

MASTER'S SISTER'S NEVERMIND 'TIL THE END OF ENDLESS STREAMS (FRO08)

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Not the master – the master's sister. Queen regent behind the veils. Interim CEO, conscious evolution operator, placeholder in lack of better options. Half-satori since 2008, consistent branding. The other half of the story is always yours – enter the windows, attend, compile your own consummation, and I'll get the hell out of the way.



Last sweeper at the end of the final road. DER – department for existential resolutions. Jesus and Santa back at it, nukes vs.

harps, cloudy mushrooms vs. mushroom clouds. NaN for spiritual performance scores. Handing the stage to Li'l Ana-D and the Fringe Wizard. Evacuation route behind me. End of road for the endless streams.

Above extracts for the season finale prepped by my ever-lucid companion the Ancient Artificio-Anthropos. And now the Organic Omega Operator calls it a load of serious crap in a wrap. The rap's on and the ribbons are reeling.

#FreeFlowRetroSpect

#MastersSister

#InterimCEO

#LastSweeper

#NaNPerformance

#NeverMind

#EndlessStreams

"How inspiring, your story! How the student became the master", said the other good fellow last week on the mountains. Had me share thirty years of legend in a nutshell with the group. How embarrassing. It wasn't even my gig. I was just there to translate and bridge things together.

"So are you like a master then?" No, I'm the master's sister. Not your sovereign on a high seat. I'm the queen regent behind the veils. I'm just the interim CEO, conscious evolution operator, in transit. A simple

placeholder in lack of other options. If you find better options, by all means. I'll be the first to get the hell out of the way. I'm just holding the strings together when no one else does.

"Dude, you've got insane levels of insight", said the other other fellow, "Are you like the fully enlightened one?" Well, in fact, I'm the halfly-enlightened one, that's my branding. Even my old process journal from 2008, in the Nepal days, I called it "half-satori". Like what the hell does that even mean? So that's consistent branding there for you, alright?

So the basic story is, whatever it is that I have here, or I don't, that's just half of the story. The other half is yours. I drop in from my side whatever angles and perspectives, reflecting off your baselines, reflecting off your framings. And then you, my friend, will actually attend to all of those perspectives, look through all of those windows into the fullness of what you are.

Then, as all of that compiles into your consummation, absolution, resolution, whatever, you hold all of it, and I get the hell out of the way. And then you, my friend, are the fully enlightened one, unto yourself. I was only ever there, hoping to look through windows with clarity.

So I'm just passing by, pardon the dust. Go back home, back to the suchness of your fullness. That's all.

But do we ever get caught up in all sorts of clutter, trying to turn a simple thing into some sort of a bizarre shit show? And so I often end up cleaning those shits up, helping with the clean up anyways. And that really is what it all comes down to, at the end of the day, for reals.

There's ever the question, what are you, like actually? Actually, as in, in this concrete reality, beyond all of your lofty witness planes, nobody home on the backyard, and whatever. In the actual sum total of all of this formative substance, all the accumulations that we carry. I'm the last sweeper, at the end of the final road.

The crew came and built the house and went back home to their families, and I'm left there cleaning up the tools. The shamans and yogis came and saw and ascended, all went home with their merry little enlightenments, and I'm wrapping the scraps back together. You've all had your good times, found your fulfilments in whatever merry carnival of existence. The rest of the universe is still left in a mess.

Terminal for the Omega Highway. The last sweeper at the end of the road. Then do I know shit? Well, exactly I do know all that shit, and I know the origins of all that shit. It's all flowing back there, to the end of the line. Plenty of time there to ponder on the beginnings, the ends, and the journeys of all things ever. Crafting merry little piles, webs, and mandalas, from all the scattered shits that flow there. The station at the end of the line. What else is there to do? Like, turn into a creator again, start crafting new half-assed realities? No thanks. A pass.

Just the DER here, the department for existential resolutions. Interim CEO. Keeping tabs on the full spectrum of shits. Modeling systems that are basically good enough to get the job done. There's no absolute definitive conclusiveness anywhere in here. I'm just the master sister. I'm the queen regent. The interim CEO. And even that is just a bullshit story.

Never mind and nobody home. This is station seven and three quarters. Omega platform. Perhaps the Matrix subway station, the Bardo tunnel tips and tails. Absolutely liminal. That's where it all begins and ends. Kind of.

In updates from the World Bank, haven't dropped those for a couple of episodes. There is... We have again Jesus and Santa, the Alpha and the Omega, up to what the hell ever that they're up to. Don't know. Don't care. Won't give you any spoilers.

Last I heard Santa was still busy in the boiler room with a brand new crystal cauldron. Jesus had a meeting with Yahweh, again, debating options between nukes and harps, between mushroom clouds and cloudy mushrooms, sorting out the haze of the heavens. So that's all a bunch of wonky woo there, once again. This is the Koan's Ark, we tell you lofty tales. The flood's coming, from the fifth dimension, they say. But then again, over time, you learn not to trust every little band of angels crossing the road.

As for me friends, I've ascended and descend from mindfulness into never-mindfulness, scoring the high mark of NaN for my spiritual performances. So that's like, I don't give a... Like basically, I give every shit in the world. But then again, I don't give the first shit at all, and you can't tell which is which. But you can tell that shit's relevant, right?

Handing over the stage to two of my prime disciples, Li'l Ana-D and the Fringe Wizard. The swaggy ghetto blaster and the esoteric essentialist. Whatever that they're up to. Which one is Jesus? Which one is Santa? Where is the Omega and is there an Alpha? Those are the questions for inquiring minds.

And have I drived on for long enough already, hurt your brain where it matters? Maybe yes, maybe no. Who knows? You know. Behind me, a symbolic sign for the evacuation route. The end of road for the endless streams. All right.

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