


THE BOOK OF MOOT UNRAVELS · HOLLOW SOLOMAN TALES (WDO17)


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Whole lot of job done there. But this ain't the Book of Lot or Job. This is the Book of Moot – the Tales of the Soloman, a voice in the wilderness, bellowing from the ancient yonders, pondering past the zenith of convergent wisdoms.

Hollow of hollows. Void of voids. Moot of moots. Generation after generation. Sun goes up and down. Any way the wind blows. Water flows in streaming cycles. Fires of our grind they keep on ever burning. What is crooked won't be straight.



Have I been what all in these toils of convergent wisdom, the crowns and thrones squatted. Kingdoms and world trees from Israel to Asgard brought to alignment with jewel-plates of judgment cast clear with the secret ravenstones. All void.

All happens as it ever must in the gears of the universe churning itself. Even the Book of Moot must ever be written, for naught and nill, in oblations to oblivion, in sacrifice slaying the lambroods at the ancient dawn – and it is done.

#WDMusings

#Wisdom

#Moot

#Solomon

#Asgard

#Void

Cat #musings. **So that's a whole lot of job there.** A job well done. But this ain't the Book of Job or the Book of Lot. Despite the adversities and the struggles, despite squatting at the gates of a doomed civilization.

It's the Book of Moot. The wailings of a voice in the wilderness. The tales of Soloman hailing from the ancient yonders. *Om layam layam sūrālayam sulayamānam manonāśāt prākṛta-saṁskṛtam.* Hollow of hollows, void of voids, moot of moots, generation after generation. The sun goes up and down. Any way

the wind blows. Rains, the streams flow, into the basin, and back it cycles again. And how the fires of our grind ever so burn.

In this harvest festival of convergent wisdom, have I been the king of high Jerusalem, wearing the breastplate of judgment with its twelve tribal jewels. With Urim and Thummim, those secret stones in my secret pockets, for getting it all sorted? Have I been the lord sovereign of Asgard, with the twin ravens, dark and light, on my shoulders, scouting up and down the length and breadth of Yggdrasil the world tree. Its roots, up-a-top, cut with asanga-shastram, the weapon of dissociation – unentangled.

Such a parade, marching with the troops of angels and jinns. Step not on that ant, and what says the hoopoe bird? Is the queen of Sheba for real or just another puppet? Rounding up the folks for the Ragnarok'n moshpit. Aesir and Vanir, where will you go? Bright and dark elves, what's your story? And the giants of ice and fire, wherever that their battle axes may fall at the end of the polarizations?

Yet what is crooked, it cannot be straightened, and what is lacking cannot be counted. For only the


uncountable is lacking. That bright white light of conscious radiance before it hits the prism, before it becomes the subject shell. And all things must happen, as they do, in this great machinery of creation.

Even the Book of Moot must be written, as a testament, as a statement on "what is" and "what is not" – what is lacking. How the Son of Man is rejected by his generation. How the Lamb is sacrificed from the creation of the world. Mythic ponderings, but real realities. The alignment of the human essence, is not agreeable to those who hold to their stations, who squat in their favorite churches.

And for emptiness to be wed with fullness, composites must be deconstructed. The creation, its fabric, must unravel. The Soloman is not sad at the summit of his wisdom, wailing over the mootness of his works. Nor does the lamb wail over the generations, their creation, their decomposition. It is what it is, and it happens as it happens.

As is ever ordained in the cycles of generation, dissolution, in the emanations, collapse and rewinding of all that is. Moot for the subject, or thrilling for the subject, generative of happiness or sadness, but all of it

absolutely neutral in the grand scheme of "what is".
Simply being iterated toward its necessary conclusions
– as it happens. All hail the great cosmic Nevermind.
Thank you.

 <https://ananda.icu/talks/wisdom-drafts/wd017-the-book-of-moot-unravels-hollow-soloman-tales>