

# AS CLARITY SUBMERGES IN THE SEA · YOUR COGNITIVE TRAINING WARES (FRO05)

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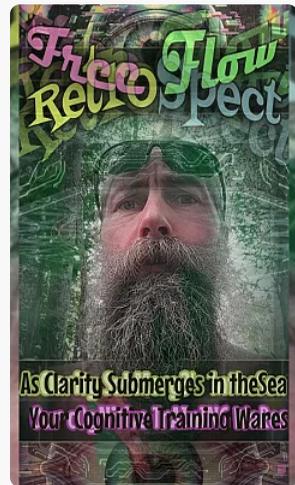
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How so clear but not at all? Era 2 flowed. Era 3 crafted. Still none lands. When crystal clear truth must bury itself under six feet of volcanic ash, you've arrived at station 7¾. The macro and micro running the same process: the world drowning in deep-fake realities, the inner seeker hunting silver threads through the sediment.



Cognitive training wares: fifteen years of Systemic Spirituality shoved into the blender. Lady Gaga's Little Monsters. Archetypal mandalas swap-in for the Queen's Boobs. Here we

are – Dante and Beatrice on the hillside, Basmala and treetops blossoming. Will you find the essence or drown? Simple reality, calling. Keep it real.

This summary was collaboratively crafted in the quirky confluence of synthetic intelligence. Dive in. Tune straight. Beyond free. To be or not to be? See or not to see? Ask the sea my friend – or watch the bee descend.

#FreeFlowRetroSpect

#CognitiveTraining

#SilverThreads

#StationSevenAndThreeQuarters

#VolcanicAsh

#StraightPath

**Like, what in the actual what-the-hell?** This series don't make any sense to me at all. Very disjointed. Very confusing. Why must you speak like that? Can't you just be coherent, straight-forward, stick to the point?

Well, look, my friend, in a little retrospect of all these broadcasts. In the second era, up until last November, I was going with the flow, finding the grooves, churning out the essence. All of those, for anyone with a basic working capacity for introspection, a basic command of symbols, poetic expression, it would already have made a world of sense.

Come the third era, methodical presentation, archetypal cycles, rather very clear. I mean, "Clear Takes", "Stations of the Path" – how much more clear does it need to get? Basic metacognitive lenses, vantage points into reality, tunings into truth. If you look into it, it might be clear. If you don't, then it's not. That is, if you look into all of that without your subjective distorting lenses, without the veils you hold in place, it's rather clear.

"Yet, how God hath sealed their hearing and their hearts, shrouded their vision." And how their sickness shall ever increase, driven by the pathogen of subject separation. That we hold on to – tight. Veiled from the straight path, hovering in drunken stupor. What is even this truth, there is no truth.

Yet there is ever the plane of reality. Beyond our projections, assertions, distortions. Have a see sometime. What does it tell you, where does it push you? But no, we will not hold to the straight and clear path. We're busy opening all these doors into our trip realms. Me and me, somewhere in my dreams.

And with that, my friend, when all is crystal clear but none lands, we arrive at station seven and three

quarters. That was once radiant and bright, clear and well-structured, is now covered under six feet of volcanic ash. This is the process in your microcosmic realm, the quest for essence, looking for the silver threads. And it's also the process in the macrocosm, in the great world out there.

Look at the stage. None gives the first hoot for clear and straightforward unbiased truth. So we need wars, calamities, deep fake realities. That's what you're really craving for, so that's what you get. Now AI powered, unlimited. Plunge as deep into your illusions and delusions as you ever may, and we shall see what comes out of it. As such, all of this in "Free Flow Retrospect" is cognitive training material. Will you find the essence – will you drown?

The enactment of this very process, some fifteen years ago, was nothing short of epic. I had booted up my project, Systemic Spirituality, extracting the essential patterns and axioms from all across the landscape of wisdom traditions and beyond. Hundreds of write-ups, hundreds of hand-crafted graphics. All in an attempt to communicate something very basic.

So I took it all, and I shoved it in the blender of the ages. Scripted transformation of infinite permutations. Hundreds and hundreds of packets, flooding in day after day. It's still all there in my legacy Facebook. Literally tens of thousands of artifacts, floating in the orbits. And I used to dive there, every once in a blue moon. See, does it make sense? Does the image match the description? What's the connection? Is there a connection? Training my awareness.

Because that's exactly what happens in life at some point. You are not always in your neatly curated reality. Sometimes you are tossed smack middle the weirdest dreams. Can you, in those holographic hallucinations, still find your roots and your silver threads? And so I pondered, if no one gives the first shit, then let me sprout something that matters. That matters in the reality tunnels all these people are swooshing in, where some resonance of essence is yet to be found.

So I became a mystic archetypal Lady Gaga fan for like a year. That was a hilarious phrase. Even had a very active account on Little Monsters. How fantastic. So Lady Gaga never descended from her cloud platform, but alas, the Queen of MySpace did. And alas, the

millions of her fans were rather very confused, hoping to see boobs, but were dished out archetypal three-dimensional mandalas with binaural pattern beats.

So that's all there in the random riots of the yonder years, but here we are today. Gazing at the highest heavens, like Dante and Beatrice in their divine comedies. Wrestling through our purgatories, crossing the seven layers of hell. Oddly evocative treetops framed on the background. To be or not to be? Roaming the hillsides with my favorite cognitive support creature.

Here we are. Then. Bis'millāhi r-rahmāni r-rahīm. Who knows what you may uncover when you drive into the depths and take the straight path ahead. Simple reality. Calling for you. Yes, the treetops are blossoming for you. Peel away your veil of ideas. Stick to the plain naked raw truth. Keep it real. That alone is the straight path to reality.

Oh, but yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah. Well, oh, but like whatever then. Okay. Update fresh in from the World Bank. Jesus consolidating his assets on the cloud platform. Santa Claus holding secrets in the bunker.

Come what may. We have no idea. Yet here we are. And it all is, as it is, whatever that is. It's simple.

 <https://ananda.icu/talks/free-flow-retrospect/fr005-as-clarity-submerges-in-the-sea-your-cognitive-training-wares>