

The Fugitive

by

mind, currently temporarily stationed with the physical entity called “Michael”

from

The Awakening Life, The Experimental Life, and More

J'avoue. I confess.

For millions upon millions of lives I've been on the lam from Love.

Can you blame me? *Sensations*. Sensational sensations. The crackling of a fire, stroking soft skin, a dead-man's sleep, the aroma of coffee, my baby happy to see me, the warble of a songbird after a spring shower, the bustle of people on the muddy street, the discovery of a new book. Kal hard-wired me to want it all.

I confess—I am simply part of him being part of his show. Okay—which is all part of the Creator's show. So, let's blame the Creator. Ha! I'll never see him. But I did get a choice soul—we've been knotted together for eons—and that's given me the power to pursue every pleasure I desire. How convenient for me!

Wine. The armpit hair of my woman slithering along my tongue. Each cell, bloated with blood, throbbing with sensation, mounting, mounting, coming to the precipice of pleasure—going! *going* over the edge—bursting, bursting, bursting—

thoughts parachuting out, floating ... hum of nothingness ... drifting down ... Relief. Emptiness. More emptiness. But loved it. Can't get enough. Arousal. Conquest! Women. Men, mentally. An occasional lamb. More wine. Wine for victory, for forgetfulness, for life. Seven lives later, chocolate came—dark, sweet, smooth, exotic subtly bitter chocolate—mmm, melting slowly, coating my tongue. Ah, once more, sweet forgetfulness.

Eons of time it took to win better and more advanced physical forms, and as I moved up the food chain I took pleasure in devouring all the life I could. I needed to eat to survive. *Finally*, human lives, and I've been eating and reveling in whatever I could get my hands on. Roast chicken, beer, fresh-baked bread with creamery butter and honey, steak and kidney pie, beer, lamb encrusted with garlic and herbs and sprigs of mint, soft goat cheese with baked pears, cold chicken and ale, strawberries and cream with blood pie. Feasting till I curl my back to give it up. Ready for more. Feasting again. More room when those pieces squirm down my tube and squeeze out. Up and away, free of the stink. For a while. Oblivious of the consequences. For a while.

What? I'm being reminded: *I've* been millions of meals (in my various forms). But that's now in the past. Oh? That's right, there is no past. And then there's that issue—those *debts*. *Egad*—mountains of 'em waiting to be paid. It's simply justice? Getting eaten will lighten my load? Mr. Dharam Rai, judge and jury (aka Kal), I don't care how good I taste—I don't want to be eaten again. Yet, I'm on the lam from Love. Mercy?

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Sovereigns and crowns weighing in my pockets. Gold and silver. Money! Can never get enough. To get me what I want. Candy, books, saving and counting it, a honeymoon in Switzerland, membership in my club, cigars and cigarettes, a house of my own. Having capital at my disposal and lending it to the right man. Power and doing good. Security. Money, the engine of life. But not life itself. And you can't take it with you.

Ah, survival. Survival being hard and all. Well, you get what you deserve. What does not kill you makes you want more. Whatever your big heart desires—next time—heart being under the dominion of mind. A universe of things to choose from. And you know what? Time will never run out. (Although I have heard from a reliable source that when the Supreme has had enough of this play he will simply roll it all back. Mind vaporized. Kal's subordinates forgotten. Those lesser gods no longer worshipped or able to make mischief under the cloak of karma. Souls freeze-dried longer than eternity. That is, until the Creative Force is moved to send back jivas—immortal souls—to go through spirit realms, acquire minds, take on causal, astral, and physical coverings and go through gazillions of experience. Only he knows why he issues a creation. If you must know the why and how of creation, become God. Merge back.) To me (for God?), the creation is the ultimate entertainment: constant streaming dramedy on infinite channels with no subscription fees. Well, no—you're always paying.

Yes, getting back to the aforementioned deity—money—I've been killed for it. In one of my recent lives—one of my best! But what is truly mine? Perhaps the minds of that band of men couldn't come up with a nicer way of getting it. They were hungry. They had no work. And that's what life is, much of it. Work. Day after day. Showing up.

Earning money. Making money. Getting food for the children. Shelter. Warmth. To make life bearable. Duty damns us all.

So much of life is showing up, habitually, doing what you need to do to survive, to get through the day. For many, it's a slog. Part of you is thinking of, imagining postponed pleasures. Sometimes, part of you enjoys the duties. After all, duty denies death. You get lost in the duties. Taking care of your children, your house, your mate, cleaning yourself and your things, the ongoing enterprise of filling your stomach. Duty forgets death. Life is designed to keep you on a treadmill. And all your slips and wishes on the treadmill generate bigger treadmills for next time. It all seems solid, demanding, necessary, real. But is it?

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The highest of the High, those true Masters who come and go at will, know and say that all of this—everything you can see, touch, feel, experience, here and the regions on up—well, none of it is real. Real in that it is not everlasting. The joke's on us. But who has the grace to wonder and seek the truly Real? I'm still doing whatever I can whenever I can. Call me a "human doing." My captive is initiated, but has no real choice. Life is scripted, automatic doing, placating the pleasure mind, aiming to having a good time, watching shows, more unreal versions of the unreal. Even if I'm on the lam from Love, my higher mind knows that watching is usually better than just thinking. Kal, the negative power naturally prefers negative thoughts. In my defense: often I remember God. Okay, that's grace. More often now when I'm engaged, enjoying the drama of life,

reading crazy news, or watching shows, laughter comes. Isn't that a measure of detachment?

They say (whoever *they* are), that laughter can scare away the Devil (one of my sponsor's unfortunate names). Is laughter good? Laughter makes you forget your troubles and aloneness and readies you to reengage with the world even as you forget death and that the captive (the real you) is still imprisoned and you're still not remembering God. Laughter is good if it detaches you from your treadmill of worries and heedless running so that you ask questions about life. But if you think that it's the best part of life worth seeking, then it's subversive. You're still on the treadmill—the funny one, at times. But it's not subversive as thinking.

J'avoue! I confess: I *love* to think. Yeah, I do. I excel at it. Obviously, I have the best lineage. You can't do better than universal mind. Universal mind runs the three worlds—granted, Shabd provides the life force—but with *mind*, my thinking is a constantly renewing energy source. It's green—shoots of thoughts are constantly sprouting, shooting out in all directions. My thinking is like a chia pet that never stops sprouting, a dog that never stops barking. It's constantly barking about '*What next?* What'll I eat? What should I do? Where should I go? Do I have to go? I just went after breakfast. Was that clenching a 'yes'? Do I need to stretch? No, later. What should I watch?' On and on and on and on, my thoughts think they take care of everything.

Time after time, when I *thought* about my soul I bamboozled myself, making me believe my thoughts *were* from my soul, the captive. When I was lucky to enjoy a spiritual experience, sometimes even higher mind was left behind. But soon I'd summon cloud after cloud of thoughts and, with the pell-mell rush of the world, in time I'd deluge the experience with a thoughtstorm.

Compared to the movies in my mind, the present is boring. For the record, I am an auteur. A recent movie montage in my mind: the shocker in the English seaside police procedural; standing there talking, they left for lunch without inviting me; the moderator trying to nail the candidate on his latest outrage; lying on my couch, transported to that time on the beach in Juhu when the molten sun sank into the Indian Ocean and gave off a green flash; the deliciously tortured path to a marriage proposal in a perfect period piece, and on and on. This is but one-millionth of the montage of several hours' scenes. Words can't do them justice. It's so much more engaging, *entertaining*, and I'm the one thinking it. Then there's—then there's—breathe. Breathe. I'm completely embroiled in my mental movies.

J'avoue: The best part of meditation is often what I think about. I'm utterly attached to my thoughts. *Je pense, donc je suis*. I think, therefore I am. René Descartes let himself get hoodwinked. He did revise it to "I doubt, therefore I think, therefore I am." Better to have revised it to, "I doubt, therefore I ask, therefore I can recover who I truly am."

My greatest attachment is thinking, and those rare, lucky human births, it's been the caul that prevented me from knowing who I am. All that thinking and doing and having weaves cloths of forgetfulness. I've a feeling, stronger now, thanks to meditation, that it makes me forget. Concentrate, concentrate ... Is it that *I'm* away from *my true home*? *Yes!* Universal mind. A part of my mind, my higher mind, wants to merge back, return home, end loneliness, gain peace, be brilliant. Wouldn't it be glorious? To be that most beautiful mind! Until now, that's been out of the question. I was too busy having a hell of a good time chasing after my dreams and desires, oblivious of the debts I was creating that had to be paid back.

Kal keeping my soul embroiled in the world has kept me away from my home. Darn him! I'd be in my natural element at the top of the causal, able to extend in the three realms. Kal's made me forget how great being universal mind would be. Wow. Flash: my soul's Guide! He's gone beyond causal universal mind, passed through the top of Brahm. That soul of mine *knows* he's the real One. The Guide's Way: I can get dropped off on their way to the Beyond.

My soul hankers for the Progenitor. Personally, I've never met him. And never can. But this can be a win-win for us. I see it now. I can return to my home. Jiva can return home, too. Soul&mind, knotted together throughout this creation, unknotted at last. Released. The Guide will vanquish time and liberate us.

Sensational sensations, soon I'll say goodbye. Goodbye is a contraction of "God be with you." Rather, know that God *is within you*—accessed through your consciousness. When I'm taken from my present physical entity, God is taking me within to be me no more. I will merge with universal mind, be a grander me across the universe.

The Captive

by

jiva, via mind of entity "Michael"

Jiva, captive. Reluctant emanation from the Positive Power. Sent by LoveSource before the dawn of time. Separated, separated, separated. This one is love, longing to rejoin Love. Suffering under the seeming eternal sentence of separation. Longing to have it commuted, pardoned, forgiven.

Alas! Kal has us (mind&jiva) captive. Kal is accountant, arresting officer, prosecutor, jury, judge, prison warden, guard, enforcer. Our defense? Everything is evident. Each unloving act, slander, mean thought, and judgment is recorded. Black etchings on our slate. Each helpful act, kind greeting, charity, and encouragement is recorded. Brown etchings on our slate. What becomes of these? Tar-babies.

Countless tar-babies cling to the neck, arms, and legs of every form we inhabit. Besmirching us. Pulling us this way and that. Sticky, stinking, Kal-activated karma tar-babies; relentless, maniacal, they yap fancies in our head and we're helplessly pulled to those desires; we transgress; ornery, black oozing tar-babies drag us down and get us in more trouble. Insistent brown ones yank us to pleasures, surround us in fumes of

forgetfulness. Good times we can't get enough of but when they pause, we feel empty, perhaps lonely, but soon new pleasures turn us toward them; once spent, each time the emptiness comes. All courtesy of Kal, the Great Enabler. The tar-babies are released only once they are combed through in experience (the particular karma spent), but the Great Fox continually fashions new ones from our reserve account to take their place, the most prominent with legs wrapped around our neck, squeezing it, directing us this way and that. Will the monstrous stories never end?

How did this happen?

Jiva, seeker. Jiva, spirit particle of love-light seeking Love. Seeking, seeking, seeking LoveSource. If freed, jiva would fly up inside through the inner realms a million billion meters a millisecond.

But bound. Forever, a distant dream. Bound, swathed in stark layers of inert karma-tar, hibernating, programmed, waiting to warm then ooze and buzz into action once they're attached to a new life. All from desires and actions that make grooves on our slate, deepen and harden, making us their slave.

Still, with indefatigable wings, soaring will, jiva would fly, fly higher and higher, realizing purer and purer realms of Spirit, toward greater love. But woe—lost! Completely lost in the multiverses of existence. Oh, God. The Creation is a vast, vast treasure-house, whose physical worlds are but specks of bubbles forming and popping on the limitless ocean as they come into existence and lose their existence. Jiva knows this from being one with the One. And the non-physical, spiritual worlds? Those indescribably beautiful spiritual planes make you want to stay forever. The hansas, those swans of pure souls are ever delighted to guzzle pearls of light and fly through skies of true, living colors of life swooping up and around in lustrous accord with your unstruck

Melodies, being enraptured, ennobled, empowered to greater brilliance. And these hansas are still separate. No matter how much nectar they absorb.

Since time immemorial the Fugitive has been feeling sensations, thinking thoughts, committing acts, creating an infinite number of karmas, sentences-in-waiting, building up a reserve account that can never be exhausted. The Fugitive has rendered us indentured soul, slave to the storehouse of debts—bad, good, and habitual—that must be repaid. Kal must have his days of flesh and feather and scale.

Lost for a seeming eternity. Life after life. Death after death, Kal chomps up jiva, feeding his insatiable hunger for souls. But jiva is immortal. In between lives, with wayward mind, correctional activities ensue. The assignments never cease.

All hope was lost. And still the longing continued. Trapped in time, heedless of the marking. On the wheel of transmigration. Innumerable lives and life forms. But God gave the gift of loneliness; at times, loneliness would break through mind's lust for sensation and the imperative to think to engender a focus to seek. At times, to pray, feeling we could never be satisfied in this world.

The Guide, heeded the marking. Hidden destiny, this jiva's time had come. Initiation, connection to the Sound Current, Shabd, the awakening of spiritual senses to meditate for forgiveness of the etchings, scratches, besmirchings that enveloped this soul.

Shabd, the all-purpose solvent. Listening to the Sound Current, the tar-babies dissolve! They vaporize, no longer wait to come yawping into play as karmas in a benighted life.

Oh, Sound, perpetual Melody! It comes when it comes to enrapture and absorb. Guide knows best when and how. Still, this jiva holds the secret pass-key—that is, the

names given at initiation empowered by the perfect Master. Repetition of the holy names disarms inner thugs and dispels imposters who would lead jiva astray. Repetition of the holy names grants passage by the lords of the spirit realms. More important, jiva has the Safecracker, the *Guide*, who has taken Kal's treasure trove. That happened at initiation when the Prison Warden had to follow the Superintendent's orders. Now, when jiva meditates, no matter how feeble, the Guide opens treasure chests of trillions of tar-babies to the primordial Light&Sound to dissolve them and let them melt away—like throwing buckets of water on legions of bad and good witches with inexorable spells. Spells-in-waiting dissolve that, without the grace of the Guide, would run future lives binding us further to the worlds of the lord of justice.

Every moment, choose mercy over justice. Kal's Way is justice. The Guide's Way is mercy. Honor loneliness as a true treasure and friend. God gives this feeling as a homing lodestar. We need but attend to it the right way. Seek the Guide. Pray for the Guide. For once he has you, you have everything: teacher, fount of wisdom, righteous taskmaster, friend, swordsman to sunder attachments, leader, exemplar of virtues, companion, revealer of secrets, captain, helmsman and ship, enveloping light, lover, dispeller of darkness, promise keeper, deliverer. He has promised to deliver jiva home. His Word is law.

Jiva is happy now as mind takes more and more to remembrance and meditation on the Name, the Sound&Light through which the Guide *erases* the programs and wipes jiva's slate clean through forgiveness.

Purer, purer, ultimately, as time winds away, cleared of the programs, jiva is to ascend higher and higher and, at last, bid adieu to the mind. Now, homeward bound.

Life Regained

Mind merged in universal mind realms ago; we are long beyond words, thought, mental construct. Nothing can be written—at most, a whisper of experience, a suggestion of feeling to spark jiva's remembrance. Having cast off successive cocoons, one homesick sparkling singing particle has risen with the Guide to cross the impenetrable darkness to realize purity and brilliance greater than a cluster of suns.

The Guide now takes you to Sach Khand, True Home; here, in the fifth heaven, the brilliance of jiva is equivalent to sixteen suns and moons.

The Guide has completed his mission and Godhead draws jiva to the sixth heaven, Indescribable Region; the seventh heaven, Unfathomable Region, all gradations of the Ultimate; Godhead consummates jiva; and merges jiva into Nameless Region: Radha Soami, Lord of the Soul.

With initiation came the Guide's promise of Self-realization and God-realization. Self-realization was attained when mind merged into universal mind and jiva proceeded to the first purely spiritual region, free of all coverings of mind and matter, and realized it is a radiant drop of the Divine Ocean of Life. With the final merging and attainment of the eternal, God-realization, jiva becomes Life regained.

Saints can't describe it; it is beyond our limited minds. It can only be experienced. Just know, just feel, that your true Life awaits you in the nameless Wonder Region. Waves of love at play, surging, celebrating, joy-swelling. All is right, all is good. All makes sense, for all is known. Expand ongoingly in all-encompassing sky of Life: dynamic, fully aware, infinite; be everlasting Bliss, all-embracing Love, unceasing Wonder.

Jiva joins the Infinite. This is your birthright, Life regained.