

Brother mule ...

There's a sensation that comes along from time to time. One experiences, "I'm everything. I'm the entire universe walking on these legs, seeing from these eyes."

And then, "How did I get in HERE?"

It's the most miraculous thing. The entire infinite, eternal source and goal and content of all that is, looking out from here, seeing from this vantage point.

That's the glory of that poor little ego that gets kicked around so much. That's why the little "me" is so pivotal in this journey.

The little ego, the little "me," they're the horses, the poor, plodding beasts of burden that carry consciousness from abstraction, through materialization and embodiment, through the darkness of dense matter, through all the lessons and labors and tribulations of lifetimes of striving, and then at last, to reawakening, reconnecting back to infinity.

That EMBODIED infinity is now bigger than simple, primordial infinity from which individuality emerged, because it includes individuality AND universality. Individuality somehow magically containing, reflecting, embodying universality so universality can dance, can play, can exult in finding itself, rediscovering itself again and again. Individuality finds its way home, all the way home, on the backs of those unfailingly loyal beasts of burden so many gratuitously malign.

~ essay by Jerry Freeman