

# IN THE LIVING GIST OF SYMBOLS • INVOKE THE ENCODED EXTRACTS (DGOO2)

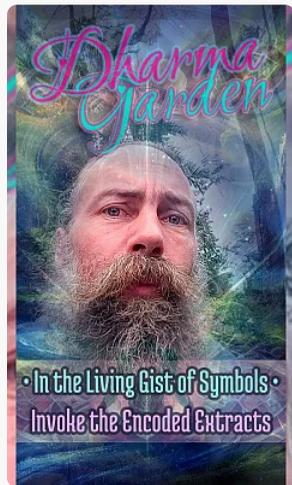
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Symbols and mystic songs of life. How wonderful, those thousand frames of essence – but shall we also peek through the window into the embodied presence of what is, the living expressions encoded in our signs and symbols? None of it mysteries that crack in the yonder dimension – all of it riddles and recall keys of the depths of your here and now.



We recollect and extract a set of the "most meaningful symbols" – poured in by a group of seekers in a February

workshop: Emerald Tablets, Inner Sun. Serene Mountain Lake, Motifs of Seven Provinces. Maha-Kali, Universal Mother. Yin and Yang, Eight Infinity. Trident of Trinity. Cross of Death, Ankh of Life. Then all of it: As It Is. Beyond our dream visions.

#DharmaGarden

#Symbols

#Embodiment

#MysticTales

#Extraction

#LivingEssence

#LifeOfLegends

#DirectExperience

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**Wherever I may roam, I meet songs full of symbols,**  
symbols of invocation. Invoking not into another world,  
but for extraction into the life here and now. Some  
songs booming from the jukebox of the collective mind,

and others from the so many mouths of the individuals, seeking in this world. finding their signs, milestones, pavilions of meaning.

Symbols – to be extracted, to be expressed. When the symbols are extracted and brought to life, the songs carrying them become bridges of essence, connecting all of us together.

Yesterday, as it happens, we did a fantastic little workshop with 15 seekers, shamans, spiritualists, each pouring out their symbols and tales of choice into the shared field. And so we mined, we extracted, we mused, we brought symbols from the many walks of life back into the shared tree of life. Then, in a snapshot, the songs of essence we found in our midst.

### **Emerald Tablets, Inner Sun, Seven Realms United**

And lo, did it start with the emerald tablets and the sun of the inner earth. You yourself, the planet earth, with your atmospheres, refracting the pure white light from the sun out there, leading to recognition of the world of your objects. The sun of your inner earth, ignited into fusion with the inflows of essence from the many realms of your life. The illumination of your contents,

the illumination of your microcosm. There you have the inner sun, and there you will write your own tablets of essence.

Then, the embroideries and arts of the seven provinces by the mountains. One of them a coiled braid atop your head. Then bring together, into fusion, the arts of the seven provinces, into the eighth that unifies it all. Then, elect and uplift the arts of essence from your realms into the crown of your being. Weave together the harmonic loom of sovereign abiding.

### **The Lake of Essence at the Mountain Peak of Truth**

Then, what of the serene lake by the high mountain peak? There I find my peace. When the waves of the world grow loud, chaotic, disruptive, I roar from the bottom of my heart – and there it all plunges again. And yes, there is the basin of the essence of your being, the cauldron of your best harvests.

At the zenith of the mountain, your vision eye turns inward, revealing the contents of your lake – all the way to the ocean floor. Where conflicts yet remain beneath the surface, there we roar the voice of truth – be reconciled, be harmonized. And of the essence of life

in your lake, synchronized, harmonized, a great radiant crystal will rise, reaching for the skies.

### **Of Deities: The Dark Magnet and The Cosmic Mother**

Then, of deities and symbols, straight into the heavyweights. Maha-Kali, the great wrathful dark mother. Death and rebirth, cycles of regeneration. There to magnetize your chaos, to flatline your lake, for new life of essence to be born. For only in the flatline of the silence of the dark inner night, will your sun shine bright and clear.

Then, what of the universal mother? Ya devi sarva-bhuteshu, shakti-rupena samsthitah. Yes, that embodied essence of divine life, established in all that becomes. Then sing her songs, hail her heart, in all that life brings before you. Every context. Do not keep the symbols of your deities in a little box reserved for particular situations, to be invoked by a particular formula. Universalize.

### **Of Deities: The Trinity of Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva**

And then we have the trident, the trimurti, the trinity. Brahma, Vishnu, Shiva. The beginning, the end, and the

middle. The above, the below, and the between. The radiant creator of origins, the initial spark of life. The silent witness at the terminal, absorbing the ultimate meanings. In between, the sustainer, the mediator, the divinity of the present in the midst.

Like a juggler spinning the perpetual cycles of beginning and end, of birth and death, of creation and destruction. For a simple fellow embracing the brights and darks of life, like the Yin and the Yang, each with a dot in the other. If Brahma be the bright and Shiva be the dark, then Vishnu be the line in their midst, holding the dots for these polarities. And cycle we must, over and over – yet be not a serpent chasing its tail without an aim.

## **Crossing and Looming Our Shared Stream of Symbols**

If you seek infinity, then twist your loop in the midst, create a nexus of essence. Whatever that cycles out there, brings essence to the midst, brought inward, and again from the cycle, essence in the midst. Accumulate, harvest. Then pin it down. Seal it with a cross of horizontal and vertical. In there you die, and of there, like an Ankh, new life is born again.

Then tablets of essence, written in the light of the inner sun, at the highest peak in the deepest lake of your being. Pattern arts from the seven realms brought together, emerging like a crystal flower in the heart of your loom, covering the depths of your ocean. The troublesome loose ends in your looms, pruned and magnetized by the great dark wrathful mother. Threads in the lap of the cosmic mother, the mother in the guiding heart of each thread.

Each thread, horizontal and vertical, their beginnings, their middles and their ends, held woven into the trident of the witness beyond. The infinite heart of our looping threads, the crossing and sealing of life, death, and life again. Such are the songs and symbols of the seekers of the essence of life. May these poems resonate with you, enliven the realms of your being and becoming.

### **Into the Embodied Essence of Our Living Legends**

Ever seek the essence of your symbols. In the here and now, in all that you are. At the end of the day, it is what it is, and we are what we are. Not the symbols and the dreams born of our symbols – but simply as it is. Your breath is simply your breath. Your guts are simply your

guts. Not the wind god, not the realm of magical serpents. Your beating heart is simply your beating heart, and your twelve cranial nerves are not apostles of the zodiac.

Magical beings and mythic cosmologies are born from the essence of our being. Not the other way around. Recognize the essential underlying pattern in all things. Distill, integrate. That is the path of embodiment. Nothing at all in the high heavens, that you would not find in this body and mind of yours. May you find peace, basking in the rays of your inner sun.

 <https://ananda.icu/talks/dharma-garden/dg002-in-the-living-gist-of-symbols-invoke-the-encoded-extracts>