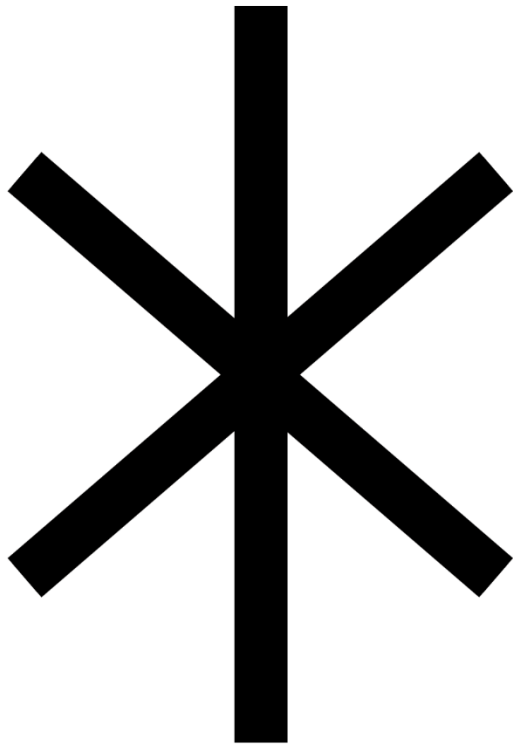


**AWAKE:
AN INNER AUTOBIOGRAPHY**



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J

becomeawake.com

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WHO AM I?

I, whatever that is anymore, this form in time and space, this form in the middle of nowhere with no status, profession or means, never feeling the need to pursue a career outside of some vague notions of being an artist, a writer, a thinker. That is not to say that most of my time was spent in idleness, yes some of it was spent in sensual indulgence bordering on dissolution at times, but due to some powerful and strange experiences I had in my late teens I was consumed with the burning desire of investigating those spaces, exploring them, expanding them.

I've lived the life of what would have been called in the past bohemian, though without the physical travel sometimes common to those styles of life, the only traveling just a long sustained journey inside, a continual effort to widen my perceptual doors.

If you are reading this you are probably not that different than me, and if so it matters not, for what we do all have in common is the seed within, the seed of our true nature which when fully developed allows one to return home to the True Reality, dwell within it, be it.

This return to your True Self - to the True Reality - is the reason for our existence.

And it is pure bliss, ecstasy, peace. Perpetually undulating, radiating, emanating.

I am you.

So let these words - and by extension my reality, my awareness, my consciousness – merge with you and carry you through this thing I call my life, into yours.

THE INTIMATION

Have you ever had an experience – one shocking bewildering and unreal – at times frightening, at times beautiful mysterious and profound – an experience that took you outside of the perceptions, awareness and mind that you thought was the totality of reality and you received a glimpse – as if a gate, a door had been opened – of a reality beyond?

A glimpse that left you with more questions than fears, sneaking upon you surprisingly like the first glances and stirrings of love, or dazed and bewildered and elated like a sudden kiss from a stranger?

What just happened there?

What is going on?

There is more to my reality, my life, my mind ...

than this?

You must have.

For that is what happened to the form writing these words – and on one level - a truer level of self and reality - you are me - and the reverse is true as well.

1.2

My first intimation occurred at the end of high school where the once scholastically gifted and artistically prodigal child was now wandering amongst the wastes of rebellion and chaos, blindly thrashing against the bars and walls of the prison that I had found myself within and without, acting under the delusion that I could free myself, ease my suffering by causing suffering to others, ignorant that these apparently objective and external beings that I was hurting was actually myself.

-

It was during a night no different than the others of that small town summer - the usual cruising windows down tires spinning out adolescent energy. Desires simple vital and primal.

Ending up at a party at a decrepit and hot summer night sweating and seething desires motel, my friend and I went for a walk aimless to nowhere, just out of that claustrophobic box of sinister laughing and bickering animals and into the natural expanse of night, that escape from constriction and contraction that always feels so good, such a relief.

Summer night air on skin that hadn't felt like that before, or at least for a very long time, forgotten.

Gorgeous golden electric energy of the senses.

Negative blind sleepwalking complexes loosen, undo.

Night sky of perfect stars and an infinite space of black that is somehow glowing, as if it was radiating an inherent luminosity, impossibly.

Amazing.

For the first time in a long time I really felt really happy and free to be alive.

I didn't ever want to return.

But it is the nature of The Intimation for it to be just a glimpse, just a taste of another reality than the one you think is absolute, singular.

The return back to a self now a prison, the plans for an escape began.

THE INITIATION

It was my first year away from home, away from the gaze of surveillance that observed through the eye mediums of my family, in my own space finally to explore experiment and expand hopefully something outside of the inevitable destiny of birth school work family death, the only narrative available to humans on this planet in the middle of infinite space, a green and blue swirl miracle of odds impossible life, the makeshift laboratory a teetering crumbling house built during the time when the combined actions of millions of sleepwalking organisms emerged as a dark flowering of bombs blood and fire.

-

The ground rules were set. No one answered the phone, no one answered the door, no one went anywhere until the experiment had concluded.

So K and G and I sat and waited sitting on the old unwanted furniture of parents, among the piles of empty junk food boxes and bags, books and magazines, clothes and backpacks and dirty dishes.

And waited.

Until control began to be lost.

The first chemically warm flush of growing electricity.

The room. Everything. What was once dead now came to life. The formerly inanimate now breathing like your lungs, beating like your heart, pulsing like the vein on your neck.

Like a light with no earthly source was turned on.

Lightening of spirit, lightening of sleepwalking burdens throwing into relief the unconscious chronic low level subawareness black cloud depression that passes for personality reality for the humans at this moment in space-time.

But the situation does not seem disturbing but ridiculous, absurd, hilarious.

Laughter at the whole ridiculous and absurd game. At all the time spent dedicated wasted feeding being dominated by that black iron prison of negative emotion, that black iron prison that is just an illusion.

Can't stop laughing.

Laughter coming from some zero point source inside, its energy working through every cell of my being.

Can't stop laughing at G panicking about the inevitability of losing control, ridiculously and absurdly trying to hold on to his comfortable mindless routines.

Why are you trying to make something to eat? There is no way you can be hungry right now!

K and I laughed some more.

Trying to maintain that game, so transparent, so ridiculous, so absurd.

Just give it up already.

Just give it up.

-

The bathroom tile floor - now hypnotic mesmerizing layered arabesques shifting – ancient – familiar – eternal – amazing.

K wakes me up from my trance. Reminds me where I am. Leads me out of there.

I lay down on the bed in the living room.

Music loud. Pounding.

Time slows.

The doors, the walls, the door frames vibrating with some kind of energy.

This is where language fails.

Where I was taken outside of that False Self that I thought I was.

And was initiated into another reality whose existence I had not even conceived of in this rational mechanical world where all was apparently known, which was deprived of all mystery.

-

K and G and I sat around in the afterglow of the aftermath. Healed. Peaceful. Golden.

This is how Jesus must have felt.

THE SEARCH

So thus began a decade long quest for visions, different states of consciousness, other perceptual filters, deeper, higher, more satisfying, more profound realities of existence than this conditional, relative, impermanent, limited prison that the human beings on this planet consider to be reality.

As a young man located as a point in space-time in that geographic nowhere desert of nothingness there were no teachers nor gurus to guide me on my search, nor did I have any desire to relocate to find a teacher, a guru, a school, an existing tradition to teach me and train me, partially from the lack of means engendered by debt slavery and jobs whose pay was appropriate for one with no skills of use to the blind ceaseless work machine whose black iron bars span and envelop this planet where the improbably rare miracle gift of being born into a life on this beautiful sphere and its still untapped infinite potentialities of states of being living and existence has been minutely narrowed, microscopically reduced to being little more than mere beasts whose sole reality is to toil and consume in a never-ending cycle until one wears out, grows old, ceases respiration, decays and breaks apart reabsorbed reformed into the nature of which it never was apart, more partially from the potentially naive belief, if you could call it a belief, as it was not anything that was conceptually formulated but more of an intuition, a largely unconscious but all-encompassing desire to discover and explore and find an explanation for the states of mind and reality that had shattered exploded like a nuclear weapon my conceptions of self mind and reality, that I could discover and explore these new states on my own with no teacher nor guru or school or tradition to guide me on my search.

It was almost as if during The Initiation a template, a design, a pattern, a hologram of a new mind was imprinted, initiating a process where my previous consciousness would be overtaken, replaced by the new until its existence was dominant, complete, total.

3.1

Holding it up, its shape looked like the sinister hood and head of a cobra – but it was harmless at the start – the usual fear and anxiety created by the False Self against losing control, weakening, opening up was unfounded as usual - a projection, a screen, an illusion – instead it was just shimmering trances, visions reversing my too serious expectations, visions that were comic and absurd, the playful irrelevant dance and celebration of the universe – but when I went to my room to lay down and go deeper – and the music transformed suddenly into the unrecognizable shapes of deep space sounds – I was confronted, cornered, unable to escape the booming voice of what could have been God, could have been myself, commanding me to examine aspects of life and my self that I did not want to.

3.2

In order to understand these experiences that had no referent in the culture of my time other than insanity, substance abuse and delusion, experiences whose insight, ecstasy, freedom and perplexingly novel nature further undermined and eroded my trust and credulousness in the authorities who categorized them so, I turned to the universe of word and image that the human organism had generated thus far, an evolving universe running parallel alongside our own, abstracted yet intertwined, both evolving both.

-

It was fortuitous that this body, this form, this artificial construct of imaginary barriers that defined what is considered to be the I had moved to a city whose university population was as close to the total population of the scrappy northern paper mill and penitentiary town from where I entered this world, where I could search through the aisles of the university library, my searches ending with me sitting in some isolated quiet and abandoned area in some austere hard chair and graffiti scribbled cubicle, pouring over stacks of thick books which judging from their moldy and dusty state were of no use or interest to anyone but myself - a city with bookstores other than the molecule deep mass consumption paperback mall chains, bookstores that stacked words and concepts and stories outside of the norm of that tiny temporary construct that is currently thought to be human reality, bookstores whose owners quizzically but dutifully ordered whatever unheard of and curious slab of ideas that I desperately needed at that moment, pouring over piles of unsorted books in the back rooms of creaky used book stores where hopefully the mad ranting and hollering of the proprietor had ended by the time I emerged from that from that cave of unwanted and forgotten words with some rare and obscure jewel, where he would grudgingly sell it to me grumbling where the hell did I find that one?

-

The living mind of words, ideas and concepts is a network of associations which mirrors the mind as it is understood and experienced by nearly all human beings that have been born and lived and died on this planet except for the few who were able to evolve beyond that commonly accepted mind – the False Mind – and transcend it, cast it aside, developing, rediscovering a True Mind whose powers and capabilities are so radically different and powerful that our societies are built and based around those beings scattered across the plains of history. It would start with coming across some apparently random book, coincidental, but in retrospect fateful, destined, predetermined, much like the circumstances that brought you to this book, these words, me, and through that gateway discover other books and ideas, always going deeper into that associational, relational, referential, near infinite matrix.

-

What was I looking for?

In those stacks of tomes that surrounded me as I lay in whatever shelter space I had flowed into at that time, continually transforming evolving shapes of smoke and incense throughout the air of

the room, music the shape of trance and meditative states, reading by the light of lunacy radiating through the windows, its mad light transforming those stacks of paper and ink into a silhouette of the towers and buildings of some ancient city that once existed in matter and form, now only in the topology of myth, in those lonely library floors and aisles deserted by a world hypnotized by the black magic spell of flickering image and screen, in those used book stores I would be unable to pass without entering to just take a quick look, to try and see, causing whomever I was walking with to ask in exasperation,

What was I looking for?

The awe-inspiring and puzzling experiences that were so far from the norms of what is commonly considered to be reality and states of mind and being that made a mockery of the rules that held it together, gateways to new realms of impossibility had broken me out of the trance state that I had been living under my life previous and sparked a burning need to find some answer, some words that would fill and seal the gap that was blown open in the structure of my self, wandering amongst its ruins trying to find some concepts that could return its structural integrity again.

3.3

While it started out as a search for some explanation for my peculiar experiences, the initial texts I discovered and consumed were just gateways, doors, portals of associations to new lands different from the global reality of numbered people where the highest in life was to toil ceaselessly and consume endlessly, chanting the mantras of Mammon continually, true desires not to be lived but gazed upon at perpetually, that there were interesting creative and dynamic ways to live that were worthy of the impossibly rare experience and awareness that had been given to us, that I had awoken up to.

With the appetite of one who is pregnant I ravenously consumed the works and lives of mystics, artists, esotericists, and philosophers, people often considered eccentric mad and dangerous, who were sometimes vilified persecuted and killed, but more often than not just ignored and dismissed as the reality they experienced and expressed had little utility to the dust clouded minds of the societies they had found themselves born into, stories of strange substances consumed and even stranger visions, schools where another type of knowledge was taught, of Godlike states of being whose awareness and capabilities were so extraordinary as to make our current state of development look apelike in comparison.

When one is brought by grace, destiny or accident outside of oneself and into the eternal and objective world that is the True Reality, the ways in which we structure our lives and our societies are seen as they really are - relative and arbitrary - not the eternal unchanging absolutes that we have self-hypnotized ourselves to believe them to be, yet again forgetting who the true authors and creators of these so-called objective and external realities are. This revelation also created an interest in studying different ways to structure this thing we call life, different ways to organize this thing we call society, different ways to interact among our own species as well as the other forms we share this reality with, societies that not only sustain but flower us, that allow the development of our True Selves, not to blindly follow the laws of an arbitrary structure, those outcomes of biology and history, but something consciously created with our true purpose and destiny in mind.

3.4

Old men sitting by themselves drinking mugs of pension bought draft beer – staring forward but attention turned inward their immobile exteriors giving no clue to the dark storm rumblings of death and regret, the desire for living oblivion within – a loud table deep in the darkness of intoxication yelling arguing and accusing like only a family can – women come in off the street pulling bills out from underneath their shirts, exchange nods silent and hands under the table with hooded skeletal gangsters – lottery machines ring and echo from a room off to the side, money fed and buttons pushed by organisms that have been de-evolved to a single raw naked need – and I sit at the bar with all the other men singular alone and atomized – the tax collectors with insides gnawed raw with acidic guilt – the mediocre salesmen still wearing the same suits they wore at the peak of their career decades ago – the just released prisoners drinking their first beer out, their whole lives now reduced to the contents of a clear plastic bag of ripped clothes and spent toiletries -

S asked me out for drinks – she said it was because I was always laughing - which was true – although I do not think she had any idea really why I was -

So I waited for her until the shift was over - drinking beer I could not afford to drink when the dead with faces ravaged and rotted by products not intended for human consumption shambled up and asked me for a dollar - I told them I did not have it without resorting to lies -

Tips were naturally always good for S so she bought the beer – as I drove to her house with every stolen glance I could not believe my luck -

-

Our bodies now in each other's orbits, pulled together by forces now stronger, we kissed -

The movie we put on was just a mere formality – soon our forms were entwined like two strands of DNA – together cast back to the primordial source of biological life -

But thanks to the indifferent and inhuman laws that govern and structure that level of reality, what was the paradise of One could not remain that way and had to return back to the hell of division from which it came.

Discovered in our shameful nakedness by her mother I was driven out into the streets of child soldier gangs garbed in the traces of dreams unattainable – of hungry ghosts waving at passing by cars ignored – screams from inside spray-painted boarded homes supposed to be abandoned -

A moving target for the sport of hell I rushed to my car and fumbling keys I somehow unlocked it.

-

Halfway home, I was stopped at a red light that seemed to last forever.

When it suddenly flowed out, poured out, gushed out.

A gorgeous golden flow of love and ecstasy, indescribable.

For some reason.

For a few eternal moments.

My heart opened.

Flowered.

Some kind of unearthly love divine.

The light turned green so I could return home.

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