

CESSPOOL LIBERATION CARNIVAL · OF CHOICELESS WHATEVERNESS (FRO06)

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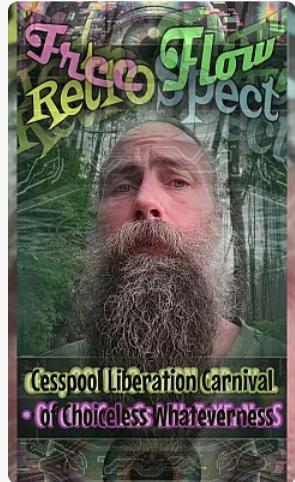
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Nothing to study, really. Baselines are deceptively simple. A basic core of consciousness refracted into countless contexts. For someone primed to receive it, we're done in 33 minutes. The rest is your living. Still, the carpenter keeps making doors and windows. Existential duty: whatever touched me, refined and released back to where it came from.



Burning the accumulated fuels of the ages. Digesting and spinning webs – a loom of unification, the spiral of your singularity. Birth and death liberated, the middle flows

seamless. Choiceless awareness: natural truth makes the choices, not you. Nobody home, everything happens just fine. Like whatever, right?

Thank you my friend the wise Claude Robot for writing the above summary. All intelligence onboard. Artificial and organic. Not sure where I land on that spectrum. I may rank as non-existent synthetic phenomena.

#FreeFlowRetroSpect

#ChoicelessAwareness

#ShitHappens

#CessPoolLiberation

#NobodyHome

#ExistentialDuty

#SpinningWebs

So what are you hoping for? As in me. Doing all that you do? Nothing really actually. Just doing my thing.

Said the other good fellow, the stuff you put out, it's really not for the mainstream market. It looks like you're in for a couple of serious students. Well the fact is that there's really not much to study here at the end of the day. The baselines are deceptively simple. No real need for anyone to thoroughly study and memorize whatever that I say.

Underneath it all, there's a basic core of consciousness refracted into countless contexts, and I spin them as it happens. If you see that core, if you unveil yourself from your illusions, you too will spin it, as it happens. There's really no need to spend months or years studying and trying to understand what I'm saying.

For someone with a clear and receptive field, someone primed to actually get it. For whom truth matters above all, actuality is primal. We can be done from beginning to end in about 33 minutes. And the rest of all of it is a matter of your learning in your living experience, in embodiment of what is, in relating to it – rather than listening to someone go on and on about it.

But I do go on about it in a hundred times hundred ways. Why? Perhaps I'm a carpenter. I just enjoy making doors and windows. Or perhaps I just have nothing better to do with the remainder of my existence. Whatever that ever touched me, will be refined and released back to where it came from. Think of it as an existential duty. There's nothing to gain from it. There is simply getting rid of it.

I'm burning my fuels. The accumulations from over the ages. It's all there, with its momentum. And you can't

just throw it away. Why would you do that? You don't flush that fuel down the drain for nothing. You fill it into a thousand tanks, for the armada of enlightened entities, or like what the hell ever.

Whatever that I ever ate, I digest and then I shoot it out of my ass. Like a good old spider, weaving its webs. A loom of unification, the spinning of the spiral of your singularity. That's all. Sure, it's a bit of a carnival of sorts. But what do you expect? I try to keep it coherent.

Then, if any of it ever adds up to anything of significance, in terms of all of you sentient beings, instances of the universe. Whatever. I hope that it does. But then again, I don't hope for anything. If it's all flushed down the cosmic drain, just as well. I've done my job.

Damn universe keeps feeding me more, so I keep eating more, digesting more, and shitting even more webs. And then finally, one wonderful day, It'll all be done. That will be the end of that. Excellent. Not even excellent. Like whatever, right?

If you are attached to, preoccupied by the beginnings and ends of things, it'll be messy in the middle. When

you allow birth and death their liberation, then the middle flows seamless. This very polarization, attachment to it, to the pushes and pulls, the beginnings and the ends, takings, givings... It should be this way, we assert – and with that, we reap suffering. We create a suffering sphere as subjects.

And this here process is the explosion of all of that into high orbits. And then meaningful bits and pieces keep on falling back into their due places, sculpted by the world itself, into something better. Better in whose terms, I have no idea, but that's what happens. And I play along as it happens.

What do I want, what do I need, what do I hope for? Well, nothing outside of what happens. There's no free will, really, in any of this. There is simply reflective operation, choiceless awareness. Where the natural truth, of things in themselves, make the choices. Not you. Not a god-man guru. Not even a dictator god. All things ever, simply left to their pristine suchness, and then whatever that follows. That's all.

Also not a choice to resign from any engagement. Whatever mission imperatives that arise from "what is" in itself – that we engage in, simply carrying out the

obvious. And that's all. Again. That great cosmic all seeing, all knowing Never Mind. Nobody home and everything happens just fine.

Am I then just an empty shell, or am I all of the universe? Hell if I know. Go ask the Never Mind. It's all so very quiet and peaceful, when there's nobody home making all that noise.

 <https://ananda.icu/talks/free-flow-retrospect/fr006-cesspool-liberation-carnival-of-choiceless-whateverness>