

# UNTITLED

## (A Journey Beyond Labels)

By Michael Mejia

While becoming lifeless in the closet the young boy saw four walls closing in on him...

For so long those walls represented an inherited legacy of a repressed people. They represented a past, present and future that was besieged by unending thoughts of deficiency and billowed by the tempestuous emotions of inadequacy; if one was to even dare to invoke the courage to no longer hide, they would evoke not only their pain but the pain of every soul that has walked this earth shackled by the energy of the fear that lived in the hearts of the oppressor, as well as the fear itself.

The persecution was profound, but the silence of a whole world was deafening.

Each homophobic encounter was heartbreaking and with each experience the feelings metastasized.

The young boy became lost between layers of self-condemnation and the persecution from the collective unconscious...

For Truth had not yet spoken to or through the young boy; and without questioning, he began to absorb the contamination from the polluted minds of a fallen world.

This illusion had become delineated through systematic cultural, religious, and generational conditioning. The consequences were catastrophic; for living a life that was not intended for you, is a spiritual suicide and that is a tragedy in every form of the word.

Through a self-proclaimed platform, "God" spoke through the man who could only face another day if he was carried by the liquor that filtered through his body, numbing his pain;

Or was it through the woman, who laid by a new man every night to siphon some sense of pleasure or gratification through the indulgence of a new fantasy that would surely make her whole once more.

Or was it through the lady, who found the man, whose house sits on top of a hill, while the Angels that GOD gifted her roll in the grass wishing on dandelions, while she sits immune to the wind that caresses her face, or the sun that brings warmth to the blue in her veins, only to be enveloped by the incessant voice of lack that resides in her mind, which she mistakes for the voice of God.

Or was it the people that he had spoken through? The people who "put down their pain" and renounced their addiction to drugs, alcohol, men and women, only to replace it with the addiction to a God, "Their God", who only recognizes their sovereignty. While their reckless behavior appears to be replaced with something that is virtuous, there is nothing more dangerous than a human being who mistakes their pain for a passion or calling to save the lives of the innocent when they have yet to acknowledge their own brokenness, the origin of their darkness, the namelessness of their own being, their perceptible emptiness, and the uncertainty that they have yet to validate, which haunts them after, "They have brought another soul to their god" and they feel absolutely nothing, which perpetuates their thirst for more "saving".

Or was it the churches? Was it the churches that God had spoken through?

Was it the church that killed Christ? Or was it the church that was "birthed" for Christ, in the death of Christ, who never had Christ?

Or was it the church that preyed on children?

Maybe it was the church that only recognized African Americans as human beings when there were too many of them to deny?

Or was it the church that represents 80% of a country, "The Blessed Country", a church that blames the other 20% for its demise?

Why do so many acquiesce to the mechanisms, structures and functions that have been set in place, and clearly harm and demean their brothers and sisters? Could it be what the mind perceives as the ominous persistence of uncertainty?

One of the greatest themes pertaining to the human journey is, the fear that everyone conceals when it comes to the anonymity of their own being and the ambiguity of existence.

Our fear of not connecting with something greater than ourselves prevents us from honoring humanity, which is a vital step in the progression to the greatest understanding of universal truth. If one doesn't understand themselves or others, how is it that the creator shall disclose the creation?

It was in the face of uncertainty that fear coward to the knowingness of the soul, and birthed attachment through the desire of immediate certainty; which was rendered through the ignorance of egocentrism.

When the young boy began to witness and experience these exchanges through the power of pure observation and non-judgment, he was gifted a renewal of sight. His path became illuminated once he realized that everyone carried the same innate void. This void, when honored correctly, is the souls yearn for revelation and re-embodiment.

When he stopped asking he learned how to listen.

When the pain of the world had stripped him of all feeling, the desire of a creator was birthed, and a clear channel had emerged from the ashes of oppression.

All the worlds that he was not welcomed to, were never a curse, but a direct invitation from truth to truth.

While I was in the closet, many believed that they were on the outside looking in...

While I was in the closet I found my way to freedom...

Look down, the key to your chains await you....

So you ask if I believe that GOD is dead? Every attachment that lies dormant inside of you, unconsciously wishes for me to incite your darkness with a statement that will continue to divide you from me; which in turn would allow your disintegrated mind permission to validate its unjust separation;

but I will fail your pain, for I know that you and I are but a mere reflection of one in the same.

GOD isn't dead. Exclusion is dead. Conformity is dead. The God who promotes segregation is dead. The congregation that calls for excommunication is dead. Religion is dead; but the truth is that it was never living.

How can something be sentient and sustaining, when it does not recognize the holiness of all living beings?

If there is any disunion living inside of you, know that it has replaced the beat of your heart with an illusion, which leads to an internal death.

You are dead of feeling, and feeling is your natural state of being. It's your birthright...

Do not confuse the stagnation of your afflictive emotions, for conviction. When ones' only access to feeling is through affliction; the story of another fallen angel is being written.

How can one feel eternity when it excludes part of its creation?

The gift of feeling is the divine right of all beings, but its passage is only revealed to those who recognize the totality of creation; not through the mind, but through the empirical embodiment of divinity.

Though Your words carried massive repercussions, they have never carried the substance or weight of perpetuity.

If there is anything in this world that you censure, let it be the attachments of your mind that have plagued your heart, your soul, and encapsulated you from feeling your divinity; as well as your placement in the orchestra of eternity...

So ask not whom I love or who can bring my hearts beat to a dance or to a rest; but ask me who I am so your slumber may end.

I am the sky that irrigates this creation.

I am the wave that crashes into the rock, which echoes back to you the sound of your being, yearning to wake your remembrance...

I am the sun that irradiates all worlds, throughout all of space, birthed outside of time and space...

I am the moon whose luminosity plants seeds of peace in your heart...

I am the stars that burn, flicker, and shine while alive; that are seen and felt long after death...

I am you, and we, are eternity... By Michael Mejia