

# Pride's Knot is Naught

6-24-2008

Life is good...  
Is death?

Some embrace it as relief,  
Relief from a life of pain, suffering, loss – an emptiness of who-am-I-ness.

Others assume that life will endure the hour of passing from body to body other, spirit fueled to consciousness pure – an eternal cure for death's empty finalness or fiery furnace.

Rosy reports from those who almost died encourage the faithless, disparage the Word and deceive the doughty dead destined too proud to perceive the personal perversity of profound spirituality argued so profoundly perfect in their own image of comfortable goodness.

But look around with organic eyes to see through the foggy technology of life extension of reality artificial, enabled and ennobled by great wealth of power, concentrated conceit coerced from contemporary commons, cruelly compounded through corporately congealed collusion in lies glorious and senses saturated sinfully – fully fast, furious, ferocious and dead funny.

Without fantasies' enabling artifices, the human cleverness of illusory separation of inevitable effect from natural cause, no one could hide self evident truth in bubbles of ideologies convenient, intelligent and cogently so satisfying in elevating dire delusion demands for moral equivalence through forced acquiescence of decent tolerance.

Life is good, but death is good and evil chosen, redefined and philosophically embraced by the possessed of emptiness in a hurry to enter the nothingness of a found self revealed in rebellion reveled to relinquish the privilege of penitential humility in a conformity with the vast enormity of life environmentally that's universally created intelligently to co-design an eternal identity in love true and just, righteous in joyous generosity evidenced in the hidden abundance of eternity.

Yet, the proud prance in public embrace of death's impotent kiss, sexually desperately charged to march arm-in-arm defiantly demanding society's acceptant moral label by threatening libel, though each proud breath blows a lifeless death kiss, being sterile in both natural force and bio-practical function, birthing but selfish consuming voids that swarm and swallow the abundance excessively engrossed now in denial of life's difficult challenge of symbiotic paradox – the naturally designed fusion of disparate wholeness, balanced negatives producing energy positive: fecundly living children persons, the special new creator images, capability potential inborn from the primal One.

So Death be proud, for thy pride gayly march in millions embracing thee in one another, kissing thy breath, onward to death in denying true destiny, determined to destroy true self in devoted delusion to an artificed unnatural idol image fabricated in the false bravado of imploding futility, empty of hope's natural continuity and eternal full reality of ego humility cast divinely from eternity's ONE breath of truth found openly to eyes decidedly freed from fear.

Yes, life is good, and Death is not.  
Thereby one knows  
Pride's Knot is Naught.