

## Ag and Eg in the Garden of Heaven

Adam and Eve were monkeys, or apes, if you prefer, they lived a million years in the Garden of Eden, they quarreled over the checkbook for a split second, until more bananas fell past their satisfaction; one day, they looked at each other in a wondrous way, the look echoed in their eyes like mirror on mirror, suddenly, it was time for God to write the Bible, language and sin became simultaneous that fateful day, now we are familiar with such moments, but, my, how much that familiarity resembles bananas. we are still living in that same garden, and yes, we have more bananas, everyday, all day long, and God must now remainder the instructions, the wondrous never died, but we die when we forget the look in the eyes that teeters on and defines our pristine origin.

Something happened to our minds, when we became conscious of our thinking, Ag and Eg (or Adam and Eve, if you will) were transformed into something new, from creatures with a mind that worked in tandem with their physical being, to beings of human awareness, the human mind took on a life of its own, human beings became gradually, or suddenly, capable of being aware of being conscious of themselves, other than the functional, practical, unconscious thinking they'd done before.

These earliest humans were conscious **in** their behavior, but they weren't conscious **of** their behavior, and one day they became conscious, no longer as behaving creatures, but as creatures of their existence, they moved from living in existence, to living in the awareness of existence, this monumental leap hasn't been fully honored, as it might be, even though it is the moment that transforms us, and we haven't recovered from it, we're in thrall to this happening, that we treat like an unbroken curse, ever since we became conscious, and we struggle to make sense of our remarkable awareness.

This blessing, in the earliest humans, is the same blessing in our lives, we're no different, and the moment that began their innocent wonder is the moment that begins ours, it never changes, it never diminishes, the power of this wonder is not in what it witnesses, but in its nature, everything that happens to all creatures, happens to us, then there is the curse of our awareness; we fell in love with it, and we struggle to convert our awareness to a practical blessing, we try to use the instrument of the curse to free us from the burden of the curse, and with this ability, we've constructed one civilization on top of another, always with the constant prospect of destroying what we've built, as recklessly, as miraculously, as if there's no alternative, we have codified the life and death struggle of our pre-conscious existence, into an everyday acceptance.

Added to the impressive structure of our busy and capable intelligence, and the murder of our own kind, we've yet to come to easy terms with our self-awareness, it sits like a plague of unhappiness, confusion, fear and conflict, and all our solutions are kept within our cursed thinking, there's no return to our primal unconscious, becoming aware of ourselves as creatures with a tool, we have come to define ourselves as the tool itself, we became aware of ourselves in our consciousness, we became aware of our intelligence, we became addicted to the yield of its invention, we love the creativity of thinking, we love thinking about ourselves, we became obsessed by ourselves, in this limitation, everything that's risen from this consciousness, inside the state of awareness, it has overwhelmed its simple reality, a creature, otherwise similar to other creatures, has become aware of its existence, and the further workings of that reality, do not surpass that original awareness, this awareness is the true source of our freedom from its excesses and limitations.

The I, that we define ourselves as, is an approximation of this awareness, the I of this awareness is what claims to be the creature it seems to inhabit, the I of this awareness also claims to be the product of its use, as if what I make, is who I am; I is the namesake of this awareness, but this awareness is not like a thing, this awareness is an ineffable occurrence, indescribable, overwhelming, beyond words, deep, and imprecise, we identify ourselves as the I of awareness, or we identify ourselves as a being to be freed from the I of awareness, I am not a man of awareness, I am not a creature with awareness, I'm not to be freed from this man or this creature, I'm not what occurs to me in my physical being, and I am not what occurs to me as a conscious being, my definition is only an identification with these things of the I, I is the mind's assumption of awareness, an attempt to link sudden knowing with the creature we now see as the body of this new awareness, but this awareness is without name or shape, this ever-occurring moment of sudden awareness is neither a creature nor an I, it is freedom itself; when I let go of the I that claims me, when I let go of the creature that claims me, I find myself present in this awareness that has no claim on anything, this awareness is the occurrence that satisfies my identification, it only *is*, and it doesn't ask for more, it doesn't seek to be free, it is freedom itself, I am another creature, in the Garden of Eden, or on the Serengeti Plain, my eyes were on the world around me, I looked to eat and survive, for myself and for my kind, and then one day, in a moment of awakening, I became aware of my existence, and awareness transformed me, consciousness slipped, between being in survival and being in awareness, until I began to use this consciousness to aid my creature survival.

Cities were built, and armies, but I was never the same, especially when I lived in the wonder that overcame me, especially when I recognized who I was in that moment, in the awareness of existence, in the awareness of being itself, in the awareness of myself as this moment of awareness, in the awareness of being this new thing that I called I, I saws there was no I in any creature, there was no creature in any I, there is no I, there is only this awareness, I continue to live as I have lived, I have a long history as a creature, I take this new way of thinking as a strange difference, I began to attribute its presence to a force beyond myself, the way I've always thought of the world, and I became afraid for my life in a new way, I no longer felt fear as a caution against threats, but as an occurrence within my mind.

Millennia pass, I still felt fear, my thoughts didn't free me from fear, fear occurred because of the consciousness that this sudden awareness opened in me, the awareness of my existence mutated into the recognition of the fragility of my life, I began to fear what might be, I began to fear what might never be, I began to fear the unknown, I began to fear myself, I experienced glimpses of my original awakening, in natural beauty, in moments of love, in moments of exertion and exhilaration, but when I forgot the awakening at its source, I attributed these moments to the world around me, outside me, beyond me, to natural and supernatural beings, I sought those who spoke of this inherent reality as a brilliant awakening, as enlightenment, as a glimpse of the eternal, but most of those who speak of these things don't offer the original experience, they promise it, in place of the life I live, they promise it in some reality beyond who I am, and they obscure the inherent reality, the same way I've been doing for millennia, awareness that occurs so perfectly within me, doesn't fit the way I think in my creature mind, I try to make it fit, I assign it names and shapes that fit my creature mind, but that only disguises this awareness, I thought I learned more of this reality when I learned its shapes and names, but I miss it, until I'm free, in the only reality that fits who I am, I am this awareness.

*Ag and Eg said, we're human, we're alive, we're free, and we're none of these things, these names don't define who we are, we're silence, we're stillness, we're nothing, and these words cannot describe who we are, we're here when these ways of speaking cease, we're here in this absence, we're here in the vast emptiness these words seem to fill, stillness is our being, we're a common silence, a common being, we have nothing in common, we are nothing in common, we're silent singers in unison, timeless dancers in time, we're laughter without fear, we're love so vast it's forgotten its beginning and can't dream its end, we're nothing of everything, we're everything of nothing, we are, before we're anything, we are what is.*

Ag and Eg knew, when they spoke, after being in the awareness of their existence, that they'd become a combination of these realities, the first was the one they'd always known, limited by death, the second was the one they came to know, that had no sense of death within it or about it, their third reality became the habit of their minds, in self-centered ego, they called this third reality *I* and *self* and *identity*, it became the voice of who they were, who they thought everyone else was, it played a part in their physical being, in the open awareness they experienced, in a break from the mind of the physical, until this third self began to dominate, the third self, with no self of its own, neither physical being nor being itself, lived in relation to the other realities, it fought for its hegemony, and the struggle began, the generations that followed Ag and Eg fought for the sustenance of the physical, they fought for the self they called spirit, this third reality sought control over the constant reality of the physical self and the constant presence of awareness, it became a contest to redefine both realities, in the thought and language of the ego.

The physical became a lesser reality, and the spirit became something beyond the physical, it became an approximation of its own reality, with the ego ruling among the selves, body and spirit became defined in the mind as fragile, as empty, as the ego knew itself to be, a dominant reality projects itself on other realities, the body became dispensable, and spirit became the extension of an ego greater than life itself, descendants of Ag and Eg had their moments of realization, in the recognition of being itself, in the knowledge of their own existence, not greater, or less than, who they were, but the habits of the mind held sway, for so long, that it became difficult to sustain that awareness, what's true is always true, what was true for Ag and Eg is true for everyone who followed, and nothing has changed in the reality of who we are, we're free in this same unchanging moment, that has no concern for the mind, or the body, or any pretender who poses as the arbiter of what's true, what is, simply is.

Every day's a new day, this is the familiarity of innovation, these tables and chairs aren't new, this body is not new, what's new is this beauty of re-encountered reality, I think of myself as nothing that has a name, in an empty mirror, I look long and hard, and some shape appears, and then a name, I'm philosophical and poetic in my voice, I'm thick and large in my presence, I'm thoughtful and emotional in my mind, these images appear, but my eyes are empty, until I accept the images with enough substance for me to honor their consistency, when I honor the consistency of an image, I become attached to its consistency, I become attached to my need for it.

Mama comes in the room, Papa comes in the door, and these events become the consistency of our days, the old ones, in their dementia, lose the attachment to consistency, and we think they've gone mad, every day we visit grandpa, he thinks we're someone new, he wisely wonders who we are, when we're the same in essence, what madness is this mind, fixed to the familiar, that losing familiarity, loses its moorings, what moorings are these, that attach to the water, the air, the shifting sand of the earth, we think we are lost, when we are right here, in being who we are.