

The Water-Bearer

Gathered in Secrecy, Poured in Silence

The nearest anyone comes to possessing anyone or anything is in the release of the need to claim possession. For possession is always inversely proportionate to the clutching grip, the greater the fear of *not* possessing something or someone always being equal to the enforcement of non-possession. For nothing that may be possessed is truly possessed by force of that which may possess it, but only by the reciprocally-binding force of that which or whom may be possessed equally possessing the possessor. The more that you force it, the more that you force the real thing away from you. Your pull is *its* push. The faster and more rapacious the predator, the faster and more elusive the prey; prey that falls into the lap of the predator only when that same predator stops predating, and let's go of the need to identify as the predator.

Might this be the true, paradoxical Secret? That the truth and wealth of oneself always comes unforced, by letting go, by not clutching, not defining, not needing to possess, hoard, claim and identify? That all things come as equal and opposite effects of their innately-reciprocating volition? That giving away is true wealth (accumulation of spiritual reward)? That one may only hold in hand what's held not by the tightening first, but what alights upon the opening palm? That the only way for The Way, The Force, God, to grant control to Its manifestations is through the unclenching fist, the release of control, the submission to faith? To appear to possess something through force, manipulation, exploitation or any other ego-led, misguided means is to possess only its illusion; only the outward appearance of what is believed to be had, and may only thus be had in such a way as to deceive and weigh down the apparent possessor relative to what seems possessed. For all that is had in this way is taken away from its rightful possessors, all those and all that whom and which make no such demands, and whom and which may therefore make the most use of what need not be claimed, for they're impelled not by the ego's claiming but by the inherent, useful value of the thing that seeks to be realized *through* them.

Those whom, in accord with this natural law of balance, The Way, shall, in releasing their need of what they want, allow the space for that want to become true, for its truth is relative to the realization of its value, its usefulness to life that may only be known when it's *not* claimed and hoarded in the egotistic glory of its falsely-claimed, illusory value of ownership. Their release of possession shall enact their possession. Their relinquishing of power shall see them empowered in equal turn. Their poverty of matter and money shall manifest the wealth of energy and Spirit.

Those whom, in discord with this natural law of balance, The Way, shall, in their inability to release their need of what they want, force its facsimile into the open space of true creation and possession, and rule by appearance and deception, for their possession is untrue, their ownership an illusion that owns their illusory self in turn. Their power is forced and false, and shall turn upon them as soon as circumstance reveals the falsity of their claims and the insubstantiality of their shows, gradually manifesting their disempowerment. Their appearance of possession demonstrates their lack of possession. Their wealth of matter and money shall be their impoverishment of energy and Spirit, that which they displace in their tightening grip.

These are the revelations of the Water-Bearer, where open air condenses into outpouring water. The void is the vessel of creation and containment of what's openly received, what naturally enters through the *lack* of force, that which may thence be poured out for everyone and everything, enriching all in reciprocal accord with natural law. The more open and expansive the vessel, the more that it may contain, the more that may be poured into it, the greater the wealth of Spirit which that vessel may pour into life. For, as Lao Tzu instructed, The Way is as the dwelling and the river. The most important part of the dwelling isn't the walls and roof, but the negative space within which life is lived. The ability to change forms and move throughout the world through the path of least resistance is the most important part of the river. So it is with the Water-Bearer, those through whom the open, receiving vessel, the air, the vacant dwelling, meets the releasing, fertilizing river, where the condensing water pours itself upon the roots.

And so it is with the breath, a symbol of the Water-Bearer, and the balancing of Being. Take Spirit in, let Spirit out. What we receive always equals what we give, even when we're unaware of this undercurrent flowing beneath the easily-perceivable surface. We're always most capable of giving when we've received the most, and are only best able to receive when we've emptied ourselves. Gradually are the subtle emanations of the Cosmic Mind gathered by the purest, most open perceivers, condensed into the unadulterated truth, poured out to those open enough to receive them. This is the holy task of the Water-Bearer, to receive as pure a stream from Source as possible, unpolluted by prejudice and preconception, poured out to cleanse and fertilize a humanity swamped with unclean waters muddied by every prideful pretense of truth.

The Creed of Non-Containment

*All that you fear to yourself you draw near
The more you clutch, cling and pull, the more it's yourself that you fool
Receive the greatest blessings you may, but only by giving them away
Power may indeed be taken, but the inglorious dragon you thus awaken
The insatiable monsters that we feed consume us in their greed
Hoarded unused is how every blessing is abused
Forcing the fruit from the tree, unripened shall all your fruits be
Make yourself ready to receive by granting your needs a reprieve
Reality is a mold to be broken by the rebels whom the lies have awoken
Love grows by the sharing, where accounts have no bearing
Slimming the gratifying buyer is how his fulfillment stacks higher
Poverty is gathered as wealth, riches as purpose and health
You're never what you think, but you're always on the brink
Shedding every self-belief is the saving of recurring lessons in grief
Worry is paddling against the river, like the bow without a quiver
All that to which we cling, the pressure of its destruction do we bring
Certainty is certain illusion, the casting of every shadowy delusion
Greatness is only what we allow, when to divine nature do we bow
Submission to the forces that be is the only way to truly be free
Every form of need and force is every drifting away from the course
Necessity dictates the unseen Way, the invisible gravity all shall obey*