



ASS

Scratch your ass. Go ahead, if you are alone, scratch your buttocks, near the crack. You've done it before, probably many times. Just do it now so you can remember the feeling well.

Now, imagine you are a butterfly. A butterfly can see and fly, but it can't scratch its ass. A butterfly will never know how it feels to scratch its ass.

Say the word "cow."

A worm will never experience speaking this word as you just have.

The fact that you are currently human means that your set of experiences is severely circumscribed, just as is a worm's or a butterfly's.

Liberating yourself from this human-only view allows the scope of your love to include all beings. Instant enlightenment means to love and be open to feel *all*, now.

Try an experiment. Pretend you are another creature, so you are familiar with another, non-human world.

Imagine that you are a bacterium living in your neighbor's intestines. Let's call your neighbor "Joe."

Joe experiences his lounge chair like you would the lining of Joe's gut. Imagine feeding in Joe's mucosal membranes just as Joe might be hunkering down into a chair to have a drink.

If Joe drinks a few shots of tequila, he drenches thousands of your offspring and other innocent members of your community in noxious alcohol. Really feel this happening, as you and your relatives are soaked in toxic liquid.

You may be human, but there are plenty of non-humans who suffer pain and death that you don't even notice.

Humans are neither at the top nor at the bottom of the heap. Fashion trends are larger than an individual human life. Imagine you are a fashion trend spreading through human culture, showing up in restaurants, magazines, movies, and TV shows.

Imagine you are a great idea—like the notion of Christianity or the belief that antibiotics can be created to eradicate some diseases.

You would gestate for a while before taking birth as a clear idea spelled out fully at a specific time in history, morphing through a life lasting centuries. Eventually, your power would wear thin, with every new idea, discovery, or innovation rendering you more impotent and less fertile, no longer as useful.

Having traveled through many countries and crossed many hundreds of years, you would disappear, your obituary perhaps a paragraph in a history book, as the next generation of great ideas are born and traverse the globe, replacing your reign.

While still a viable idea, humans sustain your life in vibrating rhythms of writing and speech, patterning and evolving as myths or scientific theories that hold together for a while, much like the hum of crickets rising and falling in dramatic crescendos. Finally, you are outmoded and replaced, whether you are the notion of a flat earth or a fire god.

And the newest ideas always think they are most true.

Your actual human life is larger than a bacterium's, smaller than that of the idea of Christianity, and pretty much the same as other humans'.

Therefore, your love is often limited to feeling the human sphere of values. You naturally spend most of your time in the drama of you-and-other-humans, synchronized by lifespan.

Your love is less tuned into the community needs of bacteria, or the dreadful time that Christianity must be experiencing right now as it faces commercial televangelism and wanton scandals.

We share love with those who seem like us. We feel their pain. We try to make peace with our "own" kind, one of our defining features being that we all scratch our asses, unlike butterflies and religious ideas.

Instant enlightenment is to love and feel all, every animal, plant, rainstorm, and idea. Even space itself. Love the *entire* display as a spontaneous emanation of openness and light.

Act as a human, but love and feel all.

We have no problem destroying the AIDS virus, just as the virus has no problem destroying us; our life-dramas are intertwined, though the virus doesn't know your dying father's kindness and you don't know the virus's sense of frantic replication.

Love is the willingness to feel what it would be to exist as a virus, harvesting human cells so you can replicate, so your offspring can continue as the next generation.

Kill if you must, but do so while loving, not fearing. Allow love to guide your actions in relation to all beings, some of which we harvest to eat or to make our shoes, just as we are harvested by others for their use.

What happens if you relax all stressful concern for reproduction and self-preservation for just a few seconds, and directly discover what happens when *only* love for all is allowed to move you?

How do humans treat the earth and all its inhabitants if we help each other to always feel the entirety of love's luminous display, large and small?

If just two people live together this way, what kind of communication ensues?

If a community relaxes as this trust of love, open without knowing what is to appear, how will love show in our interwoven lives?

As a human, you might still scratch your ass.

You know that one day you will suffer and die.

So what does love do as you feel the harvest and know you are helpless to the sacrifice?

Answer with your life.

Die fully given.

