. You will not find your higher self in heavens high. You will not find God just on the other side of outer space.

Then happy trails to you, step by step, boldly marching onward into... nowhere at all – except right here, into

the present moment. Don't take all those hasty steps in all sorts of directions. Try, for once, just to take a single step into the center, present before you, into the middle of what you are. See where that leads you.

Might be a whole brave new world lurking right there. Too close, because you are so far from the center of centers, the point in the middle of all your points. So return trips only please, don't book a one way ticket to outer space. There's nothing in there for you, except confusion. All righty-right then. Keep well. Head piercing the heavens – feet rooted in the ground.

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