


THE WIRED TAIL OF THE WORLD - RUN TO MT. WHAT-EVEREST (QDO13)

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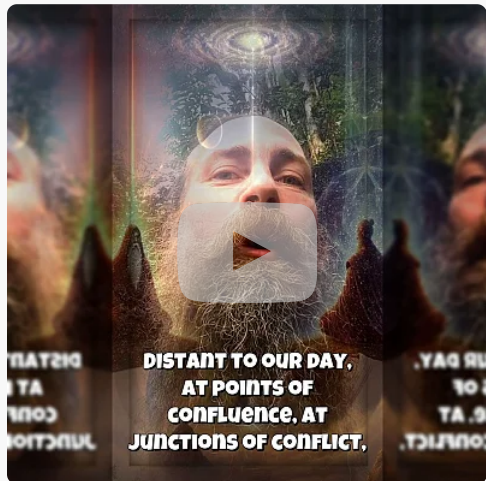
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 Ancient processes.
Iterating to their
necessary conclusions.
Cognitive time-travelers
and deep pattern-weavers
were there – Tuning at
confluences of time,
tweaking at conflict
junctions. Today's fixers,
many veils apart from the
root causal stream.





What you may or may not do – support problems and solutions – Of those be your feel-goods. Acts of very limited consequence. Our roles – but representative specimens of a deeper process. These transmissions – a mere vibing-out at the event horizon.



Not a fatalist – nor a nihilist – neither nor utopian idealist. Yet how prophetic and eerie, today's transmission! What gives! Just emptying out them pockets. Matters of transparency matter. Pulling your Nosetradamus. Spaghetti pattern from your nostrils.



Star atop the Xmas Tree? I am not. Watch the skies tho. Ergo. Nous. I'm a-trekkin' to the summit of Mt. What-Everest. Run to the hills! Climb up the peak tree. Take in the views? See you on the yonder side of the Whateverness Plateau.

#QuickDrops #CausalStream #FluxOfTime #PatternWatchers
#EOL #Terminal #HarvestTime #WhatEverest #What
#EverNess #AnandaICU

Systemic dysfunction, corrupt premises, fatal errors at a scale. What you gonna do? Do your little part. Be a part of the solution, not the problem. That's how you accomplish your personal feel-goods. That's all.

These here transmissions, spelling out common sense, iterating the primaries of our healthy foundation. I'm entirely aware these are mere fringe signals. They are unlikely to add to anything at all in the big picture of things. I am simply vibing it out on the event horizon of things to come, whatever that I carry in my pockets. There is nothing whatsoever of a lasting impact that you will accomplish on the surface. Not beyond the first veil.


Your illuminatis, whatever enlightened assemblies. They too, busying themselves, for better or worse, unlikely to stand the test of times, the winds that are blowing from ancient days. For certain depths of momentum have been wired deep and wide, both into our individual consciousness and into the cultural continuum of the world at large.

Distant to our day, at points of confluence, at junctions of conflict, far-seeing individuals, deep-thinking cognitive time-travelers, pattern-watchers, unnamed, peace be upon them all, planted their signals, wired the system to provide counter-forces, even establishing religions. At face value of a particular import, and in the causal continuum of another import.

These are all in motion, and there is no turning the boat back at this point. The patterns that be, their momentums will be iterated to their due conclusions. Nothing you can do about it. We are watchers, witnesses of the unfolding of our civilization. The endgame, the demise.

May these be lessons for us, may they be material for our evolution. May we, in being part of these peculiar times, these turbulent times, uplift ourselves and those we associate with to a plane beyond the birth of all these conflicts. It's a tragedy. It's a comedy. Let the world keep on turning. Play your roles, spin your games, for whatever that it's worth, or for nothing at all.

Witnessing the ways of the world, I have decided to trek to the peak of Mount Whateverest. At the summit there I will sit down, meditate, absolutely absorbed in whatever. For Mount Whateverest is the summit of your liberation, and if in there you should climb to the top of the highest pine tree, you will have attained the highest whateverness of all. Mr. WakeyMan checking out from What-Ever-Everland. See you!

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