

Summary:

Socrates said, my paraphrase, 'The one thing I know is that I don't know.'

This lack of knowing drove him, just as it drove Buddha, Jesus, Neitzche, Lao Tzu, Confucius, Mohammed - most all of the great thinkers. It is our unknowing, The Unknown itself, that drives us to wisdom, to question, to scratch the surface till it bleeds poetry and wonderful music.

We don't know what happens when we die. What if we did? The ugly and beautiful truth is, I

don't think we'd be anything like we are now. When people think they know what's going on, they become arrogant, complacent in their 'knowledge' and no fun to be around. When they've most figured it all out, they've most missed the whole point.

When you think about it, we live in a brilliant cosmos. Perfectly designed to create beings who are driven to evolve, to invent, to hunger for The Answer.

The perfect answer is there is no one answer, no certainty.

The Truth is Uncertainty.

Somehow for me this setup betrays an extreme intelligence behind it. It's a perfect design for constant improvement, constant tilling and refining the soil. Of course, I'll never be certain. But this lack of certainty is like a motor that runs my show - it runs all of us.

It is extremely humbling. The closer you get to The Truth, or God, the more humble you become. Quantum physicists say, the more you know about Quantum Physics, the more you know you don't know.

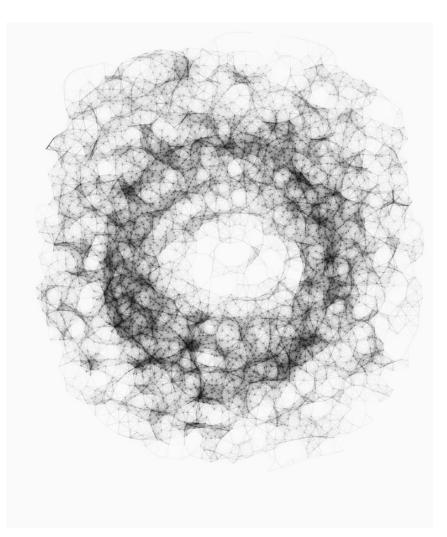
For me, this is the supreme design of life, of all life from the hungry sperm to Shakespeare, from chickens to the I Ching. I believe we are built this way on purpose to keep us moving, churning the waters... learning, absorbing the massive, super nutritious Question Mark that feeds us Einstein and Jesus, Charles Darwin and Dylan Thomas.

I surrender to the Unknown, to not knowing.

The essay that follows is me trying to figure this out, to express it, to understand.

Since around 1968 my daily prayer has been to know the Truth.

This is the current summary!



The Unifying Theory of Uncertainty. A Theory of Everything

Our Universe was created on a foundation of Uncertainty. Uncertainty is programmed into our fundamental genetic, human, scientific, spiritual, emotional, quantum operating system. In the deep fabric of everything that is. Every star and planet, every cell and plant stem, every human is and all living and inanimate things are charged with Uncertainty.

The organizing principle of life is Uncertainty.

Inside the molecule they discovered the atom, but then, inside the atom the particles, but then, inside the particles quarks and gluons, then inside quarks are strings.. or maybe it's the Higgs Bosun. Higgs Bosun gives quarks mass. They suspect.

I suspect inside the Higgs Bosun they will find Uncertainty. Or some other Thing that gives it life.

The reduction of things to their fundamental elements is endless because it is designed that way - there is no certain bottom to the well. As long as there's an 'on' to go to, Creation will go there

For me, the brilliance of this design indicates an intelligence behind it. A creator. Uncertainty is intentional.

Will scientists ever find the Unifying Field Theory, unifying gravity and quantum mechanics? I doubt it. There will always be uncertainty.

Anywhere you look, there will be Uncertainty.

The more I think about this, the more I admire our Creator.

Sugar Koan

The air is like ice cream here: creamy with forests and the breath of vanished species still wild, still alive. It's all so still and alive, purged clean by oceans and the strong lungs of the rich loam and purifying humus, breathing in the death of civilizations, exhaling blue sky ice cream

.

This is where I will build my last nest of sticks, high in the broken top, spiked crown of hemlock. Here I will watch the last bulbs sputter to darkness.

The houses will disappear and I too will exhale with ice cream still sticky on my breath, in my beard.

with a topping of stars

....

Glory! Glory! Glory! All the horsepower of God squeezed into a cone. the clouds grow fat from dreamers

The healing truth is that The Truth is Uncertainty. The BIG truth that is! There are plenty of smaller truths that are certainties - for example, if you grow up in a violent and abusive family odds are good that you will replicate that MO. But on a large scale, the liberating truth is that uncertainty is at the core of human existence - from physics to theology, from Wall Street to The Kentucky Derby.

It's liberating because you are no longer beholden to someone else's answers. We are free to search and plow and find and till on our own.

Certainty sells well, as in, VERY well, hence the big churches and religions. We humans really want to know what's going on, but the more we spelunk into the cave of truth, the more we discover its endless nature. Just like quantum physics. Just like sociology.

Welcome to The Funhouse!

Welcome to the fun house.
Unfasten your seat belts
we aren't going anywhere.
The farms and hills and fields you see flying by
outside the window
are movies
we are sitting still
the theater is immaculate

You can take your hands down from your ears, the music and sound effects aren't too loud because there are none but the silence can be deafening like a wet, fertile, just seeded field steaming in the lowa sun.

We are the birds and the seed and the farmer and the plow We are the infinite loop of death and regeneration sitting in our theater seats watching breathing, fully entranced waiting for the credit roll

But maybe that starts after we leave the theater

No question it's longer than the exit sign.

The great teachers of the great religions, the founders, were very aware of this reality. The best built the healing truth into their teachings.

THE EIGHT BEATITUDES OF JESUS

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

(Blessed are those who know they don't know (are uncertain), the spiritually 'poor', who aren't celebrated high priests (the certain), who are humbled by their lack of knowledge)

Blessed are they who mourn, for they shall be comforted.

(Blessed are those who cry for the end of life, the destruction of the earth, the men lost in wars for daffy stupid agendas. They don't have all the answers. They mourn, in part, for that)

Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.

(Blessed are the humble because they sense how gigantic God, the Universe, Whatever You Call It is. They know they are not smart enough to figure it all out (uncertain) so they Surrender.)

Blessed are they who hunger and thirst for righteousness, for they shall be satisfied.

(Blessed are those who care about the little people (the Uncertain) and despair over the cruelty of the big people (the Certain). In their humble caring is Moksha - Liberation!)

Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.

(Blessed are those who are compassionate. Compassion is the daughter of Uncertainty. When their turn to suffer comes, the gift will return as it was given.

Blessed are the pure of heart, for they shall see God.

(Blessed are those who aren't tainted with pride and a big ego. Big egos, contrary to what some folks say, are the product of Certainty or a lust for it. Big egos destroy purity. They will never experience Islam (Surrender). Total surrender is a prerequisite to seeing 'the Nutritional Question Mark in all its splendor'.

Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called children of God.

(Blessed are those who surrender violence (the easy way) in favor of peaceful negotiation (the difficult way). Plus, they shall be sung about by Joni Mitchell!!)

Blessed are they who are persecuted for the sake of righteousness, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

(Blessed are those who fight for the Little People who are Uncertain of everything but love.)

Gospel of St. Matthew 5:3-10

This is a terrific example of The Truth Is Uncertainty in action. We don't know who's holy. It could be the prostitutes, the sick, the criminals. The only thing we can really know is that those who think they know (Pharisees, the Brahmins, the rich) are flat wrong. They're joyful, secure, certain... passengers on the Titanic.

From humble respect for Uncertainty, and, for some, a steep disdain for pompous Certainty, comes all the beautiful teachings of Jesus, Pythagoras, Lao Tsu, Confucius. It was this understanding that drove the Buddha to find his path to liberation.

http://www.thenazareneway.com/beatitudes_of_christ.htm

Just in case you're one of the many wounded by the Salesmen of Jesus (who was, by the way, very Anti Salesmen), here's essentially the same beatitudes, but delivered by The Buddha. The words of the Buddha are not parabolic, like Jesus, so won't need my paraphrase.

Four beatitudes preceded these, but I selected these because of the incredible similarity to The Sermon on The Mount, The Beatitudes.

The Buddha, around 500 B.C.

To bestow alms and live righteously, To give help to kindred,

Deeds which cannot be blamed, These are the greatest blessing.

To abhor and cease from sin, Abstinence from strong drink, Not to be weary in well-doing, These are the greatest blessing.

Reverence and lowliness, Contentment and gratitude, The hearing of the Law at due seasons,— This is the greatest blessing.

To be long suffering and meek, To associate with the tranquil, Religious talk at due seasons,— This is the greatest blessing.

Self-restraint and purity, The knowledge of the noble truths, The attainment of Nirvana, This is the greatest blessing.

In the midst of the eight world miseries, Like the man of pure life, Be calm and unconcerned,— This is the greatest blessing.

Listener, if you keep this law, The law of the spiritual world, You will know its ineffable joy,— This is the greatest blessing.

Having grown up in a Christian family, I have thought a lot about Jesus. From the Bible scholars we've learned that, after comparing the red letter part (attributed quotes from Jesus) gospels in detail, the only thing scholars are certain Jesus *actually said* was the stuff about the End Times. Why would he harp on the End Times? Because they are the supreme harbingers of Uncertainty (death). And, of course, the "My Lord, why have you forsaken me" is so incredibly beautiful because it throws a golden monkey wrench into the Religion of Certainty.

I once had an argument with a renown Buddhist teacher about Buddhists not believing in God. He tried to gracefully dodge the point, and was a beautiful man. But truth is, The Buddha didn't say there wasn't a God, just that God is, in my own words, a Certainty that we use to delude ourselves.

The ancient Hebrew Prophets were so certain of God's uncertainty they wouldn't allow anyone to SAY the name of God because God is too massive to fit into a word.

The Healing Truth is healing because we don't have to be supernatural to experience the beauty of 'God'. We don't have to defend "God" because we know He/She/It is indefensible because 'God" is, in essence, the great uncertainty that draws us forward to goodness.

How many devotees and deeply spiritual beings suffer because they don't have exotic spiritual experiences? It's awful.

The Dangers of Artificial Light, a Morning Prayer

Morning Prayer:
"Oh Lord
protect us from darkness
and artificial light."
Both being equally dangerous:
the man who robs you at gunpoint
the man who robs you with a Bible
or Bhagavad Gita.

Either one is intrusive and a destroyer of our Holy Refuge, the peace, the warm fire of faith, our inalienable right to trust.

Faith Shattered (I wish this could blink and be neon!) is one of the first motels you come to entering the City of Invisible Sin.
Faith Restored, on the other hand has no fixed address and wanders beneath the radar of Good Sense & Google Maps.
It's not unusual for residents of Faith Shattered, even if for only an evening or two, to never find Faith Restored.

We tend to forget the danger of Artificial Light when lost, panicked in Darkness.

I've often wondered if the spinning of the world isn't from the propulsion of all the people running from God's salesmen.
All running in one direction toward the Holy Refuge.

Funny, It's right here and never budges.

I have a friend who meditates 8 hours a day. Wonderful man, Wes Waite, Portland, Oregon, sometimes Bangalore India. He gave me one of the critical missing keys to The Healing Truth. He said that all the visions and revelations and magical stuff that happens is generated by the ego's evaporation. I love it. When I first started meditating I had incredible experiences sliding through time, hair on end, crying and laughing. With time, that went away and I thought I had offended God. This is why all monasteries and teachers advise us not to cling to or even talk about our spiritual experiences, visions etc. It's because they are the Ego and talking about them can draw the ego back into us. (I suspect sometimes it's teachers/gurus defending their Mystical Turf. Don't want the devotees stealing their fire).

Once the ego goes, the need to defend ourselves and our religious convictions (or our art, job, home, ratty old or new beamer car, songs, writing etc) evaporates with it. We are healed of the Addiction to Certainty.

Once healed of Certainty, we have 'nothing to lose' as Bob Dylan put it. Having nothing to lose means we can't lose.

And all the crazy ideas, God is the devil, God is Angry, God is a Republican or Democrat, God is born again... we know are hooey because God's greatest gift to humanity is uncertainty. God loves a mystery... so much that it's built into everything that is.

To me, that's so beautiful, so poetic, so incredibly smart and long sighted that I really swoon when I think about it. Think about it!

Us & The Vista

This moment has passed.
The pen has finished its pausing, driving pitons into the granite page.
I got over it Now it's just us and the Vista.



Heaven Hound On Our Trail in honor of Robert Johnson, The King Of The Blues

the future is breathing down our backs nipping at our heels. run as we will at some point or counter point it will catch us; the spiked hair, red eyed hound with paws as big as mike tyson's fists, a heaven hound on our trail.

i've dreamed this before His name is Deja Vu and he won't come when you call.

only when he smells the Time Slip, the burning smell of flesh and heaven grating against each other, the friction of moneyless wealth against the poverty of plans.

should we stop and sit would we be devoured in glory or gored by contentment?



Robert Johnson, circa 1928

Faith

Faith is something else. For me, faith is knowing and embracing uncertainty, surrendering to uncertainty, all the while praying with gusto and continuing my spiritual practice. And for the first time in my life, I feel somewhat sane. I don't have to build a fortress around who and what and how I am.

A Hymn To The Whole on the Anniversary of Nine Eleven

The sanity is sacred. When we break the altar the church collapses on both congregation and priest.

It's an awful thing to watch a steeple collapse, to watch well dressed women and children all dapper in shined shoes and pressed blouses evacuate a holy place.

The men, like silly, heroic Atlas remain inside to catch the beams and stars as they fall through the ceiling.

God bless the Whole

God bless the carpenters who build with bamboo and twine that can flex when the earthquake comes. God bless the masons who stack the atoms in perfect symmetry.

God bless the Whole.

God bless the maples outside that drill deep in the earth

and commune with the restless mantle.

God bless the Whole from whence comes Holy.

God bless the hole where the church once stood.

God bless the Hole from whence comes Holy.



Outstanding Truths

When all the gumbo has been removed from the path, a few really outstanding truths, smaller truths, human experience truths, emerge.

1.) The Golden Rule, "Do not do to others what you do not want them to do to you" Confucius, Analects 15:23 (around 500 B.C.)

2.) Bodhichitta

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bodhicitta

In general, Love is the key to the Invisible City (thank you Hayley!) of God. Coincidentally, it's the key to surviving in this world with some shred of peace left inside us. Or 'Lemchucks'! In Tibetan Buddhism, 'Lemchucks' are the little, barely noticed good karmas we accrue, like when we do dishes or open the door for someone.

3.) Peace/Stillness is the Door to The Truth

Uncertainty/God doesn't use words and usually whispers VERY quietly. When stillness comes, that THING rushes in. Peace is the dividend, the bonus, the gold star from the Great Teacher. There's nothing to it but itself. Peace is the favorite daughter of Uncertainty. Angst/Agony is Caine, the ashuras, the hungry ghosts.

My experience is that God is a musician (of course) and never has lyrics, just gorgeous melodies that say it all without a word. The Creator Genius Of Uncertainty strikes again!

4.) Our Minds put Hollywood to shame

Just sit for an hour or two, breathe and watch your mind. Treat it like a movie theater. All the white knuckle, bloodbath, hot steamy sex, self recrimination and Cinemascope Technicolor action an audience could imagine is right there. If you can be the audience rather than IN THE MOVIE, it all becomes so clear. This is the ranting Steven Spielberg/Busby Berkley/Steven King that comes with the package called Being Human. For most folks who've never sat and SEEN these movies, they can't separate themselves from the weird waves of emotion and needs and fears that are just The Mind cranking out shit. Everyone has it. Just very few get to realize they are the Producer AND the audience, the criminal AND the victim.

(It's so terrifying living in the movie, being the actor in the Hollywood Mind's plots, that it's no wonder we are so addicted to certainty. Like a child that really needs to sneak into mom and dad's bed after a horrifying nightmare. Hence the long bearded, Santa like God who is so mom and dad like.)

The Audience, the Viewer, is who you wanna be. The movie is irrational and dangerous. The Viewer is The Wise Man/Woman. Wisdom is knowing the difference between the Mind's Hollywood and The Brilliant Mind that is The Viewer.

The Healing Moment is when The Viewer and Uncertainty - without Anxiety - become one being.

I think it's called Awakening.



photo by Wes & Jean Wait

Jumbhavan

See that well worn path?
It leads from our house
to the knoll
where i like to go and sit
or stand
and wander the song of God's long,
white fog fingers
playing the morning piano of light and shade.
The melody moves through the trees,
over the hill and into the green,
monastic, monk chant meadow
below.

It's my place of armageddon and resurrection.

the great thing about getting old?
I no longer twiddle my thumbs
or gnash my teeth
when i sit.
All the zebras and giraffes,
rottweillers and seeing eye dogs
have been released.
Now it's just the old dreadlocked black bear and i
hibernating
and awakening at the same time.

The zoo is mostly empty now though the echo of lions remains.
There are embers here and there that sputter of small triumphs and defeats... embers from fires we built as boy scouts, in divorce courts, when camping with lovers.

We define success and failure.
Success can be seeing the infinite shades of brown on the forest floor.
Failure can be forgotten, lost in the dementia of awakening.

Meditations

22 July 2010

Why would god love a mystery?

Because it has the greatest potential for discovery and evolution. The greatest creativity.

We can learn so much from chickens! Or horses or cows. They will hunt and peck relentlessly looking for new pastures, push at the fence, scratch around under barriers, constantly churning and looking for a way out. They are wired with uncertainty and the eternal motion, the search, it brings.

Evolution is the favored child of The Mystery.

When we are creative both our left and right brain are in a state of high function. That part of us that is rational and logical and that part that is mystical and woo hoo share the data like chickens constantly mining the field for escape routes.

The mystery is such a hardwired part of our nature that it's impossible to conceive humanity without it.

I think we can feel safe to say that intelligence is the child of mystery. Science is the child of mystery.

23 July

Morning meditation

Mantras are like heavy road construction vehicles - they clear a way thru the wilderness (Wilderness = Noise of Mind, Mind = the Drama Queen/King). But they are noisy. Once the road is cleared, we leave mantra behind except when frost heaving or erosion etc has damaged the road - then we bring back the heavy construction equipment to repair the road.

(Link to and from above graph on Truth is Liberating:)

I've always heard the saying "The Truth Will Make You Free" and been puzzled. Most truths are boxes or marketing slogans for corporations/religions. The truth that makes you free is uncertainty. Then you can wander the garden of realities. There is freedom in boxes and that's why gurus and doctrines are so wonderful. You KNOW what's true and can take the ball and run with it. But when the stadium and coach dissolve and the football itself becomes toxic, you move on to the next Small Truth or the Truth.

Uncertainty is its own best enemy and friend. It can't defend itself from those who Know! But, when those who know come to think about it, they certainly can't defend themselves against Uncertainty. Uncertainty infuriates most folks because it is a flood of water across a well tended garden. Washes away topsoil and all the order and effort. But in the long run, it waters the plants and brings the ultimate growth.

Mantras - mantras really work. I don't know why. I suspect it's the 10,000 years of their existence has created a parallel world, or maybe an oil for reality - greases the squeaky wheels... but that can include the Wheel Of Ego, which is the Central Generator of Illusion and untruth/pain/suffering.

Meditating doesn't mean you will lose your ego. It just gives you the power tool to do it with. But if the chain of events hasn't choked your ego to the point where you cry uncle, or if you've gotten sufficient ego strokes along the way, it just makes it worse because it teaches you to be subtle about it.

The True Mystery Farmers

Cry Uncle!
Cry Uncle!
Dress yourself in a white flag and go to the town square.
Declare your position with pride, Dorothy!
The wizard was a confection, so much art, artifice.
Salvation turned out to be home made... bottled 'spring' water from a tap in Atlanta.

All of us are just farmers betrothed to our tractors and prayers for rain.

No rain, no harvest. No sun, no sprouts. No prayer, no rain no sun.

We are helpless against the Goliath of Nature, the invisible flies that devour our excellent answers.

The only antidote is organic and homespun.

True Mystery Farmers know leaving the tractor parked, the barn will fill faster.

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God listens close to the Atheist's Prayer, the strong man weeping the great warrior's terror.

The Confident get the back burner. Proud roosters become soup.

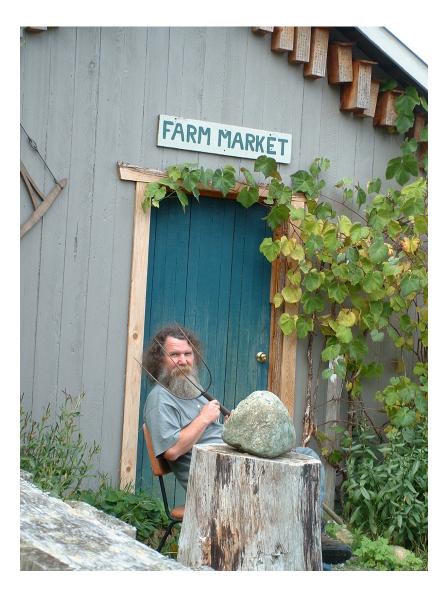


photo by Joanne Sales

25 July 2010

The Garden of Eden

Knowledge = Certainty. Certainty *is* like a snake, appearing and disappearing, moving over and underground... and like a shiny tasty apple, and it does bring a sense of power and an ego boost.

Read last night in the book about Jaques Derrida and the Hindu Philosophers that the ancient Hebrews considered God Stillness. Stillness is the center point between consciousness, certainty, uncertainty. Faith without certainty rises out of stillness because Stillness seems to be awake itself, seems to have qualities that weave Uncertainty and Certainty together into a whole. Stillness is the ultimate Zen koan because it has all the answers and none, it's full and empty.

I believe Jesus sat in the zone of Stillness and Uncertainty and was trying to show that, in the union of stillness and Uncertainty, there is a future and resting place for humanity.

6 Aug 2010

Anathem / Neal Stevenson

This book could be providing a possible missing link! The universe is a sea of quantum potential with infinite quiffs, choices, possible outcomes ALWAYS available. Humanity doesn't really think or have intelligence. At some point, humans tapped this intelligence of the cosmos and at that point, as in my song God Has Always Been A Genius (The Soma Poets), the intelligence flowed in. The caveman who figured out the wheel, fire etc linked up to the Genius Cosmos. The Vedic sages linked up to the Genius Cosmos and big, fundamental chunks/pieces of this new discovery of mine and apparently many folks came to them 10,000 years ago.

The Soma Poets © 1999

Ten thousand years ago / Some men were digging with their hands
Dragging their women around by the hair
Monkey minds at the dawn of time / in the blood thirsty animal world
But at very same the same time /
Other Men were sitting high in cloud capped mountains
Communing with the Gods robed in symbols and stars
Writing poems that blow my modern mind
Just as lightning's hammers crack the midnight sky
It's because...the soul has always been a genius / Ever brilliant and wise
The mind of God infused their primitive hearts with

Words that ripple through time

Can you imagine the rush? / When that first man stepped out of his cave And all the crackling current of God went rushing straight into his heart While all around him men were wielding hatchets made of stone But he held the glowing wire of the unknown

It must have been like Albert Einstein himself
Standing in the middle of a Neanderthal tribe
As ten billion volts of equations and uranium psalms
Were spinning around in his eyes / he was Light years ahead of his time
The soul has always been a genius, ever brilliant and wise
It hasn't changed since the first light of day fired up the engines of time

As a poet, I'm humbled and shamed by the depth of their immaculate words I bow my head to the wind / I lay this humble song at their feet As a tiny seedling before a towering tree

God has ALWAYS been a genius! And how that genius enthralls! And the wisest men tap that intelligence in the wind and The whole human species evolves

So the Truth is Uncertainty, but the converse is everything is a certainty. The Truth is a Potential Certainty that never resolves because there are always near infinite resolutions to the question.

Why are some people apparently more intelligent than others?

One possibility is that everyone is equally intelligent but some focus on some streams or channels to the infinite possibilities and some focus on others. So a mom is focused on relating to her child and can out intuit and out fox Albert Einstein on child rearing, on sensing the needs of the child. Moms are child rearing geniuses... if they are open to that, if that's where their passion lives. Some have carpentry genius, some have automotive genius etc.

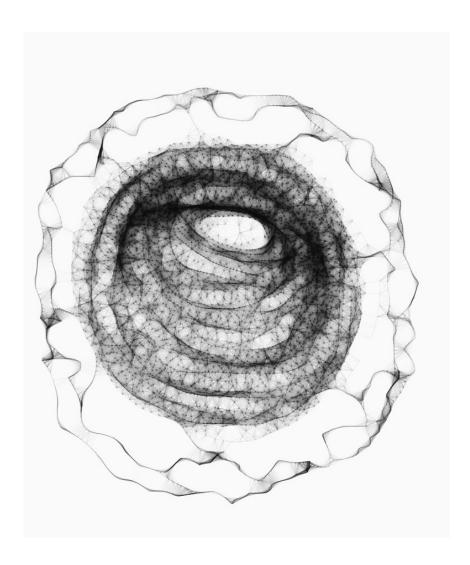
I think it's possible that once you get one channel open, one link, the process of uplinking becomes clearer and it may be easier to access other pipes... so some good mechanics... or moms... if they're conscious of the process, can upgrade many aspects of themselves. So, in some ways, genius can be a self replicating state... but obviously not always. Hence, savants.

This channel is most apparent when we're talking. We don't know what we're going to say before we say it. Some folks have a clear channel for verbal communication with the Genius Cosmos. So folks like Jay, who can ramble and rattle off amazing wisdom or facts, have cleared that channel, removed the trash etc in the way of quick

communication. Jay's writing ability isn't as sharp as his verbal ability. Jay falls down severely in some zones that I'm brilliant, and I fall down in many of his zones. So it's all about keeping the pipe as big and open as possible.

The Choral Raccoon is much sharper than I'd imagined. It can be 10,000 raccoons, or it can be Yahweh or Shiva. It can momentarily be anyone or anything. It's a constant shapeshifter, dream shifter... a brilliant potential that we can rub elbows with, although our elbows are too tiny to download all of the possible information, or reach into the infinite pool of possible outcomes.

Anathem is a thousand page science fiction book. I highly recommend it! Very slow for the first 400 pages. A long, dazzling raga.



the choral raccoon

the amazing choral raccoon, brilliant burglar, the jd salinger of the night barely heard, never seen takes our old roosters then our newborns

always accompanied by the invisible tabernacle choir so soft and quiet you're never sure you heard anything*.

a whispering in the grass a breeze thru the henhouse and then, wham! sure enough next morning old Jack The Rooster is gone. flat gone.

previous farmers have spun a trillion tales about the choral raccoon spiked with straight up questions like 'does he exist?' or 'is it a he or she?'

some have built enormous palaces and bought golden helmets with the proceeds from 'knowing the answer'.

one thing is for sure the choral raccoon loves a mystery.

after 40 years of waiting up for it sitting in barns meditating, watchful, alert, praying, spending a fortune on motion detectors, the choral raccoon left me a message! Printed on the back of my eyelids "The Truth Is Uncertainty"

5 August 2010

