

Eternity In An Hour

Abstract:

The infinite intrigue of confronting the endless mysteries.

In Doubt, Clearly

We live in an age that presses the importance of hard, undisputable facts. Imagine then to be confronted with an experience that feels nothing like... well like anything... And yet, an experience that feels as real as it gets. Real like the shriek of a tropical thunder. Real as the sun is hot and snow is cold.

If I read this book five years ago I would have dismissed it entirely. "Bunch of mystical woo-woo" Even today I find it hard to fathom my mystical experience. I thus completely understand if you remain sceptical, dear reader. Believe you me! It is easy to dismiss others' mystical experiences but impossible to dismiss one's own!

I step foot into indisputable imprints, congealed yet concealed, to express something beyond the knowledge of me: Life Is Loopy.

Much of what I write will be trite & obvious. Why would I withhold the obvious? I believe it's better to understand something in an obvious & intuitive way than to overcomplicate needlessly. How often do we say something more complicated than it is, searching in vain for depths in ourselves that needn't exist?

True confidence does not dispel doubt; there can be no confidence without doubt, just as there can be no bravery without fear. True confidence is to believe that you can handle whatever will be thrown your way.

In this moment I feel confident enough to, however brief, confront the ultimate foe:
The infinite, in all its daunting vastness.

The book is loosely structured per stanza and the prose is meekly mellifluous. It is interspersed with fragments; Auguries of Innocence, inquiries made with a solemn earnestness; William Blake too tried to express...

As for me, I want clarity to soothe the mind; to catch a breath in confrontation of the endless...

Mysteries Foretold

*To see a World in a Grain of Sand
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand
And Eternity in an hour*

– William Blake, *Auguries Of Innocence*

Life Is Loopy

Infinite, nothing neither nether.

A nerve breach in the endless births difference.

What perceives difference?

Differences vary in their distinction.

Infinity has no urge for appreciation.

How to make relevant?

Constrain the infinite:

Birth a body in place, time-bound the now, fuse delayed deterioration.

Constrain the resource, bootstrap the connections, make cause for progress.

How to orient?

Compose the coordinate:

Strew the mystery, curiosity, and the bits around.

Everything around us is mostly nothing; vast space betwixt.

So it is in the macro. So it is in the micro. So it is in history. So it is in memory.

Vast space betwixt.

Let it settle.

No thought heavier than emptiness.

Nothing is solid once the subjective is instilled.

Loops in the brain contain what is conscious.

Let it settle.

Attend to your focus:

Pain will remind you of time immediate.

Bliss will remind you of horizons yonder.

Unrelentingly, the distinctions breach:

From a plain paper flatness emerges a configuration.

Could life be that plainly understood?

A paper plane soars, then sogs, then becomes flat again.

Could death be that plainly understood?

What is not yet, may yet be:

We are born an imperfect fit with the environment.

We bring with us the burden, and necessity, of potentiality.

Our whole lives we spend trying to increase the comfortable fit.

When life most seems solid, the limitless calls forth:

What was, yet unbecomes.

Nebulous complexity is the cruel necessity for the joy of now.

Remember what was. Wake up. Anything only happens now.

Beyond now, what then? Cornucopia? Evil's horn?

Depends on the appreciation of distinctions in the now.

Given vision, see to it that the sight is so:

Be not blinded by scarcity.

Trust in the possibility to connect in mutual relevance.

Appreciate the distinctions.

Improve the quality for all.

Notice the loops in I.

Pursue progress.

Accept the nebulousness.

Life is magnificent. Fabulous. Magnanimous.

Art approaches, but only the I can surpass.

The Breach

Infinite, nothing neither nether.

Total blackness. Nothing so far, as the eye can't see. No sense of anything concretely. Not empty, neither. Infinity in its endless vastness. One material made of itself without any perceptible difference. It's not *that-over-there*; it has no location, nothing to distinguish it by. A fish cannot see the water it swims in nor a planet the space it travels through. A monolith stuck in the desert of itself.

No contrast until...

A nerve breach in the endless births difference.

Difference. Distinction. Appreciation.

What perceives difference?

Differences vary in their distinction.

Infinity has no urge for appreciation.

Initially there was absolute completeness. Now, like a heartbeat bursting through, the at-one-ness ends. Nothing is solid anymore; not even the atom is indivisibly composed of itself. The deeper you look, the more seamless wholes turn into muddy parts with messy interactions. There's clearly a difference, but what means w-h-a-t?

A soup of differences holds pieces of distinction; *this* looks closer to *that* than the *other*. Thus *this* is clearly related to *that*. The *other* must be something else. Gradations attract their related pieces, like a mix of water and oil stirred in the same bottle. Chaos continues to breach through the purity.

Material existence is a contrast belied by a paradox: In a supposed heat death, how can there be an equilibrium of total entropy? Is a common, static state not the opposite of chaos—of entropy?

Relevance & The Eternal Return

How to make relevant?

Constrain the infinite:

Birth a body in place, time-bound the now, fuse delayed deterioration.

Constrain the resource, bootstrap the connections, make cause for progress.

Nothing ever stays the same. From the atom to the cell to the celestial, bodies keep reconfiguring into different forms and change their relative positions. Wholes diverge and collide; it is so obvious; it is everywhere!

Supernova

Tree stump into branches

Brain dendrites

Cell division

Birth is an emergence out of nature.

Death merges the body back into nature.

Cells merging

Brain nucleus

Tree stump into roots

White Dwarf Star

Maturity & The Tree's Variety

*Humanity, what is it?
A mere fluke emerging out of the unconscious?
Of course not; the goal of life itself is self-evident:
An eternal, universal symbol of life is the tree.
In it, many-coloured birds.*

*Where do the birds root?
Nests in the branches of trees.
What happens when birds mature?
They flee into sky.
The day they die?
Food for the roots.*

Perhaps the contemporary fear of death is the fear of moving on; the grief of being unsettled; of going elsewhere, off into the unknown. With no base to move from, no home to return to, except a place for ever changed.

How did humans first root? One change at a time. First the human was but a vague semblance of itself. Survival brought by adaptations, learning to live within an environment. Yet the noise of variation persists; random walks in the dark; congealing into attractions, splitting into repulsions; it is what we're born of; what sustains us. Cells regenerate constantly. Cultures & civilizations shift. Even the planets, who seem to follow predetermined paths, shift their trajectories as new events emerge. However small something may be, a drop in the ocean or a butterfly's wingbeat; collectively its impact cannot be neglected.

Life. Can you not see its bountiful humour? The noise of an old television is called static—it is anything but static. Innovation does not detract from it; the noise of variation persists; the human as it is today will become but a vague semblance of itself in the future. Change has no value judgment; only its subjects do.

Being alive, you are connected in a myriad of ways; your body is composed of different organs and structures to form you; you are embedded in communities, cultural backgrounds, passions...

*Joy & Woe are woven fine
A Clothing for the soul divine
Under every grief & pine
Runs a joy with silken twine*

We are threads ever in the midst of being woven; bridges across fluid complexities. Parts, part and parcel; lost in transit to its destination; infinity has no end, simply. Does it scare you? It should. Do you wish to stay comfortable in the nest? Then look at the birds! Their destination is to flee into open sky!

The body is composed of distinct parts connected. Duh. Of course! How obvious it is, then! That is existence! Existence cannot conform to a complete purity for that would stop it! Existence cannot be a crystallized state; it is a continual process. What a marvellous mystery: How existence should not be and yet it is! How chaos entails its own creation.

To see problems is to see the necessity of finding solutions. Perfection is not life; perfection is not a process; perfection is a metastasis—cells gone wrong. Regeneration used for replication in its image. It is within us all. That cancerous thought of making the world to our complete liking—what folly! Nothing to distinguish the world from ourselves; there is no body left to appreciate the distinctions.

Where And When Will You Notice?

How to orient?

Compose the coordinate:

Strew the mystery, curiosity, and the bits around.

Everything around us is mostly nothing; vast space betwixt.

So it is in the macro. So it is in the micro. So it is in history. So it is in memory.

Vast space betwixt.

Let it settle.

A point in time is surpassed at every moment. On a piece of earth that, too, moves. How fast? Faster than a sports car! Only a rocket can pierce its container; we throw needles in the dark. Are we afraid to get hurt? Yes, to be alone. All alone. Stuck in the mud of our little puddle.

Stuck on a planet fighting petty squabbles over pitiful quibbles. What dreadful muck!

We all want to be happy, is that why we fight? Because resources are scarce? No, the resources can be replenished and expanded as history has shown aplenty. Then what's the matter? A fear of uncertainty; a claustrophobic attempt to control beyond one's grasp. It strains the soul. Drains the sanity.

What else is the matter? Expectations too can expand. A truth so obvious, we forget it. Or, more accurately, we deny it to ourselves. You alone can learn to be content with the circumstances of who you are. Once the basic needs are met, if you keep expecting more, you'll be less happy; you'll delegate yourself to the pursuit of marginal utility at the sacrifice of meaningful connections; politicking instead of playing with children. The children, like no other, know what it is to wonder.

Every morning, you awaken to yourself, emerging from unconscious dreams. Life lifted from a realm abstract. Is it unreal the emotions you feel, while you dream? Is it irrational to contemplate a third of your day—your sleep? Can you not see, the unconscious belongs to you; it too is part of you!

Emotion precedes thought. The unconscious precedes the conscious. They are in an ulterior bind:

No emotion, no movement in thought. No unconscious, no difference of experience to be aware of.

Life is the beauty of a spark; a lantern between nights. So it is within you. A foreboding emptiness all around. Let it settle. Then realize how hopeful it is: There is limitless wonder all around. All you have to do is shine a light. To pierce the darkness. Escape the muck of your mind and dream beyond!

Circular Thinking

No thought heavier than emptiness.

Nothing is solid once the subjective is instilled.

Loops in the brain contain what is conscious.

Let it settle.

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If circular thinking is a fallacy, then why does everything seem to go in cycles & loops?

Let me reiterate: Not even the atom is indivisibly composed of itself; we're in the dark when we look for solid footing. There is no absolute outwards that can comfort you from pain & uncertainties. If you seek a remedy, remember that the love of your life has no authority to stay with you. As a tree branches out towards sky, as a river mounds into a fluid vastness... You too will leave beyond.

Eventually... Every night ends with day. Every day ends with night. What goes around comes around.

It Is Understood

Nebulous complexity is the cruel necessity for the joy of now.

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The person we're ultimately stuck with is our changing self, for better or worse. It is those who learn to love life itself who are a beacon towards others; a profound connection in the brevity of the moment.

How can you transcend?

Be the beacon that reaches across the darkness to signal unequivocally that the hope of life is, truly and well, alive!