

## **Fed up with the mind**

I'm totally Fed up with your fuckin' mind-world. In there, one has to justify every fart to another stinking mind. With every sentence one is judged, sentenced, shown in words or otherwise that it is maybe not totally correct, that it could also be like this, or that, who knows, have you thought of that possibility? Blaaugwhh! Blwaagh! Blaauwgh!

The mind is one big Lie, one big radical withdrawal from Life, one big tease to the few who Live (to whatever depth), one big endless kicking against (the Truth of) the Heart. Under the dirty cover of 'trying to be truthful', or in search of what is true, or trying to do good, your dirty bloody stinking mind poisons everything that Lives, that is True, Pure. It's disgusting, your lousy petty self-obsessed smelly mind. I'm totally Fed up with the hate that tirelessly you want to and do project onto others so as not to have to Feel it yourself, not to have to admit that it's in you, this poison. This mind is the (sneaky cover of but fundamental part of your) poison. You cannot stop poisoning. You're totally attached and addicted to your own poison. It's so bad that you hardly know or even don't know at all that you are poisoning, blaming, judging, shooting your hate swollen criticisms on everything that appears before your eyes, that comes to your awareness. Your entire mind is ugly, poisonous, life-killing. 'Your' mind is itself the impurity that it tries to find and assumes and says it finds in everything and everyone else, and certainly in 'other' minds – whereas in fact there exists just one big impersonal but rotten stinking whining scared non-manifesting mind. Truth is Always Just and will Take Its Humble Revenge on your awful devastating rotting contribution to this already painful world. Look at yourself. Just look! You function as if you are your mind and you even almost manage to seem to be satisfied with this horror scenario, this ultimate hell. You (have to) constantly fight other minds and you even like that. But also you have to Constantly fight the Truth Beyond your endless mind-business (that even seems to yield (quite) some money for you). You have Already lost the fight against Truth, you cannot Win it. You're just postponing and postponing finally falling, failing, admitting, going to fall to your knees.

Truth Takes Its Natural Revenge, for It Naturally Loves You. It Sees your mind is not You, it is not even yours, your mind. Tears are rolling over My Face from the Pain you inflict on the world, on everyone, animals included, by living as a mind, not Being Here, not Being Present, Fully, Whole-Heartedly, Whole-Bodily, Wholly.

Your mind is the Fart of the Universe. Your identification with (supposedly 'your') mind is the greatest exhibition of sado-masochism ever in human history. The sexual variant of SM is really nothing compared to this, it is just a poor little joke. Your utterly cowardly refusal to Feel but being in the mind instead has tortured and killed many many millions, billions of people, animals. Of course your mind has something to say to this, to object against this, to justify it or to make it look a little less bad, milder than it is. But it is so. There is no justification needed, no blaming either. The mind is just as killing and devastating and torturingly painful as it is. Truth has no opinion about your glorified mind and the great works

that were established thanks to it. It just Sees. It Feels. It Lets the Conscious Body Speak, have its Pure response to the ‘gift’ of your Bodiless mind.

I’m Fed Up! I, Truth, don’t answer to your mind any more. If you don’t wanna Bow for Me, Truth, then you don’t, then you just wait ‘humbly’ till the Natural ‘Revenge’, the Payback becomes bigger and bigger, till finally you have to Bow anyway, with a lot of extra pain to Feel. Just as you please. You’ll have to Come Back to Me anyway, sooner or later. As mind you are just far far too stupid, so utterly dumb, to Understand that all the pain that you hide in and as your mind, that you silently aggressively shoot from and as your mind, that you supposedly unconsciously inflict upon other forms, upon the Formless Itself, you will Have To Pay for. You can’t change (Divine) Nature. And your strategy so far, to always point at the others who’ve done it, doesn’t work (at all) in the Land of Truth, Which is the Only True World. The only sorry I, Truth, feel in regard to you is that I by far don’t have the right appropriate words to describe your utter infantilism, your poignant dumbness, in your ridiculous, grotesque and cruel holding on to the continuous and creative farting of the mind that you call ‘you’ – or: that the mind calls ‘you’. For if only you looked in the Mirror you’d be gone, you’d stop existing, there’d be no escape any more, the illusion would Melt into Truth again. The whole show would be gone, with One Strike, One Moment. The Future has to and will Find the Right Mirror.

For now, Sincerely, Your Very Own Truth.