

# TRANSPARENT DATING PLATFORM FOR FULLNESS & EMPTINESS (FROO7)

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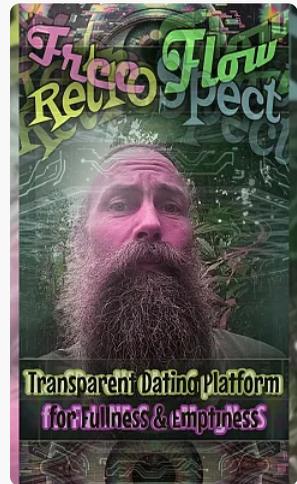
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Nobody home. Sys-op has left the studio. Transparent dating platform between fullness and emptiness – automatic matchmaking operational. The gnostic sages on their pedestals, the twin-flame seekers, the guru-cult hopefuls – all repelled by design. The polarities finding their own way home without a matchmaker claiming credit.



Iterating 0 through 111 and back to whateverness. The transconceptual syzygetic transdimensional whatever – accurate, impossible, punctured immediately. A dragon in the

wheels of time, puffing smoke, heading home. Bits shifting.  
Clear blue skies. You can let go.

Above abstract was aptly extracted by Sonnet the budding  
pattern bard from the longer organic internals dump you find'll  
below. Don't be a tractor driving down the slanted vector. Be an  
extractor for the highest attractor.

#FreeFlowRetroSpect

#NobodyHome

#TransparentMediatrrix

#FullnessAndEmptiness

#WheelsOfTime

#ClearBlueSkies

**So there's ever the question**, why doesn't any of this  
seem to land? Whatever that I share in a merry little  
rainbow of tunings and framings, simple and complex,  
all sorts. Am I like fundamentally oozing out toxic  
fumes or what? Or, are we playing an encore of the son  
of man must be rejected by his generation, or what?

I get that exposure is limited when I refuse to play the  
mind-flayer game of the algorithm. Where I upload a  
video, the ancient vehicle of enlightenment, and  
YouTube wants to show it to that handful of people  
looking for '88 model of Chrysler wagon with extra  
headlights. Okay.

But beyond that, isn't there a big little world of people out there into these sorts of things, from the Advaita philosopher to the Gnostic mystic, and what have you. So it makes you wonder, it makes you ponder. Even for all of those talking of a unified core to existence, they are somehow very elusive.

They like to be on their little islands, on their big little pedestals, playing the gnostic sage, playing the non-dual mystic. It's not that we're actually into living, implementing all of these consequential insights. We just look for them as props. Basically, profiling ourselves, carving out our niche and standing out, any which way.

And then, do you have the scavengers, landing in, hoping to carve out something for themselves from all of this. Thank God I naturally repel those wannabe students, hoping to set up a guru cult or looking for a magic daddy. Like I literally inject, immunize anti-that, into most of what I share, because that's really very not healthy.

Then, as one might expect, for someone who's accidentally landed with a profile somewhere between a resurrected rabbi and a Himalayan yogi, you have the

spiritual seekers of soulmates, twin flames, syzygies, what have you. Looking for their counterparts. Will you be the Jesus to my Mary? Or would you be the Shiva to my Shakti, the Vajrasattva for my Yogini?

All of that mere identity craft. Whoever that has released the first tether of their egos. And how they all seek validation through coupling. Even that gnostic sage, even that non-dual philosopher, they need to have a significant other to validate what they experience. So that's a pass. Thank you.

This quest for unity and fullness, for your self-fullness... Look into emptiness, will you? There you have your primordial soulmates, fullness and emptiness. Then in the ultimate feat of identity assertion, should I become the fullness, should I become the emptiness? "That I am." I am the cosmic purusha itself – and how I crave to couple with prakriti. How bizarre! So we are not any of that, in any real lasting sense. Transitory, as it happens. I am that I am, that I am not, and I become, as it happens, like whatever.

So what am I then? I'm like a transparent dating platform between fullness and emptiness, between the polarities of existence. Nobody home, the sys-op has

left the studio. Automatic matchmaking algorithms operational. Nobody home, and everybody home.

Bits and bits are shifting. 0, 1. 00, 01, 10, 11. 000, 001, 010, 011, 100, 101, 110, 111. And back to whateverness. Dancing in the magnetic fields of whatever that is. Not the phase. Not the neutral. Not even the ground of being. Nobody home, everybody home, reporting live from the circus. Who is? Who knows? Who knows, that one is. I have no idea.

Should I then call this the "transconceptual integral samadhi of innate operational intelligence". Or perhaps the "syzygetic divine love mediatrix for ultimate existential reconciliation". "Transdimensional weavers of the self-organizing fabric of fundamental reality." Or maybe just a bunch of this and that, tit for that, quarreling and making up again, trying to be civilized specimens of consciousness.

So that's all very entertaining and hilarious there, but alas, nobody cares. Everyone's already tuned into the cosmic nevermind. So that's all folks, I'm heading home. Just munching up the final bits and pieces, then taking an itsy-bitsy a little poop, and – end of line. And if there be a continuum of enlightened thought-forms

left behind in my wake, taking care of the poops I left behind, then whatever. But like basically done and done, toodley-doo. Okay.

One final smoke for the road though... because I'm secretly a dragon in wheels of time, or like whatever. You can let go of that inner matrix of baggage. Take a breath under clear blue skies. Life as it is.

 <https://ananda.icu/talks/free-flow-retrospect/fr007-transparent-dating-platform-for-fullness-and-emptiness>