

A Wakeful Inquiry Into the Impossibility of Suicide

By M.L. Crider

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Suicide: *To intentionally kill oneself*. This is the definition that Oxford Dictionary (below herein) gives.

This is impossible.

To begin, it must be disclosed that this prose will not delve deeply into a clear insane distinction that is now a societal norm that we participate in perpetuating. This distinction, as plain as day in my mind, is that our society supports mass homicide in the mask of *war, troops, protecting your line in the sand*. If our/your government condones organized deliberate mass homicide—most of the time killing anonymous faces in the name of believing this will get us to arrive at a selfish political aim, we have been brainwashed to deem such mass murder as heroic; if a kid shoots a group of people in a movie theatre in an unorganized fashion, however, it is deemed insane by our *society*. The truth does not separate acts. When a mass group of people is systematically *killed*, in fundamental reality—the only true reality—it is simply that. The distinction that our society makes between suicide and mass homicide is nothing other than insane. Insane is defined as *unsound of mind*. We have been trained to believe that suicide is a selfish act and mass organized homicide is not a selfish act. I beg to differ in the name of actual *sanity*. This sleeping state of mind with which we conduct our beliefs on Earth at this time is yet another belief that contributes to actual *mass insanity*—a collective state of unsound minds due to unsound thinking and the acceptance of such in the individual. Beyond this clear foundational distinction, I posit that not only is suicide unselfish when compared to mass organized homicide, but that suicide is in fact, impossible.

If lately in your neighborhood, you have begun to witness bombs being set off by faceless anonymous ones at sporadic hours, gangs spray-painting strange messages and symbols on the adjoining walls to your and your neighbor's apartment, the non-stop nightly quarreling of a couple on the other side of your bedroom wall—would you consider it *insane* to entertain the idea of moving? It is accepted here on Earth that one prefers to live in peace, yes? If there exists continual interference of one's peace of mind due to its home or apartment, it is considered sane here to not only think about the possibility of moving to a different calmer location, but to actually... move... to a different location in the name of preserving or restoring some kind of quiet, some kind of peace? Why is this idea of peace so sought after? The idea of peace and quiet is sought after because when all else is stripped away, this is what we are. If your neighbors choose to stay in the neighborhood, enduring the incessant and unpredictable noise and terror, does that make them more or less insane than your single idea to entertain the reality of moving? Do their opinions regarding it being silly to leave the neighborhood and that you can just ignore it all as they do really seem like *sound* advice, aka *sane*... advice? Are you tempted to heed the advice of ones who would stay in your current neighborhood, knowing full well that you do not feel at peace living there? Who is saner?

If a child is having a nightmare and freaking out in unintelligible spurts and fits that are expressed in words, screams, or strange automatic laughter or insane sentences, does the child know that s/he is engaging his/her own nightmare created by his/her own mind? Is it first frightened to wake from this false reality at the moment it wakes? Is it confused at first? How does a parent go about waking the child to let it know that it is in fact having its own nightmare that seems very real while seemingly in it, while sleeping? Does the child know that it is sleeping while caught up in engaging his/her own nightmare? In order to have and engage the seeming false reality of a nightmare, one must, 1: forget that s/he is in fact sleeping, 2. Imagine a set of circumstances, 3. Choose to engage that imagined set of circumstances, 4. Forget that s/he is the dreamer, 5. Forget that s/he has the choice of what it dreams. Someone and many things exist outside of this child's nightmare and if present, see and make the judgment call that the child is flipping out due to only a false reality, i.e. its own nightmare.

Earth is your neighborhood. You are the child who is dreaming and imagining its own circumstances within it. This sleeping state is first required as the sole necessity of the next necessity required to continue: forgetting first that you are asleep in order to have been able to first hold/experience the dream session, and then with all amnesia-required environs now set just so, you now engage in your own dream that you author, continuing to buy that you are victim

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to its seeming external circumstances, situations, happenings. Earth is the neighborhood in this dream we know to call life while inhabiting a physical body. You are the child who does numbers 1-5 above. If not awakened by someone or something outside of the sphere of your dream or nightmare, you continue to let it play out, engaging it while asleep at every twist and shifting turn, forgetting the author and thus feeling victim to the occurrences within your own dream that you must assign external physical representations therein in order to *see* anything at all. If you could *see* the dreamer, the author of this nightmare, you know—and so you fear—that you would wake up and be then in unknown territory. Something inside of you tells you this, and you heed it. So, your sleeping logic is to stay within the nightmare that fluctuates from seemingly unpredictable terror to glee and back or around because you are simply more afraid of not knowing what it feels like to be awake than to be asleep in this smaller paradigm—your nightmare.

Who is saner? 1. The one who thinks that fearful options are all s/he has to choose between? 2. The dreamer who continues to choose the “less fearful” option and stay asleep? 3. The dreamer who continues to do numbers 1-5 above? 4. The one who wakes from the dream after braving taking responsibility for authorship of the whole secular experience, i.e. that s/he *is* the dreamer? Who is more awake?

Which is saner? 1. To remain asleep and coax everyone or anyone else to do the same? 2. People who believe this to be logical and sane? 3. To wake up and realize what just happened, now able to sweetly laugh its causeless effects then away?

Can you recall a dream in crystal clear moments and the procession (timeline) of its moments for very long when you wake up from dreaming? For how long are you able to do this—to sustain the memory? If our dreams place us on a seeming planet all their own, then we must believe in this planet or realm in order to be able to continue believing in the dream. This, my fellow-sleeping friend, is insane. There exists nothing more insane than this.

I posit that waking up is a necessary “suicide”. It would be homicide, but the dreamer is author of the dreams and all physical representations that seem to exist within it. Therefore, the dreamer is the author and the dreamer is the effect in different seeming representations within the dream; so, it therefore follows that the dreamer is the cause of the dream and the effects of the dream establish or point to the cause: that there is a dreamer. If there were no sleeping dreamer, would there *be* any dream? Impossible!

Now, when you wake, do you recall every beat of your solely authored fantasyland and all of its seeming occurrences? For how long? Do they affect absolutely anything once you are awake—in that “real” reality? Or do these causeless effects, aka dreams and machinations of your sleeping mind, simply whisper away out of your now wakeful mind, not having any more power to do or not do...anything in your then awake state of mind? Your nightmare after awoken flees into the nothingness from whence it came. It can only be kept in memory, a mere facility, a mere instrument, only if you believe that it should and only if you give meaning and importance to doing so. If you do not, then the nightmare flees and you are at once in your “reality” again, awake and “alive” where the dream, the nightmare cannot affect you. Since it required that you sleep—this is the answer. Sleeping infers, because it requires, that you are not awake. So, it follows that if you are not in your right mind when having a nightmare, and that you are in your right mind when you awaken from it, that the dream that fluctuated into and out of a nightmare at times, has no power, has no effect on... *you*.

The reason that people who contemplate the idea of suicide at varying degrees is much like a child who stirs, wishing to wake from a nightmare, from its dreaming. This person is more sane by definition because they yearn for reality, and consider it less frightening to wake than the insane who choose to sleep or the even more insane than the insane who do not even yet accept that they are authoring their own dream, and therefore their own nightmare. Who is less insane? The one who yearns to wake from the causeless places of effects, which hold no power in wakeful reality, or the one who would coax you to remain asleep and that the thought of waking to reality is more frightening?

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The catch regarding the idea of suicide: Suicide is impossible. Just as in a dream or nightmare, the forms, aka the bodies, aka the physical representations, aka the seeming containers of experiences” change and shift, immaturely, with no guide, no rhyme or reason. The ones who are most sane while still asleep within this nightmare, within this dream, will contemplate waking; they might even wake! They will hear the dream and the seeming representations (i.e. people, friends, etc.) begging them, coaxing them to stay put in the dream because they believe that they are there too). The idea of suicide is merely the idea of waking up, of ending the dream. This required the one entertaining such idea of “suicide” to first recognize (re-cognize), remember (re-member) its real self in order for this to have been possible. It must remember and then own that it is and was the author of this dream, this seeming place wherein insanity and inconsistency rules by the stroke of hours, minutes, or seconds in a ticking *time*.

This idea, though established that only the sanest of the insane can hold and entertain within this insane realm/state, here still exists an absence, something unremembered and so, un-thought of as of then. This un-thought of idea was missing in the sanest of the insane’s logic, if they believe that to rid the physical body—aka what the unsound of mind define to be the idea of *suicide* (as defined in this insanest dream, definition coddled and nurtured by the insanest of the unsound of mind within such dream/sleeping state, as established above). This *un-thought* of an idea was that the dreamer that was once asleep in a world of its own authored dream, s/he now awakens and is.... still here. The dreamer no longer seems to possess the container of itself, i.e. its physical representation while in the dream, i.e. the “body” here in this neighborhood, Earth. The dreamer, now being the entity that used to dream, now has not the same “container”, the same “body”, but it now is free in its new state of wakefulness to continue to create, to think, to be the same “identity” as its former “dreamer”. I ask: Is it sane or insane to care what “form” you will then assume in a new wakefulness?

Fear requires a seeming *container*. *It requires symbols, physical representations—to pretend to see itself*. Anything real requires no seeming container, anything real in fact, requires nothing at all. Real just *is*. Infinity cannot be contained. Love cannot be contained, restricted to a certain *area, zip code, phenomenal physicality*. Since you exist with or without your seeming suit of clothes—aka body—and the only thing you honestly wish to have and give is love, love must be all that exists in fundamental reality or you would not want to experience love; it would not seem natural to you. Infinity is all that exists in a vertical plane. Horizontal time is merely a learning device within the hallucinating child’s nightmare; within the insane neighborhood’s lease on their “homes”.

It then follows that suicide, by our insane definition within this insane dream as established herein, is quite unnecessary. You are *you* no matter the seeming container. There is no “way out” except to wake. When you wake, you are still you. So it follows that true suicide is yet another idea of the insane... to which only the sanest of the insane within this insane paradigm, within this sleeping dream, will understand. The honest “killing off” of oneself is not killing at all; you will only wake to know that you are still you, that the body was a tool, an instrument for your learning...and that you need not leave it to be free. Knowing this is freedom in itself. The container is only needed for as long as its seemingly “contained” believe that they are containable or must be contained. So, one can transform from dreamer to wakefulness and still remain in the body while in the body. It is your choice. You can only never... *not be you*. You will always be “you”. When you understand beyond time, then you will understand this. Until then, you will seem powerless in your own dream, playing out a nightmare that we cannot wake you from. The fact that “you” are “me” is the next lesson, but ones who are still engaging the nightmare without admitting who its author is are far from ready for this.

Einstein deducted that time does not exist in reality. All physical representations that seem to exist within it seem to “die” within it. There is no way out of being you. You are therefore not your body; you are and forever will be... your *mind*. Your mind and my mind do not end and begin at certain “locations”; they do not bear zip codes. The departing and the destination are the same “mind”; the cause and effect are at once the same mind. This does not require time that stretches out to show physical representations, but it is Now that you are and Now that you will always be. Suicide is impossible. The sanest of the insane lot will contemplate suicide because they are onto something, a bigger idea: Waking up from their dream.

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Definitions as per Oxford Dictionary: *Asleep – Euphemism - Suicide*



Thoughts from thinkers welcome:

missycridermedia@email.com

Blessings always to Robin Williams, Philip Seymour-Hoffman, Virginia Woolf, and the long tender line of etcetera. They are amongst my favorite human containers...and still.