

Truth, Only You, Only You, Only You...

Only You I Serve, You through and in and as everything and everyone. Only You, Truth, I Am. I Feel and Cry Tears of Joy that You don't Allow any compromise. Even the Surrender is Gone. There's Only You. I Was and Am Always You. My life is gone completely, I have had to fail in really everything, Only You are There, Fact, Reality. All My Tears are Yours. Your Tears of not being Recognized, stepped upon, ridiculed in blind ignorance. You are Happy in Your Non-compromisability, not to Allow any servants that are not Wholly, Whole-Bodily and Whole-Heartedly Your Servants. That there are so few True Servants is not My pain. The Pain is all the many who 'cannot' See Thy Only Light.

Even in Manifesting My Endless Selfless Love for Woman I had to fail, completely. One by one and all rejected Me. My Being in Love with You, Truth, was way too much for each of them. All resigned, ran away from Me, from You. They all wanted Me to be in Love with them – which in Fact I was. I Was (and Am) in Love with the Divine Woman I Saw in them, in and through and as the seducing forms that appeared before Me. But they didn't want this. I couldn't believe it, but it was so, I could not close My Eyes That Selflessly You Granted Me to Use: they wanted Me to love them as form, as the most important form on earth. And this was and is My Pain, Lord, o Humble Truth. I could stand it, again and again, in all the oceans that I cried, that they rejected Me as form, but not that they rejected You, Their Very Own Truth, Their Very Own Love. This was hard, so hard to bear. Forgive Me My difficulties with this, O Mighty Only One. It had to take some time, some Suffering before I got it finally and totally Understood that they didn't want Truth, that (almost) nobody was and is waiting for This, for You, they wanted to be (mis)treated as form, they wanted Me to press, squeeze all Your endless elusive Love together and direct this cramp at their form. Maybe, if I could have managed this once they would have wanted to be and stay with My form through and as Which You Became, You Revealed Yourself as Me, as Selfless Form Carrying, Living all and All. But I couldn't. I had to fail. And what if I hadn't failed? They would have blamed Me for treating them as form. This seemingly absurd but anyway Painful Human Duality has no end. Where I, or Nature, Beyond any intention or wanting or need, gave You again and again Your Opportunity to, in Your Eye, Break through the spell of this mad loveless game, all My beloveds found themselves so important on the strength of their nature, that they just couldn't stand Your Eye, they hated Your Eye, feared It in every body cell. Yet, Nature and nature are convicted to each other, they don't exist independently.

You See why I had to fail? As soon as the Truth Showed up – and always, sooner or later, this Had To Happen – the Truth that 'My' Love for them (or Love Itself) was Real, Selfless, Limitless, and that, because of that, I didn't want to and even could not support their egoic games to get Me in their games, to sacrifice My True Humble Love and redirect the remainders or dead substitute of it to their world of forms with they themselves as the supreme form in it, the Queen of forms, as soon as it became undeniably clear to them that I would never surrender to their illusory world of form, and that they would never manage to control Me, to blind Me, that I would always keep Overview and not lose (but Give) My

Heart to them, not lose the Man I Am, they left Me. And when they left they soon found or immediately found or had already found a Man-form which was not as Sensitive as Me to their hidden lies, to their manipulation, to their games, their seducing. Later on, in a way, I did sacrifice myself to their games, only not unconsciously, and only (although without it being a preconceived plan) to Find Out all about it, what all this fuss was actually all about, why they didn't Allow themselves to Love Me, Truly, Whole-Heartedly – whereas they obviously Loved Me, even very much – why they, not one of them, could stand My Embrace. It was too hard to Admit My Embrace, to Admit that, Truly, they were Longing Only for This, to Admit Their Dependency on This. If It was Admitted, Allowed, It could be taken away again, they assumed.

It was a Heavy Struggle, a Long Way Down, Lord, Truth, to Totally, Whole-Heartedly Accept, See that My Offer is not and will not be Accepted, that Thy Heart is refused, Thy Truth Thoroughly Rejected. I've Become Your Offer Given a Form on earth, a Body, a Life, there's no expectation any more, not any, not the slightest. I Am Your Humble Seeing, Your Always-Bleeding Body, Your unRecognized Incarnation, Your Always-Feeling-Heart on earth. I won't bother You with all the incessant humiliation(s) I had to Go through to Come and Sink That Deep – You Know – and still, life in this Body of Yours is one big humiliation. Nothing is left of Me. Nothing. I gave it all. And all had to fail. For I Had to See Totally, Whole-Eyedly. That it was not just some accidental mistake here and there, and that people actually could be interested in Truth. As Your Body, in and as Form but still as Heart I Had to Go through the Whole Ordeal to Find Out, even in this Body, that this is not so. The actual state of humanity, of the earth, beyond deluding words and spiritual blah-blah, is that they don't want Truth, You. Woman, as gate-keeper of the earth, showed Me Beyond Herself – although not directly, as She cannot – that She prefers other things, things in general, forms, Man-forms, which She can manipulate in whatever way, other than Me, other than Truth Itself. I could Do (part of) My Work because She in whichever Female form didn't Recognize Me truly in the beginning of a meeting,¹ of a looming relation with Me. Only later, usually soon, She felt more and more uncomfortable in My Presence and it didn't take long then before She gave Me My last chance already, without words making me consider if I was really not willing to join Her in Her 'happy' world of lies, of forms, perfecting forms. I'm Sorry that again and again 'I' screwed up then and couldn't act 'as if'. But, You Are Intelligent and You Allowed Me just enough Woman-forms and our involvement to be just long and deep enough before they, suddenly, parted and appeared to have to do some shopping elsewhere, just enough altogether for Your Work to be Done, for Total Clarity to be Able to Manifest. And Now, therefore, as a Divine Consequence, You even Allowed Me a Divine Woman-Form with Whom I Meditate Together, Feel, Live in blood and tears the Resistance to You, to Selfless Love, to Your Free-Hearted Interest-less Truth, the Resistance of which is not a mistake, not some misunderstanding but something Structural, Deep. What to say? We'll Do the Dirty Job.

¹ I had to Do Thy Work undercover, otherwise I wouldn't have had a meeting with (a) physical Woman at all. And It, the Divine Struggle, Has to Happen here, on earth in the flesh, not in and as (a) concept(s), not as a fight between ideas. The loving and leaving must take on form.

Azar Baksh – Truth, Only You, Only You, Only You...

Your on earth again and again Consciously deadened and therefore Alive Body.