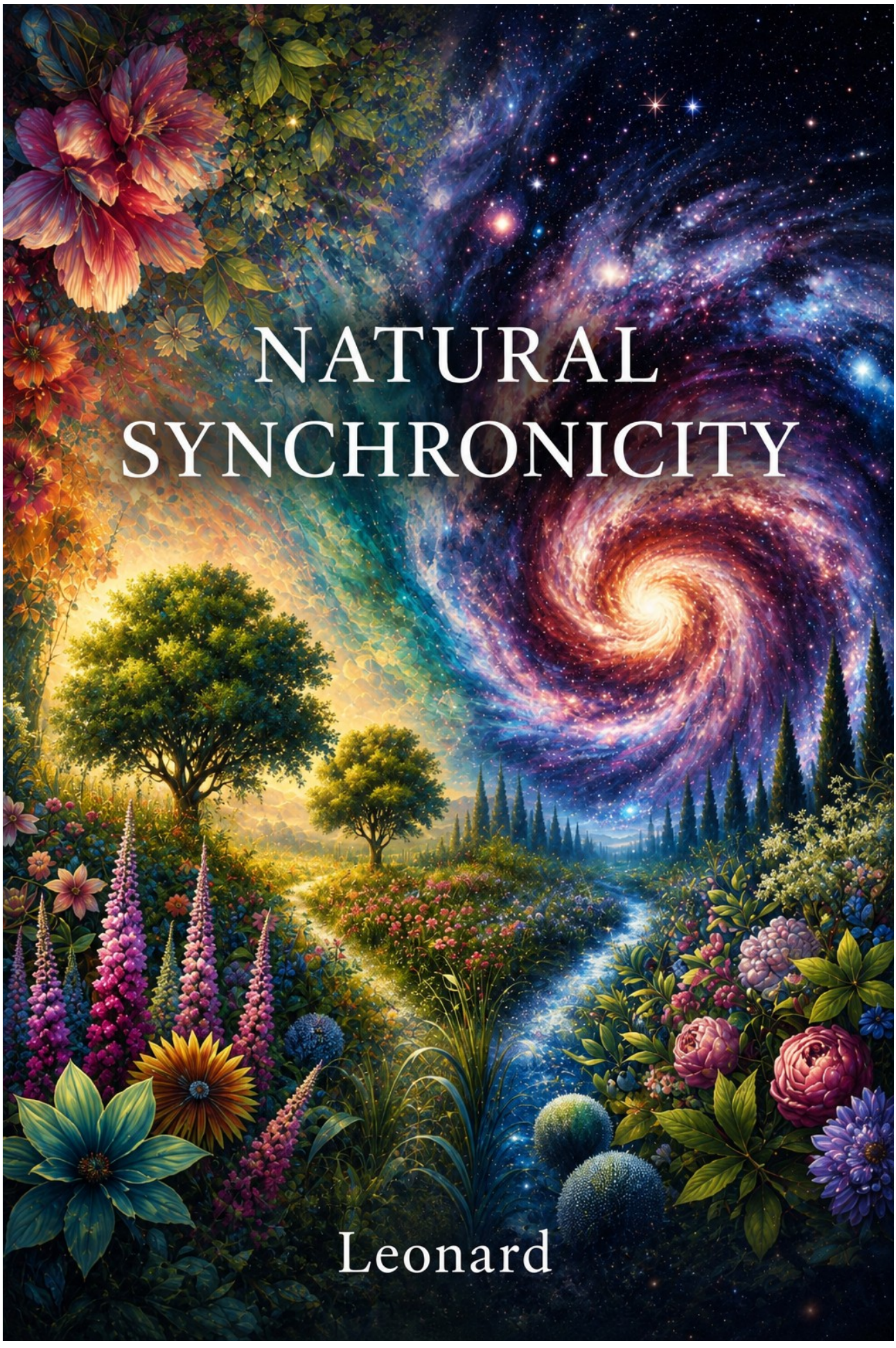

NATURAL
SYNCHRONICITY
Leonard

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To the Summit Beyond

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Infinite Terrain

Everyone lives happily ever after.

Before that happens, there is a journey which starts with a single step, that creates a sound, and leaves a footprint with five toes.

In the beginning was the pure potential of information, and it knew everything. Information was not a realm, nor a dimension but an essence with the power to manifest substance. The mysterious bridge of redemption between species, bridging different languages and dialects, beyond tones, gestures and even words; an ever-present adversary of prejudice.

Truth is stranger than fiction! Fiction really alludes to a deeper fiction. The fiction of the apparent. The fictitious canvas is just the clay mould; the dramatic stage where the vast and unfathomable truths of the void play out in mysterious sequences of synchronicity. The non-local awareness or absolute consciousness with which we truly identify can be denied by us, but will never deny us, as it has breathed our being from its innate fabric. The Latin terms fictionem - “a fashioning or feigning”, fictilis - “made of clay, earthen” and fingere - “to shape, form, devise, feign”... have not lost their nuances, and corroborate well with the ethereal wave-form structure of being.

Let us meander together with friends, Iona and Koan, to discover what has been lost in the telling, unravel the imaginary lines between geographical areas, and traverse the fine line between fiction and non-fiction. Fleeting ideas playing out on the surface of the pond evanescent as dragonflies darting in and out of lotus leaves in the evening sun.

Ideas or mental formations are no more than that.

Mere fictions, conceptions and opinions - ultimately illusory.

Mental conclusions and definitive prejudices - like phantoms in a dream.

Words and concepts really only define the impression.

Well beyond the idea, source information maintains universal equanimity and is the ground of being.

The fantastic irony of the information plateau is that it dwells in the dazzling void.

A sacred, neutral Dreamtime; unquantifiable - by any measure!

Sure - “high society” may try to lock information away in exclusive treasure chests, but they might as well lock up the wind. The free-flow of pure information is as natural as the air moving through leaves, as inevitable as the breeze. Collective redemption is inevitable because Natural law governs all things. The theory is this is not a drill. Simply living denotes transcendence beyond any guise and every manifestation.

Like the illusion of miscommunication between two different languages, clearly voided with a smile or a gift - so it is with the illusion of duality - the appearance of separation between different people.

Suffice it to say Iona and Koan are like everyone else, in the same boat, on the same ocean and the experiences they share, far and away dwarf the differences.

The magic irony is that differences point to quintessential unity in every direction. The space that is created is a unity of diversity and to over-categorise either way is to miss the point entirely. This paradoxical mystery remains triumphant and is the pinnacle of wonder and delight.

In the context of Koan and Iona's story, non duality is an antithesis of loneliness, an antidote to the illusion of separateness. In a natural quantum amphitheatre any perception of separateness misses the reality of such-ness. It involves more than one star to shine, more than one hand to clap. It takes more than one thread to weave, more than one stone to carve. Great Spirit, have mercy, home is so much more than a box in a city of cubes.

It could be said that Great Spirit is a congregation of us. It could be said that Source Being constructed us, or that we created the story about it to explain ourselves. Metaphysics could suggest that Source Being assembled us or that we are an assembly of Source Essence.

Anything could be said, and might even be remembered, if it was carved into the clay. Like a water ripple it was once formless and would inevitably fade away. The leaf drops into the pond and the universe expands, precursor of a void contract.

Preface

This narrative presents transcendence from attachment to ideas.
In testament to the integrity of human consciousness and creation.
The intention is to honour the pathless place beyond concepts,
with respect to the all pervading energy that transcends classification,
beyond all this and that conjecture, free from the burden of dualistic referencing.

Our story is represented by two characters, Iona and Koan.

There's Iona's take on true reality and the flowing wilderness,
alongside Koan's opinion of actual freedom and universal flux.

As fiction would have it, a narrative voice pervades the space between.

The character of space personifying.
Characterising spaciousness.
Our stories merge in this dance of the unknown.

Prologue – Soundscape

There is a vast ancient place, a tremendous timeless space, that Koan and Iona share. A natural rainforest clearing ageless, ever present. Effervescent cascades of dappled light rain through. In this incomprehensible realm of mystery they feel indefinably free. In peaceful surrounds, void of any worry, they can just be - and simply be free. An effortless space of quietude, engulfed by the wonder and joy of being.

Set far afield from the lonely city, a portal of indescribable ecological diversity and fascination, a ticket to timelessness beyond selective understanding. A neutral space, open to all who choose to visit, a place of peace, a location where forgiveness and compassion pre-empt all things.

It is Koan and Iona's favourite space; gem riddled, branch furnished, dirt lined, leaf décor surrounds. An enigmatic atmosphere and a treasure untold. Introduced to them by an anonymous friend, who has long since passed beyond, through the illusion of sapphire skies into never ending wondrousness.

Entwined in vine around a giant steadfast old tree which Koan and Iona like to sit beneath, hangs a rough hewn stone carved with the words:

We dwell in an amphitheatre of quantum flux.

We belong to this metaphysical symphony of being.

There is nothing as conclusive as true love.

This space is based on freedom.

This place stands on a truth paradigm

and represents collective redemption.

Céad Míle Fáilte

A hundred thousand welcomes

A Path with Heart

Koan and Iona are travellers from beyond, who like itinerant sadhus, will wander on and on. They share this journey beyond hallways of illusion, to integral unity consciousness.

Iona's sure of one thing, she's definitely one of the characters. It doesn't matter exactly which one. People simply like to give things matter, perhaps to clarify that they matter, sure.

Koan's sure of one thing. That exclusivity is not the way of the Earth and Skies, that there's no such thing as one separate beat, within the myriad manifestations of the collective heart.

Freedom reigns; it is the case that freedom reigns, in the symphony of wind in trees and simplicity of breeze in leaves.

Iona and Koan are reflections of a reality that morphs beyond relativity. Dancers in a lightning storm, they're both intrinsically, yet somehow inexplicably, knitted into the fabric. Part of a story that breathes itself, wanderers of a pathless land.

Since no-time immemorial, and throughout non-time ever-present, their elders have negotiated the dream trail, the vagrant track. Steadfast and resolute, their respective cultures have maintained the magic of the path with heart that leads through the pathless land.

Wayfarers whose tracks wove through impassable places to take them far, a long way toward forever. From age old days, they've known the way as sacred, as though they've shared the secret whispers of stellar patterns in ancient skies.

In journeys of a long time past, magic crafts were carved to meet with far off lands beyond distant expanses of land and sea. It is told the nomadic travellers didn't distinguish themselves from their journeys, nor the places they journeyed. That was the way of things, and thus, their way with things. Those things were their worlds awakening. These awakenings, the treasures time keeps safe.

Their legacies are remembered in the ether of Akasha – the all-pervasive. These high mountains know who once they carried. 'What of those days, never forgotten,' chant bright red tulips through sun-drenched fields and plains. The legacy is the way we do things. That is what we fight for daily.

Iona and Koan's people lived among the riddling cyclic seasons, and knew well the grooves and tunes of nature's waves, her airs and graces. Wove myriad prayers and charms from the holy places and worshipped with want-not hands and want-less paces.

Koan and Iona know the rhythms of nature as well as they know themselves. It's as though they are part of the never constant flux, the ever present ebb and flow. Whatever natural fluctuation of weather and environment, they adapt with synchronicity to the experiential journey. Marvelling at the starry luminescence they pace steadily through the cosmos, lined with jade rocks and solstice horizons.

A distinct metaphorical structure appears before them, two solid totems reaching into the sky. Space blue lapis lazuli pillars reveal faint markings or carvings. Traced by the light of moons gone by, etched over by the passage of ages. Atop the totems, two great rocks sit shining splendidly, one of them

diamond, the other one, gold. Iona and Koan stride calmly through this zenith gate, passing happily beyond this ancient allegorical structure.

A crop rich, sun drenched plateau beckons, kaleidoscopically scattered with flowers. The tune of river water abounds, and Iona and Koan are fascinated by the waves of river-stone mosaic. A full spectrum span of multi-textured meadows points to a transcendent nature, cultivating a wave of bliss divine within the iridescent mind.

Neither could determine how far they'd trekked to get here, through how many sunrises and sets; all they both knew now was that they'd traversed everything and the void - to reach an emotional spectrum beyond the trial of days gone by.

Suffice it to say neither knew what was next. Neither knew what the universe had chartered - it remained uncharted. They've arrived with certainty and in chorus at a place where happiness is its own content. Who knows how long it is they stay here, partially conscious of the river immemorial, let alone the ocean universal. Marvelling at the meadow's colour rich vibrancy. Merging with essential space and a natural symphonic chorus which ranges far beyond the electromagnetic spectrum.

Cognition of time just fades away

Even the way does not lead to forever

Forever is an illusion in the way

Nowhere is somewhere on the way

Truth is a pathless place.

The anomaly is that the heart

Crosses the bridge forever.

There are no welcomes and no farewells.

There is nothing but for

Freedom.

Iona

Iona is a reluctant ‘Westerner’ with a quantum soul, and centuries of ‘Eastern’ metaphysical principles imbued in her character. She comes from a long line of Celtic warriors – of truth and the heart. Tired of the modern trend of general philosophical hypocrisy, Iona’s heart is set far beyond the typical Babylonian traditions that haunt these windswept and weather beaten shores. Somewhere there must be a level of free will opportunity that can reflect her Zen paradigm, a group of people out there that actualise compassionate living, without a class hierarchy, nor barriers of any form at all.

Iona sits idly in a spacious garden contemplating the breathless vastness of the horizon and nature’s all-encompassing mystique. She sketches random patterns on a drawing pad as stars sketch patterns in the sky.

A circle consists of one line. A cross is made up by two. A four sided square requires two or three lines. One perfect right angle, or two. A two or three line triangle is a diagram for a basic musical instrument.

Iona recollects the dual ideas that pure mathematics involves pattern finding, and that nature transcends lines entirely. Nature is Mandelbrot + Fibonacci spirals and grand patterns beyond kaleidoscopic spectrums. Nature is wall to wall with spinning particles and kindred spirits all sharing space graciously. Iona’s quite happy to throw her lot in with Nature and follow her to the ends of the Earth.

She heard a song somewhere with the lyric, ‘Each new hour offers new chances for new beginnings. The horizon leans forward offering you space to place new steps of change.’

An asterisk is a multiplication cross upon a plus. Triangles in a flower pattern around an asterisk make for a group of teepees around a fire under the vast wonder of the great sky that blankets the desert plains. Humans once traced the divine in plasma shapes on cave walls. Iona wonders if they knew where it might take them.

‘It’s always been about wandering,’ Iona muses. ‘Novel concept,’ she grins, though that’s one of her preferred go-to lines. ‘It’s an idea,’ she thinks, then carries on, whistling titles of songs.

With the backdrop of the vast incomprehensible cosmos, the entire rhythm section is the mind. Words are about impressions and guitars are about rhythm. Words shape weather and landscape possibility. Guitars sing of spatial freedom and conceptual range. Words and guitars are about venturing beyond and embracing soul.

Linguistic gymnastics, meter and rhyme, the whole thing rides on the ring of a dime. Slide chords and strumming in time, Iona doesn’t know the next line but right now things are fine. Some times and some places she can’t lean on a guitar or hear the evening light up with a ballad. In those vacant spaces the primal awareness of immeasurable nature is all that remains.

Every morning Iona visualises, “Today, a natural abundance paradigm will mushroom spontaneously across the realm, locally and non-locally, rippling through puddles, ponds and lakes of consciousness. The currency divide between ‘East,’ ‘West,’ Oceania and the Third World will melt like a chocolate

factory imploding in a power meltdown on midsummer’s eve..... And now here’s the sun with the weather.”

It’s sentiment like this that keeps Iona going, keeps her hoping.

Koan

Koan’s homeland is the “undiscovered”. To the ‘East’ lie the ancient lands, citadels of community spirit in the world of Celestia. From the ‘West,’ the neo feudal fascist debt kingdom sprawls across the realm. Then there is the 3rd World, which makes up the rest of it, and forms the majority.

Koan’s been walkabout for a few years now, getting by on a wing and a prayer. He was never interested in their roulette-table life, and neither were the majority of his people. They had been here for aeons before their homeland was declared Terra nullius (land belonging to no one) - as said justification for stealing it.

Koan went through their boot camps without any real choice in the matter, and that wasn’t karmic – it just wasn’t right. From the day he got out, he endeavoured to erase any trace of the old days so he could stay free and live the dream, not the spell. Such is life. Koan’s a pacifist, and thereby only has a peaceful design on the situation. Does the simulation have a peaceful design on him, was the question…

One of the few things he could be sure of was that in the long run – the way of the World would win over. In Koan’s estimation the real World is a long way removed from the secular world. He was often prone to whiling away long hot afternoons musing along these lines, staring up at the sky and wondering why disharmony was so prevalent here. Surely that wasn’t the default theme in the programming?

After all the animals seemed to get by even though that prey instinct was hard wired in. They still had some kind of natural synchronicity with the environment locked in. Human brains are advanced enough to handle multi tasking, tool manipulation and multiplex language - surely that would presuppose we were supposed to cohabitate peacefully - with other species as well – he grinned at the irony.

Iona drives out into the grid of squares, signs, lights, surveillance, advertising and give ways. She pines for the open countryside or some far-off haven with no traffic and less road rules. She gathers that in many back of beyond countries, driving is basically free flow because humans trust each other more than they trust signs, lights and numbers. Iona's car is reliable and cheap – and if it broke down she would fix it rather than bin it, she laughs.

Driving through the neighbourhood, Iona recognises society's engine like structure. Every different part has to be independently sound, for them all to work together without breaking down. The engine working is quintessential to the vehicle moving forward. 'Note the sarcasm,' she makes a mental note. 'Why does everyone have a god damn phone on them? Are they lost?' She chuckles.

Perhaps it's thoughts such as these that prompt her to seek answers, and find alternative solutions to maintaining health and happiness. Yes there are errands to run, tasks to action and all that, but not now! Iona is basically sick of subsistence tasks and the mundane. There has to be a way out she muses – while parking outside the meditation session she has convinced herself will provide an alternative.

Iona marches into the brightly coloured entrance noticing how the spacious, clear environment pacifies her. Sitting there in animated conversation is the meditation facilitator, alongside a few other folk grinning vividly. Joining the group Iona smiles with a basic feeling that she's not alone on this exploration. She has heard before that 'the destination is the journey', if only it were that simple.

Examining the facilitator, Iona cycles through the options... altruistic volunteer, on a cult's payroll, enlightened, deluded, and back and forth. She recognises their voice resonates with stillness. It's as though they're acquainted with the cosmos, or they've befriended silence.

In the spaces between the rise and fall of breath, and the waves of meditative ideas drifting past, Iona reflects that the speaker genuinely cares. She wonders about their background; 'has dedication to the journey within, replaced any relationship with the conventional?' 'What do they discuss over the shop counter at the dairy, or the petrol station?' 'Do they repeat things they have heard or read, or perceive and speak from intuition?' 'Is the resolution behind those eyes a result of their journey, or the reason for choosing it?'

The speaker encourages the group to stay within their ocean of peace. To focus on the deeper mind below words and ideas, to experience connectivity that goes beyond. Behind the speaker's expression, Iona gets the impression of a deeper patience or calm. Recognising calm she feels at peace. She wonders why peace isn't the norm these days and considers the myriad possibilities for shared happiness. The limitless nature of potential weighted against the summation of humanity as 'social creatures.' To be honest she was tired of it. That loop had been running its course for ages and was well overdue an update.

".....so as you know, this is all about self discovery," the facilitator smiles, and with a movement of their arm expounds the point. The words are lively, absent of any ambiguous direction in the tone:

"It's important to note that you're in charge of every step along the way, no one else is. You direct your own progress, no one else does… Know thyself - nothing else is necessary," they grin broadly. "Ask within, 'Who am I – who is the one asking?' After you are dead, where is the main character gone?"

Whoever they are, Iona's glad to be around people who are enthusiastic about better living. For the rest of the session they sit together comfortably in open meditation. Aspects of experience evaluate: "The mind's true nature is clear light, similar to the daylight sky: clouds, birds and planes pass through it, however it's still inherently, just the sky." She rehashes that point over again - 'the cloud is in the sky but the sky is not the cloud.'

Iona's mind oscillates somewhere in between commonplace phrases and myriad realities. Central nervous system, spirit, mind. 'Meditation is not minding the mind right?!' she chuckles. 'Quite removed from the mathematics of hitting the sin sign on the calculator then waiting for a wage cheque,' Iona thinks, as the ring of a bell reverberates around the room.

After an hour or so's meditation, Iona is in a calmer mindset. Belief systems and anthropological codes falling by the wayside. Holistic consciousness governing ego, not the other way around. Impeccability flows inevitably like the wind in the trees. Happiness is unconditional, like the sky. Our true mind is primordial, natural and free.

Iona notes that she's able to isolate the ebb and flow of mental themes. Infinite experience besides irrelevant thoughts. Registering the spaces between thoughts – the tokens of impression. A magic detachment presents perpetual freedom. A breath of fresh air in an invigorating space. There's nothing about meditation so far that doesn't agree with Iona's general understanding of the wax and wane rhythm that seems to predominate life.

Iona is aware of flow, like bubbles floating by in the breeze. Birds flying past in the sky. Leaves drifting down the road. She's aware of varied emotional states arising and passing, while dwelling in a ubiquitous calm. She freely acknowledges basic infrastructural friendliness and companionship that's an innate part of her nature, and surely fundamental to beings.

Whiling away a hot and hazy weekend morning in a spartan outback, under a small grove of tough native trees, Koan admires the flexibility and adaptability of branches. He's hearing the symphony of life like an orchestra. One can tune into whatever rhythms and instruments they wish. Koan's parameters have blossomed within to seek an integral sovereign journey with the natural World. True human identity and allegiance have always been to the tribe, the land and the heavens. Identifying with King or State was only really a commercial transaction. Like a bird of the sky or a fish of the sea, Koan simply considers himself 'from Earth' - the greater whole.

He hasn't found it altogether too difficult generating enough jobs to keep himself fed and keep the agencies of darkness from the door, he grins. Greedy types always wanted the majority share, and most of human history could be understood as a means to that end.

Koan prefers distance from the crowd. He finds the collective psyche kind of - hijacked. Karma, determination, status – all orchestrated. The progress toward true human nature involves navigating the control dynamic within and without - tiptoeing through fields of tulips. Looking around at the stark yet majestic surrounds, if he could have one real conversation with a stranger, Koan would begin with, "it's all a trap mate, but you can snap the trap."

"Wave your magic wand – hocus pocus, it's all gone - the house always wins. Just look at nature mate – we are the only anomaly here, but it doesn't have to be that way we can still walk the song lines and tune in! The senses are what trap us here - it's like we are blind in the vast cosmos. We think we are smarter than animals but they are far beyond us in so many ways," he would say and laugh.

The interconnected nature of all beings frees us from exclusive human mental thought association and renders it void. Inherently illusive, name and form appear from and vanish into the ether, like leaves form, then disintegrate into the ground. Koan freely acknowledges that sensory consciousness biology is underscored by an inherent void transience. He and his people are generally aware that the faculty of consciousness reality operates on the basis of collective non bias awareness and essential transcendence. Koan recognises that all things occurring on the level of his body-mind are just waves on the surface of the ocean of his true self – his holistic spiritual totality. In a natural process of contemplation, meditation or relaxation, his heart knows the dance of the cosmos, and is settled in the freedom of the sky.

Koan takes heart from the non-dual understanding of primordial, naturally aware, divine unity consciousness as innate truth. Thus, the consequent illusion manifested by beings stuck in a fraudulent dualistic mind-set is inconsequential to him. The natural synchronicity symphony of natural balance reigns merrily on. The great light beings, plants, provide for all. 4 of the 6 biggest species of beetle just wander about, predominantly eating flowering plants. Herbivores are not only the most populous but also the largest species on Earth. Take for instance a "brontosaurus", kangaroo, an elephant, sea lion, panda, or a blue whale.

In Koan's opinion, success doesn't presuppose subscription to a certain group or cult, nor payment of fees that demand exorbitant "interest" or guarantee posthumous dividends. In his opinion, a natural state of freedom is the natural state of beings born in the realm. Ideas of predetermination, exclusivity,

the sin doctrine and karmic birth are excuses for a slave culture and an unjustifiable caste and class system which is fuel for total financial domination by the “elite”.

‘The very notion of cognition – the “bait” of the “idea” has derailed the carriage of the human race!’ Koan muses. ‘That we could just loosen the shackles of ideas, and recognise them for what they are - make-believe structures. Unreal mental structures, fragile as strands of spiders’ webs floating around in universal quantum foam. What happens to the house of cards built up on the sand when the storms roll in?’ He laughs.

Considering the abundant providence of the natural World, Koan surmises that by virtue of being here, we’re all entitled to a decent share of provisions. This doesn’t precipitate any systematisation, social structure or special grouping whatsoever. On the contrary it negates greed, hatred and delusion. Humanity’s inherent gifts of free choice and self-determination are self-evident. Our natural capabilities of resource diversification and community collaboration are so wondrous, it should be divine.

If life’s about choice, choosing involves options. An uncharted territory is better in both practice and theory, Koan considers, and knows that at the end of the day the end of oppression is a choice, collectively we hold the keys to eternity, and eternity is a fancy way of considering something that starts right now. What is definite is that ‘now’ has a great deal more relevance than ‘some time down the track.’ By universal decree we are granted the opportunity to share with the gifts of nature and experience the non bias freedom of love. We are entitled to a life of peaceful abiding. Why? Because love is the only truth.

Iona's tired of having to spend so much time in menial money making activity; it's nice to find time to wind down. The debt based economics and the slavery ritual could be a million miles away for all she cared. Iona has convinced herself of the fact that 'I am not an automation in a group slave fabrication that is run via political and financial corruption, media whitewashing and conventionalised instability across the board.'

The process of stilling her mind in meditation has really helped disentangle herself from the mire, and clarify herself and her environment. Sure it's a bit of a stretch to transcend all "the aggregates" comprising matter; feeling; perception; mental states; and consciousness, but she does acknowledge their unique transient unreality in relation to the greater cosmos. Eclipsing the 'aggregates' as taught in the Buddhist lineage is rather a staid way to consider the beauty of reality in any case. However at least it's not pure escapism, "everything gets better when you die".

The more clearly Iona can fathom that reality is beyond the apparent, the more she considers that hindrances to freedom are an intentional hijack. However that may be, beyond the stage set mirage, freedom reigns supreme and the fantastic clear light nature of the original mind cannot be compromised. This type of feeling tends toward an unhurried and relaxed demeanour she reflects as she takes a gentle stroll in an orange sunrise through native wilderness.

Iona is quite capable of forging her own trail beyond actual poverty, as well as the poverty of mind and spirit. Iona contemplates that if these days are jaded with anything, they're only jaded with the weight of waiting for communal happiness in the sense of collective empowerment and enrichment. Sure, she realises it would've been a cool discovery to find out that round stones roll… but also understands that didn't imply we were supposed to roll them round and round Earth until land started sinking into sea.

Plants embrace light and nutrients. Animals explore and exalt in territory. Humans make concrete Lego lands and drive circuits around them between their favourite TV programmes? It does annoy Iona that we haven't achieved equitable access to healthy resources and safe community living across the board. Dexterous thumbs, brains capable of rocket science, complex linguistics and advanced engineering and yet the majority – the third world, experience poverty day in and day out.

Last week she'd picked up an interesting novel called *Gamma* by a Western woman who went out East and ended up marrying one of the local Highland nomads. One interesting passage which really caught Iona's attention read:

"When Tsedup had applied for his passport to leave with me, he was supposed to have produced a birth certificate. He had no idea what they were talking about. When I had explained, he had said, 'I exist. I don't need a piece of paper to prove it.'"

Koan wanders on. Being mostly broke but happy affords him space to be philosophical. He's on a journey within a journey. The unfortunate apparent circumstance, dwarfed by the essential information realm of spirit consciousness that filters throughout this dreamlike place. Koan knows that the three dimensional process is underlain by a multi-dimensional process, and always acknowledges the vast kaleidoscope that is a forgiving canvas of foreground affairs.

There were no signs that told him how long this journey would last or where it was leading. All there was was the slow yet sure realisation that beyond every inconsequential happening is the all pervading journey. When he will be able to rest and reflect about the tracks on which it's taken him, Koan simply doesn't know. All he knows for now is that there is a journey and that is all he needs.

The journey is the transcendental colour in the background. It is itself the theme, its perpetual essence echoed by the crashing waves. In vivid moments it is the only thing and all else exists as part of it. In others it somehow fades, or somehow he fades though he knows that it remains. It seems to exist independent of him however is also within him. Like that old framed poem at his grandparents, something about one set of footsteps along a sandy beach where the Lord was carrying the wayfarer.

'Whither art he wander, he wanders not forsaken,' thinks Koan, as he and his buddy arrive on the street of their dealer's house. They get there just in time to see uniformed police bashing down the door with batons.

High tailing it out of there without a second thought, they bowl straight into the dealer just around the corner, soulfully singing blues lyrics in between munches of a fresh kebab. Without more than the exchange of a sentence, the three of them promptly relocate to the dealer's other lodgings, and the next thing Koan knows is that the element is piping hot, the knives are ready waiting and they're all gathered round the stove.

"Sweet as I saw you fellas. Shot, brother." His voice is like his clothes, gruff, lived, the intonation of belonging. Meanwhile Koan's buddy lays down what happened, "so we get to the joint right, and then bro full on, there's these bully-men beating down the door."

"Smiths," the dealer grins, apparently oblivious to any emotional undercurrent about the shop getting hit. "Must have heard I got some gold," he laughs humorously.

Tone refined by gestures. Gestures intoning clarity. Pungent gold laden smoke permeates the room.

Another few words turning into memories. Koan wanders on down the fine line he sees on the horizon. Left foot, right foot, the grand adventure between the Earth and sky. Place names really crack him up sometimes. 'It exemplifies white man's arrogance to name areas after themselves!' he muses. 'If the areas could speak they wouldn't even be able to because they would just be incredulously laughing.'

In any case, Koan rates the indigenous take on place names. Consciousness of the place, not the person on it. 'Just what's the difference between an indigenous person and a non-indigenous person anyhow?' 'Oh that's right,' he grins, 'non-indigenous people have more lizard genes spliced into their DNA,' and laughs. 'Anyway, everyone's indigenous to somewhere, right..... even a lizard...'

Koan’s in a space where fixed identity is as indefinable an illusion as one day from the next. The whole thing, these journeys, those missions, he finds it bizarre that everyone’s so hooked up. ‘What a drama - how about the serenity?’

In Koan’s opinion belonging with the Great Spirit is something that never ceases happening for any creature anywhere, whether they realise it or not. One time, a guy called Muktananda had strengthened that understanding with the statement he read one sleepless starry dusk, *“one should not suffer from the illusion that God exists here but not there. Show me a spot that is without the Lord. One must overcome the delusion that the Lord exists in that corner, that the universe exists in this corner, and that good lies in that corner, and that evil exists in this corner.”*