

VAJRA SONG

THE FORCE OF KINDNESS

*The side effect of violence is violence
And its side effect is recurrence....* —Brenda Iijima

There will always be warriors, with and without wars. A dangerous surplus. And there will always be heart, mind and speech, all the means for finding peace along the arc that bends toward trust, parallel to the arc bending toward freedom and away from justice/unjustness. The state of vibration: intoning of peace as a presence. To be in the presence of the wave pattern, the word pattern of peace in the *hridaya*, the presence of heart, with others' presences, radiating everywhere, is the nature of peace.

I stood next to the woman on the subway from Penn Station to Hoyt Schermerhorn, a total of 10 stops, without a word. She was poised, extremely dignified, elderly. As the doors closed to travel to the next station, she suddenly addressed the crowded train in a clear and concise voice: "Forgive each other. Don't fall into despair. You're not alone. It's never too late. Be encouraged. You have help. Don't give up on yourself. You are lovely. Others need you and want you to be well and healthy. Be clear about the steps you can take to make the difference between a meaningful and meaningless life. Reach out to others to let them know they're not all alone. Don't fall into despair." She didn't stamp her message with any denomination. Simply offered one positive, incontestable prescription after another, and then stopped, having overcome her isolation, radiant, at peace for having done so, and though no one appeared to be listening, exiting at the next stop, as if she hadn't spoken a word, returning to the general flow.

Why is war unstoppable? All paths lead to this page. Same place same space as disbelief. Peace is inconceivable, or, say, it is a *secret*. It's inconceivability places it within range of conception. Inconceivability is the brink of omniscience, the arising of that which—the settling into that which—all things arise from. What else is there? What brought omniscience about, omniscience which simply always already *is*? One word is all words. One word of which is the same as all of its words. Same difference. Saying, not saying.

Understanding that peace is not peace in any way in which we can conceive of it. Easy to think it's related to non-war. There is no hope (or only hope) for peace disconnected from the space in which war or peace take place.

Non-wavering is furthest from reaction. Going with the flow we dammed and desecrated. Peace, fruition over enforcement. We make war, it doesn't come to us, as does peace. War is our absolute worst elaboration. It's logical paths too entangled to walk back. Highly decorated and densely substantiated. War is that which must be done. Peace is not peace. There is no peace. Peace is what's there without conscripting its presence. Peace is what exists without peace. Space hidden by forms that fill it, by our ability to see. What we've never not known is peace. War's antidote, it's antipode, is certainly not peace. The beating of a drum without the drum. Even Brahma was dethroned for creating a universe he didn't have

the stamina to reach the ends of. To accord with this lore, speak to others never dogmatically. Words are self-illuminating. Why we're needed.

Dismiss all fabrications then come to the negotiating table. Set negotiation free. Get rid of the table. Sit on the floor. Turn out the lights. Don't move if spoken to. Forget words. They'll come. It's an uphill battle without the hill. 58 violent gods, 42 calming.

It spontaneously didn't happen. (War.) (The need for the language of peace.)

Deity denial, to make your words your own. Speak for peace with a big stick. A hum will lead to peace if you stick with it. We're not our own muses. Those who fear "definitive doctrines" have merely met no more than their own limitation. When our life expectancy drops down to any-day-now, the turning into muck, the degeneracy will screech to a halt and turn to elegance, stars will shine in daylight, species will tacitly speak, all will be fresh as a killing field.

PITHLESS PITH

Words spoken from realization or fabrication? Only one is sufficient, when the two are not understood as nondifferent. What makes the ineffable *ineffable* (if not the thought that it is)? a fabricative mindstream)?

I pirated awareness. Not a penny to my name. I'm an unempowered half-deluded allusion, a partially dependable source of insight, suggestive of realization in the fullest sense of the word in relation to one's greatest purpose, within earshot of the emptiness of the words of wisdom (but no nearer). Like eyes for the blind, though the climb yet impossibly inclined. A word a thusness site, holding the meaning of the whole; not the whole sentence or sentience, but all that appears and how it does so. This all you know to need no more.

With that which realizes, words have no limit. The empty sky is syllables. If it exists, it's perfect. Who would live for luminosity that is not love, or wisdom without its worldliness? Sunshine—whether you're paying attention or not, is the receiving of benefits. Uninterrupted compassion we nonetheless struggle to make flow.

Why chatter above your words, like bats flying around in an attic? Your most insistent intentions are the most adventitious (as the results show). The permeant word is effortless, unlike a point of view, or pleas for peace by deliberative bodies providing the cover for more killings. The permanent word is spoken and unspoken.

IT ALL

As absurd as asking if cosmogenesis is confused? We're from here, right? We are the Interworking's interworking.

Even commodities transform into nectar through the blessings of syllables.

Matter is a shock. The beloved is all that is occurring. "Whatever happens to happen, make it that way" (in the words of Nature). Our efforts will align with spontaneous presence, satisfying the ego, the war hero. No room for annoyance. There's only a split second which is timeless. Vacate. Go dormant. A syllable is an opening overlapping an opening. To tell the truth, now that I know what words are, I'm more open.

A gift from the president: signed golf balls, free if you make a donation. Cognition clog. What a wonder! There are cleaning products called "Gunk," "Goo Gone" and "Abracadabra." Clear light if ever there was! Care for the tone of your hairbrush, wall color, errors, greetings, your dying parent, equally. You do even when you don't belong.

THE PROSODY OF INTRINSIC PEACE

Mind is glorious; perhaps akin to the Carmelite practice of "presence of God as presence is God." This glory as the nature of mind prevails over glory of war waged by virtue through the respective honor and rationale of opposing sides; a mutuality, a pact, not entirely unlike the Aztec "Flower Wars". The dictates of virtue and obligate-morality create sides impartially, effortlessly. We now say "automatedly."

With any path other than mind-as-peace, we end up with a conjoined onto-phenomenology inclusive of the inescapability of war, constitutive of war. Peace will never be realized as an evolutionary drive. Evolution won't reveal that we're crucially more cooperative than combative (it's obliged to keep this secret) or that mutual benefit is broadly sustainable. Sociopolitically, it won't be shown that a democratically-oriented society will permanently prevail over socialism, or that individualist constitutions are more just than populist or communalist contracts, or that representative government will ultimately overrule autocratic coups (the oligarchic finally defeated by the egalitarian). Economically, it won't be resolved that a command, market, mixed, gift, degrowth or solidarity system serves best. These binaries and adversaries will continue to tear each other apart, even when understood as complementarian.

Only in (or especially in) a delusional Zero Sum, Fitness world—an everyday world—does a positive/negative framework preexist; a fabrication that can be flipped, divided against itself, sided with, outplayed or transformed, but only on its own terms.

"May all our wishes come true." That's individuation. A common wish is *peace*. We're already no longer here. It's not anticipation. It's in our bones. Peace must reach to the end of space, to dethrone all gods we've not allowed to bring peace. We see what humans are for, what only human can do.

My mind resting in its own being in your mind, your mind resting in its own being in my mind. Cross-tathata. Peace basis. The only known deterrent that is unknown.

The verb for *sunyata* in Christology is *ekenōsen*—a non-exploitation of divinity. We empty ourselves to find that which emptiness is indivisible from—spontaneously-arisen compassion (in Vajrayana), grace (in Eastern Orthodoxy), openheartedness, a drop of light dripping down the nondualist tube, free speech and equanimity under every pressure. These are the bundled non-binaries of nonviolent speech, not acatalepsia-playthings. A seemingly paradoxical science of indivisible difference. *Yab-yum, yum-yab.* (Milarepa drew his songs from the inexpressible, beyond both thought and words. No problem that they could then be thought and heard.

Making offerings free of conditions. Listen. That's all.

A mother or father little different from the crumpled sheets.

A hospice floor of the poor of bed-after-bed-after-bed. No one, not a single soul, wanting to take the only individual room and *miss out*:

how we are reconstituted by death. Practice this for now.

How might we be cared for? We see ourselves in the question, no, in the outcome. No agenda. Die the way you're dying. There's no imposition.

“Take only new seeds and an old stick. Someone knows you're coming.”

(The delegates would all have had to have died, to know what to say.) Literally. This is the only way in which this writing exists. To enjoy the benefits of death, in time. (I haven't yet said “wisdom.”)

Speech of a luminous heart is not hard to identify. It's easy to distinguish care-giving practitioners from those who cart patients around while watching the clock and checking their text messages, like reading without realizing, writing without realization. A blank is not empty.

Negotiating with a grudge? A bolt of lightning is skill from the sky, redirecting externalized violence to defeat inner bias.

(Out of balance: thought becomes *derecho*—speech inflamed, body slothful.)

Speech fending for itself, not us. Due to our storms.

Free speech frees from speech. Freedom fringed with words.

If you can't fathom the full extent of the meanings of words, you won't be able to renounce their fabrication, or acknowledge your own flourishing. You won't be able to, inceptively, sort out a vow of peace from hate-speech, emptiness from gloom. The upsidedown syllables won't drip nectar within.

Faith is vast whereas fact and fate are not. The braver and more fantastic in dreams, the freer in fact. Dream through your throat. Fear only nothing-to-face to become fearless through.

These words are not mine. Those are.

Write so that the everyday deified language falls recklessly in love, a song of ourselves revolted by the slightest cruelty. A song for gaining experience in the song, protected by the mandala of prosody, the limitless translator, original author.

Sugar City. Cyclicity is liberty. You're on the upswing, the winning side. I'm not concerned with keeping the secret *secret*. (The inexpressible part you simply won't hear.) I sing in indivisible space. A single, almost negligible, all-encompassing act of kindness is enough to save any one of us—it comes from everywhere. Sing into the songing. We're surrounded by a perfect circle of eight cremation grounds, surrounded by Nature as omniscience, as is *is*.

VAJRA SONG

The mind is omnipresent like space;

...

I see it clearly like a crystal

In my palm! —Milarepa

Very, very little matter.

Impartial immediacy, a Name to cry out, uncaused love—what's your triad? The properties of your timbre···when I step on your tail? Wisdom has its own ways or waves we can move to or not, even as they move us. That there is light at all, what is *that*? That there is compassion at all, at that exact point, perceiving the un-devisable.

That there will have never been war, where writing is revealed.

How is it that the *commonest* is that which we're not seeing? And if I told you there is no intrinsicness? No sickness of the intrinsic? That there is no wisdom without awareness of wisdom that arises on its own, existing without any way in which it exists?

Assume a poet wants to be read. Is the reader ready? The burden falls on the poet—peeling a husk before the kernel is ripe, collapsing an entryway, a death dragged out in hope. Write destitute, or as a wild animal. Read accordingly. There are no further instructions.

Violence requires experience. What good is the freedom of immiserating speech? Greedy, gossipy, diplomatic, discursive, engaged, enraged, spiteful, uppity, predominating speech is the snowball in hell. Act like a pig with no concept of clean and dirty. Act like a lion with no sense of fear. Act like a mule not stirring the seeds of suffering. Act like a cardboard box with no comment on culture. Cutting through obstruction, like a spear waved haphazardly in the air, I wanted poetry to be···not other than and not more than poetry, but far more explicitly not. It's not possible to be of no help with words without ruining them as well. *Protect the silence of speech, the samaya of speech.*

Crystal clear about incomprehensibility. Nothing more familiar than unchanging turning everything into everything. Make familiar what is always familiar with which we live as if we have no familiarity with.

Tone
if it's
attuned
is all-
embracing.

The 5 senses are sattvas: $5 \times 5 \times 5 \times 5 \times 5$ blows to the head any moment, richly immaterial, color-full, to come as close to uncreated light as one can, to be at home in unknowable as our home's home.

To blow embodiment of what somehow *is* up?

Those are not nation-states, they are sand paintings dissolving their borders. Neologistics is not a complete path of peace—nor is leading the charge that does not stop the war.

If kindness is not omniscience, it is not kindness that can come to our aid, speak to us in the hour of our greed.

We're bags of subtle winds. Sentient sentences. We're entirely-hollow bodies of colored lights. These pages are the magical movement instrument, the *trül khor*, of the sworn true and pot-bellied rolling over, roaring over, corporate corporeality; the auxiliary physical practices of unstoppable peace. We know because we know in the same way that Mahasiddhas came from any and every walk of life. (The back we've turned on America.)

What is there to say about God? Everyone is different. The syllables are simply less differentiated; stem cells, if you will. The way this was written from inside a volcano. Doctor Subtle has said that the what that is the what that it is, alone, won't save us from self-extermination. No *tò tí ésti*, no *hypokeimenon*, no *Ding an sich*, will rise to reveal the real, or lay low to support our eternal dissidence of this for that quiddity.

One day I will never return from my writing.

The practicing of Western metaphysics is “being read.” Far cry from peace plan. To all those who cut life short, who work against the grain of goodness, as well as prestidigitators, critics, neon-liberals and cracked conservatives alike—I owe you my life. I’m paying my debt.

Gain familiarity with the (otherwise) frightening. That’s the entire teaching. Meditate to familiarize. Ease into it. Protect the place of the transferring. Writing is the ceremony of its being conferred. Own mind God, emptied of conceit.

Nothing is more aware of individual acumen than a secret teaching. There are signs that the teaching is taking hold. Commodities transforming into the sweetness of self-occurring light. Non-productive branches pruning themselves. Tightest knots of fixations falling away. One’s unwitting offenses becoming perfectly apparent. *Somatic* turning into *spiritual* stamina. A raindrop, a blueberry, a miniature golf course named Putt Putt, turmeric, a falling leaf, a leopard frog, a struck match, a cut finger, each, beginingless. Things culminate as they are. The *good* of this writing, not the writing *per se* but the lightning bolt. In the seclusion

of the parasympathetic system, the cadaver relaxes, the mala of successive lives, the lives one failed to live fully, the forgiveness of fault, the raging digestive fire cooling down, ornamented with fruitful practices, prayers and conduct, faith the faster computation, free of symbols—now unite the nations.

ONE TASTE ONE CORPSE

If delicious is not delicious and disgusting is not disgusting.

If tolerance is not tolerance and intolerance not intolerance.

If the opposite of pristine is a building pounded to rubble with people still inside...

There can't be war-no-more until there is no more peace. Cut the circuit. Liberate both sides at once.

If dual is not dual and nondual is not nondual.

The demon ghost cave in which those who think they've figured all this out are trapped.

If happiness is not unhappiness, there'll be none.

Consciousness has just been raised to two trillion observable galaxies—and from the vantage point of this expanse, it has been immeasurably diminished by far more of the unobservable world.

NO UN LIKE MIND DEAD

Erwin McKone, 55, a salesman from Flint, Michigan said “the killing seems to arise from an animus that is increasingly disconnected from facts, accountability and reason. It seems like we’re totally living in insanity, every moment of every day.”

This who-we-are-not is who we are, without complete understanding of how it works. The hate deepens when we see ourselves in those we hate. That’s the pattern. Who’ll step up to play the part of the next hegemon, to keep the tides and tables of power turning, until the playing field that constitutes us is destroyed? We still keep saying “once and for all.”

Bomb a school and kill 250 children. The good kids will go straight to heaven and the bad kids straight to hell where they belong. I write this for those for whom this is not a problem. They’ll read it when they get where they’re going.

LANGUAGE OF PEACE: <https://www.languageofpeace.org/#/>

“The Language of Peace database provides a valuable legal resource and supports peace-making efforts by offering language templates and guidance for new agreements.”

“The Language of Peace (LoP) data base of peace agreements is a key component of United Nations Mediation Support Unit’s online mediation support capacity. The database has been co-developed with Cambridge University. It is an innovative tool to search provisions of peace agreements providing easy access to compare and collate language on key issues across 75,000+ provisions of around 1,000 peace agreements.”

“Although the success of a mediation process depends on political will, mediators and conflict parties often seek inspiration from other peace agreements for possible concepts and formulations. Designed for the needs of mediators, conflict parties, other stakeholders, as well as researchers, “Language of Peace” is an innovative tool which provides instant access to a rich collection of more than 1200 peace instruments, that can be searched and compiled based on key issues.”

MISSING DEPARTMENTS

‘Always seek to understand before being understood.’ — Quaker saying opposing rhetoric

“In the dilemma between resolution and peace, for me the deciding factor is the inevitability of conflict. To see it as a problem to be solved is to misrepresent reality. Conflict is a function of difference. So unless the National Health Service offers everyone a free frontal lobotomy, so that individuality is obliterated, then conflict will be an inherent part of our world from now until forever” — Michael Jacobs, mediation trainer

“Imagination, our only hope for survival, is a non-binding resolution. Beyond problem-resolving and the fixation on fixing... empathy, listening and “not-knowing,” our most powerful tools, are also ineffective.”

The site of the United Nations headquarters in the Turtle Bay neighborhood of Midtown Manhattan had been a slaughterhouse for more than 100 years before the UN purchased the property under the “sole condition that it could never slaughter cattle on the land.” Does the site where peace agreements are proposed matter? Are there architectures in which the perpetuation of peace becomes more probable? Are there preparations and purifications the delegates could undergo prior to meeting, or particularly propitious conditions that could be imposed during the process of peace mediation? If “people” are the problem, it can logically be said that our actions—inclusive of our organizations, resolutions and solutions—are inherently, invariably, inevitably, the cause of our conflicts. Once we’ve built a largely Le Corbusier-designed Secretariat for managing 37,000 staff members, has the process of working against ourselves effectively begun? Are our material conditions, our building materials, our intimate interiors (all extractions of Mother Earth) and the pace, the frenzy, the ephemerality, forcing us into patterns of violence and self-horror? Why wouldn’t we be inherently peaceable? If we’re not at war, are we only half-human? Would perpetual peace kill us even quicker? Would we lose track of how to survive were we to quit killing one another?

The 18-acre UN headquarters is, technically, extraterritorial (not under US jurisdiction). Is it also, in its aims, extraterrestrial?

The UN was founded in the aftermath of WWII “to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war.” Since its formation, according to its own account, a new war, somewhere in the world, has started, on average, every 2 months. Most wars now are civil wars. The fact that there have been no new “world wars” is generally attributed to the nuclear deterrent, *not* the actions of the Department of Political and Peacebuilding Affairs, the Peacebuilding Support Office, the Mediation Support Unit, the Language of Peace Database, or any other UN organ. It’s telling that whatever level of global peace we’re capable of sustaining is not primarily due to a positive vision of our future humanity but an imagination of humanmade Armageddon. Imagination is boundless. It will always include horror and the casting out or incarnating of demons, and more war. Engineering is imagination.

One overall effect of all the years of UN mediation is that faith in our collective ability to manage conflict and settle disputes has been drastically diminished. We live in a world where multilateralism, multiculturalism, egalitarianism, even democracy have been critically discredited—a revolting era of expanding, *multilateral* authoritarianism. The Secretary-General labels this a “global trust deficit disorder.” There is a habitual, architectural, geopolitical-organizational and rhetorical complicity in the level of—the limit of—successful peacemaking. As a prosodist, I’m largely focused on the element of language/dialogue as responsible for conflict insolubility, and an imagination of missing tones of voice.

When the UN was formed in 1945, 1/3 of the world’s population lived in Non-Self-Governing territories. Since its formation, the number of colonies has gone from more than 80 to 17. In 1967, Ravi Shankar performed at the UN General Assembly for Human Rights Day. In a 2007 address to the UN, Sri Sri Ravi Shankar proposed the Universal Declaration of Human Values. The General Assembly declared December 21 World Meditation Day, to illuminate the role of inner-peacemaking. In 2025, Nigerian poet Maryam Bukar Hassan was designated the UN’s Global Advocate for Peace. “Grace is the gift God gives you. Tenacity is the gift you give yourself.”—Maryam Bukar Hassan. There *have been* signs of peace, transformative instances of the UN breaking its own bounds toward a peace that has proven unattainable within its usual bounds of diplomacy, unattainable exclusively through its own ordinary mind, the open, empathetic, mediatory, dialogic mind (as distinct from an assembly abiding in direct experience of vast luminosity).

PHARMACOGIGNOSCO

Enmity has evolved. Since the great wars, there are fewer combat deaths, yet more violence and terror. The aggression is more fragmented, interpersonal, homicidal. The “home” is the most dangerous place for women and girls. Worldwide, there are more than a billion small arms in circulation. War is more protracted. We’re less responsive to conventional forms of resolution. Arms suppliers sales jumped 29% last year (2024), drones are the avant-garde, cyber-attacks are the most prevalent threat to international peace and security. And on the horizon, the most malevolent innovation of all: lethal autonomous weapons (LAWs) “engage targets” without human guidance, transferring the responsibility over life and death from human discernment to data systems devoid of ethical compass, while the rhetorical relations between

nuclear-armed states fray, and the international arms control architecture that has supported worldwide stability, restraint and transparency implodes under the weight of distrust, bad conscience, tariffs, sovereign identity and nationalistic pride, all based on reasonable yet unexamined fear, all of which... becomes the role of news media and critics to expose and vivify before our very ears and eyes, to harvest the luscious low hanging samsaric fruit to feed a public.

DROP EVERYTHING DAY

Yesterday, 9/11/2025, right-wing media personality Charlie Kirk was assassinated in Utah. Already this morning the left has been designated a domestic terrorism movement by Deputy Chief of Staff Stephen Miller (“disagreement is treason” “genocide the other side”). The genocide in Gaza has been methodically carried out for nearly two years, the Sudanese Civil War is in its third year, and in a few months the full-scale invasion of Ukraine will enter its fourth year. Many moments of silence. Great grieving and loss of faith in collective humanity. Incessant dialogue. Would not a month of collective silence —inexecutivity, meditation-over-mediation, nonreactivity, full-stop, the dropping of everything—have been more effective? Do we even know how to call upon powers greater than our own? Are there no powers that are greater, and why would anyone believe they’d have anything to do with us? Is not diplomacy, like poetry, complicit in all the lives lost, the lives not saved?

There is no heart. There is no mind. There is mind heart nondifference; enheartenedmindedness. People who want to kill each other need healing rather than mediation and multi-partiality. “The healer then becomes the villain.” (Maryam Bukar Hassan). Those of us who want to kill each other are stricken with all three poisons at once: to target, to terminate, to tune out. Lust, disgust, distrust.

Mass protest, individual immolation, counterterrorism, humanitarian aid, peace missions, police presence, are all external measures that have not managed to put an end to aggression. “Missing” is inner measure, inner measurelessness (expressly not “religiosity”—rather an openness beyond one’s own(ed) terms and denomination). In Tibetan Medicine there are external therapies and there are internal teachings (Nyinthig) integral to those therapies and requisite for medical mediation.

COULDN'T AGREE MORE

“The society which scorns excellence in Plumbing as a humble activity and tolerates shoddiness in philosophy because it is an exalted activity will have neither good Plumbing nor good philosophy: neither its pipes nor its theories will hold water.”— John William Gardner

Mandalas? There’s no way you can draw a circle without excluding what’s outside. “Who you exclude will sabotage you.”

Today, more-than-human rarely refers to a Context capable of Creation, rather mostly creatures.

Two sides blowing bodies apart in a fit of mass psychosociogenic sickness ... is maximally somatic. What is its counteraction? Qigong, sports, spectatorship, ascesis, sex, overheated debate?

Which way will the anocracy go?

ENKOIMESIS

What are the Security Council's missing organs? What are the complimentary modes, antidotes and antipodes for pragmatism, perseverance, political will, preventative diplomacy, reason, reconciliation, rule of law, the reinforcing of enmity, deepening of distrust and hardening of hearts? Lifestyle, diet, dialogue? I wish we were so slightly sick.

Transnational communal dreaming: an Assembly Hall exclusively designed for delegates to meet and speak only of their dreams (otherwise strict silence) over an extended period of time while sleeping in private, adjoined chambers. In the Asklepiean tradition the space dedicated to dream-cure is called an *enkoimeterion*. In the tantric tradition, lucid dreaming is one of the Six Dharmas of Naropa wherein a practitioner perceives all phenomena as dream during the day, and remains conscious during the dream state and deep sleep at night. Dreams are seeded or incubated. Tantra dream *sādhanās* include: sustaining the clear light that arises at the moment of falling asleep; between the eyebrows, visualizing a white radiant drop the size of a mustard seed; meditating on the five syllables (OM, AH, NU, TA, RA) in succession with one syllable surrounded by the other four; for poets, visualizing a small red four-petaled lotus in the throat with AH or OM at center. While dreaming, fly; face fears; handle fire; tour exotic lands; be blown up by your enemies or eaten by dream-dogs; be a deity dissolving into a HUM in your heart which then dissolves into clear light; recognize dreaming for what it is.

Other auxiliary *sādhanās* for peace delegates could include: abstaining from speech without first having fasted for 7 days, or undergoing a Bernie Glassman street retreat living homeless without resources for one week; collective 49-day seclusion in darkness, as distinct from well-lit isolation in dialogic exclusivity. Something as simple as a change of diet or sleeping-pattern. Would this *not* be more conducive to a perpetuation of peace, or at least more productively perplexing for its impossibility.

(And the preliminary *sādhanās* for realizing poetry?)

Holding one's breath (*kumbhaka*) brings peace—a becoming familiar with having breath no more. (In the Tibetan language *gom* means “mediation” while *gome* means “to become familiar” or “home.”) Holding one's breath indefinitely is the signing of a peace treaty held indefinitely, an immediate inoperativity of war, begun in one's pot belly. General Assembly would be a communal alembic.

Practice *phowa* (conscious dying): do not kill, *die*. Ultimately, there's no place to die *to*, and no one to do the dying. The deep ecology of mortality. Insight this advanced would overtake the saber-rattling avant-garde, whether militaristic or artistic.

We're warring because we have words? That's confusion and arrogance. Words not only come from Mother Earth, they are her body, her being. Our makings—whether a parking lot, post office, packaging or pumpkin patch—as they cover and clog the Earth, are still derivations and elaborations of the Mother we come from and are made of. We're made of that which we make with. To protect language from our use of words is to make peace invokable, *vocable*. To realize peace as a ground of being, already here, to align agitate or annihilate.

We're our only predator, wary of ourselves, hard-pressed to point out a single way in which our presence on the planet is positively impactful. This is the urburden, ramping up an intractable rhetoric capable of declaring constitutionally allowable annihilation, throwing us back to the Jornada del Muerto desert and the Gadget that could have conceivably ignited the atmosphere (on the morning of the Trinity test, Fermi took bets on whether the bomb would fizzle or incinerate the planet). It wasn't pure stupidity. Stupidity is not ignorant enough to quote the Bhagavad Gita. Weapons of Peace. Pure *Wetiko*.

5 REMEMBRANCES AND THE FACTS OF FRAGILITY

"How can people be afraid of death? I've already been living in this corpse for my entire life."

Growing old is unavoidable. Sickness is certain. Death will come and still come as a surprise. We will lose all we cherish and all those we love. Our actions are our only belongings.

We're already remains. Why force it? To go against the grain of the gift of life? Grifting the gift sets up the chain reactivity of elemental ignorance. War happens because it has been happening, because it has always been happening (as far as we know). It's ingrained, though not inherent. Peace would begin in realizing the nature of occurrence itself. Everything happens in relation to everything else. This is locally discernible, as well universally and originally. Causality maps misery by mimicking itself, as the Meat Puppet is caught in its machinations. Simply put: one thing leads to another. One generation leads to the next, either by attraction or aversion. One lifetime, one limbo, one bardo, one afterlife, one rebirth, one resurrection conditions the next. It sounds too simple, and it is too simple, the complexity of "everything" arising spontaneously on its own, totally interdependently. To move from the co-dependency that is incapable of causing peace to an inter-independency free of not only bias but itself as well, simply take apart that which reacts—even reverse or reorder reactivity of the Reactor, or arrive at the state of no-reactor-to-react. Unlink both wounds and soothings brought on by intention; unlink the means of awareness, sensory/consciousness nondifference; make the space between name and form as vast as the cosmos; re-unite embodiment and uncontrollable bliss; free feelings from the self they free; break the concatenation of wanting and not wanting.

Phenomena is addictive. Stirrings are first rays of the sun of devotion. Infuse, de-infuse the raising of the downward breath, blinded by one's particular birth, crushed by mountains closing in from all sides.

No sufferer, no lashing back. To suffer and not lash out. Eastern & Western luminosities converging in one's skull.

The great gradual, epigenetic unengraining—through the countless creations of our continual conduct—is on a deadline: before nature or manufacture end us. To walk back the impulse of violence to its pristine origins. It is ignorance to not be aware of the nature of occurrence, and deeper ignorance to be aware and be caught in its clutches.

Flourish, between one breath and the next, one thought and the next. Expand our stressed-out autonomic responses beyond flight, fight, freeze, to include face, flip, flop, fantasize, factualize, fructify, forgive, facilitate, fluff, and so on.

Inhume only inhuman.

“The joy I feel in dying is my greatest accomplishment in how I’ve lived.” (Longchenpa). Not the glory of dying in battle—rather, that we would eliminate the possibility of this joy for future generations who may not even have a future because of its elimination...is our most deeply rooted confusion. On the other hand: to die wreathed in lightning, not a fireball; to die of the brilliance of the vast display itself. Power is anti-miraculous.

My brother sends me (emailed to me this moment) photos of his travels to Medieval Gruyères and the Château de Chillon. My immediate reaction: “I hope nobody blows it up.”

Just as, in the final moment, I spoke one isolated word to my father, as I fell from wise supportive caregiver to sorrow-stricken son: *stay*.

My 14-year-old daughter has already chosen her epitaph: “I’m sorry I died.”

Death discovery enough.

Speaking is the way the universe is working.

Ingratitude is the gadget of our most horrific fears.