

CENTERED HUMAN — OR ARE YOU MOLE, FISH, WASP OR BIRD? (PK004)

◀ Little Wanderer ✧ 📺 Video ▶ 🎵 Audio ▶

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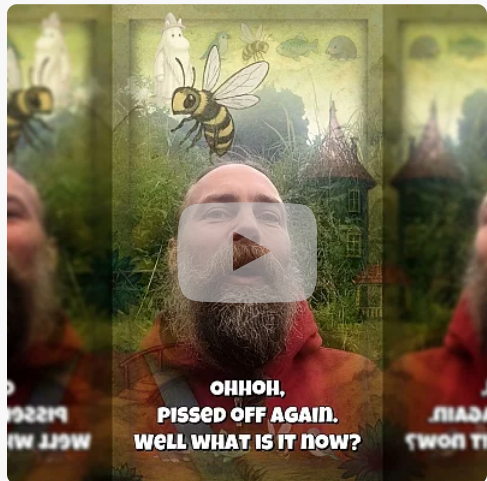
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Translated from Finnish
source material. •

Porcupine has spikes. Bird
has feathers. Human child
has centered brains.
Assuming we haven't gone
wonky. When wonky, we
are but human animals.



🦫 Sometimes you're a
mole lurking underground. 🐟 Often you're a fish going with the
stream. 🐝 Sometimes you're a wasp stinging without cause.
🐦 Even at times a bird hovering in the skies.

Wherever that my path may lead. But let's come back home too. Base human nest isn't in the animal nests of phenomenal world. Liberate human source nature from the slavery of instinct and habit.

Human of high awareness recognizes itself in the mirror. But do you recognize the self-nature you reflect in the moment? Ever jolted by the alien being looming in the mirror of your mind?

Have you met the mole or the fish? Are you a wasp or bird again? Let the little wanderer not be long stuck into the extremes of life. In today's fable, we direct the zoo folks toward a state of harmony.

Onward then to build Noah's arc. In between your ears there. Flood will soon again come to the world. Don't drown in the masses. Human child continues the journey – through the blissful open space.

*#PieniKulkija #HumanAnimals #Mole #Bird #Wasp #Fish
#NoahsArc #NestOfAwareness #SourceNature #Balance
#AnandaICU*

Ohhoh, pissed off again. Well what is it now? Have you got wasps in your pants, or in between your ears? Do

you in, your days, breathe sulphur fumes – or fresh air?
Do you sip, at dawn's open, fresh water or gravel
shrapnel?

Let us lighten the mood with a song mashup. "Hedgehog has spikes, bird has feathers, Child of human has middle-center brains." I can't sing, but the message is clear. Are you a bird or a fish? Are you a mole or a wasp? Or are you a human there in the midst of all things?

Living beings are all wonky one way or another, and that's what makes them the beings they are. We humans have a capacity to look at all things from the fork in the road, to rise above ourselves. But if we drift one way or another, if our identity is entwined, bound to certain states, emotive states, then we are just human animals. Entities just as all the rest of them. Dragged by instincts, dragged by habits, dragged by the world, not above the things that be, not within real freedom of choice.

Let's cover the zoo folk for a bit, to find out what branch of species fits each. What is the mole? Mole is easily upset, should the earth tremble a notch. Mole likes to be digging in its own tunnel. Daylight may also strain

the eyes, if you must too much look at the big picture of world's workings. Fish then splashes around, goes with the flow, adapts quite well to the surrounding substance. Have you met a mole or a fish?

Wasp, don't you poke around that nest too much, it'll come and sting you quick, get upset and react to all sorts. Bird then glides in the sky, doesn't care to bond much with terrestrial ongoings. It's good to be free there, little weight of worries, head unstressed, but you also don't build much in the sky up there.

Are you a bird or a fish? Are you a mole or a wasp? Pondering that, reeling ourselves back from the edges to the centerpoint. Don't always have to be a fish, caught in the pull of every odd stream, adapt too much when the flow goes the wrong way. Don't also have to always be a wasp, cranky and reactive.

You may ask to self, is this truly a situation that should turn me a wasp. Is my reaction due, does it advance anything at all. Sometimes you must react, to keep things in the right direction. But if the situation doesn't call for it, if the openings are not there, then no point for a human to turn into a wasp.

So in each of us there lives a little cow, a little mole, a little fish, a little wasp, and a little bird. Perhaps the bear is there too, even the chameleon. All these capacities of life, we engage where necessary. We become something for the moment, and then return to that center point of human awareness, where you don't have to be anything at all.

Human is one of the few creatures to recognize themselves in the mirror. But does the human recognize, what's the mirror's image at a given time? Now there's a question to ponder. Who controls their reactions, their life's animals walk in tune, like in Noah's ark they ever might.

Who twitches over this and that, the whole zoo escapes to human pastures. Not like that, don't have to twitch, react, become every sort of animal. Simply as a human being at the center of awareness, reflectively moving on in life. It moves along smoother. On these notes, ahead in our lives.

My friend mole, do not hide too much. My friend fish, learn to swim against the current too. My friend wasp, don't sting unless you really must. And my friend bird of high, do make a nest too in a good tree somewhere. I,

little human child, continue my journey into space,
reflecting whatever whenever. There we go. Be well
y'all.

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