



LOOPHOLES I OF DEATH



Ramasa Mejo swane

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DEDICATION

This is for my mother, Seanokeng, and for Onalenna.

*And for Tshepang 'Foxy' Mathe
(the yang that completes the yin)*

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FOREWORD

This book is about the importance of introspection, retrospection and the seed of conversation. The lectures of a young man, what actualisation would sound like if it spoke, it is about our busy lives happening while death looms over our heads. It's about what death has done to our minds. This book is about our minds, and it is even an antithesis of our minds.

These are musings, challenges and opinions, stories of perspective and understanding. New insights into the outcomes of conscious thought on mundane subjects will resonate and bring to your awareness parts of yourself you never knew about. And yet the book touches on everyday topics that have been debated and will be debated FOR years to come.

To me, Ramasa has been a friend and a brother, a stalwart and a confidant. I owe him too much to mention or that his ego could carry gracefully. To him I am a friend and a sister and these are the things we talk about from time to time.

We have had many conversations around these very topics and this is an attempt to share and expand, to spread a gospel so to speak, an attempt to evoke feeling and provoke thought and spark even more debates to introduce fresh explanation.

It is my experience that all in the world has its purpose even if its purpose is not to have a purpose. There is a deeper knowing.

INTRODUCTION

Automatons. We're gradually entering the age of "machinery humanity". The boredom of life will soon haunt those very immortal machines that the evil ones will fabricate out of people. I'm fortunate enough to have been born in an era in which men are still dying, for death is a most essential benediction unto flesh-burdened individuals. However, an ultimatum will be: It is either you bless yourself or the socio-indoctrinations shall curse you in your behalf, meaning your religion shall send you to hell. You shall accept with knowledge or accept unknowingly, but the one who will deny will also have the hard and enormous task of finding how to die properly. Religious and social miseducation leads us blindfolded to hell, but luckily it is served on the golden platter – hell is never eternal. You will not burn forever because hell is simply an illusion implanted in your mind.

It all stems from the growing seed that is your mindset regarding the afterlife. If you believe in hell and heaven you are likely to attain the worse one because you are, at most times, miserable.

I wrote this book under the umbrella of a death mindset; whereby death played a paramount role in my head. It was a monarch in my psyche. An amalgamation

of fear of death, ignorance of it, and curiosity compelled me to write about my experiences.

This book is not necessarily about me as such but is rather my way of explaining the metaphysical questions that beckoned me just as death was casting its pall over my psyche. I learned early that it is a parallel situation. Be warned, though, some of the material in this book may be offensive to your ideologies, faiths and other notions you have. It requires open-minded critical thinking. Minds that seek affirmation to an in-built faith or those who seek to misjudge may find themselves attacking the concepts conveyed in this book and labelling them as lies.

Enjoy.

RACISM

In a ballad-like setting called earth, where the green grass lies low on the loamed soils that have been fertilised by the dead there are hundreds of birds species with different coloured feathers. They come in all shapes, sizes and have unique methods of living, flying and grooming their young. They build their nests with different materials and some, the woodpeckers, carve a cave-abode in the bark of trees for needful shelter. These birds never want to eat together, play or engage in coitus for a sheer reason that they're different from each other. There's no definite rationality of why they do so. Perhaps – if they only had the cognition to know it – they would not regard other birds as being an authentic bird. On the rare occasion, they may unite and fight a snake, alerting all of nature while they are at it. Their brutality stems from the fact that snakes prey on their eggs and even their chicks.

Racism will never cease within the human psyche. Racism is a natural and spontaneous response of a mind towards the "not me" it perceives in others. Similar things organise and "flock" together naturally – without any factor or influence behind that. The false statements of racism widely taught and perpetuated by unconscious scholars is nothing but a desire to end it. It is a bluff to alter a mindset

of humans to integrate or assimilate. Things isolate themselves in the world. The trees in a wild setting are only harmonious chaos. Love is a forced emotion, an affection disguised as such, but self-separatism is natural. So, when someone is not racist, then he or she doesn't function from his or her natural level. The on-going "fight" against racism is a fool's chase and there will never be a generation for which racism does not exist. It will change intensity, its visage and so forth, but it will always be there.

I say so due to the fact that a mind always interprets, analyses and becomes inquisitive about whatever a sensory organ is sensing. For instance, if you hold another person's arm of a different race to yours your mind will automatically question the texture, temperature, unusual colour or pigment of that arm etc. and then it will become judgmental towards those "findings".

Why is it so hard as compared to mine? Why does it feel cold as compared to mine? Why are her eye so greenish or brownish?

This is not a human, the senses say, it can't be.

Racism is borne of stereotypes embedded in a mindset that erroneously draws conclusions about inner situations and/or external reality. What is cold should make us shiver in a known and accepted way – for people draw their traditions from the environments they inhabit. Whatever they are accustomed to becomes a baton that is passed on, a normalcy by which any foreign agent emerging late (from wherever exotic space or land) becomes, by definition, abnormal. That latter normality is then analysed and at times misjudged, therefore, mistake emanates from the mind whose very nature is to interpret all new objects, emotion

and situation it encounters. The initial point of departure is for the mind to try to comprehend the new information prior to capturing it so it can store it in its archives of memories.

This is the nature of mind – it filters and over-analyses. If we ignore that and find comfort thoughts such as, "we're different but all human", then we are deceiving ourselves to what's really going on with respect to our psychological capacity.

To some extent everybody is a scientist and we question almost everything we discern – whether we are indifferent, conscious or not makes no matter at all. And the problem is: you cannot grow accustomed to the "other" no matter how long you have lived or engaged with it because a fundamental thought is; he/she is the other thus I must maintain a thought of "let me learn about him" and that is where the heart of racism lies. So, people must stop being hypocritical by denying their internal segregating instinct, and be proudly tribalist, racist and even misogynist. We must only reduce the degree of it by learning how to control it, like a handicapped man learning to live with his non-functional spine, and not resort to destroying the other because of its difference. Racism is natural and undefeatable. Man versus his seemingly nature. Racism should not always invoke negative emotions; this can be balanced with the positive ones.

SHOULD I WRITE TO YOU?

I had a nightmare that I was hospitalised with you. It was so lucid, so vivid and appeared so tangible, it felt like I could cut it into equal halves without touching it – like Jesus to that temple's white cloth. Our beds were juxtaposed, we shared the cupboard that was wrecked in the neglected, decrepit hospital and we kept our dispute over how the world should be and feel like at this present eon on low volume. A clash of perspectives and opinions.

The rise of materialism in man came, metaphorically, like a sudden tide after which only a little survived. The talk went by, generating heat from the hate words we yelled delicately at each other's near-deaf eardrums so the other patients wouldn't catch the gist of our battle. Conversation.

So typical of you, victim of fire-cube fury, you nearly ripped the water-supplying drips off your arms and with an alarming sense of the desperate needed to climb on my bed, like a new jockey to a nag, not for coitus but to strangle or suffocate me with a pillow in a replay of that abused theme in popular crime flicks.

You know how predictable some scenes can be, because the same damn director makes all the stupid movies we need to pay for.

I had been shot and you were hospitalised for depression. You snored, a lot, like a honey bear in its solitude in a jungle, and you ate a little. You then cracked a jest, "I want to use my body-skin salt for this hospital food, it's so tasteless or am I admitted for influenza also?" I laughed and said NO.

You never wanted to read "crap", those hard-cover books neatly stacked in that cup-board that separated us. I slowly started to think that I was the one getting gradually depressed. Stupid dreams to weak memories, I can't recall of what went down after that, but we were discharged on the same day and you told me that you don't wanna see my black ass anymore. I since got over it.

I'm a dreamer, a new-age Joseph. I once had a vision of being your neighbourly neighbour - that "love thy neighbour" type, but the way you would murder my mongrels for taking a dump on your Zimbabwean-cut grass and then disposing of their carcasses on my doorstep would be brutally depressing to me, I swear. And you'd poison my kids for having immature sex with yours, only to tell me that "your kids have equivalent worth as your dogs . . . both need to be disposed, off-earth". I would smile, you know, knowingly, that you killed them with or out of love. Killing is not bad if the subsequent consequences are for positivity or goodness.

I would retaliate (not that I prefer to, in every situation) by attempting to burn you inside your house, but when my arson is half-way I would rescue you - apply an ointment on your burn-marks and rent you a front bedroom in my house,

with bigger windows for a better vitamin-D sunlight – out of a sheer compassion, minimising the effects of your collected manifesting karma. We would then switch from being neighbours to housemates who detest each other's availability. You would eat my cereals with fresh-cream milk that I quench my parched throat with, in order to greedily spare yours.

You would say my wife is a victim of a patriarchal society because all men are misogynistic dogs, egotistical also –you have nothing but love for them, nevertheless. You'd school her that every female must with warm two-arms embrace feminism and fight against asshole-named men.

I would tell you to stop patronising and brainwashing my woman – in a world already creating automatons out of people, anyway. But just because you don't take shit (unlike a municipality's toilet-bucket system from the modern-day concentration camps called locations), you would not listen, rather tell me to arise your burnt mansion from those lying grey ashes like a phoenix bird. I would tell you to go to hell and you'd reply, "All hot women are from hell, otherwise where does their heat emerges from?", while also taking that comparison way too literal.

Dreams are for the dreamers and those who are spiritual have ceased their handicap of dreaming. In my dreams, I own the voice-clips you sent me when our butter was still sticky and solid, and we could apply it on our raw wheat bread. I listen to them once a week, just for bringing my energy into equilibrium and my sanity to its proper place, eradicating my anxieties. They sometimes call that plant-housekeeping in working environment. A thought of converting them to MP3 and mixing them with some of the beats once crossed my mind like a shooting star and I acknowledged it. They're profound. I don't know about you as a person but your mind is as beautiful as silence.

They say every genius and creator has a grain of disgusting insanity in him or her – why did God create beasts? – and you have that characteristic in you. The voice-clips are never monotonous and I felt fortunate to ever converse with a seraph walking this sinner's world. Heavy voice. Some rare accent. Defiled demeanour that's like gall in our braai vleis, but that's what our early ancestors used in place of salt. They used to like the bittersweet-ness of their hunted prey. Barbaric? You decide.

I use them as lullabies during dark days when companions choose to be scarce. They are consolations to me and my authentic affiliates who are just the same as me. They are talking music, speech music, uttered music because my adoration of a space between the notes notwithstanding, I still dance to your talking. I am honestly sincere.

Life can be so naively neutral in instances it need not to be, like children's death. (Have you ever seen a baby corpse, how alive it looks? Did you enjoy the CCTV-captured sight of those Kenyan students mown down at varsity? I enjoyed them. Death is fun. Fuck traditional programmes). You know that life is neutral and your soul carries its own karma with it. But when karma decides to take the soul's earthly existence when it's still in its infancy, it is unbearable.

Those voice-clips belong to our demolished archive rooms that survived the quake, our two egos colliding into one another, and I love them.

Seeing what was happening in Durban with that xenophobia and the last time we spoke you said you wanted to relocate there and start working, I was a little distressed that they might brick-punch your visage just because you're also a

"weirdo" who can't possibly belong to this fragment of the earth. But knowing how tough you are, I know you'd manoeuvre around for your essential safety. They used to kill people there, just because they were born on that other side of the line, yes line, boundary is a mere line. Neo-science is a comedy in war. Masses never followed any sense because knowledge is expensively unattainable.

You're Zion within Babylon.

By the way, as I was writing a chapter on my stalled novella, I wanted your critical criticism only to find out that you aren't existential in the radius range of my reach anymore. Boogie-woman. My none-transformed work that is in need of your unbiased criticism is crying the clean tears through nostrils and eyes and I know not how to bring any crying-shoulder to them and their other siblings, too. These chapters aren't read by anyone because these shallow imbeciles lack your fucken depth. My dipstick can't reach its rocky bottom – thus I don't know your actual depth. But as long as it's not reachable by my dipstick, you're deep.

Dreams.

Yes, I too, was once in love with a Mosotho girl. We met on Facebook. Pardon my cliché but for the sake of a precise metaphor, she was a beautiful petunia flower, "fair skin" (Shakespearean for yellow-bone) and she had, like Frieda, those eyebrows that meet in the centre of her forehead, concealing her third-eye.

That place is called Pineal.

Soft-spoken with too much hair on her skin. Short, petite and a head that did not align with her structural human anatomy in a normal way. It projected itself slightly forward, making an acute angle between neck and visage. We had our days, broke-up and made-up several times. She was a "born-again" Christian and by then I was a radical Buddhist with a philosophical inclination to spirituality and utilising a scientific break-down for my explanation of metaphysics. We disputed, a lot, and my concern was not to convert her to whatever doctrine I practised then but rather to allow me to be "myself" even though our spiritual notions collided head-to-head most times. We would order food and I would gaze her straight in the eyes when she chewed, grinded and ingested that food, and she would say, "What? I do consume meat, God gave us meat to eat meat; it's written in chapter what-what in the Bible". She felt guilty, when utter nothing, for certain foul acts Christians do (obstinately so) and justify themselves with. She was human after all. We couldn't cuddle or kiss in public, and whenever I took a piss on the dusty street of her location, I could not embrace her because, apparently, my hands were filthy. She did not want to sit on my lap and I remember one hot day I sucked on her tit in a cinema and I got my crucifixion on the golden platter at the end of that flick. She was too emotional and her academic course was weighing too much on her benevolent soul. It was six months of celibacy for me because I was so keen in waiting for her to open up for me and to me it wasn't an obstacle at all. I'm not much of a sex fanatic anyway. I deceived myself through monkdom and abstinence. We debated on social networks more passionately than we expressed our immortal winged love for one another. I would call her at night and did nude jests and she would laugh till that tomorrow's morning.

Came December of that very same year, I went out with my comrades to some social gathering at night. On that day's previous one, I called her and she wasn't of a mood to talk to me (emancipate yourself from the chains of emotions – whether negative or positive) because every year's end meant some unknown anguish for her. I did not ask her why. I went on.

Then I was introduced to Tshepang through one of her friends. We chat, and chat. I started decreasing my speed on our relationship because this newly exhumed rough diamond ("shine bright like a diamond," she sang) was bestowed on me. I stopped calling and texting her but rather the new – they say "starch-smelling" in my hood – Tshepang.

Then it was January and I called her and fearlessly said, "Hey, I can't handle this anymore. I suggest we break up, peace. I found a less burdened being in my life and I think I'm pursuing her." And she replied, "Okay, enjoy yourself, hope she'll give you the love you're seeking for and not only be a sex-puppet, which I refused to be." With all that said, I wished her good luck with her studies and sent the Buddha-field to encompass her. A couple of weeks later, she inboxed and inboxed me and we discussed our newly defunct relationship. In the midst of those inbox exchanges we just stopped.

Now, it's been almost three years with Tshepang. She has her own spooky demons, which I can handle.

LITTLE ABOUT ME

Among the things I appreciate is the water-cool-like shade of an acacia tree that obstructs the piercing sun-rays which perforate my last line of defence; pigment, in a merciless fashion. My brother and I used to burn the blowing winter away with its dry branches when my grandfather was still functioning and foul-talking. We share an old relationship from our young-hood.

While sitting under the tree, I can vividly see that the world is too flat and wide to stare, too open and long to be conscious of its vastness that consequences into pain. Hindus talk about amalgamating the personal soul to the omnipresent one (infinite instead of one). But space-awareness meditation is somehow painful in a frightening way and I really can't describe the feeling, the pain or how painful it is. It is too painful to be completely absorbed in it, for it pulls something unknown away from you or it pulls you out of the unknown.

I enjoy nature with its surfaced looseness. There is no order and anarchy in nature (no distinguishing line at least), and if ever people witness precision in hill-stones stacking, perfect shapes of trees, straight-lined shrubs and so on, they credit God. But that's not where they're supposed to look. They should open and magnify

the inside-ness of plants to witness perfect human shapes. All perfect full-moon circles, all equilateral and congruent triangles and many other geometries.

Space meditation is a factor in things achieving the life that the mental-eyes discern, whether stationary or being swayed by angry gales. These things become so alive you believe they can spark an enchanting conversation with you. They're probably alive. A defunct salmon in a pond, if you're looking at it from outside the shining water, might seem alive.

A fly that always strikingly hisses in my eardrum while I'm reposing beneath the tree is never chased away or threatened. I capitalise on its provocative motives to test my humanity. Sound is another way to that credited God, despite its melody.

It's unbearable. Listening to the brothers from afar and realising that those lacking facts substitute their lack with obstructing noise-pollution disguised as reasoning. They claim truth, narrowing their flexible perceptions to a specific apex and discarding any other possibility. They loathe questions that threaten their fixed belief system.

There are no relevant questions and counter-questions the truth cannot answer and step-up to, unless lies are masqueraded as such, because questions themselves uproot and determine the falsity or factuality of the so-called truth by their very nature. If truth fails to answer relevant questions, it is either in a process of becoming a truth (and cannot yet be regarded as such) or it is a complete lie. Truth has no facets or concealed agendas. It defends itself but it is mute, so you must speak on its behalf, otherwise a truth unspoken or un-shown becomes unknown and thus futile. And when you speak for it, do not add other truths or wrong signposts for the sake of clarification when it is too abstract to grasp because it will become defiled and subsequently challenged, therefore exposed to be a lie. It is that subtle.

My "life"?

Gazed on from the part-truths of the external I live a troubled soul-like life. There is a silver bullet lodged in my helpless pelvis bone and, although I cannot feel its temperature, it will inhabit that section until- I'm cremated or be seen during my exhumation and public exhibition – being stared at, when my pale white skeleton is being shown off before the wrath of the god sun. I mean, people live un-distressed and flaunt their gold-filled teeth despite the fact that they are not naturally meant to be there, and they still exercise their ego off that – so that can be seen as my solace statement. I'm self-refraining from self-destructive alcohol and drug but cancer, diabetes and hypertension have no shields and fortifications. There is no moral technique to evade them. Leading a life of a deep contemplation and getting overly enticed by a notion of Club 27; the actual death factors and the coincidence of the age 27. Searching for revealing videos of punk-rock and guitar maestros like the legendary Hendrix, Morrison, Corbain, and songbirds in a form of Amy. They are revelations and clarities of perpetuated conspiracies which happen to contain more truths than whatever is disposed of as a position of truth. Being slightly dizzy and nauseous on a daily damn basis, a vegan life of little to no vitamin D and courage to those burning needles during the injection of vitamin B12. That's my life. Always in confinement like a socio-phobic patient within shut doors that are only open to social media. Let's face it, a virtual life is not physically harmful – it only hurts the emotionally feeble ones. And I'm tough as a lake-stone. Buying books only to skim through them and place them there, for when? Nobody knows.

And then jazz . . .

What drew me closer to this magnificent music called jazz is nothing other than the spirituality of its artists. The first time I read Zim Ngqawana's interview in

which he explains his concept of Zimology, I was cheaply packaged and sold. Then came Bheki Mseleku with his Buddhist inspirations behind those piano-pricking troubled fingers and then Moses Molelekwa. Jazz is not to be mistakenly confused with the unnecessary pandemonia that other music conjures. Its message is depicted by its melody, and if a thousand words is equivalent to a picture then a single melody is equal to multiple pictures inside one's imagination.

Zim Ngqawana fused his traditional isiXhosa religion with Eastern philosophy to create Zimology.

Within our bodies, we contain what I can informally call a device. – It is our last line of defence that can rescue us. This device can enlighten us, can shed bliss on us, assists us with our aspirations and gives us extraordinary powers to conquer any obstacle. It's always off, until something touches you deeply or moves you in an inspiring way. Christians activate their devices through fear and worship, Buddhists and Hindus with meditation and yoga etc. What's problematic is that people discredit it and pay respect to what's external, thinking that is what helps them during their tribulations and on-the-corner times. Nothing heals one independently, every medicine switches that device on and when that device is permanently off then "death" occurs. Music, love and affection, and pain can momentarily switch it on. That device is deeply rooted in us and if you have not found it, you will dedicate your life to blasé religions, wandering like lost winds from this to that, ransacking the world for "help", going to several doctors and healers. My whole life is dedicated to consistently keeping this device on, so I can never be a victim of life or be swayed by minor (and major) gales gifted by life. The best place to conceal the most essential thing was in people's own selves – otherwise they would know what's within a molecule. People are looking for God, without knowing that they are what they're looking for. They write their lives from a third-person perspective. That's basically the same as Zimology – the study of self.

Women

Women? How to understand women?

In my 24 years on this "objective" side of life every woman I have met seems as if she is suffering from some form of emotional instability. No poise. No week-long poise. Even those "soul-sisters", although they're better. They think and feel as if their emotions are too intense and too fragile to handle. They cling too much and get attached too quickly, realisingly - suicide. The ever-assaulting tides of emotions wash them away and they allow it. Women are not emotionally collected and accumulated, they are sporadic, too everywhere. Spark a conversation with her regarding love, children's security, family, serenity, furiosity, or how she generally feels, and even if you're a stranger to her, she'll start vomiting on your eardrums. I refrain from engaging too many women because their chatterboxing never ends.

They enjoy agony and drama and conflicts - it's their nature. Women loathe emptiness. They cannot tolerate nothingness, whether in relationships, stomach, home or whatever. Every woman is a victim of negative emotion and even if she can be blissful, come her menstruation period, she'll go mad at you. It's in the nature of a woman to be angry, sad and to shed a tear every now and then. They cannot survive within the parameters of peace. And brothers, we live to tame them - their wild instincts. Give your woman a drug, pacify her, calm her the fuck down. They talk and talk and talk and talk but that talking is not necessarily to say something, it's just that silence suffocates them, so they find therapy in pandemonium. Rather leave her talking in solitude. The only way to comprehend a woman is to know and acknowledge that she's emotionally handicapped and that she has completely affiliated herself to her bluffing emotions. They cannot

say NO to how they feel and they must on occasion feel terrible – even out of no valid reason. So brother, let her be. Give her meditation or drugs. Life is nothing but a feeling and if you're numb you're defunct but too much feeling is also death by way of an extreme state. What does women want? An emotional doctor, if you can un-mask her from her emotional identification, then you will see that she wants nothing at all. We might think they don't know what they want, but it's the flux of emotions colliding with one another in their hearts and birthing confusion in their heads. Pacify her.

TOTAL CONCENTRATION

I sat down on a bench with my friend and started complaining. I wanted to go out, you know my friend, to escape free like a felon within an ice-block cell, because that non-ventilated room I occupied was slowly suffocating me. Lungs deflated; lungs of a mind. It was a cell I could not discern with my carnal five senses but was aware of it. I know, quite perplexing. A cell similar to what Neo was entrapped in, before his ultimate realisation of self and what self can do.

I wanted out. I wanted emancipation, liberation just like anybody else who is conscious of themselves of being prisoners, who eat dirt and are controlled like a domestic tamed swine – not warthogs that feed their own stomachs. You know what they say, and it's true, and I believe it: He who feeds you has put you under his dictatorship. Although we occasionally lash out to devour that generous hand that feeds us, it eventually retaliates by feeding us toxics. I wanted out because the option of getting accustomed to being under a law of someone, some deity or something, was not mine to choose, yes, not mine at all. My standards and perspectives are higher and broader than that. My struggle was not the biased and unjust status quo or racism that circulates in the oxygen that people inhale.

I curse the spectrum for reflecting colour!

Neither was my struggle about emotional predicaments stemming from the programmes over-heating in a CPU called a brain that humans contain. Depression, coitus addiction, financial obstacles, a favourite sports team losing, and then like they're sleep-playing or reasoning in some other humanly fashion. I wanted to awaken from believing in the illusion brought by this religion that has repressed mine and declared mine pagan, full of demonic rituals and barbaric. But where to exit, I did not know. There were multitudes of different nations bearing the same doctrine in their hearts. A doctrine in how to escape this wall-less prison. I found solace at the end. . . .

Concentration is fundamentally a mental activity and it cannot be paused even for a dying moment as long as one is awake or conscious. One is always concentrating on something. The conscious mind contains concentration, although the degree tends to differ and the timespan can become so short that one is apt to miss what one was attentive to. One drifts from sense to sense. This to that to this.

Concentration resides and is attached to thoughts or a mind. You cannot equivalently divide concentration into two, for it is fixed and linear. Albeit, it can fluctuate from one sense to another with a the rapid speed of an electrical current, consuming information, judging and interpreting, ranging from one thing to another, from one thought to another – and even on that one thought, words and imaginations that make the thought still divide attention, causing division within a division – and still it cannot be divided. It is impossible to concentrate on two things simultaneously without turning your attention from one thing to the other in couple of micro or nano or whatever seconds (or however long).

Senses can sense independently for they do not necessarily rely on a mind to function in their physiological duties. While you're busy concentrating on something,

perception tends to be shallow and there are high chances of forgetting, though a mind fail, to record thus recall what you have just sensed. Therefore, you will not experience the impact of your senses to their fullness. Fire you know is about to burn you is more painful than fire that surprises you because a mind aggravates pain – just like when total concentration on sex is more pleasurable than a preoccupied mind during coitus.

That's where the distinguishable difference between hearing and listening, looking and gazing is realised. Both listening and gazing are propelled by concentration, which is more alert than the senses themselves. Sensory organs are just secondary and when one doesn't comprehend what he senses then senses are not of any assistance. We have to figure out what we are sensing, even by drawing false assumptions of what we are discerning.

A personal effort, directed to an omnipresent concentration (which I will call Total Concentration) is probable and retainable. Not multiple concentrations, rather a single, infinite and shrouding concentration that covers every sound made by movements simultaneously, in unison or not. Even every other sound made howeverly and wheneverly. Temperature, also, and being able to spot it every time it alters, and all other information or stimulus being sensed by the senses; that emerges by lingering late to occupy itself within the whole umbrella of that concentration activity.

However, those late stimuli cannot interrupt the "structure" that's already being constructed, but can only become an additional "steel-plate" to that fabricated structure. Seeing is a far more constrained sense and, although images cannot be perceived from all perspectives at the same time, that does not disprove or discredit the totality of that ultimate concentration being possible or "existential". The chief

sense, just beneath the "sixth" sense is feeling. Life, this bodily life, is nothing but a feeling. We nourish ourselves because we feel hunger, we rest because we feel tired, and taste is another form of distorted feeling. Music makes us feel good, entertainment is there to feed on our ever-demanding good or bad feeling. You feel love, you feel peace and when those feelings shut down, then the bodily life comes to an end. A body reacts through a feeling. Almost every sense and emotion stems directly or indirectly from the mind but conceived through a feeling. Sickness is a form of an intense and uncomfortable feeling or even no-feeling (numbness is a feeling in disguise but those who are strangers to "nothingness" might dispute). Drugs makes us feel good, ego makes us feel proud and good, statuses, thoughts of wealth and money, alcohol and relationships, all bring waves of pleasant feelings. And meditation is the apex of that "feeling" which people regard as God. When you can obtain your total concentration, you invite yourself to the universe. Awareness. We can agree it is not necessarily a feeling but one might know how it feels, so it, too, emerges also in a form of a feeling.

The range of total concentration is also limited due to the nature of the limitations imposed on a body. It can only rely on how far the senses can sense and how wide the awareness can disperse itself. Closed eyes, mostly, is a prerequisite to the total concentration because it eliminates external distractions, thus images are discarded and imaginations are subdued.

That single concentration is now spread, stretched, and it becomes constantly present with no intervals of internal picturing, unnecessary visuals or any other cause that might flash and cause divisions within that attention. An undivided attention is an attention to everything occurring. Despite that, at times, one can concentrate more on one thing than another – simply put, we might have a focal of a stem without ignoring the branches and leaves. Total concentration still can allow that without compromising itself.

Total concentration is attained by being aware of the movement of a mind as it switches from one thought to another. When one can reliably spot a leap from one subject to another (or even from subject to object), then one can attain one's total concentration.

OBSSESSION

For more of a less troubled life, one must opt for a collage-like mind instead of a single-coloured mind that's been firmly fixed on an idea or a shrouding belief. A belief that overshadows everything – without justice – and leaves no well-respirated room for other thoughts to inhabit. The monotony that we bite, chew and grind on a daily basis comes because we have it in our minds that it is our chief dinner, yet it is not so palatable it seems. The repetition and patterns in our heads. Several thinkings are far better than a single, projected thought because they do not have a long-term duration that can serve as a fertile loam soil for thoughts to manifest and "touch-ups" on thoughts have less of an impact on the emotional capacity of a person. The consequence is pain and suffering. The whole point is to fabricate a fortified shield that stands between victims and the anguish they exert on themselves without any sense of realisation at play. An error is when we are nourishing a definite thought that is a cub, which matures to devour and then ingest us raw. Unlike multiple cubs that grow up play-fighting each other to their demise. Neglected thoughts do no harm, nor do they make for a doomed future. They are mere sparks. Fleeting.

That is for those who have no knowledge of meditation and a cleaning-up of the mental bins on occasions. Ideas, pre-conceived ones that turned into traditions,

hurts us because they intensify the emotion that emerges. Meditation is an ideal tool to cleanse the spam in one's mind because, unlike contemplation (which is mistakenly recognised as meditation by Abrahamic religious dogmas and texts) does not nourish thoughts. Contemplation is thinking and sinking to a medium of logic and rationality, whereas meditation is beyond that. When one fails to excel at those exercises, one must then be made to not have or allow any of his/her thoughts to be a pillar in the centre of others. Thinking must be like fibrous roots, not tap roots. Tap roots tend to delve deeper on the grounds.

It is a widely known fact that a mind beckons, shapes and creates one's future, and that will also occur in the present state, de facto. It is a world-wide sung gospel that the mind attracts events, whether it is conscious of it or not, so I won't delve into that concept. I presuppose most people comprehend the law of attraction by now. What I would like to convey on this topic is this: there is still a gap that seeks to be minimised between the understanding of different intensities, depths and degrees within certain experiences orchestrated by a mind. Because a strong-willed mind (a one that is directed) as weighed together with a feeble one will cause the same results yet with different weight and/or impact, insofar as they are projected at the same target, and the rate at which they manifest things and situations will also be dissimilar. It is irrefutable that a mind can attract a particular event, but at which depth of impact to one/s life? And what is that psychological factor that causes such?

It is an obvious natural phenomenon that the longer something has existed, the greater impact it has on the world or any other abode it may have taken up. A grandmother has had a more positive or negative effect on the world and life than a new-born child. And an old cancer that has deteriorated over time has damaged cells in a body more than a young cancer. This is no different in any way or sense to how the mind functions when it comes to the longevity of a thought

that resides within it. The longer a mind is given time to roam around, being fed to stay alive, the more demolishing or building-up it will have done, through the potentials in what it attracts. When a mind is constantly contemplating, judging, analysing and examining on some experience, the time that very experience takes motion or occur tends to cause it to be deeper in feeling and effect, unlike when a mind was strange and clean of that thought that brought that experience in a first place. That's why people who are obsessed with death, whose life is encompassed by the obsession of death and dying, tend to be more affected by death than someone who never entertains a thought of death – someone who only experiences a momentary shock brought by it and then recovers quickly. A continual and constant obsession with something, no matter whether is it taking place currently or is soon to happen, will deepen the experience. Think of a song playing in your head the whole day, and finally comes the time that you play it; it will sound more blissful than it did if you hadn't heard or thought of it all day. A surprise also affects someone in a deeper way, but it is shallow as compared to an on-going obsession and its lifespan is too short. Sex is another example. When someone's obsession is based on sex, he/she tends to enjoy sex and reach high heights of sex than someone who hardly ever thinks of sex at all.

All this leads me to conclude that obsession deepens the impact of any experience to come.

A PAIN IS ALWAYS

For an excessively toiling mind, undertaking unnecessary duties that often themselves precipitate agony that one experiences, it is almost too complicated to concentrate on – even at many a times to realise and acknowledge – a pain currently at play. The reveries, the slight hallucinations, perpetual and uninterrupted thinking, forever planning and futile retrospection makes one oblivious to the alerting senses within the body. The red, gloomy light resembling future fatality is never magnified through our blindfolded retinas – blares are too busy escaping from our thought capacity, en route to . . . no man knows. The mind is again culpable for steering and misdirecting our essential attention away, of stealing it by a sweet bribe. Some people find pleasure in thinking, without, or altogether with, pain.

To live in your head causes blinded perceptions of bodily pains that are constantly there, every second of every consecutively dying minute. The busyness of a mind-play can (seemingly) detect only extreme pains (that often deteriorate), which tend to reduce the bee's busyness of a mind at most times. The focus shifts and harmony is ultimately attained in the brain as the temperature cools down. A mind cloaks the diagnosis it makes for it has that capability and the potency. Rather, portraits flash constantly on the canvass of attention and many agonies emerge and defunct unseen. A body transmits, always, subtle signals to the ever-

present consciousness – they are intertwined, and we have a misinformed belief that there is ever a moment free of any inflicted pain. That is false. Yet a flesh can remain healthy for some time; just because it is in a state of function, but pain is bound to reveal itself. Like I've implied; a busy mind becomes oblivious to it. That itchiness is pain or painful. A body is an absolute burden, a futility, if one is conscious of the feebleness of consistent pain it experiences, and a body hurts when it develops. Its involuntary muscles work through pain and the illusion of bliss has a heart-centre of pain, not at equilibrium with that bliss but rather low. Sex is fair chances painful and music hurts the eardrums, just as much as an eye has to blink as if to clear the pain it accumulates from gazing. If one comprehends pain, one will always detect it without any form of hassle and one will surely spot it, even if it has a bad habit of self-concealing. The heat a body gives off is painful when one is alert enough and one can conclude that existence is painful.

Some conclude its definition as a determined soul's expression on the physical dimension for its tangible journey to self-discovery and/or self-mastery: Life. An indestructible, vacant and energised entity (a soul) is inflated within this fleshly capacity named a body; from the ancient metaphysics we learn so; the Bible, the holy Vedas, Quran, and other later sacred scriptures all affirm this explanation. Whether this is true or based on misinformed, less rational, and unconscious basis is another day's problem.

The physical life, with its seemingly sweet and bitter experiences, emerges together with its cons, which are less realised, if at all. The sugared sensations, the jubilation, pride and prosperity comes equally with a hideous pain. There's pain – everywhere a man wanders together with his space-suit (a body); there ought to be pain ambushing him in his whereabouts and manacle him whenever it can. It is in the palatable diet he consumes. The chewing involved exerts pain on the teeth-bones and the heat burns slowly the mouth up to the throat and the silent

mourning stomach, but he still regard his dish well-cooked and enjoyable. His bare-feet that he hauls on the perforating stones of the cruel grounds, the muscle pulls that come along and the coughing due to influenza – are all painful. The writing, standing, dancing, even meditating, all are painful. When he reposes, too, sitting is one of the factors and during his dreams at slumber, a body realises itself to be in pain just by lying for prolonged hours. Exhaustion is another visage of the several faces of this masked monster: pain. Even to dead flesh there's a grain of pain: it is there, it is just that there's nothing to react to it. I mention a grain because pain is aggravated by resistance. Some regard pain to be an illusion but so is everything else that exists.

Emotional pain is another masqueraded face. Every emotion is a blend, with pain being present in –all, from envy, trauma, to those we regard as love, there's a degree of pain inside them.

There's pain when you talk (ask your throat, when you yell), when you laugh, gesture and in everything else that a body performs because there's action committed and every action results into pain, however tiny or enormous, it matters not. People who live inside their heads only seems to be responsive to the hugely felt pains because they are busy elsewhere.

Through a devoted determination and self-application to something, a body has that essential capability to adjust itself and be reformed, too. Attention is the ultimate nurse to the unceasing pain one experiences. The transcending that one can bestow on oneself via concentration to the very least detail the body sends off is of high importance. The body remains full of physical discomfort and emotional suffering because pain is the noblest way to plead for attention from consciousness that's fast asleep. It serves as an alarming reminder, for one to be in a conscious

state at all times and, yes, it can be prevailed upon and be jumped over. One can live beyond it, gazing it down. The moment one develops a sharp third-eye to see through pain, it's a moment when pain loses its significance and value to a devotee. The stage has been passed. And during illness one must be absolutely present because pain is daggered deep. A body is a continuously painful tool, whether one chooses to be conscious of it or not, and when one is accustomed to pain in every second of life - then there is no reason to fear physical harm and then death.

LETTER TO DUMISILE

Many an open letter bears a motive of criticism and public vulgarity between "look-at-us-brawling" individuals, but this one defies that, unfortunately.

I do not prefer to begin this one traditionally, with some "Hey, I've known you for some X numbers of years and you've been of great significance in my life. . . .". So I decide to devour the intention at play – instantly, and stop beating about the compact bush like a drunkard's vehicle that went astray, fatally, in a head-to-nose car accident. Introduction finished.

I commemorate on these years togetherly spent with a beaming visage that reveals joy that lacks impurity. I like that descriptive English a lot. That English that wanders around a centred point that it should radius-ly embark and pursue. That English that includes a lot of semantics, wordplay, albeit conveying three main points in it. So let me play like a play-write and tell you of how much this eternal love strikes its perforating flames in my heart or mind. See, a heart is just an innocent organ that has been erroneously bestowed with enormous responsibilities it originally did not have. It plays a navel of a soul or an emotional dimension of a human being but it doesn't – because a mind projects one of its several

hallucinations on it, if not most. A heart will not exit any anguish prior to a mind transmitting any to it, so a chief question is: Is a heart naturally neutral and is it utilised by a mind as a dojo dour to utter its languish or even "love" externally to the physical aspect, or is it true to its believed-to-be functions, especially the inner-discerned ones?

The answer is the not the latter, because a heart is been dictated to when all the senses are journalists firstly to a brain hence and obviously; a mind. Enough about mind and heart fables, but anyway, you get the point I was endeavour to impress.

I love your limping chess skills, your Nina Simone piano lessons that you've stalled and your none-political attitude that steps wildly on my impressions. But Pata, politics are just as essential as your nirvana's aspirations because they enable a platform for a harmonious meditation temple and mantra houses. My best sister-friend, and I'm still anxious about why you left on a Monday morning after a journey-filled weekend galore, with that exhausted, spent big-black flesh you've en-spirited. Thanks for the PES window-game and I owe you a promised trip to Sun City and I will deliver ... as you've expected - like I was pregnant ... or something in that absurd fashion.

From Thando to Foxy, you were constantly present and I admire you for that spontaneous rationale - matter of fact, I adore you. Whoever, in his (or her, gender is of no subject here) solitude and personal meditations thought of a truth "Talk is cheap" had a magnificence in his (or her, gender is nothing!) insight. I can talk, blab, say, tell, murmur or yell ideas, ideals, opinions then facts or contradictions (distortions, too) of those facts to ultimate truths but the remainder is that cheapness emerges with that concept of ... communication. There's nothing

that a mind ought to acquire in which it didn't initially approve from the first sentence at the get-go. So, fundamentally, a mind only listens to what it knows or would like to, otherwise, disputes are birthed from the fighting (and not sugar-smeared) coitus that two opponents of mentalities collides. A mind rejects whatever ejects one of its programmes. Talk is eternally cheap, thus these continuous mindless debates, these continuous quarrels, vacantly blaring preaches, raps – as if people think that talking has any deep effect on minds of people.

I remember:

My 24th birthday had just dawned in, it was a year later. So hopefully young, filled with unsurpassed wonder, thinking too much of my own thinking prowess. Knowledge prowess it seemed, then, to prevail over anyone's. On the precise day of my aforementioned birth anniversary I, Dumisile and Tshepang had planned to visit Credo Mutwa at Kuruman, Magojaneng. My friend, Dumisile, had specially came from Johannesburg, more than 500km away, to smell the scent and behold the grace of an Old Man. A man so cunningly exploited by the "pale-skinned" and "dark-skinned", who turned into stringless puppets of Ones lacking pigmentation at all. It was a gift that one could bestow unto oneself. To imprint a life-long memory in one's mind and to startle the slumbered facet of one's soul. Because he scatters the brutal truth to the dispersed self and leaves One perpetually thinking – with pieces of furiosity (if One is Black), condemning that train of thought.

A prophet artist who was undressed of his knowledge, his arts, his mad love and sheer devotion to his people, his children and now; distrust and military-like reactions plus expectation modes are always on and are what's left when confronted by strangers. I wrote this when he was still alive, a day after my birthday, or so.

I won't bother in mentioning how the West had absorbed one of the valuable and most important of Africa's sugared juices, ruined his life-potential seeds and ruined ingredients, too. I won't, either, write about details sequencing us in meeting him because I don't have time for singing to or of mediocrity. Every interval in a story is mediocre to me and not every description is necessary.

A Black-man, with framed and big lenses hanging loosely on his old, exhausted and wrinkled frame. A short man, an anatomical structure that reveals his origin and birth area: Southern Africa. He utters with a speed of a sickened tortoise, yet too deep an ocean as if he let his words drown one by one in-line into one's loam-mind. I guess it's every true artist's technique; to engage his patience with his portrait and words are not exceptions to artistry when they are not enforced. And I will not talk of how a prophet sees no acknowledgment from his nation.

He, Credo, showed us (me, Tshepang and Pata) a mountain that Jesus and Magdelene passed during their famous migrational journey – kind of nomads – in the Northern Cape and then told us of how Barwa (San, Nama, Khoi) and Batswana women had that natural ability to track water underneath the ground to an upwelling, even in the desert and drought-prone areas. He refused us a snap-capture him because of evil reasons and monetary reasons that cometh with his name, fame and image and defiled reputation.

My muscles contracted, my blood-flow struggled to transport that vital liquid to my organ systems with my vessels. The voice was tired but rich, especially when he recited what Mandela used to praise-sing during his boxing era (when victimising someone). Poetry. He advised us: Don't conflict over religions, they're all God's!

Stressing a concept of "different rivers leadeth to the same ocean", disparity emerged and was dispensed by his subliminal silences preceded by shallow chuckles and laughs. In those, he implied: a black man is doomed. Several centuries oncoming look bleak for a man with melanin-producing capabilities. A negro will be a dinosaur studied in anthropology and monumented.

Data, whether that prophecy will see the light of the day, it is still unknown.

Talk is still very cheap. There are millions of truth-revealing quotes about life, death, loathing, existence, love and others, multiple aspects of this manifold life, and they seem to be able to transform one – but only during the time one reads them. To be forgotten afterwards.

The bbm chats, Whatsapp and my bad habit of divorcing you every now and then are of paramount love. The pictures memorising the Big Hole in Kimberly, Back-to-the-city, the Eye and the places we plan to walk on – bare-footed – and all. All of these lead to an apex of our "lives", which is No Self.

Hey, good drunkard friend of mine, peace.

WHEN REALISED, KNOWLEDGE IS A PREDICAMENT

There are millions of quotes containing wisdom that distort your ignorance and enhance you to a better person just for five minutes, and after the demise of those five minutes you relapse to your old self but, regardless, you keep lingering for more. Sayings of old poets, ancient scriptures, hidden treasures of knowledge and many other sources of that wisdom that turn out to be a piece of worthy knowledge to you. People utter brilliance, they instruct the techniques of self-betterment, of quality-filled life and more. Only if people who are taught would be in a permanent state of retrospection and remembrance. Commemorations are important because a mind tends to lose the former when enticed by the later, or another. I think a mind is deliberately so – so that one can "ought" to his own wisdom, but unfortunately it is not so. We're taught to be dubious of our own philosophies that emerge sporadically through our minds and tend to rely on and practise those of others who we think of as being chosen or even talented. Everybody can think but it is the brain's genes and the DNA(s) that intervene and interrupt it – it is a biological obstacle that places a fortified wall between being able to think and being incapable. Listening, believing and succumbing to the bodily capabilities belittle one's tunnel of thinking; and it is not that one is born unable. A person must be taught, there should be a way of teaching people how to prevail against their

physical and limiting part of self, to switch from a brain to a mind; to be mindful without the necessity of a brain. When one can transcend the brain and attain the full capacity of his mind then one can be a great thinker but, instead, the structure placed before the society makes absolutely sure that the brain of a thinker governs his mind, hence, his thinking abilities are suppressed and denied. Neurons dictate and draw boundaries around his thinking. Those millions of quotes would be his if this was not the case.

People learn to know, they acquire, they research, they, too, advise one to be inquisitive in their manner or habits, and so they worship one who has done so to a greater extent. Books after piles of stacked books, intricate website links and electronic books being shared and sent within close circles. They all do this, in pursuit of the pinnacle of knowledge that they steadily ascend toward. A mountain so infinite and so unfathomable, it seems.

It's all a masquerade, concealed hallucinations – thinking that knowledge stays with you throughout every consecutive minute of your life. Some decisions might be made utilising that knowledge, however, remembrance must be applied. Only a known notion that has surpassed simple knowledge in one's mental capacity and has made a grey scar in someone's soul can it utilised without any necessity of a fixed remembrance.

It became a part of you through an embedded adaptation of a soul. When I say a soul, I mean a collective of unconscious thoughts that has manifested to create the tangible you. Those very thoughts that you must let perish to acquire enlightenment.

Knowledge is being praised and idolised, and is dependent on by the society of modern and primitive epoch(s), but nobody has any knowledge in this world – not until one starts to recall it. Ironically, everybody has all the knowledge embedded as experiences in their soul, but unless they exhume it, to the surface where it can be capitalised on, it lies fallow. Whatever one learns now; it is already known, but we rather opt for that subtle programming coined "learning", without attempting to resurrect what's cloaked and planted in the mist..

This subtle knowledge is not stored, just captured, and when it is not formally repeated (so to make that scar in a soul), it gets lost and remembrance become a monarch once more.

We recall our vocabulary, we recall on our beliefs and our past, we recall our education and so on. In a normal, calm, meditative state, a person knows nothing. Intelligent people are the ones who can remember most of what they have been taught, but those who can think things out are wise people. Innovative minds recall nothing. That's a natural mind. There is no origin, whatsoever, about their innovation.

I say this because we function mostly from a conscious mind; subconscious is not ours, it is part of the universe we are entrapped in. Knowledge relies on remembrance, until then, intellectuals are just as mentally vacant as those "idiots" they gaze at, regard and criticise. To a certain extent, everybody is empty-headed. And a majority of memories not regularly repeated and stored on externals like photographs and memoirs. These are bound to be lost, along with education.

Without the social need for education and the systematic nature it invokes, knowledge would not be so overly glorified and deemed a great conqueror of humanity's predicaments and progression. Knowledge is made, thus education and other elements of the same fabric are fabricated, too.

With an acknowledgement of nature and fundamentals of genuine reality there is no room for this made phenomenon. There's no reality to this holy-master, education. Education is an ego-man's game that inflates loathing, separation, self-ignorance, illogical wars, perpetual verbal or written conflicts disguised as debates. And whoever is manifested from its womb is not an exception, rather of its further momentum.

It is a mentality that has been intertwined with our physicality by means of bodily necessities and resources, and emotions in the blend, too. We can still do our respiratory activity without it. As a matter of fact, it is suffocating for many because one will be seeking to be taught. In an existence and assured progression of man. No, education must defunct for the sake of harmony, unity and non-interrupted consciousness. People must produce their own wisdom.

Now people are manacled by this psycho-game to a sharp-yet-perforating apex of forgetting their primary purpose: God attainment, or the transcendence of mind, a realisation of their cunning ego inscribed in their hearts for other soul-enriching purposes, awaits.

People die for education. I find it interrupts me.

A Guru will not educate - he will activate you. Education is just mundane food and people must be perpetually fed to stay alive and afloat with a social status. Activation is to teach a man how to fish using the rods already within.

LANGUAGE AS BEING CULPABLE TO A MYTH CALLED LOVE

I've been conflicting with a wonder of why is it that I fail to recall most of memories of my early childhood, especially when I was a toddler. I concur, I was still blind and oblivious to what had encompassed me and my inner being but I had a complete work-horse of a brain to store information that I observed and, presumably, store burdens I could not handle. I lacked nothing psychologically. At that time I might have been too young to comprehend, but one can never be too young to remember, interpret and, hence, reminisce over things that mattered or not. But nature says something different.

So I do not remember only because those memories required a language to be archived as worthy chronicles within me.

Comprehension relies on growth and an expansion of maturity, but memories do not, and both hang hopelessly on words to be preserved as such, respectively.

Mammals such as elephants ought to have remembrance, although they lack

that understanding capacity we humans spontaneously obtain. Their language is pictorial but the downside of a picture-language is that you cannot think for yourself or visualise. You only memorise, you memorise events in a visual form and that's where it ends.

Imagination is rooted in what is externally captured and what can occur due to one's perpetual desires – peculiar or impossible desires, too. What is already known is primary and so is each and every kind of thought. Language acts as a medium to assist thoughts to sculpt themselves into memories so they make relative sense during times of retrospection. And again, language is of great help in broadening one's folded logic. A mind is just grey matter that can fall low to the level of pure organ named a brain, when it conjures no thoughts.

It will then function together with the brain and assist the body with to its functions: blood circulation, heart-pumping, digestion and many other involuntary functions within and without a flesh. When it starts being productive in allowing thoughts to emerge, and when it starts to disperse itself in forms of thoughts, then we can declare it as a mind. It must go through a metamorphosis to attain existence.

So, this pillars the observation that thinking is a slave of language. Thinking is pure alphabets amalgamated to convey something during any sort of interaction. All the essential characteristics of a mind – logic, rationale, imagination, problem solving ability and others – rely on language. The sequence is: mind [arrow] language [arrow] thoughts, all in a split second without a proper realisation's intrusion in between.

You can't think crystal clearly in the absence of language. More so, there is a cumulative effect; modern inter-racial societies cannot think without multiple combinations of languages intertwined. One language proves their incapability because a form of a mind is shaped in that fashion. In language's absence, you have only a mind but you would not be aware of it because thoughts are not produced to the extent that we can call them: thinking. A mind is impotent during that period.

Parrots can begin to think and have an analytical mind when one imparts to them a calibre of language. It goes way beyond emulating and mimicking human sounds. Subtle thinking is involved. A machine can record and produce sounds in an exact order but parrots can become flexible in their talking and that background operator, within that species, is a mind. A brain that contains a mind is different from one that does not – even within brains of same species. So to give a bird a mind, you have to teach it language. Sign or verbal.

The more one knows language is the better one can think but this must not be confused with people who can talk in a poetic way. Adding elegance and beauty to a language does not mean you know the more of a language, but rather that you can utilise well what you have in hand.

Language is a versatile practise. You can create another languages and dialects out of a language and out of sounds.

The more one repeats a certain sets of sounds, the more significance a folded mind adds to it and so one makes a language, or rather communication, out of it. But that sound will not be regarded as a thought until it become part of a language.

That perpetual activity of influx, thoughts in your head, is fuelled greatly by how deeply you know a particular language. It matters not which language it can be, as long as you know it to its depth you come to think more. With some subjective concepts such as love, one cannot have the experience until he or she has learned the word – love – and what significance has been attached to it. After that, is only when one can experiment with one, thus, experience it. Otherwise, for an unnatural phenomenon such as love, it is impossible to touch it without the knowledge of it.

Some people can experience things, especially feelings, but fail to explain them. They call it the "I just can't explain it" feeling. That "I just can't explain it" feeling is yonder or even beneath a mind, thus language fails to be expressive regarding it, as language is a mind itself. But a feeling that is a resultant or linked, however, to a mind, can be verbally expressed. A feeling like anger or fear. So it depends whether can one distinguish a mental (language) emotion or a natural-free-from-thoughts emotion such as love.

Language is a root of most of human's daily practices and tradition. Verbal or internally spoken, it makes no great difference. So the number of thoughts produced a day depends on how many words you know of a certain language, they depend on one's vocabulary. Thoughts themselves comprise both pictures and words – and words are nothing but a language. If a mind is incapable of speech, then a mind is unable to think. Without any language in someone's knowledge thoughts are complicated, if not impossible. Minds always conclude and form opinions about many things, if not everything, they discern, whether one is conscious or not of one's mind.

Sometimes I delve deep in a human consciousness and psycho-medium and unravel emotions that are natural, or not, to people. I let meditation occur unto me in order to separate dirt from neat. One cannot comprehend the root causes and factors or what precipitates a particular emotion if one does not meditate. Every other practice besides meditation is based on assumptions. Assumptions can be factual, too, they are not naturally false.

People experience emotions and not their initial stage and their triggers. They can only ascribe an emotion to the external reason, which is quarterly true.

They so experience love, too, but ask anyone what is love and you will not get a precise answer. Most are perplexed.

You will only find metaphors, poetic descriptions, and examples attached to the notion called love, not the precise explanation of it. Language is used with regards to the thought of love in pursuit of explaining itself.

The reason is, deep down in a man's centre-source, there's nothing called or like LOVE. Love is an imaginary, a product of inspired thoughts; that's why one chooses who or what and, surely, how to love. There's only peace within a man, no love. And out of that peace emanates what we call compassion. Compassion is why we shield, mourn and tolerate others; it's what is intervening between a mother and her child and what is between partners. We loathe seeing another person undergoing any sort of anguish because of the compassionate relation every living being has. It is morality, and every fabric of morality is decided – that's why morals differs according to different cultures.

Does a flesh, regardless of its condition, know anything like love? No. Only a mind does; a body does not even require it. It can seek for water, food, medicine, for slumber during fatigue and even for peace but it never seeks for love. People get lonely but loneliness is nothing but sheer boredom or missing something and it is only mental, a mind's way of ranting: I AM FAMISHED!

And that's where love slights cautiously in. It is an opportunist.

Some might argue for the existence of love and say it is energy but when energy is dependent on thoughts or a mind, then it is not energy but a mind's workings. A mind can invoke natural energy in a way. Sorcery and Wicca are two examples. The language-mind endeavours by all means possible to sustain its product, called love, and to cheat people into remaining blissfully within that limited dungeon. They will rage, scold or refute anyone who attempts to liberate them from that condition. A family is nothing but people with an objective of a collective survival disguised as love because we ought to help one another. But for the majority of our leisure time we do not choose these people – we choose friends and formed posses, and some hermits even decide to be solitary. Love is firstly inherited and then it is imprinted on one's soul as a habit rewound throughout manifestation – so we see it everywhere and believe in it. But in a transcendence of a mind and other swift energies which are not consciousness one finds no love.

A body is only concerned (but never in distress) about its survival, thus it alerts you when it is hungry and parched or when a candle is burning your skin, all without your awareness. Does a body ever request love?

Never.

It is only an instant reaction to what your mind is thinking because of its servitude and its slave condition. Pry on animals regarding love, ask children about love; they know it not. Children know only of vast peace and a natural moral tolerance.

To sum up language and the games it creates: thoughts fabricated words, which then invented thoughts, which then created illusions that are articles of faith to the multitudes.

GINA

An error a man always commits is not when he deliberately captures what is happening with his sub-conscious mind for memory purposes – but rather not consuming that moment to the apex of his satisfaction. He does not have to record it or archive it, for it will inject anguish in him in the future while he reviews the chronicles. He just needs to consume it just like a photographer is at the centre of the action but is not part of the action.

My Grandma died a pauper. She was utterly bitter, heartsick and almost approached dementia because of the failure she saw through her two useless daughters, who couldn't obtain prosperity she so slaved for them and wished to leave because of them.

She departed on a moon-smiling afternoon when I was twenty-one years old (although old at heart) and still striving to achieve my monetary "emancipation" or even a university degree. A sense of self-elevation and transformation was a great thing for me back then.

For all the bests that she had – out of compassion – purchased for me, most prominent is the flat she paid for during my spiritual lessons, which came disguised as college tuitions and I was the one with that facade of deception. She was paying for my tertiary studies but the gods of the streets were activating the inevitable God in me, the lads who introduced me to enlightenment and spiritual texts.

She became physically turned off by her body's Intelligence during one of the most tragic-filled years of my life, I had just lost a high school companion that same year to some satanic sacrifices where warm blood is required to be tapped down on the grounds, so the foul and hungry phantoms of the serpents can be pleased. Glad, Grandma's blood froze within herself and she was entombed without even a loss of a nail. People are buried without some limbs and intrude into our lives for us to perform rituals for them because they can't see any peace.

The year was 2011, when Amy overdosed and died and Zim Ngqawana had a stroke – laid to rest on that same day.

Death perforates and then peels off your attached strength and sheer confidence way before it comes in full eruption. Grandma used to wake up at midnight during the last, high-paced months of her life and come and sleep in the room I shared with my younger brother. She visualised and projected her sudden murder to our neighbour and that imagination harassed her. Saying our neighbour wanted to kill her in a cold-blooded moment while the hyena's tail had been burnt, its aroma suppressing us into a heavy slumber of no-consciousness. She used to sleep soundly in our room but fear's force pumped her heart when the late hours dawned in. It was almost like she feared darkness and added grains of sporadic truth to the saying: The more you grow old is the more you turn young.

She would watch television and fall asleep on a couch to deny that peaceful self-introspection session one gets momentarily before falling asleep. That moment when one is not yet asleep because sleeping is not immediate to most.

Television would assist her to cheat and manoeuvre those thoughts in a bid to fall asleep. Out of a discomfort of sleeping in a sitting position – unlike a retreating yogi – she used to awake in the middle of the night to find the television still uttering sounds through loud speakers, and she would run into her room. That's a sense of death-phobia. Some unfortunate people die without an alertion of death through fear.

A body's clock can tick moments away and telling you meanwhile.

She even died in the house which was not hers – that's how frightened she was. The problem was not her circumstances and she was ignorant of that. The problem was in her slowly dying days that passed like west breeze that cools the salty sweat of a farm worker.

She told me that one day I'll remember her and go to church without me being aware of that visit I'll be paying. It was just after I told her I don't believe in God and church was wasting my time.

In the society where Christians are more populous than other believers, when somebody asks me whether I believe and is my faith for their deity called Jehova, I never act perplexed but I answer:

I like to make practical references to the human body, this organic and complex fleshed machine prior to answering most of the questions because that's a reference point. The body (and whatever it enables to be or become effective) is the basis of all the knowledge a man possesses and to disregard it means your facts are not true. A microscope can see to the depth what a human eye cannot, but without a human eye then a microscope cannot see. Without the body then every kind of knowledge or stressed fact is unknown.

So a part of a person that ought to "believe" and hold dear the religion and scriptures of what it chooses to follow is a mind – otherwise, if you do not have a mind, then you cannot believe. Even a confused mind finds it hard to believe. Animals do not believe or know God because they lack that crucial tool named a mind.

According to my opinion, using a mind to believe in something is somehow flawed. Even the God is perceived or known to exist because of a mind. Without a mind you cannot prove the existence of God – so God is proved to be mental. If a mind can create satellites, incubators and other complex electronic devices, surely a mind can easily create God. Those mental waves can invent that holographic God and believe in its existence. And I do not believe in God solely because a mind has fabricated him. We are born without that natural and spiritual experience of God because God is something to be taught and installed. The whole point of biblical studies was for God's education. Children are programmed about God – on their own they cannot accumulate instances and reasons, thus, they would not know God. So, this God of notion proves to be unnatural. It would not occur to anyone until they were given a precise background about it. I do not believe in God only because I don't and because I refuse to fall victim to mind.

I suppose implying all that to my Grandma was a bit childish or immature.

Like a hooter of a coal-train yelling from afar and whoever playing on the track starts to startle and thinks to move, that's how death comes. It is emotionally visible as it comes ambushing.

One of my brothers, as I was growing up, told me that fear makes one lighter, it sticks invisible wings on you; that's why one can jump tall fences when one is super-scared. It turns one to be numb just before an accident. And that's why one must have a tremendous fear before death. So one can die pain-free. Pain cease before one dies.

My Grandma used to feel delighted over palatable cooked meal, she used to cook for Caucasoids so she knew food. She adored skilfully cut robes and she blatantly scolded squabbles, futile family brawls, and promoted tolerance with her younger siblings. They respected her – before her visage and not where her eyes and ears couldn't reach.

She constantly smiled and was outspoken, but her love's inequivalence was depicted crystal-clear among her grandchildren. She said she loathed some of us because of our attitudes but I doubted it.

DEAR MOTIVATIONAL SPEAKERS

I was once a commercial lad, and being exposed to many a motivational speaker on a frequent basis allowed me to distinguish the errors and loopholes in their education, especially those ones of late. They used to always utter about and glorify the future, how to draft and colour it with a crayon of a sticky mind. To deny the already bagged past. How to boost the self. How to grow quicker than the rate of nature's acceleration. To expand the limits of destiny further. To get more. To hunt and gather more but not in a greedy fashion. They never told me and my acquaintances to learn to be accustomed to those bitter moments in life that felt like those nails that assisted in the crucifixion of those delinquents who were next to Jesus. They don't teach us to acquire riches by being content with the current moment, they don't.

Dear Mister Motivational Speaker

If I'm not mistaken, the core of your weekly discourse or what I, personally, would regard and term dharma – just like most of our monetary seeking pastors on gullible masses and, of late, motivational speakers, is: How to achieve your self-set goals, despite what they are, their size, temperature or, even better, their nature.

And perhaps, how to retain them forever, along the slim footpath of life. On the actuality: How to enhance yourself and not necessarily in a spiritual aspect in which self-transformation is the chief objective but only materially. Although you teach self-acceptance, the contradiction of self-accepting with a stroking desire of self-modifying (in a way) that you deliberately propel to people's attention to is not ignorable.

Without sounding explicitly negative in my criticism I seem to be on a side of opposition (not inspired by or being off of envy and detest) with the nature of that notion in its most fundamental level. Let's analyse, dissect thus assess this:

You encourage dreams. Dreams – to achieve, to obtain or to aspire, to possess. Dreams (not the asleep subconscious minds drama-like play), emerge out of nothing but desire or a need, a lack, out of a sheer package of unfulfilled lust, out of a mind that complains by yelling: I'm not a human yet!

Someone who is in a constant state of dreaming is condoning a state of need to weigh heavy upon his soul like a dead-relationship's burden and he will attempt to remove that condition of needing by dreaming more, hoping more. This is an underlying and unseen cycle of error. Hope only manifests when it's aligned with karma and, if not, then karma always prevails. People who do not dream, do not need – literally. Wishes are another factor and they do precipitate hunger. Basically, they blossom out of a false condition of a non-self-accepted soul and for you to promote the dosage of "You're not yet complete, do this to complete yourself" kind of appears misleading, if not futile. It drops bitterly on my tasting tongue. Just like how the earth's elites push an envelope of a propaganda that has distorted the teaching of rabbi Jesus to channel the people to a direction of easily controllable, easy to manipulate and easy to lead them to drink away their tribu-

lations from the muddy waters. I think you're doing something similar. That sense of indifference that has connivingly entrapped you within itself, and without your alert realisation is culpable for all of your works and doings – not you.

Those dreams are projected by a mind that you encourage people to monitor and select thoughts from among themselves. This is psychologically unnatural, only momentarily possible and practically questionable. Before you can control or conquer your own mind, you first need to comprehend it, and that leads me to an idiotically sounding question . . .

"Do you know what a mind is?"

How sure can you be, in acclaiming and asserting that thoughts are not involuntary?

Who can explain the mind mechanics?

Psychologists can tell you about the results of a mind, but they cannot tell you of the mind's origin, if they use the brain as their argument then how do brainless ancestors and phantoms manage to "think" when they have been separated from their brains? But isn't it better to accept being a pauper as compared to being pleasure-lacking (acceptance bestows happiness) pauper who has hope of achieving some tangible wealth that is foreign to him?

On the contrary. Acceptance is what will beckon wealth when one is lacking, not necessarily hope. Hope automatically means loathing and disregard for the pres-

ent moment (what it brings) and its condition and with that grey brain brawling-against-the-now manner, success is compelled to shy away. At least you're happy and filled with blissful experiences, and not poor with hope, yet UNHAPPY. The moment you're full of joy, there is nothing else to yearn for unless that joy is an ideal in masquerade. If you accept then you cannot hope – acceptance substitutes for hope – otherwise, what are you hoping for if you have accepted and are in harmony with the flow of everything, of every consecutive moment?

My main point is that encouraging the masses to keep on gazing at the alighted firmaments in pursuit of reaching them is based on destructive falsehood. To keep on hauling their souls to an unpromised Utopia is dearly misleading. I'm not saying people should contemplate on or about poverty or any other "goalless" state, because if you've accepted it then you cannot think about it. However, if you continue to contemplate about how can you put an end to it, then you're attracting more of it – unrealisingly. Acceptance cleans the psychological dishes that defiled dreams leaves about. People should learn how to implement acceptance over their bad habits. In acceptance one tends to forget and any anguish forgotten has no effect. In accepting their circumstances they will experience peace and then happiness because even in dreaming of acquiring money, the last reason is for that money to give you happiness, none other.

Motivation is valuable weapon, when it comes to non-spiritual people to stealth their problems but when people's consciousness has been activated then I do not see its worth. Thus, I suggest and recommend spiritual gurus instead of teachers in a form of motivational speakers.

ART — AS SEEN FROM A LOATHING EYE

Yes, art is that interaction rooting fabulously from the wind to the stone, from the inner to the outer. It is a consequence of a prying spirit. It is the reflected researches of a delving artist. It is adored and respected throughout the centuries and its generations and it should be so. Art imitates life and societies ought to emulate artists with a white admiration and an entire heart's devotion or even sheer antagonism. It speaks of the plights of various communities, their jubilation. Art it is an archive of their history and a library of chronicles. It must be preserved and conserved. But my observation on the primary factor of art to exist is somehow a bitter pill to artists. It matters not whether I'm wrong or hit the nail on the head – what matters is my opinionated discovery to be recognised and spark something within each artist's mind and self.

You see, artists are –in one way or another apparently incomplete or emotionally stirred people, they are missing something within. Some have a physical lacking whereas others have an emotional lack. Their creative part comes from the necessity they alone perceive to create – they have a creation that will be a last piece of a puzzle of themselves, a last linking part of them, thus they can feel complete. They cannot seem to remain and survive without their art and that reveals an enormous deed of attachment. A sculptor would rather choose to sacrifice his life

and not hands. A singer dies when his voice diminishes or when deafness shrouds his cochlea – he cannot behold life yonder music.

They get "attached" to those works that they're doing and some even crawl to as far as to demand payment (or they refuse to share their artistic expressions) and insignificant rewards. You can see it for yourself, most of great artists are disabled, troubled, still, either on a physical or mental level or emotionally. Words of a poet would not be so well-chosen, structured and soundly tuned if they were constructed by a still and sober mind. When they're happy, their art does not emerge as beautiful and magnificent as when they're in their usual state of self, which is sickening, their said normality.

Talk to artists, you'll witness partial compounds of elements within them. When you encompass a poise and equilibrium between your mind, body and soul then you cannot be a good artist – I challenge and dare you!

Your trinity is feeling a sheer completeness so it cannot be creative or create anything to add on or fill itself. There is nothing missing. Gluttony is immoral.

Creativity comes from the word create and God is the creator and artists are said to be creative people. When you analyse the chief purpose of creation itself – why did God create all of the objects we sense around us in our residence here on earth and beyond – then you would see that God alone – in his sole state – is incomplete. God excluded from, or rather with no humans and nature, is an incomplete God, but soon as creation begin to exist then that God is God. God needs people to make him realise of what he is. But immediately, when that God becomes aware of his wholesomeness, he ceases to create. There is no further creation at a particular frequency of a God which is still. Some might argue that God created the particles in

the universe out of fun, yes, fun was the missing man. The ever-continuous cycle of birth and death; samsara, is caused by a self-discovering God because karma will not persist in a satisfied and complete God. So the soul will not re-create – will not reincarnate.

Therefore, the God in you is a dissatisfied God. He is not content with the body/ physicality and other subjectives that come with it, such as auras and chakras and the like, that you're entrapped in and which are themselves artistic creations, and which all form a YOU. Thus, the God in you has this enormous urge to CREATE and that manifests in a form of what we call ART. Artistic spirit is a hungry spirit. It lacks something, otherwise, it would not see a need to create. Initially, the consciousness created out of play, no other reason. And it seems as if, in other forms and entities, where the vibration of consciousness happens to be super low – the God is not satisfied.

In a society of individually unified people, art holds no greater worth – it is a game people never regard as serious. Music is a saviour during boredom, loneliness, anxiety, anguish and others, and none of these are emotions of a source, however, they erupt and disperse out of it. Yet, the eruption finds the tranquillity it began with – eventually. When your total bliss is only ransacked and only found in art, then you are handicapped.

Question: What is the use of poetry, music, painting and other forms of art?

Do you think painting a picture is essential or contributes anything vital, anyhow, in this life consisting of food, shelter, clothes, water, air and meditation?

Answer: No. Meditation is the food for the soul, not art.

There is no essential use for music, drama and etc in life, other than just for FEEDING the masses, to entertain their mere boredom (when you're bored, you LACK a sort of amusement/entertainment). I previously mentioned art as being some form of an interaction, so remember, communication happens between two or many things and art serves an emotion of a person. It does not nourish the body because you cannot eat art when you are famished and in the emotional states of people there is unity – oneness – so there is no need to communicate because you cannot interact with yourself, your whole. You just be with it.

Non-artistic people, they lack nothing. And other people who are not artists but lack something, too, are emotionally inclined people and the spiral-link of art and emotions is conjured here again on this latter reason. They reveal and express their lacking through emotions, although they are not artists. Weeping or any form of sorrow-revealing technique should be regarded as art. You present your piece of art to me, either to entice me or inform me, and when I'm found already enticed and informed, then your art will not be effective; it will not mean anything significant to me. It will not blow me away.

You see, people only CREATE art, nothing else. Others are just inventions and invention is nothing but a combination of already created natural creations. So, it is only art that people create. Besides art, there is no way humans can exhibit their creative demeanour.

Artists are compelled by some unknown force or entity and it all emerge when they experience an intense emotion. And that brought me to a conclusion: You create because you see the world missing something. Artists create because they see the gap, an abyss of lost materials. Otherwise, if you did not think your art was needed or needs to be part of existence, you would not create it. Only ego does that, and ego is a pauper of all. Whether the art comes out of bitter inspiration or is disguised as "out of love", it matters not.

Art that comes through you, through dreams, reveries or unknown causes and not necessarily out of your imagination or inspiration, is from the gods, who are, too, still on a journey to self-discovery.

WORK

All my uncles urge me to always spade the holy grounds of the Kalahari, to stab them till they bleed lucrative manganese for export. They motivate me – with their possessions they flaunt before my lusty eyes – and I fall into an abyss of temptation. I cannot resist, for I was groomed and nurtured with that same foul mentality. So I open my sleep-famished eyes around 4am during day shifts to catch a mini-bus around half-past four so I can be on time to dig and drill once more. It's never fun: to toil out of a passionless mind that's hooked on unwilling hands. Monetary is the monarchy, it seems. My pursuit is for the royalty, too. Like bloodthirsty cannibals – my thoughts of suing some shop precede one another like rain's heavy droplets on my shanty, to devour the blood drops of those caucasians. But again, money loses its worth every time I introspect on it. It's impotent. He is incompetent. And I always imagine what's beyond wealth, like what is to be done after that monotonous acquiring and spending in constant motion. Money is on every song of a music genre I used to devote my heart and nude soul to: hip-hop. Every song exhibits parchness of an average artist but paradoxically disguising the whole situation as if he is drinking from a purified well of pennies. Every fag seems to brag.

People have this feeling of leaving-behind they need to fulfil – this pledge to the universe that they ought to keep, which turns, in most instances, into predicaments.

My dear friend: don't do any much work on the world as compared to the work on yourself, because it will be ruined, destroyed and wasted, hence forgotten. No matter how epic it is. Out of a natural deliberate deed of time, time will inevitably erode what you regard as "legacy", but time itself can't erase you, your being, because you're timeless. A being is inadequate on its own, that's why it manifests itself into a flesh so it can enhance itself into a super-being.

So everything you do must not occur because of your ego-induced desire of "I don't want to be forgotten when I'm gone and I want my traces to be forever visible so to lead and be acknowledged for eternity", which is impossible. That is not a method to obtain immortality. People will always forget, it's a spontaneous habit. So let your energy be orchestrated to or for your soul MORE than your art – talent, knowledge and even "changing other's lives". As selfish as it may sound and appear, the individualness serves the greater togetherness.

Legacy has nothing to do with your afterward-ness, it has everything to do with people who are alive, so what about you?

Don't you experience any vacancy within you?

They're impressed. You were a great man, you worked and the building blocks you left are evidence of it, but you're a rookie to your self-ness.

On those warm death-beds, I never salute men who say they have left millions of rands, multiple kids, thousands of books, dispensed goodies to orphans or whatever compassionate act they are said to be doing. Instead, I respect men who say: I'm enlightened; I've obtained a higher plane of my own soul. I know for a fact that I won't have this life for forever, there's no immortality. I won't have time to write this, for forever, not any of my belongings, for eternity. I'll lose everything: my family, my memories, my book collection, my girlfriend, my mother and even this body itself, in which I'm entrapped.

So I'm not going to live like life is eternal. I'm not here to act like I'm for forever. That's why I don't take life that serious, I'm here to satisfy my then suppressed desires in order to transcend them and depart then-after. I have one thing that I'm sure I won't lose. It's "mine" for forever. It's my self-realisation, my enlightenment.

Music perishes when my ears do so. Food also. When my senses are dead, nothing is relevant, compulsory knowledge. So why cling to things that are just on a passing? Matter of fact, I'm on the passing. I'm grateful I had to reach to the deep levels of God and attain his him-ness. I self-acclaim because that experience is mine.

Don't focus on legacies more than you focus on bettering yourself.

I work on UMK mine where every miner's life is divided into months. Twelve consecutive salaries determine a life in its said wellbeing, because a job sustained is a factor of a good health. Of a body – it's a yes and a no and for a being, it's a certain no. I stand assured that a man was not created to work, especially

for the lion's share of his lifespan, and he was not set here for being lazy either. Greed gives rise to more work, which is a suicidal act. Reading can be work. Some people worship books. You see, this world has been built, structured and organised. From your personal needs to your social life, to your love-life, your accumulated thinking, even your basic sexual life – Kama Sutra. And books are your manuals, your guides, your how-to and if this world wasn't fabricated then books wouldn't be so necessary. Outside of the system – there's no need of books and information. Out of the matrix, papers aren't allowed.

Reading and writing would be of no use and only meditation would be your tutor. I have been wandering in this world and, truly, I have never met anybody who became wise by reading books. I only met knowledgeable ones, noble ones, but wise ones through printed papers? No. Books are the source of knowledge and not wisdom. And knowledge needs to be upgraded, constantly.

I'm exhausted. Spent.

And that's why when I meet that brown skin-maiden with big spectacles and a book on her hands, in a bus, all I can say is, "Drop the books, hey, young lady ..."

Books never freed anyone. And what's worse is that every moment you are dumb, until you start to recall or think back over all of your acquired knowledge from books. So I think, perhaps nature doesn't support this knowledge thing-thing, because why can't I be constantly sutra?

Only observance can give people wisdom – books are just too feeble. Books might have other's observations but because they aren't yours and you've never observed them, they fall short. No matter how organic they can be. You might echo them but you still don't know them. That's why they say "Know thyself" and people go into books but still don't know themselves.

Yes, I do read. And I listen to my favourite shows on locally based radio when they discuss life and teach people. And, in there, there are millions of quotes containing wisdom that distort your ignorance and enhance you into a better person just for five minutes. And after the demise of those five minutes you relapse to your old self but, regardless, you linger for more. Those quotes are momentary candle-lights. I love those shows even though my criticising organ continually emerges out with a spear.

Still my bloody uncles insist on me working, running my business like a compassionless slave-driver. I do work. Pay the bills.

THE DAY OF MY SHOOTING

The day I was shot.

It was quite cloudy in weather and the perfect temperature. A much-tranquilled environment imposed itself. The day was 19 December 2013, and it was a day after my anticipated arrival from Kathu, in the Northern Cape. The whole day's plan was for festive clothes shopping with my brother, Onalenna Mojolwane, and a watch of Mandela: Long Walk to Freedom, a biopic, with my friend, Roro Motlhabane, afterwards. But the universe had already drafted and sequenced its own daily bitter nor sugar occurrences and that eventful day was not exceptional. My mind was, as always and tamed to be by the constant and consecutive meditations, still and vacant. Not expecting anything because of a deep faith of cleansed karma that my existence encompassed. But some other incidents take centre stage for the sake of growth – experience thus assurity when asserting anything of such particular event to other ignorant earthlings.

After I uttered shallow goodbyes to my girlfriend, Tshepang Mathe, it was around early, before or after eight, can't be that sure, I took a sudden decision to go to the bus rank. My brother was coming from Pella, several kilometres away from the Rustenburg CBD, and I had to exercise my impatience and wait for him. Roaming around couple of blocks in town I then took another sudden decision to visit CNA and stare at the latest novels and autobiographical releases, possible specials, and ultimately to pay my account. But before that I had gone to a Bangladeshi brother's shop to change my phone battery. We talked for a long time and he said, "In Islam religion, people must always remember their moment of death. You can't sin when you know that any moment can be your last because you want to be admitted to Allah's abode after you die. So, remember your moment of death." I couldn't grasp the significance of those words until much later.

I had desired, weeks prior to that day, to purchase Long Walk to Freedom, the book, by Mandela. It was a must-have on the shelf, especially just after his tear-filled demise. When I entered the store I felt that piercing slight-breeze at the door of that retailer, blowing just upon my scalp – it was an ever-exhaling fan to cool the interior part of the store. I encountered with a literate born-again man inside, who was gazing at different religious titles. Then, out of my ever over-charged confidence, I approached him with Rhonda Bryne's The Secret and suggested it to him. I appreciate readers and knowledgeable people. As we exchanged small talk I noticed some hobo-like brothers lingering inside as if they were also looking for titles. I switched on my ignorance and paid them no attention. As our conversation dragged on we came to talk about the controversies of Mandela and he asked me, following "Turn the other cheek" doctrine by Jesus:

"If I slapped you right now, would you forgive me?"

The main topic of our interaction was revolving around forgiveness and making amends. After a fifteen minutes chat we departed and as I was then on my solitariness, I called my brother to check how far he was and as I dropped a call I saw a isiZulu-speaking man, around the age of twenty-nine to thirty coming with an intensely forced fierce and a frightening grin masked on his face. He demanded my phone because the whole armed robbery was already taking place without my realisation and as I stared at him, he shouted: "Don't you fucken see what's happening here?". My fear started to be a factor with my shivering and pulsating flesh but I pleaded with him to let me remove my sim-card so I don't lose my contacts. From the buddha-hood experience I knew fear is a state of a troublesome mind and then transcendence kicked in. Paradoxical to my words, I assembled my phone, managed to manoeuvre and pass him to escape through the wide-open entrance. When I did so, a fire-shot encountered with me. No talking, no warning, just an iron-arm greeting. A brother, several meters away from me, had opened a life-blowing gmm, at me, quick and precise with a non-calibred aim. It let me live – unlike governmental dogs. At that moment, when everything momentarily went blank and pale, words came unto me, my words, indirectly:

Life encompasses no meaning and no purpose at all – so every small or huge occurrence within it will be seen as vain and worthless once one loses his pulse. Music, art, politics, religions, relationships and many more are nothing but antidotes to pass time (although they're essential for the preservation of life itself, they aren't vital and should be treated as such). If you can analyse and or assess life at the most fundamental dimension, you'd see that nothing really matters and nothing holds any value in a long run.

I felt like Malcolm X after that double-barrelled gun coughed ammunition into his chest and the shotgun shots that followed, like Hani collapsing on the edge of his gate, like Dr King on the balcony during his assassination. I felt a subtle

harmony being transported by whatever source through my holed body, a sense of calmness amalgamated with a shallow suffocation. Deaf from the sound of a gun-shot and my nostrils accepted no repelling scent from that pipe. That fatal situation left me yelling:

"Am I going to die, am I going to depart?"

I felt no extreme pain but the anguish being ventilated through the eye windows of those women who surrounded me disturbed my settled emotions. I felt death's shadow darkening my sensory organs, especially my retinas, felt like dying actually, just like Curtis Jackson at the back of that old rusty van. The blood was only a small amount – my abdomen section appeared like it had two navels when I discerned it. I felt like those tens of people who were shot at Sharpville during that lousy and unnecessary massacre. I felt like that. I perceived my own inevitable physical end. I laid there for ten to fifteen minutes of years up until the paramedics came to take me away. They were quick,

On the short way to the Job Shimankana hospital in an ambulance I thought of paralysis, of death, of my brother seated on the cemented chair at the bus-rank and of being cut-open like hopeless animals at the abattoir. When I reached the hospital – with that slight distressness that played a tape of sour symphonies in my thought's capacity, and after all those long x-rays performed (they found out a bullet lodged in my pelvis bone and I had to live with that scar as part of my anatomy structure), I was left alone in the overcrowded hallway. With pain ascending to a prominence of its own and lousy-lazy doctors ignoring me, out of which purpose of deliberateness, I wouldn't know. My stomach was rising like that yeasted dough left in the sun, blood-stained shirt giving me a hot temperature, too, thus I perspired to my testicles.

Eventually they attended to my poor self, but ratherly like vultures at a stationary carcass. Everywhere possible contained: needles, plastic pipes, scissors, bottles of toxins and or toxics, white-coats, whisperings, silver howels, eye-warring lights, adjustable beds, people, more like multitudes, and white walls. Liquid transportation pipes were inserted in my bladder through my penis's pee-hole, my arms were injected with strong substances from long-nose needles that enter your skin swiftly to ease that intense pain, and I was shaved (besides my beards, on request). I was asked if I had any gold or silver on me, or anything unnatural for that matter, and I said no. I was being prepared for theatre because life is a drama. That pain was almost equivalent to child-birth, so I was being told. I went there, made to be unconscious by some drugs and intricate machinery. I was given morphine, too – that's all I can recall and tomorrow morning I woke-up next to a testicles-swelling-suffering boer patient with wire stitches on my belly. We talked; of politics and a nature of them. And about their messiah, Mandela, too. It was apparent to me that time that every acclaimed and approved messiah was black. Those stitches were about twenty-four and counting. Operation done I was then neglected to slumber so as to recover from it. I had a drainpipe connected to the left side of my belly. Drips, and excuse a cliché, but – bad-tasting food introduced as palatable instead, by those ill-mannered nurses.

The bullet entered my belly, pierced my intestine six times and lodged on my pelvis bone. Death is quantum-mechanics' theory, it's most active on that level of existence. I could have died, and it got my consciousness dwelling in some thoughts

...

I don't want to die for anything, anything considered vital or jestful or important or even not, so neither is every alive being. Not for a country, a god, not for an idea held in great regards and acknowledgements, not for politics or anything in particular. Because you're only a martyr for only those who are still alive –

praised and idolised by them but never be a martyr – because you won't get fulfilment from anything you desired, planned and purposed for, through death. Nobody's destiny is to die for something, death happens but not for a definite reason. Life emerges without a reason and so does death, because it uses no human logic. You'll only be a messiah to people but your ignorant spirit will be suffering alone, so who were you trying to impress?

Who were you trying to free?

You can free situations but not societies – I mean people. Your inner-self, your non-transformed soul will be in dire situations on its own, whereas you've left a so-called legacy behind. Because why die for an idea when ideas changes. Matter of fact, everything changes so why die for uncertainties?

Don't die for your people and don't let people die for you cos we're on personal-spiritual journeys here on the physicality – so don't let yours fail in success of the other's. Rather be viewed and be diminished as a slave, as a coward and not a martyr. Because you'll only be a slave outside. Inside you'll be free, you're a master to yourself, you don't need to wear it on your robes. And that's what's life's all about. Innerly emancipation. Be a slave because nobody can comprehend you – your internal condition. Being a slave on the outside is monarchy on the inside and vice-versa. Don't die for anything, those things can die for their own, it's inevitable, their death is inevitable, also. If you die for something, it can be anything, you'll be a failure in life. You're an imbecile cos you failed to realise that life's more important than anything happening within it. It's more essential than your mother and your pussy, your country, your philosophies, your material and your children. So, do not die, unless you're spiritually free. And that won't be considered as death but a pass-on. Because passing-on is more like a completion.

You've completed life, you're not dead. Your soul is circular. Preserve that tiny pulse in you.

Extend your self. Life is too precious to die for man-made ideas and ideals.

Life must be preserved till its purpose is absolutely achieved – which is nothing but to live even at times when senses are defunct.

I was shot and hospitalised for seven days and I stayed a month out of work. I have seen and gazed at death, it emerges with lighted peace, floats to embrace you with clapping wings of rest. I have tasted death, it tastes just like pasteurised river-water that cools down all the libidos and ego-filled manners in people who ignore it and rely on lucrative lusts. My mother's tears healed me; liquid Panado. My kin pulled at me while my admiring ancestors pushed me back to this very objectivity. I did not survive, I was rescued.

AN EXPERIENCE AND ITS COSTS

You have to tame yourself, have an experience – in this formed world of regulations, with haunting history, obstinate forefathers, following cultures and old fables influencing the current lifestyle. A rogue needs to master his tactics and a carpenter needs a record of years reviewing his work experience before gaining any sort of employment. Without a steady unison of experience and knowledge, it feels like a definite person is short-limbed. You have to be cooked in high degrees of celsius in a pot of the flowing Time.

From a "distorted" perspective, I think what these people refer and regard to as "experience" is nothing serious or something similar to that – but only how they become accustomed to, the circumstances and perpetual situations they meet with on the regular, along the hauling path of life. And by being constantly hammered and perforatingly nailed by both, the comprehension becomes too much fortified with a deep faith of assurance that a stranger becomes common kin. Doing things overly leads to tape-recordings that become habits and then a must-or-die law. So this experience of theirs becomes a legacy. A respectable by their heirs.

According to them – experience is when you are full-to-the-brim of what they expect an aged person should be like at that particular age – how you talk and what they know his demeanour to be like. His choice of fashion, of vocabulary, of music and other many stereotypes.

But this approved experience – that can enable you to survive and self-amalgamate within their structured life – appears robotic because it has nothing to do with being yourself. You emulate because you are just an automaton. A literate parrot.

It is a stepping in the articulated footsteps of the previous and/or lost ones who went astray, who, perhaps, were not necessarily lost, but they went their own direction, which must not automatically be yours. Experience has little to do with our spiritual realms and growth in our awareness, in fact, experience is an unrealised karma, a dear obstacle to spiritual enlightenment because the tape keeps on spinning. The recalls and the remembrances keep on sparking and lighting someone in his mind. Experiences, even imaginary ones, are rocks on lesser Jesus's tomb.

Your spontaneous-ness rusts.

But I will not deny its importance. It can lead you out of darkness of the world, more specifically. Out of a worm-hole. But it cannot god-en you. It will not lead you to experiencing the unsaid, the none uttered and the conveyed. Nobody is ignorant – as long as there is a world and it is overcrowded with objects and multitudes. So even imbeciles have an experience in something and they even experience in being themselves.

Experience must be authentic, it must always be fresh and new – not an old and nourished-to-be-kept-alive type. There is no God for you in another's chosen method because when you were born, it was all about YOU.

Who taught you how to breathe, if it was not for your body's intelligence?

Then why is it that everything that you do, that you follow – must be taught and approved first?

Why is it that every gadget and tool has a manual?

When a masqueraded rascal holds you at a pistol-point and your forehead perspires while your sag is shivering and shrinking inside, then who is with or for you? YOU.

When you are parched, YOU are the one who is thirsty.

When you are startled? YOU. When you are on your deathbed, in that retrospection mode of thought and regretting with anguish and piercing pains, then who is with you?

Besides the ones outside of YOU?

You, because you are the only one experiencing that and the attention is drawn to that inner and none ignorable feeling. See, it all revolves and evolves around YOU. The you-ness is all that is. But even your own past experience is toxic for you and your life. People believe in memories too much – even cameras were invented and manufactured for a the primarily reason of capturing moments to retrospect on. To keep on repeating a moment of joy and a pain that they, too, enjoy.

It is you, you, you, you and never you and him, because you do not or cannot think initially about him when you are facing a fatal car accident.

You think about yourself first. Then you can go via someone. You can even, worse, think about your siblings before yourself. When you are alone and lonely with yellow butterflies in your growling empty tummy in the yelling dark, you will feel a tremendous fear and only think about him on the later. So, tell me about who is God again?

Dreams, lust, joy and all, these are embedded in you – even a prayer, ultimately, is YOU. Love is felt by YOU. Even if you lose the memory – you will lose the thought of who God is but you will never lose YOU. It's fairly mental. At the end of the day, YOU is God, so experience only your godlihood.

TALENT

Since the early and bright periods of my childhood I have been urged to go in quest of my so-called talent. They used to tell me, always, that the better people are those talented and hard-working ones as weighed against their fellow counterparts. That's a Jewel!

But if we are spiritual-beings (which, after all, is widely known and believed), first and foremost – does that then means we are talented from a spirit's dimension or is it on the mental level?

Because we are still individual and differently functioning entities, albeit with a mind and spirit connection.

I am not endeavouring to sound intelligent or something like that, but let me express on this concept of talent or being "gifted" (as said and believed in many a dogma) in whatever field of this diverse life. I do not subscribe to this notion of talent as being something one is born with or as being a rain-fell wrapped present from heaven, whatsoever. Even a character is an inherent attribute of man. And

talents are inclined to the pedigree one ought to find oneself (our human-hood) in. No matter what one can perform in a name of talent, it can be accurately traced from our ancestry, the bloodline. Some are even multi-talented.

God does not want you to do anything for him, so all your so-called talents, your inventions, discoveries and many others, are nothing but entertainment for your bored selves.

Talents are based on capabilities and too, modified abilities, otherwise you are not talented – and remember, one can enhance ones-self to be able to perfect a skill on something, thus talent follows through. Even though it was not present on the initial stage of one's life, repetition works wonders. But as I was told – I still know talent to be something spontaneous like a baby's weep.

All of what the nature seeks, it can do by itself, in fact, it has been done already. No contribution from any man is needed to connect the circle of the universe. Ecosystems and food-chains and galaxies, where energy conserves itself. The universe does not lack. It cannot create you, then require and be dependent on you, especially your thinking and your none-spontaneous efforts. Nature can remain complete without daily duties a man undertakes with a reason of helping it in some rare ways. Instead, a man assists nature to demise. But phenomenally, it revives itself more powerfully.

Here's an example: They say talent is your purpose in this world (that idea is sounding out-of-this-world). Let's take soccer: soccer did not exist before existence and even the early civilisation. It came late in to life. The universe did not, initially, come up with an idea of kicking a round rubber object into a net and

rejoicing in the meantime. So is it possible that people can have a talent for playing soccer?

Can I think of some sports-game now or a musical instrument that hasn't been made already, and imagine that in centuries to come someone will be born with a talent for what I just came-up with?

Can your purpose be to play football – in this spread universe of infinite creations? If so, then it's a demented universe, if you ask me. So what if soccer was not known and played, would you still be born, or not? I venture not because you cannot, accordingly, be given a chance to abide for few years here for no specific reason at all. So, no, soccer is directly proportional to no-you. And still that is false because the majority of earthlings grow old and doting without "fulfilling" those "callings" they set out to "accomplish". Even deaf people are said to answer their callings. So you have failed the universe by not practising your talent.

What if you were meant to be a star but you are murdered in the windy day under a dark trees avenue where people cross to go to work – what then? Does that say the universe made a mistake by the creation of you?

God did not create soccer so your purpose cannot be soccer. Because God is not being dictated by what you do in this three-dimensional matrix and God surely does not dictate on you. I can name them. Writing, singing, playing instruments, commentary and plenty others. So why do we let our ego say we are talented when we excel in these fields?

What's amazing is that they say your talent is going to "rust" if you do not practice and mould it.

Does nature practise anything in its creation and sustainability? No. So why do "natural" abilities have to be practised or exercised to be maintained? It's absurd. A body has to be exercised only because it's meant for movement with a stillness of consciousness. So for its health, it has to be moved, muscles and other systems. Vocal cords have to be exercised through high-pitched singing.

My point is that talent is a mental idea to boost its need for superiority – especially to other people – and to feel bestowed with a benediction. I don't know what a blessing is and how long does it last in a person or whatever that is that's said to be blessed? Benediction, too, is a mind game.

What's blessing you? How?

If you could have said a blessing is your karma that returns to shower itself upon you, then I would understand and agree. But just a mere blessing? No.

You might ask, if this is so, Ramasa, then how do you justify people who perform magnificently, much more so than others, in particular fields of life? How do you explain people who do remarkable things without being taught how? My answer is simple: you see, when you are born you're like a seed. You carry everything that is going to grow within you. Everything is already there but that's not the start, that's not the beginning. See, the beginning is – there is no beginning. You do

something in this lifetime, over and over again, and –keeping in mind that a mind is a programmable computer-box of an automaton – it gets stored inside. After you abandon this very body, you take up the following consecutive manifestation – and all stored acts move together with you. They become part of you because your thoughts had thought overly about them and it has been shaped like it. Your thoughts carry your actions to your next re-birth.

Then they appear in your "next-life". Simply because you've been allowing them throughout your previous manifestations, over and over again. Now you can master something and And they say you have a talent from God. That's false. Some can play piano at four years of age. It does not matter, he has been playing it for centuries, throughout his birth and death circulation.

Everybody has a talent because everybody was doing something in the past. But your purpose is to erase yourself.

DEATH WON'T BE THAT KNEW TO YOU

A man of inner peace is an intolerant man, – intolerant only to unnatural people and not to nature's deeds – because he knows that putting up with people's minds will only consequence him into losing that fragile and domesticated peace that he keeps. He becomes a hermit, he ascends to then to his abode on the highest peaks of the vacant hills or the deep ends of the green shrouded forest. He imprisons himself. He shies away from the world and he enjoys both his life and death interchangeably playing mom-and-dad within him without external interruption. He knows that people mistake tolerance for peace, thus they condone tolerance in the warm name of peace.

Yes, the world needs tolerance but only when it cannot attain peace and that, fortunately, sustains lifespans of those with potential for peace. Peace is a forever-held felon within. In his solitude, he can realise that in every touch or contact a body does with anything, even with itself, it feels pain. Holding a spoon exerts a small, almost non-existent pain but it's there, nevertheless. Sitting on a chair – there's a limb of yours that hurts, only you are ignorant of it. But in the deep awareness of the whole flesh, the quiet ones can spot spots where pain is circulating, or just possible.

During a time of this man's life, especially when this man is born and grew in this loaded motherland called Africa, he (without a choice) lives a life where he sees all things striking and astonishing – he comes to experience even what he does not acknowledge and chooses to ignore as being another normality or a part thereof. Only to recall it in the later and crucial stages of his life, only if he can. A man who is growing on the clawed arms of witchism, of traditional magicians roaming about, of different magic by assorted tribes in a multi-muti-tribal society. Spiritual wars that happens beyond the limits of his vision, yonder his consciousness – but being wars that affect him in the most definite ways of his life. He grows up in an environment of disputing religions, of powers of Gods that he oftenly finds himself unknowingly intervening. A place where molecular pestilences are infested connivingly so as to erode his ethnic race. In circumstances where tragedies are part of his mindstate – immoral acts force him to gape, to mourn bitterly till the numbness puts him into the short sleep of a brain shutdown. Faint. He grows up in a place where traditional healers can substitute their souls with their ancestors and in all of these dire experiences and he cannot know whether has he has encountered with death or what. It might not be a fully erupted one but just a grain of death, I assert, he has met.

Death will not be a new experience and it will not bring a new kind of an alien pain together with it, in its basket. Matter of fact, we go through tens of intense feelings, we feel many deeper and shallow anguishes and bodily pains, states of different dimensions, foreign stages also, frightening realms and we absolutely go through both bodily and mentally alterations, thus, we often meet death occasionally, but we do not acknowledge or realise it. We are not familiar with it – it is only to be remembered (by death itself) when it has taken over. Deep trance of sleep, stroke and even high ecstatic feeling might be death if you take a perfect heed of them. Meditation. Happiness to a higher state can kill you – so steady happiness brings you closer to death. Highly orgasmic sex. Dizziness. Epilepsy. Hallucinations. Anything, positive or negative, that affects a body to

a high degree kills it – and if it does not, then it needs to be elevated a little more than previously. In dreams you can taste death. Death will not be a new experience when you had lived for more than twenty-one years and have paid tremendous attention to yourself. Your slight changes, pulses, your throat as you swallow those intoxicating liquids and when you have given your sexual organ a chief concentration during stimulation – then death will not be a stranger to you. Because when you feel a certain pain, an itch, some kind of a joy, then so – you play together with death but on a lower arc, and that's how closely linked the are: death and life. Those, aforementioned bodily effects are not precipitation(s) of death but death itself on a lower level where life in a body is too huge to prevail against it. Just imagine the heightened feelings of the same feelings. Some people might wonder how do I know this because I haven't died but what's there so new to a same body and a same soul's combination?

There's nothing new that this marriage can produce between one another. In a short period, a soul and a body remain nude in the presence of the other. Matter of fact, a body is never alive at a first place. It is within life and life constantly penetrates through it. It's like that piece of a chip-sliced potato that's being fried in boiling cooking oil. It cooks it inside-out; all the way through. The afterlife is your own mystery but during the moment of death – it is all based in your acquired spiritual knowledge through mind-body experiences. The last breath will not choke you in any way that you have not suffocated yourself with plastic, endeavoured to hold your breath for a couple of dying moments or drowned momentarily in a pool of water. You will not feel that pressing pressure in your soul in any way different to that dreamless slumber or what I call "Cell nightmare", where you are awake but you cannot breathe or move a finger and feel suppressed by some unknown force – only to wake up and realise that it was a just mere dream. But it wasn't.

There is nothing concealed for a human being, nothing mysterious. Death also. Only observance required. Yet some women have a phobia for death but courage at childbirth. Despite that, you have died multiple times in your previous incarnation(s), this life also has its own lessons regarding death.

Dead people. I can view them cluttered there crying in unison, in a choir of bitter tears, shouts and yells. Tell you this, young man; even souls of defunct people become lonely from the immortal memories they carry – of their left beloved ones and themselves during their now dimmed life(s). They weep and mourn with sprinkles of disturbing regrets; especially when they try to reach out, receiving no responses from their deaf, numb, dumb, blind and alive companions, kin or lovers. They can see the fallacy in lifestyles that they used to lead. Intoxicating liquors, materialism and sex in un-awareness that stole away their time to be conscious in a non-mind altered state.

In death, voices demise, dreams and pride collapse, premises are left, relationships fail but family remains in a form of ancestral-worship, and beauty is eaten by the ever-famished dusty ground.

You need to practise individuality by being alone; no plenty and unnecessary memories are created, memories that metamorphosize into burdens after you die. Keep the monkey of this addictive world off your back, brother!

Memories. A storing mind keeps them throughout the passing period and short, just after. Some lazy bastards and spiritually misinformed assholes think death is one long infinite slumber but only a body needs rest – for a soul and an ever-slaving mind are never exhausted to then repose. Death is not an escape from your

problems – it just makes it complicated for you, instead, because you've lost other parts of you that could have helped. Death is a handicapper. So never die with problems, a longing, or worries weighing heavy upon you. Never take predicaments of this world like a luggage to the tomb. Your soul came into this illusion of a world empty, so make sure that you leave unloaded. Jesus said, be child-like – and children are bare souls – I mean vacant people. That's why you hardly see a phantom of a child; they are fortunate enough to go home unpacked with shit, unless engineered by witchdoctors. Out of sight – out of mind. Unlearn, just before you depart. Die mad, at least, for confusion leaves you dubious to anything thus free.

Never honour life over death because you die longer than you ought to live. So death is the monarch. What you prioritise in this life will also want to be a priority after death because death is a continuation, an extension – so you better choose well in what you put first and adore as the centre of your life. Choose things that you can carry hereafter. Never die with a lust for money, women, cars, music, food and other cravings. Die empty. But most of all, die – welcome your death because resisting it will not bring you peace, for in any resistance there is no peace. Shut your eyelids and enjoy a moment. Some foolish things we do in this world – we are pure monkeys.

A WONDERING BIRD

Look at my people, look at them!

They're dressed with rich colours on their stainless feathered garments according to their ranks in the tree kingdom. Everyone emerging different and peculiar, signifying his or her class. Yes, classism is all over the species but, unlike those ego-based intelligence mammals, we have learn to tolerate, accept and normalise it. Small birds know their place – so like the little ones.

Others with all-black felon attire showing their hunting calibres. Other birds prey on others (we detest that evil flying cat called an owl!). Other birds pray not to ease the unbearably piercing anguish that's been inflicted on others of their same feathers – for the sake of the mighty moral compassion – but they pray selfishly so. To ease their own pains of feeling sorry for the victim. As the tears are shed, consolations are harvested through mantras of murmur and mumbling to the invisible omniscient One. They sing psalms of warm and heartfelt worship not because the Maker is in dire boredom for hymns and bird-ly entertainment but because they themselves are. Their actions are a therapy to themselves as they rejoice in their sweet vocal-engaged-with-instruments sounds of glory-glories, while flying below the elegant firmament and enjoying the flight under the sunshine. They are hypocrites!

There's nothing like Ornithology, for these mistakenly-so scholars study the shades, appearances, and our typical behaviours and not us. No noumenon. Being a bird is a privilege; you can stare at everything because it's easy to look down on people (although dimensions are limiting the cognition) even when you're a person, looking down at another one. You can hear the translated languages spoken by sacred churchgoers who devilize everything of their unliking under the scorching sun.

"I know God works at his own time and pace – but I hope he responds to me, my dreams, in my lifetime; otherwise his response will be useless and unnecessary," one misery-struck lad said. His friend didn't hesitate to hit back with a philosophical explanation of human perception and reality; courtesy of Tertium Organum. He uttered: We might discern the world through time and space, but does God do so? I believe to God, everything happens like in a stew pot. All blended and cooking simultaneously. Go has to time.

The other lad was speechless not because he hears those words for the first time; rather his consent is the opposite of them. People though.

I overheard that prior to when I flew downward on the downtown to escape the gales emerging angrily from west. I stood there, both claws on the tar-road and feeding off the bread crumbles left by middle-classed ones. I wondered as I wandered abreast in the streets – not minding any fatality that a passing vehicle might bring to my small-sized body. Humans always want to achieve things, even when those goals hinder their own potential that attempts to shine out of them. But you cannot misjudge them, acknowledging the dire circumstances and daily venoms they're exposed to throughout their life stages and ages. The becoming becomes too important. I stepped forward to inspect some scattered peanuts on the ground – to see if they're edible – and thought to myself: disadvantage of knowledge is how humans get to learn that one day they're going to decease and by that piece of debatable yet already-accepted information they fail to live life to its brim fullest; while manoeuvring around whatever considered to be its factor, trying to avoid

that inevitable death. But to us animals, too, why the innate need for survival amidst the ignorance of a physical defunct? Anyway, I took a decision brought in by a second thought of not consuming that peanut – you'll never know what humans can do, for they believe their capability can achieve anything under the distilled heavens. I stared momentarily at the power-lines I enjoy standing upon and again thought to myself: They, these people, exhume and extract coals from the helpless mines and divert it into electricity, some find electricity in the wind, some in water, some using solar panels with the aid of a sun. Up until they find out that stones, soil and human flesh also encompass and can produce electrical voltage; they will crave to exploit it. So, watch out earthlings, you're the next source! I bet *Matrix* was based on scientific truths.

I was in my mind so deep that an oncoming vehicle nearly killed me. I'm not a thinking being, but that's what humans think, that's what they learn in Ornithology. It passed so quick, making harsh sounds. I trembled. Like everybody else's later-in-life phobia, death has in many ways dragged me into anxiety, curiosity, and sheer wonder. I sit and do some long hours-span introspections of – just like anybody else – after-death, state of death and during dying. Every time I go through a terminally seeming sick occasion in my life, I visualise my death, unrealisingly beckoning it. The hypertension that consequence into strokes, heart-failure, heart-attack – to the bullet that found a comfortable home in my pelvis bone that might rust and become a factor in the bone-cancer that would spread throughout my skeleton. An outburst of internal pestilence. A slow pacing (in time) space-suit to its ultimate demise. Life is as much mysterious as death and I think the former is more mysteriously complex than the latter.

Things just don't add up – as if mathematics is one fabrication of human mind, although it is, it represents the fact we can all see and consent upon. Insofar as we solve life's puzzles utilising our comprehension of it, we will perpetuate our failings. Fiasco. In some instances we do grab firmly life's concealed secrets but they then are refuted by some imbecile who came up with an antithesis that is sound and then we set aside our current solution in order to find another solution. Life goes

*on – so do brilliant ideas. They become a fold upon another, on top of the other.
There seems not to be the last dead-end. I flew hastingly to my nest.*



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