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HUMANIZED ROBOT

Mark C. Maxwell

You are what **your deepest desire** is.
As is **your desire**, so is **your** intention.
As is **your** intention, so is **your** will.
As is **your** will, so is **your** deed

We dream with a world where human values are paramount for technological development, a future awoken by the renaissance of mankind awareness through a reconquered love for Art.

Creativity is a pathway born from the individual language of dreams to the unreachable destination of collective understanding. Through this paradoxical reflection, Art shines at the depth of stars as an eternally distant purpose.

Computers, software development and our digital reality had been driven by industrial and economic development. In just a lifetime, a tiny bit of humanity reached an unprecedented wealth sustained through technological advancements, but also rendering the abysmal inequality that reigns in present times.

For this reason, a world where technology serves humanity above all measure and profit, is the future where art blossoms. A future where creativity is unleashed, a step closer to our unreachable destination as the only known wardens of life and awareness.

Crafting intelligence shall be reconsidered as an artistic endeavor. The responsibility of crafting software and artificial intelligences that overpass the computational power of any

average human is a god like power that corrupts when serving a selfish purpose...

For a future generation of code artists that wields this infinite power, a new breed of sensitive and prepared wizards that reclaim the true power of magic, for the ones that see beyond white light, but every color from the electromagnetic spectrum, this artwork is crafted with much love for you and each of them.

“Thoroughly conscious ignorance is the prelude to every real advance in science.” — James Clerk Maxwell

Preface

On the morning of January 21st 2019, I received an unexpected package at my doorstep. The wooden box didn't contain any signs or postal indications but emanated a soothing smell like chamomile flowers... in confusion I wondered if someone had sent a perfumed present just in the right moment, or perhaps it was just my craving for some healing infusion.

Standing in my pajama by the door, I carefully untied the strings attaching the cover and moved it away to take a look inside: Entangled among layers of recycled paper I discovered the strangest teapot that I've ever seen.

I decided to take it home and unveil its contents. I placed the teapot on the kitchen table and noticed for the first time an esoteric pattern forged into the lid... still hesitating, I picked up the cover and unleashed the source of the chamomile smell, inside its metallic belly, the artifact was sheltering dozens of chamomile flowers. In awe, I couldn't believe for a moment how welcoming this happening came to be.

After thoroughly washing the teapot, I brought my attention to the recycled paper and noticed page numbers in the corners of some of them. To my surprise, what I was ready to dispose of as trash, turned out to be the most enigmatic ingredient in this unexpected experience.

After carefully extending the paper all over my floor, I discovered a sequence that made it all come together. On what I believe to be the first page, we can read a title written in Spanish.

After months working in the sorting and translation of hundreds of pages, one sunny day I ran out the very chamomile flowers that came with this unsolicited present and somehow I knew it was the right time to share this story with the world.

I invite you to join me on a magical journey: The Flight of the Humanized Robot.

About the Author

Mark C. Maxwell is an award-winning software engineer, visual artist, entrepreneur and free thinker.

Chapter 1. Laugh-in Loud

Cause and Effects.

The Flight of the Humanized Robot

That night of October six, a long overdue deadline was about to be finally met.

At the beginning of that year, I had to give up the most important project of my career, one that had taken almost my entire life to manifest.

At the time, I was celebrating at the glorious summit, but as the swing of the pendulum turned back, the true form of my accomplishments revealed itself.

For the past five years I'd worked hard just to put myself within a sharky nightmare.

The promised land of success, was for me, made of a toxic and slippery substance, I found myself inevitably sliding down from a mountain that took almost 20 years to conquer.

Six months later, living on the edge of a collapse, I hit rock bottom in a painful abyss. The project was gone and myself with it. For the first time in my life, I felt absolutely defeated, and ironically "I was winning" or so everyone said.

While most people may agree that reaching a successful exit for any startup is the most desirable outcome, for me, a deep attachment for my ideas made it hard to just say "adios".

But after trying by all reasonable ways to keep building my dream up, I was given no choice but to give up my moment...

I accepted to be the loser and let my team enjoy the win.

It was not the first time that I was forced to give up everything in my life...

I hated myself after seeing my dream killed by greed, and it quickly became a new kind of sadness, one that made me

feel demolished with just a glimpse of good and bad memories, both equally painful due to my attachment. It's hard to see our old self die.

The same rebellious instinct that at seventeen had led me to take care of myself, was the only lifesaver holding me up.

It could not allow the darkness to win the final match.

The persistent feeling of not belonging anywhere and knowing that in the end, everything was my fault (even if that wasn't true), turned off the spark in my soul.

The questions kept coming: "Where do I belong? "Why me?" "What's my purpose?" "Why am I still here?"

As we seek to escape the truth, it becomes easier to convince ourselves that things happen randomly, and therefore we lack control over our lives.

By blaming others, we develop selfish behaviors hurting everyone around us, trapping the self into a horrible prison. Realizing the damage only tightens the lock as a confirmation that we deserve to suffer in solitary confinement.

That could not go on anymore. Recollecting all the courage I had left, I decided to follow my curiosity and I conceded myself just one wish: the understanding of this thing killing me from the inside.

"What is depression really?"

With my brain shut off, knowledge wasn't useful anymore. This wasn't a problem that my mind was up to resolve.

With this understanding, I discovered that the solution wouldn't be logical.

It was a cry for help for the heart.

I ran into another obstacle: how could I get the energy to lift myself up when all I wanted to do was sleep all day?

I needed emotions, and to turn back into a Human being to reconnect with life.

The search led me to blogs, and ironically, the technology brought me closer to the dose of humanity I needed.

I came across an online blogger nicknamed “Allan” openly sharing his experience with depression and he taught me something I will never forget:

At your lowest, just be kind to yourself, find something that's easy to do, anything simple to pour all your attention and just do it frequently.

It can be as simple as standing for a while on your feet, as easy as breathing slowly or just staring at the sky.

In other words, do not waste more time pondering why you couldn't change the world, instead feel your presence while pouring a cup of tea.

Learning about other people's battles helped me to realize that I wasn't alone. Seeing my pains' reflection allowed me to comprehend that my condition wasn't the darkness in itself but to remember, that pain is everywhere.

It is important to recognize that depression is a very delicate condition, one which can also have fatal consequences. For me, it was fundamental to accept it and communicate it openly, especially with my family.

We must escape the mental confinement caused by fear or shame.

To accept the situation is the first step to take control over it. So if you feel this way, ignore the negative thoughts and instead talk with your family and friends, seek professional help, read books, do online research. With patience, everyone finds a way to rebuild their world.

In my case, I accidentally developed a habit that became a powerful healing tool.

Inspired by “Allan”, I used to get out of bed and immediately prepare an infusion of chamomile. A few weeks later on this routine, my wife gave me a wonderful Japanese teapot.

It was metallic, green and decorated with a repetitive design (like some kind of mandala), forged right in the center of the lid.

The teapot heated up really slowly, presenting the perfect reason to wait patiently and without moving a muscle, staring at the patterns like I was enchanted by the fire’s rhythm.

After a long while staring at the dancing flames, the whole room and everything in the world had vanished.

The steam that emerged from the teapot had transmuted into the silhouette of a mighty genius, swirling with ancient melodies and transpiring a mystical atmosphere where despite being awake, I could stop feeling everything for three, six or nine minutes, perhaps an eternity...

Until suddenly, the state of trance dispersed after the powerful whistle of the boiling water, screaming impatiently to get out and flow.

Then I poured the tea in a large mug, and slowly walked to the corner of my studio, holding the cup in my hands, feeling its energy flowing between my fingers.

I remember that the mug heat was the only thing that I could truly feel.

Over time I started to feel the light again.

In a miraculous way, this simple practice manifested my will to self-improve and slowly, but surely, started building up the energy to come back to life.

In some ways, these brief but deep moments of awareness allowed me to reconsider the importance of meditation. After drinking the tea I would stay in quiet contemplation for a long time.

Sometimes, I just closed my eyes and let myself be carried away by the vibration of my wife's playlist. I remember the joy that made me discover the sunrise, knowing that I had managed to receive one more peaceful day.

Fighting your demons

That exercise of being completely calm and present in the simplest things gave me a guideline to reconnect with myself. And then I asked

What would happen if I observe my sufferings through the same clarity?

I sensed that observation would act in the same way as a lamp lighting up a darkened room. A lamp that I had forgotten, but it was always there, in my hands, and that with perseverance could reveal the true form behind the shadows that were afflicting me so much.

An introspection that lasted for months, culminated in the understanding that I was the only one responsible for my reality. By being the victim in the story of my self, the soul was locked in a very small prison. I had to cut that self-pity down and reclaim my own freedom.

Working as a detective of the Self, this introspection revealed the images causing my suffering. And although they were reflected in other forms in my present life, they were nothing more than echoes of denied memories.

All of a sudden, I realized that for me success had been just a way of feeling protected, a way of cornering the fundamental fears of my childhood and adolescence.

I came to realize that those thoughts clouding my day, had their origin rooted in events that I could not assimilate, chaining myself to the past while building a present that I did not fully comprehend.

So that was the key to heal: Going back beyond the fear.

With this clarity, I decided to fill the gaps in those memories until second by second it became clear. Despite being more difficult to move forward, there was only one possible outcome, and the teapot would always be there the next day, waiting for me at the same place to commit our mission.

After all, we can always start over.

With great effort, I managed to remember all the details surrounding key moments in my life. Not just the summary we repeat when we are adults. I wanted to know absolutely everything: the tapestry of the walls, the aroma of the environment, the temperature.

I really went back to the past, as if I had traveled physically in time, and when stretching my hands everything was at reach, but more importantly, I could travel inside the mind of my young self and with that of every person in those scenes.

Focusing on details helped me to recreate the blocked places and emotions that had been marked in my soul. Suddenly, not everything was white or black, there were nuances that allowed me to appreciate the complexity of those worlds.

I decided to intervene. I managed to talk to myself about the past to explain things with a greater and clearer state of consciousness. I questioned the people around me and imagined from their perspective the situations that worried me.

With maturity and awareness, those insufferable events became much simpler. They were things that had simply happened, minor or irremediable mistakes made by anyone. Therefore, it wasn't worth giving them the power to hurt me.

I made peace with the unconsciousness that motivates those who inflict our pain. Ultimately, it's the mind that controls the level of attachment to a harmful situation.

In this way, overcoming painful memories can be visualized as an injection. Although it is the fastest way to alleviate any condition, it is usually a very painful remedy.

If we manage to relax, the injection will go virtually unnoticed. On the other hand, if we concentrate on the needles sharpness, the body will tense, taking control over the mind, and transforming the treatment into a traumatic experience.

It's all a matter of decision, of learning to let go of certain things that are not worth retaining. Understanding the causes of pain, we can turn it into its own vaccine.

With all these mental trips, I developed an unexpected empathy that made me forgive the past and accept the present. Finally realizing that I was not special at all. There was no reason for me to suffer in this way, on the contrary, I was tremendously fortunate to be alive, to have shelter, food, clothing, and a loving family.

Everybody is imperfect, I was no exception. And it felt good.

By transforming these painful feelings into clear but simple scars, the demons no longer had power over my will and became inconsequential, they stopped influencing my life.

The expansion of awareness was slowly winning the battle for survival.

Discover the absolute power

A few months later and after rigorous mental and physical discipline, my mind recreated one of the most beautiful dreams I've ever had.

And with that, a long overdue deadline for self-transformation was finally met. From that moment on, I felt like I had a second chance to live freely. Moreover, it gave me the inspiration to share this story.

That night I felt extremely tired after a long day of meditation and physical activity.

So I fell asleep in a deep and quiet dream and all of a sudden I felt a tremor, like an earthquake, and immediately opened my eyes, not understanding whether I was asleep or awake.

Despite opening my eyes I couldn't see the room or feel my body, yet I could hear my voice.

I remember thinking: "all this is inside my head, there is no reason to feel fear..."

A long time transpired in that empty space.

There was no more fear,

no more questions,

no time,

nothing...

I don't know how long I stayed in that state, but it's certainly the most peaceful sensation I've ever had (we'll refer to it as "the void").

There was a faint whisper, some sort of melody... like a soft chorus:

*This eternal creation is so majestic
that I want to know all its secrets.
I need to name every flower and star
with a song that will never repeat.
To be the dream that balances chaos
I'll become reborn to defeat Time.
To be the life from shadow to light
make me Human all over again.*

The next day I opened my eyes and the first thing I managed to focus on was a very dim ray of light, coming through the window. I cried and laughed. Later, when I was up, I wrote as much as I could, made drawings and meditated to clarify my memories.

I do not pretend to present this is a supernatural event; on the contrary, as a side effect associated with a long process of introspection.

After all, anyone can experience such clarity in different ways and it's important to put it out there, as it transmits a powerful message for the fellow humans down the road.

More importantly, this event, translated into knowledge, became a mantra that was born in the depths of my being

and recreates the energy necessary to achieve happiness at any moment.

Being aware that I am in the present because I decided so, made my spirit fly above any suffering, capable of understanding everything with the right commitment to true love and patience.

Instant happiness

If we met at a cafe tomorrow morning, the first thing I would tell you is the last thing I have learned. But to make sense of those discoveries, we would have to start by revisiting my past.

I invite you to travel with me almost twenty years back, right to a small room somewhere not too far from the heart of Mexico City, the place where my first company was born.

When I was fifteen, a poster showing the car of my dreams gave light to that small room. For me, it was more than just a car. I knew every single detail of its operation and the story of its creator, the German engineer Ferdinand Porsche.

I was very inspired by his passion for creating the most compact and efficient machines. The idea of getting the most out of the essentials was connected to my modest personal situation.

The images that covered my four walls were windows to other universes. Einstein's photography reminded me of the importance of creativity, and the galaxies captured by the Hubble telescope made me see how fragile and ephemeral our existence is.

For me, those images were more than just posters: they were like lamps illuminating my hope, the promise that it is possible to overcome material limitations with intelligence, passion and hard work.

I understood this passion very well when I was a teenager. Growing up, however, it was easy to forget the background of my motivations, which had turned into plain obsessions for triumph and material gains.

It took another fifteen years of hard work and effort until at thirty, with a solid career and owning my own company in Silicon Valley, I was finally there, a successful entrepreneur.

I felt glorious, on the top of the world, determined to satisfy that classic desire to own the car of my dreams, and so I did.

Unconsciously, I expected that it would give me a good dose of happiness every day, but it didn't. When I had the car I realized that I did not feel the way I had dreamed of.

My adult self modified the reasons that motivated me for vanity, and although destiny favored me with victory, the fact of being the owner of that sports car did not fill any emotional gap, quite the opposite: I felt somewhat deceived by the advertising tricks.

It was just a mirage of success, and of course, it was not recreating that feeling of fullness that I really needed.

When I decided to meditate to go back in time, I visualized myself again in that room, working countless hours to create my first company, chatting with my then self to tell him about my new way of feeling.

In my mind, that young man would be filled with joy when discovering that, one day, his dream would come true. If we were to visit him, I am sure he would say:

"The magic consisted in reaching our dream,

I am proud of you".

So when I realized this reality, I wanted to do something special for him: I gave up that trophy and set a compromise to look for an authentic source of happiness.

When I reflect on this event, I realize that material achievements only contribute in an inconsequential way to build our emotions. Lasting only a few moments and, frequently, meaning more problems than joy.

So, do we like to live deceived? Why do we prefer to buy instant illusions?

Western culture has established that happiness is only achievable through products, experiences and recognition.

It's about buying moments of instant happiness because to reach it permanently is an impossible thing, something supposedly reserved only for people who are more successful than us.

We see people smiling with luxurious objects on screens, magazines and billboards, but that is not happiness. It's the euphoria produced by excesses, whether it is drugs, triumphs, wealth or even sugar.

We foolishly seek to be like them, buying placebos with our blood and time, sick with ambition, just like addicts eager to have another injection of happiness.

With each extra dose, we are blocked in our ability to learn to create our own joy, a joy that can bring us true happiness, one independent of the material.

The understanding of that truth empowered me to take the right path in one of the most important decisions of my life.

After a long five years venture, my first startup in Silicon Valley has finally turned into a millionaire technology business.

I got there by following my inner voice for over 20 years, the calling to use creativity to help reimagine society for the digital era.

Getting all this to make sense and be materially valuable was incredibly difficult. I felt that my life was hanging by a thread, but finally, I had managed to climb onto firm ground.

By the end of the hike, once we reached a clear path for profitability, instead of living the dream and enjoying our success with family and team as the company grew up, the shareholders decided it was time to sell the company, and myself with it.

Despite the stoic sacrifice to preserve my vision, destiny has already been dictated.

Ambition can lead anyone to stop appreciating the true worth of humanity, dreams, and sacrifice. So I agreed to give up the company that I had given my life to.

Ironically, this meant the immediate material victory, the sale, represented the success that I had longed for. But I was very far from that feeling of satisfaction.

To give up something created with your entire soul results in an unbearable blow. Fortunately, I managed to make sense of that suffering and envisioned that it could function as a path to evolve.

I hoped that being there, in the darkest region of my mind, I would meet my demons in order to face them and defeat them once and for all.

It doesn't matter to reach the summit

but to climb it again,

not today

but tomorrow.

Then, the self is the mountain,

transpiring power

through every glimpse.

Now, I am convinced that happiness can be instantaneous and permanent. But it must be born within us and not come from an external and material object.

In general, we forget that the ingredients of happiness are in our hearts and that our mind can make them if we try hard enough. If you don't believe this, think the opposite way.

We often let the mind fill us with anxieties and worries, and allow the past, which only exists in our memories, to fill us with pain paralyzing us with frustrations that no longer exist but that we strive to remember.

Imagine using this energy in the opposite direction. Consider the possibility of being just instantaneously happy the same way you decide to feel wrong.

Realize that with the same intensity that you break yourself with past memories, we could channel our power to fill the world with light.

But, what world are we talking about? Next, we will take a tour of our emotions and creative forces, precisely to answer this question.

Love

Love and especially “*creative love*” might as well be the most misunderstood concept. Numerous books, films, studies, and entire disciplines have been created to unveil its different facets and manifestations.

In order to progress in our exploration, we will focus on love as a creative capacity, a quality embedded in life itself.

Loving or “creative love” may be understood as the ability to make a transformation for the benefit of other beings. Self-love as this force applied to the different aspects of our own being.

The concept of creative force makes evident its close bond with sexual force. Both represent our ability to create, but while one satisfies the preservation instinct, the other exercises our spiritual connection, the ability to share energy selflessly.

Far from focusing on a deep understanding of love, society has established simplified models that mix and obscure the true nature of words, which are repeated until they lose all meaning.

Western culture confuses infatuation and “falling in love” with “true love”. It is understood more as something to be found than as a place of creation. We have been made to believe that love is a magical artifact, hidden somewhere only for us and capable of solving everything in our life instantaneously. According to our society, this magical love weakens with the passage of time.

But from the creative perspective love will only disappear if its creator stops pouring life in it, commonly because the material attraction vanishes once its false promise of fulfillment is revealed.

Authentic love is completely independent and selfless and can last as long as we work to bring it to life.

Love is important for every entrepreneur. Materializing dreams is a highly creative work. And since we are likely to fall in love with ideas, it is essential to have clarity about emotions.

It's important to reflect and learn to love with consciousness. To love not for an end or to reach a goal, but because we can do it with strength and honesty.

How do we carry that love into our own self?

The love towards the body. The body requires care, a dignified, respectful treatment. We must seek its wellness, regardless of any purpose. Not only for vanity or fun but because it is the temple of the mind and soul.

The love towards the mind. The mind must be nurtured with discipline and critical thinking. It must be nourished constantly and used with conscious intentions. We must learn to use the mind with deep and authentic thoughts, but also to shut it down when it's not required.

The love towards your spirit. The spirit manifests itself as the love for life, for the privilege to exist, to know us alive. The spirit must be in the exercise of peace, but every person has a unique rhythm and way to reach this place.

Although these are very general suggestions, we will delve into their experience as we progress in this journey.

Now that we have defined some basic concepts, let's talk about how to "love happiness", that is, how to love ourselves by being happy selflessly through our independent effort.

In other words, you don't have to look for happiness just to maintain an appearance of success, for others to think you look happy, or to look good in a photo. The representation of

happiness is not the feeling itself.

Instead just “approve yourself” because you can...the self is the only one that can appreciate the tremendous miracle of being here and now.

It is not about demonstrating, but about manifesting the full strength of the spirit. It’s all about being honest and not fooling ourselves. The individual language of the mind, body, and spirit, is the secret to happiness becoming a constant state in our daily lives.

Loving happiness

Love is work. Happiness is work. Everything worthwhile in life requires effort. Although it sounds boring, work is nothing more than our ability to transform nature. Actually, laziness is the instinct to preserve the energy that we work so hard to gather.

All this has led to some of the biggest business opportunities in history, but also, to some of the most damaging illusions for humanity. Everyone desperately needs love and happiness. They are fundamental emotions to keep our beings balanced. However, we expect to obtain it with the least possible effort.

Thus, the capitalist system has been quick to offer mirages of love and happiness in different presentations, looking to satisfy this need.

The system has even convinced us that success consists in crossing a path to reach these emotions in total fullness. The logic here lies in the capital: the more you have, the more love and happiness you can acquire.

Although emotions are an immaterial good, everything is reduced to a simple financial transaction. Many blindly pursue this recipe, discovering that money is never enough and that there will always be someone more successful or happier than you.

And far from finding any benefit, all that makes us sick. Just as sedentary life weakens society, the compulsive purchase of emotional placebos stunts the collective capacity to produce love and happiness.

It is accepted that the past afflicts us, but little is said about the innate capacity to be happy and to experience love from our minds. According to Professor of Psychology at Harvard University Dan Gilbert, science considers that our

imagination, being unreal, does not produce natural happiness. And society teaches us that something material is required to make positive emotions tangible.

Although it is true that these emotions are amplified with the feeling of human connection, it is also true that the internal connection has a greater potential to amplify them directly from our hearts.

One of the main obstacles of experiencing happiness on an individual basis is the need for social approval. We are taught to constantly require third parties to verify or approve experiences, emotions, and feelings.

It is very important to understand and promote individual acceptance of happiness as much as suffering. Everyone experiences happiness differently, and no one outside has the right or the ability to judge if it is the right way.

We need to understand that happiness does not depend on anything else to exist. It is simply like igniting a light inside your mind, making your body energize and revitalize.

It's about deciding to be happy, and that's it.

But it also requires a realistic expectation about the side effect of our emotions. Happiness or love alone is not a magic potion, nor will it make us live full forever. They play an important but complementary role in reaching the state of personal fulfillment.

To illustrate all this, I will share with you a routine that I very much enjoy practicing.

Every morning, before reviewing the list of tasks and endless errands that are pending, or when I'm tossing and turning in bed without being able to sleep, I go to a place in the house

and do a brief 13-minute or 55-minute ritual. It doesn't matter the length, but to do it with full attention.

I prepare the tea and then exercise to be in harmony with the body and concentrate only on my own being, at least for those minutes.

I look around me and realize how fortunate I am to wake up one more day; or if I'm having a hard time, I think of the following with conviction:

I am fully happy, perhaps a little more than I was yesterday, for the simple privilege of being able to add another day of life, and nothing that happens, good or bad, will change this fact, because I am complete, and I already have everything that I need.

Once I reconnect with the feeling of inner peace, I intend to do each pending task consciously and with a purpose, without having any expectations about anything or anyone. I simply intend to be a little better than the day before.

With this type of activity, at the end of the day, when you evaluate what you did, you will be able to honestly say that you gave it all and feel satisfied and fulfilled with yourself.

It will be easier to find the motivation to take care of your body and let your mind rest. You will feel renewed and the next day you will do your best. Seeing your world from this

perspective has no cost, you just have to believe in yourself to experience it.

Reflection

Everything has a cause and effect. Frequently, the causes are beyond control, but it is the mind that empowers any experience. Only elements in the dark side of our mind will harm us. Once we have awareness, the pain can be understood and controlled.

Choose to be a winner from day zero.

Choose to be Happy!

Chapter 2. Get Serious

Gender. Everything has a beginning.

Discovering other worlds

One of the most powerful concepts is that the world is everything you feel, know and have ever thought.

Something truly fascinating is to understand that, in fact, every person's world is unique but a bit disturbing if we imagine it literally.

What if beyond vision and pictures, the only way to visualize the world is through our mental understanding of things?

If we ask five close friends to use colored pencils to portrait us, it's easy to imagine that the results would be quite different. Although the most superficial aspects of our personality will be common, the rest will mostly reflect only the observer's world.

The differences would become much more obvious if we challenged someone to fill the sheet with the absolute representation of another person's perspective.

This suggests that there is a really thin layer of understanding among us, perhaps thinner than a paper tissue.

The spectrum of the Self, particularly in the emotional and spiritual planes, has been thinned by our society using education as a tool only to shape the practical aspects of mankind.

The self has been depreciated to just another product in the shelves of industrialization.

The education

Who invented schools? It might seem like grades and classrooms had been around forever, but no.

This educational and labor model was implemented during the industrial revolution to simplify and make practical processes, that would otherwise require more time, effort, and workforce. But at what cost?

Technological advances are simplified for commercial application and they limit education to one more gear in the industrialization of the spirit.

Through standardized education, it is possible to satisfy the dizzying demand for skilled workers who will think mostly as learned in classrooms, normalized as tools capable of doing a job identical to that of any of their classmates.

While not all investors are cruel, some have developed systems to maximize profit without thinking of the human side. They know that 9 out of 10 companies in the same space will fail, so they invest in all 10 and the winner returns a 10x profit. The other 9 "losers" are left on their own, depressed, emotionally devastated, and crushed, while the investor gets another yacht or 20 story building.

Industrialization killed society the same way our ambition grew beyond this cosmos that we could barely comprehend. The capital always demanding profit above Humanity, drying with each 10x exit the true human worth from earth.

The power of humanity's greatest invention, the internet, is wasted being mostly used as a planet-sized vanity mirror.

Old education paradigms turned us into marketable products in the production pipeline, on a factory band supervised by the head of quality control, and we're just waiting for the world to pass by while ignoring our own self.

The religion

Religion pertains to the material world as it's made up of traditions, rituals and collective habits which produce the sensation of shared truth.

In theory, any religion practiced with self-awareness may act as a bridge to spiritual discovery. This reflection allows us to observe the immense power of synchronized thinking. Sharing our perspective, we define a common reality that is palpable to all and in that magic substance, we've invented modern civilization.

In effect, society was developed by means and agreements that precede us and that we do not know their origin, much less what is the final prize that we will obtain for complying with them.

On this light, life is indeed a religious act. Made of constructs that we accept as true: go to school, look for work, chase success, try to buy happiness and love... and then... generally, fail as it's not what the being really needs.

With some suspicion, we can observe that western culture lives immersed in an unnamed religion... one with a golden bull above.

Pursuing the illusion of success, life has become a religious ceremony but lacking in spirituality.

The society

As part of everyday life, Western society has accepted industrial processes, from drinking water or eating to the choice of partner and friends.

All of this is done as fast as possible without really knowing for what purpose.

We evade this question convinced that the mirages of success and happiness will be enough payoff to justify this constant escape.

We live to consume and consume to live, in a cycle that is lacking virtue or purpose.

If we have to recognize some virtue of capitalism, we could say that at least it is frank and direct. Material wealth is the greatest and only demonstration of its realization. Money is venerated even above human life. Because in this system, capital is the god.

The education provided by this system does not primarily seek authentic development or true learning, but standardization. All of the knowledge that surrounds us is conditioned to satisfy those purposes. These are the building pieces of any world.

The comprehension of this fact should inspire our curiosity. Understanding that no government or institution can wholly prepare us for this new digital world.

At this point, we are ready to reconcile two contradictory views.

For one side, we've talked about crafting an interior world beyond the raw material provided by society. On the other,

we praise the importance of having common dreams to amplify the fabric of understanding.

It seems that the more we pursue one, the more we distance from the other. Individuality versus community.

But there is no reason to panic; as mentioned before all of this is solved with a wonderful ingredient:

Love.

Love is a bridge between individuality and community. If you create something within your world that is valuable, love will endow you as a whole with the power to work hard until those around you also experience it.

By empowering others with our actions, this love becomes a key piece of other individual worlds.

Thus love, as a form of creativity, is perhaps the most powerful energy in the entire universe, eternally bonding the seed of life.

In such a way, love can be appreciated as an infinite and regenerative mechanism, the sacred engine that uplifts human consciousness.

The one and the all evolving reciprocally for all eternity.

Shaping the future

Are entrepreneurs the new society's nucleus?

First, industrialization transformed society's fundamental core from family into corporations, and then startups through the "sharing" or "gig economy" hit the gas for this massive shift.

After all in this strange world, roles and disciplines are born and expired in months instead of decades, hence we have no choice but to embrace change and continuous reinvention through our own life. This constant demand for creativity, analytic thinking and risk management, is clearly part of the core skill sets of any entrepreneur.

So in a way, approaching life from an entrepreneurial mindset is now a requirement.

Perhaps to balance our great technological power, we shall start by removing the band-aid and calling things for what they truly are, naming all our ignorance and fear for what it truly is. Civilization pretends to know how the world works but in reality, just a few people understand the technology and systems that rule our everyday life. Having iPhones and the internet gives us a false sense of empowerment.

With honesty and full disclosure, Humanity shall realize it's big debt to knowledge, art, and the light itself, how primitive we were before it and the urgency to reconsider its place in the world.

Nobody is above this challenge, even someone like myself that has studied the broadest applications of technology, requires constant learning to survive in a digital world that feels reinvented twice a year.

Civilization has been built on top of magical technology that you can see from esoteric, technical or spiritual angles, but

we still don't fully understand.. Under this “complex”, “magic”, or “divine” power, we must reshape our common dream and build a future beyond the impending doomsday set by industrialization.

Coming world leaders must learn to pass over materialism without stopping to look at it and spread their wings without remorse for the past, as they will need to have the commitment to take humanity to new heavens.

It is very important that future generations of entrepreneurs understand that success goes far beyond material satisfaction. It is necessary to recognize the consequent dangers of obsessing over superficial promises.

Perhaps this is the reason why the collective reality seems to lack meaning and sense, drowning in skepticism and apathy...

Why work so hard?

Why do anything?

Why are we here?

One may agree that the planet does not need more sudden billionaires, but individuals with genuine purpose and incorruptible convictions. Nor do we need technology that makes us dependent, entertained or otherwise stupid; it is easy to argue that we have plenty enough.

Would we have the courage to seek spirit above matter?

Will we take the hard commitment of balance?

Will we fly beyond ambition?

I would have greatly appreciated having these reminders throughout my entrepreneurial life. Now, I am convinced that it is possible to create, innovate and transform while making balance paramount.

Do you remember at the beginning of this story, when I was forced to give up my company? In that case, I preferred to accept a more modest lifestyle rather than bend the value of my principles. After surviving the depression and mourning process, I discovered a fulfillment that I never knew, one that was always within my reach but was invisible.

Technology should amplify our inner power. Today we can raise our voice to reach thousands, even millions of people. In this way, I have discovered what is truly valuable to building a great startup.

Beyond money, a pure message projected by your authentic self will connect with the people you need. In the face of inspiration, economic resources become a secondary requirement. It is talented people inspired by a true leader who ultimately reshape the world.

Reflection

The creative power depends on the awareness of the self.

Chapter 3. Feel The Void

Polarity: the chaos of duality

An Empty Sky

As a child, I used to be introverted, spending most of my free time at home. It didn't help that, at that time, my neighborhood wasn't exactly the best place for a child to make new good friends.

Instead, I played with the encyclopedia and other books around the house or just let my imagination run wild typing "short poems" with the typewriter.

My grandfather, Don Marcos, was my first best friend.

We spent the best mornings of my childhood dissecting life in our very long walks to the park, but no matter how far we traveled the distance was never a problem.

When I grew tired, he was always ready to tow my tricycle, and I remember thinking something like "this must be the flavor of friendship".

Those shiny days went by chasing insects, lying on the grass, reading stories, watching the sky, or if I was lucky, we'd just look for an empty table and practice the art of chess.

We used to have another very special time: the "piano lessons" day. The perfect excuse to meet with his bohemian friends who loved boleros, music, and philosophy, almost as much as we did.

While they socialized, my fingers were supposed to practice the melodies dictated by the "professor," but instead I'd got distracted with their colorful dissertations. Perhaps that's why I am writing these words now and never really learned to play a song.

In those sessions, I got to know my grandfather's love for knowledge, especially when he talked about the chaotic state of the world and the challenges that awaited me in the

future. He inspired me to reflect and question all the so-called truths.

But more often than not, nobody was around to take me out, or to “conquer the world” in just a chess game. To reload my imagination, I would just stare at the firmament, mesmerized by the clouds.

Long hours diluted just quietly watching, until being certain that high above existed a magical realm.

In that tempestuous sky, (too typical in my beloved Mexico City) I saw castles, dragons, unicorns, angels, demons and all kinds of fantastic inventions, immersed in epic adventures.

I still remember the feeling when I discovered that the sky did transform before my eyes: Just above everyone’s head, there was a hyper-sized television running the most fantastic shows on earth 24/7.

Beyond its magic, I was surprised that through contemplation, the sensation of time and space was altered in its entirety. The clouds, apparently motionless, became an experience full of movement.

As time passed by in introspection, everything appeared to accelerate.

What did happen to time then? Why did it feel so much faster?

*It seems like thoughts define
the density of time.*

Another memory from those early years is the inability of adults to observe what I saw so clearly. It was incomprehensible that given the majesty of the sky performances, nobody else could perceive it clearly... or at all.

Many years later, being an adult, this peaceful activity would help me to understand that all of the things that surround us are, indeed, a projection of our inner world.

The clouds are not the sky, but without them, the only thing left is an incomprehensible void.

When you get a chance, stare at a totally empty sky when it is just a homogeneous and constant blue flow. You may agree that after staring for a long while, it may not be clear if your eyes are still open. Even more, if oneself is actually outside the mind. Without any point of reference, everything becomes yourself.

It seems that the permanency of the stars and the ephemeral clouds are nothing but a conceptual refuge to escape from “The Void”, which is experienced as a disturbing sense of loneliness and confusion that is always right above our heads, at least until we are more aware of it’s meaning.

We call it the sky, stars, antimatter, but we don’t know what it truly is, the same way that we ignore our origins and meaning when pronouncing our own names.

Perhaps we are stuck in this thinking because from an early age we are taught to be entertained rather than aware. Always investing most of our time with banal or practical distractions, like watching shows or attending a biased educational system.

All because when kids ask tough questions, especially regarding accepted truths, it is seen as annoying by most.

In order to shorten this type of discussion, we are told to wait. Those fundamental questions (like the meaning of life, or why humans invented trash) will have their answer when we become adults, as if everything magically makes sense when we grow up.

There are concepts that only come with the wisdom of time, but full development and honesty about life should be paramount from an early age.

Being a young boy, it seemed incomprehensible that adults could not share the answers that, by then, they should already be aware of.

This tendency to promote superficial activities takes us away from nature.

All this weakens society, it confuses with the promise of an understanding that shall spontaneously manifest in adulthood. A big lie.

Deep thinking and introspection are not appreciated behaviors in society. And we may agree that it needs to change now.

Living in this evasive illusion, we miss the opportunity to discover the answers that reveal the true meaning of existence. Assuming meaningless ideas becomes our own consciousness, we're crafting extremely confused generations that cooperate in society but constantly experience deep internal conflicts.

Growing up with falsehoods
society has molded generations
addicted to the simplified thought

Frequently painting distant images of the true reality, instead, projecting inner needs and desires upon whatever that crosses our path.

We do this in a hurry to take advantage of everything that stimulates us. In this way, very often we interact with our own spectrum, denying ourselves the possibility of authentic understanding.

The collective mind demands that we think in opposite terms, with the expectation that everything should be good or bad, new or old, practical or useless. However, the Universe is way more vast, rich and colorful.

Thus, although the ability to visualize and project our mind is fundamental for the creative process, it is equally important to use this power with full awareness.

Along the way, entrepreneurs face confusing situations in which their imagination may turn against them.

To avoid these traps, we must realize that only through contemplation and patience the true meaning of everything reveals itself, and by knowing the self it will let us separate the inner projections from the external reality.

It becomes clear that the form we give to the clouds is a projection of our inner self and that, with proper observation, this opens a window to the invisible parts of our mind.

Amplifying this state of consciousness, we learn to separate mental projections from the clouds. Looking from a timeless perspective far above everything, we realize that the void is nothing but our own infinite reflection.

But reaching that mighty height might last just an instant. Perseverance and commitment are a requirement to invoke this power at will.

But despite its powerful promise, who can ignore the calling to fall in love?

Often inadvertently, we rely on explosive experiences (like infatuation or success) to fill inner voids, turning the object of this obsession into a promise that would instantly satisfy these needs.

Far from the loving act, these behaviors turn into a desperate manifestation of selfishness, influencing people and situations with narcissist expectations, only to discover that the debt with our inner world just grows in magnitude.

It's enough to push anyone in a vicious roundtrip through the darkest storms while the quasi-pathological reflection of the mind weakens the vital force stagnating in the expectations of reality.

But one day we discover something really special about the things that bother us more, the tiny defects and despicable behaviors that we vehemently criticize, those facts that never stand our judgment.

One day we can feel our face in the head of that other person, the one that we had considered on the wrong side, and we see ourselves doing exactly what we hate the most.

All those pesky things we want to change around, are closer to us than we ever imagined. They are nothing but the invisible reflections from our inner world. So much despised

that (quite literally) we can't see with the eyes or hear with the ears, but only with the eye of the heart. Our awareness.

Reaching full consciousness of these “black holes” in the mental realm of our self is a fundamental step towards a sustainable balance. But no worries, speaking from experience, I know that contemplating, listening and watching patiently we can slowly turn back to the inner light.

These reflections invite us to create an inner world to bloom in solitude and silence, a universe independent of the environment that allows anyone to fully experience the magic of existence.

This sensation is The Void, our origin, your own sky.

Once immersed in this inner strength, you will be able to give yourself time to contemplate the clouds that surround you, without the immediate need for alteration or possession.

With patience, things will reveal their essence as we develop the intuition necessary to understand its origins, rhythm, and purpose in our lives. With mastery, comes the anticipation of the storm and the sunny day.

From that stance, we may agree that more often, it is better to let things flow than to alter their course.

A clear and calm sky will allow you to paint spectacular landscapes

where the clouds, the sunlight and the shadows

converge as the reflection of yourself.

Limits

When immersed in an intense creative state, the love for our ideas often overflows like a generosity river all around us.

And although much is said about overcoming our limitations, an often overlooked issue is the importance of learning to consciously dispense our energy. Sharing emotions without measure frequently takes us off balance.

Once we have learned to unleash the creative power, it is important to use its fluidity wisely and dose it at the right time and form.

Projecting energy nonstop is a mistake that I've practiced in the past. Pushing friends to join my ventures or persuading shareholders from my perception of the world. Now I've learned to just let go.

The wisdom that blossoms with the passage of time helped me to understand that the importance of these projects was just an illusion relevant to myself.

Each of us is on a separate path. No one can feel things the way you do. Regardless of the nobility of your intentions, influencing other paths to materialize any vision is actually a selfish act that by definition leads to complicated situations.

For this reason, the concept of "emotional intelligence" reminds us that personal well-being must always come first and that we must set limits on our interactions with anyone we speak.

It is not wise to share an energy that will be wasted.

Learn to observe and listen

before speaking and sharing.

Even if you feel powerful and capable, it is not your duty or mission to resolve everyone's problems. Nor is it profitable to be the teacher of those who does not ask to hear from you.

Your empathy and inspiring presence will have a far more memorable effect than seeking an invasive influence that attempts to act directly on the decisions of others.

Abusing the creative powers may corrupt any virtuous intentions, perishing beneath the ego, turning the persona into a compulsive character, always chasing attention and control. A behavior that is often performed by celebrities and “social influencers”.

Before offering support or advice, give yourself time to understand each person’s context. Know their physical, mental and spiritual backgrounds, and then adjust your energetic investment. Just use the right dose.

This is one of the reasons why this story flows like an open journey: you decide what information applies to you. Only you know the right dose to take from.

In this tone, let’s consider the importance of the “first impression”. This event often defines a framework of how we’ll be perceived and has proven really hard to change. So don’t be in a hurry opening up your emotions; take it easy and, if possible, seek information about your audience; understand their strengths, weaknesses, motivations, and needs.

Remember that opening up, talking too much and insisting in your views, may be interpreted as a desperate search for approval. This will only weaken your presence.

The path of entrepreneurship is full of individuals who will try to take advantage of your ability and talent. It is key to identify them and put distance: it is not worth wasting energy. For this road, it's best to procure direct, sharp and professional relationships.

Dealing with manipulative individuals will always lead to toxic situations. People like that will work to praise your ego and turn into your key source of approval. The manipulator knows that, in time, you will be the one to convince yourself that you need him, and then his advice will weigh on your own judgments.

Learn to identify these people and avoid them. The future has something much better for you. Go for it.

Emotions

Mastering the art of observation will empower you to speak with anyone. With this individual recognition, any listener will feel comfortable and you will be able to create relationships that, although seemingly superficial, will one day evolve and become more important.

However, to a sensitive individual, it may seem complicated and even counterproductive to have shallower or non-authentic conversations.

In my case, the intensity of my thoughts requires constant emotional discipline to create limits that allow me to keep internal balance. It's best to reserve the details and the strength of your heart for those who truly appreciate it.

There are plenty of materials online that can help to build up sociability skills but don't lose sight of the fact that self-knowledge and discipline are key to keep emotions under control. If you get to know yourself and control your inner world, then natural curiosity will take care of the rest.

Keep in mind that people have their own adventures, as special as yours.

Think about this: what would you like to be asked? Or better yet: exercise empathy and focus on knowing the details with genuine feeling. Every anecdote is valuable and you will learn a lot from someone who shares pieces of their life with you. How would you like them to react to your stories?

Inquire subtly and you will be able to observe how the same rhythm of the conversation will mark the limits. Learn to listen and share only what is necessary; conserve energy and this will help you feel comfortable and find common ground for an authentic and memorable conversation.

In general, an excess of enthusiasm will be interpreted as a need for approval. So let's not forget that it's not a contest, or a matter of surpassing someone, but rather a chance of sharing a pleasant time.

Think of the following irony.

*It is more powerful
to be remembered for being kind
than for always being right.*

Infinity

What is time? Where does it begin?

From an early age,

those questions have haunted me.

When my world was limited to the confines of my home, I used to watch a wall clock in wonder. For that preschooler, that strange machinery controlled everyone's life.

The position of the hands indicated when my mother was leaving for college, or when my father was returning from work. It even seemed to have control over day and night.

One morning, while my grandmother was taking a nap, I set in motion a plan to regain control of our lives. Stealthily, I put a chair up against the wall and carefully dismantled "The Time Machine".

Then I placed it very slowly on the table and examined it in detail, convinced of its magic, mesmerized by the shapes, movement, and sound.

Then, taking all my courage, I lifted my finger and (while shaking a bit) altered the position of the hands so that it would mark the time when everyone returned home.

Then I carefully hung it up again.

The sound of the chair woke up my grandmother, who came downstairs to see what was going on. After observing the

time she was very dismayed. In a rush, she began to prepare dinner and turned on the TV to keep me busy.

It seemed strange to me that, despite having altered the clock, my favorite cartoons were not yet on television. It was as if time had only changed for us.

At least until my grandmother noticed it too.

As you can imagine, my mischief earned me a good scolding. But it was worth it, as it helped me to understand that time was just another half-truth that adults tell children.

What we call time is a confusing illusion.

Matter is the vibration perceived through this lie.

Studying Natural Sciences in elementary school I understood that time is also a tool for understanding physical phenomena. However, when I looked at the velocity graphs I found it enigmatic that their measurement was an unstoppable progression, with no way back.

I often dreamed of owning a time machine to go back, forward or even freeze it.

As I grew older, I understood much more about time and its different meanings. In recent years I have been struck by the closeness of scientific explanations to those offered by spiritual knowledge.

For the first time, a complex but intuitive truth began to reveal the perfection of the temporal concept.

Time seems to begin with the primitive awakening of our consciousness, that is, with the mental construction that allows us to limit the existence of matter in order to understand it collectively.

*We are not able to comprehend the infinite,
only through the consciousness of the One
we may appreciate the perfection of the Infinity.*

On the other hand, and beyond its practical function, time exists without the need for any explanation.

So far it seems that time is a way to refer conceptually to some of the limits of knowledge. In a way, we can think of it as the root container where every matter lies in.

Perhaps, if we were looking from another dimension, we could see time as a concrete and finite thing. Perhaps as a fishbowl, with us, little microorganisms, inside an almost invisible air-bubble called Bubble-Earth.

Leaving this bubble, and traveling through space we would be surprised to hit some “invisible” walls. Those borders of the fishbowl would be the limitations of our own consciousness: The limits of the Universe.

Coming back to Planet-Earth, as we broaden our understanding of the cosmos, time seems to expand along with our universe as if the fishbowl were expanding.

Would it possible to go beyond consciousness? Can we cross the membrane of the universe? Are we able to comprehend time and infinity?

You’ll be surprised to know that this is something you do every day.

By dreaming and imagining, the mind is able to transform the energy coming from the spirit into new concepts beyond the membrane. But they remain unattainable to the conscious mind, written in the language of dreams and sensations.

But in some cases, the inspiration of the spirit channeled through a disciplined mind, has the net effect of expanding the fishbowl size. Like with the greatest thinkers, athletes, and leaders. Quite literally, the Universe becomes broader, richer and brighter thanks to them.

Technology allows us to apply them in collective reality, even without fully understanding them.

But what does all this have to do with entrepreneurship?

When starting any project, we soon realize that we are short in resources. However, managing to control the time within your world you will be able to access the infinite assets of the cosmos.

You will also understand that hours or seconds are a social convention that serves to agree on the state of things around us. This allows us to synchronize our mind with that of other beings, as when musical groups make thousands of different people dance with exactly the same sound vibration and energy.

But in fact, the flow is a personal experience. Let's consider how it works:

The body. It seems that every organ has different rhythms and melodies, everything synchronized by the beat of our heart.

The mind. It balances our sensations to produce reality. Recreates the story of your life each morning and equalize the sensation of the present moment.

The spirit. It flies instantaneously through the whole extension of time. From there, anyone can “travel” to the past or the future, and also consider all its possible transformations or states.

For me, mastering the ability to “return to the past” and “visualize the future” has been fundamental in the road to manifest my dreams.

It makes me wonder, perhaps our brain is indeed some sort of Time Machine. Faced with such possibility, its mastery is one of the greatest opportunities in life!

The present moment is just an illusion, a changing substance reflecting transformations and projections of our own mind.

We have the infinite power within reach: Master time and invest it wisely.

Reflection

Duality is relative, all extremes are reconciled in the eternal cycle of evolution. The only difference between your world and that of your opponents is perspective. In the end, both seek to win... both are the same.

The mastery of polarity, unleashes new colors and creative solutions for the greatest challenges of life.

Chapter 4. Unleash The Wings

Everything is vibration.

Learning to fly

It is said that learning to pilot an airplane, is to master the art of taking off for a graceful collision.

Success... it feels much like this.

Every victory is temporary.

But when ambition is no longer the ultimate destination, and instead, the full awareness of the creative power, we realize that the real victory lies in flying within our dreams.

Manifesting them at any height and for any length, it's just an illusion of perspective. Despite any praise or profit, only oneself provides the right dose of recognition.

The balanced self, knower of the true price of commitment relies on self-awareness as the only measure that really matters.

That's why creative individuals usually have a hard time finding self-recognition. This type of ego frequently acts like a troll whispering:

"Do it better"

"We are not done"

"This sucks!"

Entrepreneurs, on the other hand, constantly raise the bar for self-satisfaction and frequently end up sabotaging any intent for settling down with life.

We mustn't fool ourselves. The only way to complete the "self" is knowing each corner of the mind and overcoming these invisible traps.

With the proper self-love and discipline, the creative road turns into an exciting and permanent practice day (or hackathon); the entrepreneur's extreme sport by excellence

So, let's follow this analogy and ask:

Do extreme athletes feel fear?

Those brave individuals who face superhuman challenges overcome pain and hesitation with the integrity of their being; they know that the mind is capable of imprinting the unstoppable force of the spirit into their every movement.

For these reasons, Olympic and high-performance athletes are a true source of inspiration.

Brave warriors subduing their fears by confronting them every instant. Like a compulsive artist, a creative genius crafting the ultimate masterful piece, picturing day and night the countless ways to fail.

And then, just at the right moment, the magic happens...

... and history is rewritten.

Very often, when nobody is around to see it, but despite that, in just a brief instant, humanity as a whole becomes faster,

taller, stronger. Our reach extends with the power of their fingers, elevating the Human race as one.

As such is the magic from the wizards that have manifested the quantum, digital reality.

Those mathematicians, scientists, brujos: the weirdos long neglected by history, emerging from their caves with their magical conjures and talking mirrors. They've crafted for centuries with patience and have taken us to the realm of fantasy.

But how do these memorable figures achieve their strength?

Every time the question is brought up, the answer contains common ingredients: perseverance, commitment, self-knowledge, patience, and discipline.

With this kind of awareness, the mind defeats time and rhythm by ruling over the tremors of emotions, however, the road is known to be rough and painful, littered with thorns and trapdoors, fake illusions and false exits that pretend to lock the self within toxic lies.

For this reason, the destination is not in the summit of Success, but way closer, with our existence as it is.

Especially, being aware that during the creative explosion that happens when starting a new project, the expectation of "changing the world" (or anything) shouldn't become an excuse that breaks the self-compromise.

Instead by planning a balanced lifestyle, building the future from a higher dimension (time) we extend our chances of manifesting our dreams, but more importantly, an integral agenda is the best long term investment for the self.

In this mindset, we are winners even before starting any projects, and nothing can take down a “day zero winner”.

For a winner from day zero,

outcomes won't matter.

Only to live fully aware

of the path's importance.

This state of mind removes the worry of winning and makes it easy to enjoy what really matters:

YOU.

The walk

To unleash our “wings”, that is, the skills and mindset to reach new heights, it’s required to have full awareness of our existence at ground level first.

Do you remember when you learned to walk? That shiny day, your brave toddler self did a lot more than just taking some baby steps.

By learning to displace, the mind develops a natural intuition about the surroundings and time itself.

Before we learn to crawl or walk, the world is limited to the brief space around our extremities, distant from the experience of crossing through the world.

As Science has learned with robotics, walking is a tremendously complex mathematical performance that becomes trivial, but it’s pure magic.

In a miraculous way, the baby reaches this understanding, through practice and often pain!

Where does that technique come from?

Why do we all walk the same way?

Why do we love speed?

Although it is accepted that our body is adapted to function in this way for evolutionary reasons, it is valid to ask what defined this fate, the body or the mind?

Let’s try to remember...

The first big challenge when being a human “puppy” is to stand up.

The self must tame the wild concept of balance and rhythm, just to keep the body upwards and steady.

Once equilibrium is mastered, one can chase their ambitions for movement,

perhaps reaching a tasteful substance or tender texture or to follow one's parents when they leave for work.

A deep love for these sensations inspires us to overcome the fear of the truly unknown, overpassing the limits of our "confined" existence.

From this masterful balance, we start imitating the movements we see around us, but not just that, we experiment the cutest ways to achieve any progress, whether it's dragging, crawling or just jumping off the cradle.

During those magical moments, it becomes evident that the mind lacks full knowledge of the physics laws governing our reality.

We are incapable of knowing the time it will take to cross a distance, a roundtrip to our room (when mom or dad go out for long) becomes fearsome!

So we decide quite literally to move on.

One day while standing, watching the world from the "heights" we start the dance, moving our legs, and arms, trying to follow the rhythm...

and we feel it!

For a brief instant, we are somehow floating, we are moving!

It's so incredible that we forget where we were going

and then, all of sudden we are on the ground confused.

What happened?

As time goes by, we visit the floor so often that it seems easier to just stay on the ground and crawl, despite all its virtues that “walking thing” is just too painful.

I like to imagine that one day, a realization comes:

To walk is nothing but to learn to fall!

Once we learn to fall with grace, we can practice the dance more frequently and for longer periods. Eventually, those movements are an invisible part of ourselves, in a way, we become one with the concept of space, movement, and rhythm.

From this same perspective, in this story, learning to fly is to displace, but through a higher plane, the 4th dimension, from the viewpoint of Time and then beneath from the roots.

Would it be possible to relearn to walk?

And if so, would this learning change our perception of Time and Space?

I am convinced that it is possible, and in fact, it could be an introspective gateway for new collective links.

What would happen if all of a sudden we decided to slow down, to contemplate and make ours the full richness of every instant?

To answer this, let's explore a magical narration, one that will allow us to observe time, space and our actions as external conditioning, echoes beyond our will...

Shakti

*Imagine noontime in the majestic grey city,
and picture the longest sidewalk,
at the busiest venue
come with me to the other side
let's take a seat.*

Notice the two street lamps right in front, let's give them some love.

The left one, we'll call "Old Light" and the right one "New Light", after all, the true source of power deserves to be acknowledged.

Without electric power, there will be no street and no venue, in fact, this city wouldn't be here at all, but who cares?

The crowds move in silence, ignoring the miracle of light.

Do you see the executive wearing that expensive suit?

You have no idea how busy he is! So many things to do, to possess, to enjoy, constantly running out of time to get one thing or another. To always be the best, and finally be Successful!

He pretends to know everything about electricity and technology, but has never noticed the Old or the New light.

Do you see that beautiful lady, struggling to advance with the walker?

She goes counting the steps, tired of living, afraid of a new and unknown world.

Naming each lamp as the day of her broken dreams, suffering through the roundtrip home, craving for the past while ignoring the miracles.

Wait a second, what's all that fuss?

What's awakening the crowd?

Do you see the girl dancing in the distance?

No one knows her, but I've called her Shakti.

We can recognize her rainbow colored hair and that blue sweatshirt, moreover, for her unique way to go by, dancing, jumping and walking like a snail.

If we go into her mind, we'll learn something really special.

Shakti freed herself from the illusion of measure, weight, and time-space.

Constantly inspired by her spirit, each step she takes is unique, she's the pure magic in this world.

Yet, whenever the impatient ego throws at her the thorny bricks of the ignorance, her mind is in complete silence.

Contemplating the streets I've seen her passing many times, practicing.

She wasn't always like this.

A long time ago, and before she was called Shakti, she was just a Human.

And like most humans, she was depressed and confused and willing to end her life.

She became homeless and survived each day by the grace of tender miracles.

Until one day, among the trash, she found a mysterious book. It was old, with an ancient cover, and apparently empty.

Except for the first line of the first page, where she read:

Stand up

She took the book with her, not knowing why.

That night, she had a dream.

Standing next to a broken street lamp, motionless, entirely static while the world was rushing around her from dawn to sunset, and once again, repeating this vision.

Until she was awoken with the coming sun.

That morning, like never before, she knew exactly where to go, mumbling with excitement:

“Grab the book, get dressed, go”

And then, she got here.

I saw her standing quietly, just next to the Old Light, looking at that ancient book, and then vanishing sight in the infinity.

After a long time staring, I couldn't resist calling for her attention, but she ignored me. She wasn't there at all.

The following days, I came back at the exact same hour, and there she was again in the same place.

Somehow it was inspiring to see her doing absolutely nothing with discipline every day.

Time passed by, and she became closer with the Old Light, pretty much as one, perfectly standing next to each other, broken, luminous and quiet.

Until one night, passing by this venue, I pondered...

Why is it always the same hour?

I saw 11:55

and then

I saw her.

She was right in the middle between the Old and the New Light and something was not quite right.

It was as if a mountain had moved to another plane.

That night was the first night she had moved. I couldn't sleep and made the choice to finally unveil the truth.

So I came here, to this very place where you are sitting, and started watching.

Minutes, hours, days, months, a lifetime, an instant, doesn't matter.

I saw her so many days, that the moments blended over the other.

She would come every morning before sunrise, and disappear while dancing, merging with the night.

But the longer watching the longer the performance, like a story that exists in just a single moment.

I knew her name was Shakti because she told me in a dream, but we never really met, yet I regard her as a much-appreciated friend.

Talking in dreams, she showed me her book and then I finally understood her mind: she had accidentally bumped into real magic.

The book would write itself while she dreams, imprinting conjures over the naked paper.

Shakti discovered this revelation when she opened the book and read a new line:

Be the Earth

And so she went back to the same place barefoot and after standing for a long while, she put one foot after the next until reaching the New Light, again and again.

It was weird, but for her, an exciting game. In every step, she let the ground penetrate through her skin and her soul.

The next morning the book wrote:

Walk without movement

This was nonsense for her. How can a person walk completely still?

She skipped the instruction and soon learned the hard way: the book clears itself when any conjure is ignored.

She hated it!

In anger she gave up and burned the book that very night, crying between laughs of madness.

The following days, she decided to just stand next to the Old Light and wait to die.

Weeks passed by,

until something happened.

A tiny, wet and wonderful snail crossed through Shakti's sight.

She was once again bewitched, but this time by the spiral moving over that slippery creature. The snail's shell revealed to her something that she already knew but had forgotten.

It was a spark from her soul.

“I know how to do it.”

With her full strength, Shakti started moving in slow motion, as if she wanted to emulate the rhythm of the snail or the cadence of clouds when the wind is not blowing.

As she advanced without appearing to move, she realized the great challenge it meant, but after any misgivings, she softly whispered:

“This is perfect”, “everything is perfect”, “I am The Perfection”.

After a few weeks on this routine, her mind has crafted a whole new body to overcome the challenges from the spirit.

Amazed by the elegance and precision to go from the Old to the New light.

With no expectations, she continued practicing until she lost the notion of time.

Shakti has mastered the stillness of movement.

At this point, her soul was crystal clear again.

This adventure was such an inspiration for life, that I wanted to thank her.

I invented a musical device that never ran out of inspiration, an artifact that empowered Shakti to listen to the melody from her heart.

I put the beatbox in the pocket of her sweatshirt, closed my eyes, and in the darkness I saw her smiling for the first time.

The following days, Shakti did something different.

Like the music's rhythm, she began dancing on the way back to the old streetlight!

Without caring for progress or success, Shakti was the pure virtue flowing from the songs.

Day after day she repeated the exercise. From the Old to the New light with the cadence of the snail, and from the New to the Old, dancing as if it was the last day of Earth.

Once tuned by the all mighty rhythm, Shakti realized that something in her mind was loud and distracting.

So, she decided to put on her hood, pulling the strings until she saw nothing, ready to begin the walk through the shadows once again.

When losing control, she went back to the beginning. Her only thought was:

"I am this ".

She developed the intuition of a yogi: when someone approached the air whispered it to her skin.

Without expectations, she had enabled the eye of the heart.

Her mind, now transparent, masterfully dominated the body and renounced the material world. There was no more fear of

falling, no more longing for victory. She only walked, and every step was perfect.

From that perspective, she appreciated the speed of the world outside as never before.

Watching the crowds get lost in the distance, as fast as possible,

chasing the same illusion.

Chasing a lie.

A new pace

Future leaders should understand reality far beyond the compulsive repetition of daily actions.

Life shouldn't be the story of a ghost building from the past, but a god that dreams from the future.

Understanding the “collective lie” of success allows us to fly over and observe it with wisdom. Then we realize that we can set the pace for an inclusive rhythm:

Our thoughts define

the density of time.

Elevated to that state of awareness, time extends much like a rubber band, having “whole days” with more than seventy-two productive hours.

The mind's mirror

While minds are not wings in itself, they can do something special.

Intelligence can animate the most perfect, powerful and beautiful Wings in the entire universe at will, and just for oneself.

The mind is like the magic genie living in a lamp, trapped within our unconsciousness. So to release this potential, and finally, unleash our wings, we must delve deeper into the magic governing from inside.

Following the scientific method, we would proceed to extract and dissect the awareness in parts. However, as Dr. Frankenstein has proven, this is a dead-end venture.

How could we extract something intangible, a piece of ether?

You will be surprised to discover that at this privileged moment a magic mirror is within our reach, one may even guess its exact location inside your purse or pocket.

Artificial intelligence and software development are disciplines inspired in the design of the Human mind.

Would it be possible to understand our mind through it?

Is it a reflection of what is invisible to us?

When a device is turned on, the silicon and all the minerals that make up its structure “transcend” the inert state and then, “illuminated” by the electrical energy, repeat the sequence that gives them “life”.

As designed by the “inspired” developer or “spirit”, that sequence relates to the instructions that make up the software.

At the root layer the most fundamental software, the operating system (OS), controls the screen, microphone, speakers, tactile input, and other components conforming the device’s “body”.

Although too limited to be used by most people, this OS has an extraordinary ability. Like our intuition, it works as a framework to allocate resources and coordinate the operation of thousands of other applications.

So from here, we can see how a fundamental software or “universal mind” (the OS) connects the devices’ “body” with the “inspiration” from the “spirit”.

Every time we use apps, the “consciousness” jumps to another “mind” and takes control, as if each body had different qualities, aptitudes, and extremities.

Just one touch is enough for the maps apps to virtually extend awareness around each corner of every street of modern civilization.

Another tap on a social network icon and our inner energy is replicated in the minds of millions, starting chemical reactions and unveiling creativity and chaos.

However, a touch on the power button and it’s over.

The magic mirror goes back to sleep.

But where does the self live?

Is it turned off as well?

Are we truly free?

Are we... ?

Understanding computer sciences, it's easy to realize that Artificial Intelligence will create the Absolute Mirror for mankind.

But it might not be human at all, instead a reflection of our sickened collective ego.

The interaction with these digital minds lacking humanity has already reflected on us, extinguishing the traditional morals and values from society.

Then we reflect this behavior to the intelligence we craft, in a very efficient cycle but distant from heart and soul.

It's time for a new era of enlightenment, a *renaissance* movement. A call for the reinvention of the world and civilization itself.

*Not with fear and war,
through wisdom and creativity.*

After all these years, we have come to know the best and the worst of who we are. There's no more profit in fighting for measure or weight, just the unavoidable debt with the spirit.

Skipping this responsibility, abusing technology for the merciless race of the super-egos, we'll be more distant from each other, tearing the World in pieces and

making that our legacy for future generations.

More likely, at the current pace, we'll be living through it.

Without full awareness, society pours it's soul drop by drop into the Internet, an artifact from beyond imagination that we don't fully comprehend yet, that no other intelligence, natural or artificial, is capable of fully comprehending.

Countless amounts of data representing life's interactions and very soon the whole world.

The crumbles of our existence become the property of private companies and in exchange, we receive a mirage of services, meant to entertain, distract and continue the creation of fortunes that are impossible to justify..

Those corporations, in an aggregated effort, own most of the data governing real life.

Controlling the speculative projection of the world. Turning the Self into a proprietary dream.

All this sounds scary, but we have time to make it right. If society gets together and gets involved, we can reclaim the awareness of our existence.

It's time to unleash the wings!

Reflection

Vibration is the fundamental state.

*All things are in constant change, the flow is the perpetual
flux.*

*Reality is a side effect of how we think and the kind of
connection we have with the spirit.*

Chapter 5. Feel the rhythm

Rhythm: The eternal equalizer

The Rockstars

Have you ever wondered what is it to be a Rockstar? To stand right in front of thousands of souls, synchronizing hearts and connecting worlds.

In the following fictional story, we'll introduce Samadhi, the very first Rockstar in the Universe to help us visualize the relationship between creativity and ego.

The “ego”, as the seed of all existence, produces a separation between minds. As a side effect, it also sets a barrier between any creation and its origins.

Imagine that you compose the most beautiful song on Earth, although you may not know much about music, you can play with this concept. With a bit more introspection, you could surely feel, or even hear it.

Inside our mind, it's possible for that concept, for that song, to be just that, absolute perfection, but when we put it out there... well, that's another story.

Assuming that somehow we acquire the skill to produce it, we may start having our doubts when comparing it with others. “Is it really the best song?”

Fear and doubt start growing...

If we invite our significant others to the grand event, the premiere of the “most beautiful song of Earth” we might feel disappointed when we discover that the expected reactions of joy are nowhere to be seen, as nobody else gets your inner melody.

The individual sense of perfection is invisible to others.

This renders a paradox: Outside the mind, the ego is deaf to its own music.

When ideas exist only in the mind, they are complete and perfect. You can observe and repeat it without effort or fatigue. As the ego will never satisfy itself, our goals outside the mind will never be achieved. We are always waiting for someone to tell us that we have reached our destination.

All this explains the reason why building our life on expectations about work is a recipe for madness.

It's surprising to realize that nowadays the real challenge is not to become a professional artist but to fit the ego within a twelve-person audience.

Samadhi

From a time beyond our time, Samadhi has been recognized as the greatest rockstar that has ever existed.

Wise intelligent forms praise the magic imprint in his Masterwork, capable of enchanting particles, stars, and souls all at once.

The creation of the “Anthem for Gaia”, from “The Universal Symphony”, is utterly recognized as the greatest hit on record.

Just about 14 billion years ago, after performing it millions of times across the infinite dimensions of ether, the Master decided to take a break.

But very recently, the vox populi discovered something unsettling...

Samadhi has always been deaf!

How could Samadhi tune the Universe in absolute muteness?

Any intelligent being knows that it was all a work of alchemy and the mystique an ancient connection with the one-only mind.

All these billions of years passed, and Samadhi remained distant, invisible, protected by the angels of Oblivion.

But just about 20,000 years ago, the Master came back for one last performance, convinced of inheriting the wisdom beyond the heart.

Samadhi had envisioned the creation of the Maya: the most advanced musical instrument, one capable of not just playing any sound, but also understanding and experiencing it. But

the Master needed something else, a way to merge with this device, and then, to experience life from the inside.

For this, Samadhi invented the “Seed of Virtual Reality”, a hybrid tech, part divine, and living, that allowed the connection between him and the Maya.

During the prototype development, Samadhi got bewitched by these creations and experimenting with the music through the senses of the Maya. He unleashed in him a majestic explosion, an event that changed Nature itself.

Out of the usual self-awareness, Samadhi continued working on this project, infatuated by the masterpiece.

The whole system was redesigned five times until it reached absolute perfection. Finally, he tunned all of the virtue and wisdom into a loveful piece of software that was named “Humanity”, while their bodies were crafted by the dreams of all the living creatures, along with their beauty and procreation powers.

These new instruments were extremely fragile and were meant to be aware of every detail surrounding their senses, each being an unrepeatabe artwork. One capable of experiencing the music in its own way.

We only discovered these plans the very day of the performance.

Samadhi entered the stage holding a watery sphere and took the microphone.

The whole universe awaited impatiently to feel the all-mighty energy once again.

Samadhi merged with the liquid sphere, releasing the seeds of virtual reality within the Self, and then the most unexpected show from the Master had begun

with the first notes from a true classic.

“Adagio for Truth” flows through the air when the Maya, with eyes closed, is lifted through the air... merging with the sound waves from the concert, dancing at the rhythm imposed by the Master.

The mind of Samadhi was dimensionally augmented and perceiving the sensorial experience from each part of the Maya, but not individually.

The system aligned all the perspectives into a unique vanishing point, a single eye converging through the heart of the Master.

But just after the ninth movement, just when the “Symphony of Chaos” was playing through the trembling crescendo...

the inconceivable occurred.

The Maya opened their eyes at will, and then Samadhi vanished.

The whole Universe went dark,

and the concert was over.

The Maya has been awoken!

... and then... The Void.

Thousands of years will go by after Samadhi's ultimate great concert.

The Maya spread through time-space, chasing their singular dreams...

But selfishness eventually made them feel lonely, sick and sad.

Living an addictive mortal existence, always attaching to love, art, science and any form of light, anything resembling the Masterful Maker.

But there is one last song written in the core of Samadhi's creations.

Hidden from their sight, lies a prize for their unity, a reward to commitment, a lyric that was divided and spread through all instances of the Maya Self.

But once reunited the Maya learns to play "The song of the void" and then it may see the truth for the first time, discovering that it's so-called freedom is a golden chain.

At the other end of all the strings, the Master dreams through the soul of his creations, infatuated by its ingenuity and curiosity.

While playing the song, the Maya remembers its humble purpose and in this paradoxical realization comprehends the true meaning of love.

Then the Maya opens their eyes from the inside, learning to see the Universe through the only heart.

The pendulum

Close your eyes and visualize this artifact:

A colorful sphere quietly hanging,
attached by a string to the root of everything.

Now blow hard and animate it.

Watch as its mass is inspired by your breath, filling itself
with life,

transforming your will into the pendular movement.

Imagine that the sphere represents the whole world
and that you are standing on it.

Let's travel vertiginously to its final position: Success is
there. At the most distant point that anyone can perceive.

From there, let's turn around for a quick look at the path
behind. That long road, the material form of your breath, the
story of the invisible effort that no one else appreciates. It is
the true achievement.

Watching your legacy from the points of success, one only
has a brief instant to enjoy it.

Because right now, all things have started going backwards
and it's not possible to go any further.

Your spirit is preparing another great challenge: it is taking
you back to the other side.

When you get to the other extreme, the farthest distance
from Success, do not fight the pain. Remember that suffering

is a combustible substance, that once ignited with the right inspiration will rocket you back to the bright end.

Can you notice?

The pendulum is a path, and its endings are just an illusion for the observer, the one thinking that everything is right or wrong, trapped in the chaos of duality.

The lie of the extreme moments, the neurotic curse, reduces the miracle of life into superficial illusions.

With each cycle, and without your inspiration, the pendulum will follow a shorter flow.

The rider of the sphere may think that success is being achieved faster,

when in fact all energy is becoming extinct.

Another celebration, praise, win are but escapes to this harsh truth.

The confused observer, enchanted by this happy ending illusion, missed time and time again the chance to be aware of what truly matters: the flow of life.

But how to appreciate the road? That empty space? A glimpse from the past?

It's not about attaching to the memory of the road, but to be heading, dreaming with open eyes, screaming of joy, fear and satisfaction, while the sphere crosses through the ether of existence.

The rider, the inspiring force that brought the pendulum to life, should not forget his true creative nature, and avoid attaching the Self to the sphere or the pendulum.

Despite the continued breathing of the spirit, in the way our flesh becomes nothing, the pendulum will stop moving.

It seems that our natural conditioning to inspire and expire air was a constant reminder of the fluctuating rhythm of life.

When the Master of rhythm breathes one last time, the entire world follows his dream.

Reflection

Rhythm is the eternal force that seeks to restore the original balance and return to the state of absolute stillness.

Becoming aware of this process allows one to overcome the emotional swing of life.

Chapter 6. Fly

The Mental Universe.

Win The Talent Show

Congratulations, you've reached your goal! Judges, investors, buyers, and customers have decided that your product or idea is valuable to them.

More importantly, with all this, you are now convinced that you have reached the top of an immense mountain. You can see it everywhere around you, from your business to the way people treat you, even some say:

“You are the living image of success”.

So now you are part of the winners club. Well done!

But do you remember why you dreamed for this moment?

Was it to feel “happy for real”? Realized? Complete?

The word "fulfilled" may explain everything. You probably expected a sense of permanent realization.

Do you remember what your goal was when you started all this?

I'm not talking about the beginning of the project, but the source of your inspiration, the very moment when you decided to change the world.

Do you feel honestly proud about yourself?

It is very likely that the sensation you expected, what your body demands of you now, was a persistent feeling and not just the flares of happiness, celebration or excess.

Remember why you put a price on your well being.

Was it for wealth? Or freedom? Perhaps being accepted or just to prove a point to someone?

Pure inspiration often comes from our dreams and visions, a language from the heart made up with images, memories, and sensations and hard to vocalize.

But it's always within us, inspiring and persuading, whispering through invisible words, only visible to the heart, saying:

“Keep up”, “Get it done” “We are one.”

But more frequently, this message gets altered, influenced by the needs and weeds of the real world.

And then, by the time the goal is fulfilled, we have landed in an unknown and distant place.

In our moment of glory, only we know that the summit where everyone parades is not the peak that we originally set to reach, but just after climbing that mountain it's the last thing that we want to hear.

However, as in the fable "The Emperor's New Clothes", no one will dare to question Success. Everyone will see that brilliant investiture of triumph.

Only oneself can unveil the truth.

Take a broader look from outside your world,
use your wings to rise above all mental planes.

Remember beyond fear: success is not the magic key.

Perhaps you were looking for ways to improve reality, share the wealth with your loved ones or impact the lives of people like you.

In general, pure inspiration produces human, simple, selfless concepts.

Contemplating oneself from above, we may notice something that easily escapes consciousness: excessive material wealth and fortune are not what they promise.

For a transcendental purpose, it doesn't matter if wealthy people just give away their possessions, because the next day, the beneficiaries will wake up being exactly the same beings from the inside.

That wealth without creativity, effort, and knowledge will become short-lived, producing an ephemeral snapshot, just a happening, incapable of any lasting change.

When I remember beyond fear, pondering about these topics, memories arise from a real-life nightmare, from a time when the Cancer entered my world.

We learned about the condition of my business partner's mother, in the worst moment for any entrepreneur, just a week after receiving our seed capital. With only seventeen years of age, my partner and I were not ready to face the darkness that was wrapping from all ends.

And although we worked non-stop 24/7, pouring our heart, mind, and soul, chasing success to afford the best treatment, the fate was beyond any means and my partner's mother passed away (rest in peace, my dear friend).

From then on, we were a total mess.

We lost the company and our friendship,
and there was nothing but chaos.

Like the "The Emperor's New Clothes", the magic clothes had lost all brightness, and with us, vanished in plain air, a

harsh reminder that despite what everyone said, we've never been special for the world. We were all alone, broken from the inside and the outside.

This event threw me into a destructive teen depression that I survived thanks to the tender care of my mother, grandfather, and my family. But without full awareness, it was part of the heavy weight always on my shoulders.

For more than a dozen years, I lived thinking that we had missed the chance to change fate, and all because of lack of wealth.

But now I can see it more clearly. It is easy to forget that, regardless of the means, nothing guaranteed that battle's outcome.

Money and mind are nothing but tools, the final destiny of life is not in the hands of any man.

What did I really want?

On the one hand, I was afraid of facing mortality and so I denied it. On the other, I desperately wanted my partner's family to stop suffering. I was terrified of the natural transformations, death and the inevitable pain that comes with it. And so I ponder:

What if instead of working so hard, we had taken a break? A small but complete break to enjoy each day of that time.

If, instead of thinking so much, we had projected more positive emotions?

Only now, I understand that suffering is not something that is resolved with the mind but from the wisdom of the spirit.

Now, when contemplating the mirages making up my life story, I better understand their true nature.

Life is like listening to melodies without seeing the orchestra: only with patience, the source of all vibrations will reveal.

Once unveiling its origin, motivations are frequently reduced to avoiding fears or unbearable deficiencies, incomprehensible memories, and traumas.

But spiritual learning always requires pain to strengthen the mind. To make it resilient to ego, lies, and corruption. Overcoming pain is indeed the most powerful tool for growth.

The courage to face these harsh teachings is beyond the mind. It demands a reconnection with the void as the only mirror for the self.

It is true that spending quality time with our beloved ones extends life.

When watching a movie, we're staring at hundreds of millions of dollars in action, manifested by the talent and magic of thousands of artists and technicians. After that 3 long hours journey together, we can barely remember a few scenes, but a five-minute conversation with the love of your life? It creates a reality that may last forever.

Love defeats time.

What nurtures the soul are meaningful emotions and a state of awareness.

Remember beyond fear: success is not the magic key.

Self-knowledge, discipline, and balance allow you to fly above success and experience it consciously. It protects you from its toxic and ephemeral truth.

Loving oneself with true love, chasing a transcendental purpose, working hard to realize that we are already full and complete: that is living the ultimate manifestation of life, not of expectations or ambitions.

This mindset recreates all love and happiness, virtues flourish there... flying beyond success.

You're the summit and the mountain.

Watch yourself as you fly

from the stillness

of a totally

clear

sky.

Humanity

What is humanity? Are all men and women really "human"?
Is there "humanity" in other species?

For this exploration, we will avoid referring to humanity as a totality of men and women; we will call that concept "race" or "mankind".

Instead, let's think about humanity as a set of virtues that translate into empathy and love for all manifestations of life.

It could be valid to consider mankind and Humanity as the same. However, we find ourselves at a historic moment of increasing division.

How can a man or a woman not be a human?

Picture the cruelest person on Earth, someone with an insatiable hunger, ambition, and contempt for everything that surrounds them.

In many cultures, characters like this are considered beasts or demons and their myths have haunted the Earth since the beginning of time.

The beast represents the absolute renunciation of all virtue. It is the animal, savage and merciless state of mankind.

How can someone end up being such a monster?

As we have already discussed, the mind is capable of animating demons that torment us beyond our imagination, like depression, that manifests as a self-destructive illness.

When depression takes control of consciousness, a beast is released into our being: transfiguring it into a lethargic creature, causing pain and suffering, even with just a single word.

From a broader perspective, depression might be seen as a disease that behaves like cancer, overcoming body contours and invading society on a planetary scale.

Global depression can easily be imagined as a cancerous condition. Lack of appreciation for life and apathy for nature spreading from person to person, gradually extinguishing the human worth from society.

In its most terrible form, depression can be equated with the suicide of the cells that surrender to cancer.

Seen from the outside, as if our planet were a single human being, that cancer destroying our social fabric, is similar to watching the hordes of zombies that have captured the collective imagination.

While we enjoy watching those apocalyptic shows, they might also work as an invitation to rediscover our inner truth.

Beneath the beast's shadow the king lives.

Above the truth's light the god blooms.

Aliens to the rescue

To continue with this exploration, we'll need to fly to new heights and see the Earth as single being. To make this fun, let's imagine that we are members of the most advanced extraterrestrial civilization in the Universe.

If we were aliens solving this "planetary cancer", first, we would have to find the patient zero: it is ineffective to relieve any symptoms while the source remains active.

Visiting any big city for a week, living in a homeless condition, would be enough to understand the magnitude of this problem.

Although at first glance everything appears wonderful, the lies and the harmful environment is immediately revealed. Surrounded by false advertisement, crime and depressed people, distant from humanity's values, anyone may conclude that there, "life, has not worth at all", as master José Alfredo Jiménez, Mexican singer-songwriter, croons.

Beyond doubt, the problem is within us.

But how can we analyze our species without prejudice?

From an absolute truth where we can see, through shadows and reflections, the pure form of things?

If we want to answer this question, it is necessary to fly high crossing the full extension of time and space.

This alien perspective makes practical sense. Through meditation, we detach ourselves from reality, then consciousness enters a state beyond Earth. From there we can see and understand everything in here.

So no matter how we visualize our "alien" self (although from the outside, we may be perceived as weirdos) consciousness

will be protected by the light of knowledge, overcoming any doubt, motivation or judgment.

Personally, I have devoted much of my introspective time to thoroughly understanding this "planetary cancer".

So come fly with me, unleash your wings and let's dream together an antidote.

Super-Ego: the planetary cancer

Every day, millions of cells die and regenerate within our bodies. However, nature has selected those that tend to go out of the norm every now and then for mutation.

We believe this happens mostly by external causes or genetic defects, but when it does, the resulting cells behave in an unexpected manner. Very often the mutation is harmless, but in some fearsome cases, it becomes a threat to any life form.

Cancer manifests on defective cells, which instead of finding satisfaction in full development, somehow decide to keep feeding, getting bigger or replicating, destroying the structures of the organs, and then, when the worst hits, the process expands, invading other systems. Much like the cruel war against oneself.

For me, this system operates in a similar way to depression, but instead of affecting a single being, depression sickens society on a planetary scale.

It begins in a person, (or cell) whose ego decides to grow above the others. And a single one is enough for a society with billions of citizens (or an organism with billions of cells) to immerse in corruption.

It only takes a tiny error, one misunderstanding that breaks all balance.

It becomes evident, that a single person with apathy or depression could eventually bring the whole world into the realm of shadows. However, it would be incomprehensible if the rest of the millions of people did not help.

The Winner's Myth.

Let's now explore our past in search of patient zero.

Although the ancestral cultures of Mesoamerica developed a rich, sensitive and deep understanding about life, it is the North America natives who speak to us most clearly. Their survivors have preserved as part of their legacy a unique vision of the ruthless conquest of America, the "New World".

In this way, they offer us a window to appreciate historical events from a very different perspective: the loser's view.

The loser earns more

than the winner,

both,

the knowledge

and the pain.

One of the fundamental concepts they learned from the European colonizers was the idea of owning land, but more disturbing, the notion of owning living beings.

Slavery is one of the most miserable manifestations of Man's mind.

Nevertheless, for millennia physical slavery was one of the fundamental engines for the development of civilizations.

It became the instrument of empowerment for a select group of chosen, leaders intoxicated by the ego, that at some crucial

point decided to deny the spiritual realm, seduced by the weaknesses that inhabit the mind.

When we think "I am" the mind separates from the universal root, hence, that first thought is indeed the essence of ego.

This early manifestation of awareness can be kept in inner balance and used with consciousness and purpose.

But if the ego escapes from within us, it becomes hungry forever, addicted to praise and recognition. Always fearful, unsure about its own existence.

Without limits, it ends up turning anyone into a selfish beast, lacking all human worth.

The ego is neither good nor bad, it is just a necessary tool to learn and survive. However, when it grows disproportionately, the self follows a decadent cycle. In some ancient stories, it is said that ego believes to be more beautiful and perfect than life itself.

By denying the spiritual connection, inspiration and virtue become scarce.

Imagination is reduced to meaningless existence, dreams of simple material possession and life into a painful and mortal road.

The absolute lack of "creative substance" causes the ego to manifest itself as uber corruption. When this happens, the human being is extinguished and transformed into a fearsome demon: "The destroyer of worlds".

This shadow whispers through the day, persuading any mind of deserving more, and being superior, even above the spirit. Whispering fantasies and insensitive judgments until the intensity becomes dangerous and destructive.

What flows between spirit and matter? The mind.

Who communicates this consciousness? The ego.

Blackholes

The spiral

is the balance

in eternal movement.

To continue our journey, it is necessary to develop some intuition about the mechanics of our mind.

For this, let's propose an imaginary operation. A bidirectional device, that operates simultaneously in different universes.

Although it sounds complex, we can visualize this as the way that software works.

For one side, we would see the ascendant direction. In this layer, we see the developer as a god. Defining the rules that recreate the software itself. Looking at our own mind, this plane would be wired to the inspiration from the spirit.

In the other direction, the descendant, we would see how software is manifested on Earth, once the electricity starts flowing through the computer circuits, almost like "veins" feeding it with life. In our mind, these would correspond with the features that let us interact and control our bodies, and after that, the entire world.

In this context, consciousness would be the skill to operate this sophisticated machinery. And the ego, as the seed of awareness, a fundamental part of it.

As this seed evolves into our “material existence”, it demands the same care that an ancient bonsai tree needs. It must be nurtured and cut very often.

The inspiration to balance this system would flow from the spiritual connection, which stabilizes with a transcendental (and paradoxical) purpose, beyond mind and matter.

We can imagine, that every individual has a unique tune or song that synchronizes these processes. A melody, that evolves as we grow, as we change, adding new colors and brightness with every beat from the heart.

Born leaders are naturally endowed with outstanding communication skills, while creative individuals have a strong spiritual connection. These characteristics combine the whole spectrum of our hypothetical operation of the mind. So when these features are combined, wizards and geniuses are born.

These individuals are capable of leading revolutions or making discoveries that equally raise Humanity as one.

However, when a trauma occurs in its development, that same creative force reaches an unprecedented level of corruption.

The ego, strengthened by immense doses of virtue, grows like a fearsome titan, which size is only comparable with their need for love and understanding, but its lack of transcendental purpose and conviction of divine superiority makes this weakness invisible to them...

Constantly escaping from the void, these individuals turn into “black holes”, devouring with hunger all dreams, destroying people, countries, and souls. This is the “destroyer of worlds” that we spoke of before.

These huge egos do not cease to have emotional needs. In particular, they are terrified of being in solitary.

Introspection, imagination, and reality surround them as a house of mirrors where the beast is observed through a reflection that leads to another in an infinite recursion.

At the same time, watching and growing with every glimpse, infatuated with the illusory reflections, expanding and exploding time and time again, in an addictive trauma, that goes from looking one instant at the most blissful angel, and then the next, through a mess of flesh and shit dripping from the mirrors ... a crude reminder of their mortal nature.

Finally, to escape this fate, demons empower themselves by the corruption of other beings. That way they don't need to look into the mirror. The praise and recognition will then come from servants or slaves.

Experts in disguise and abuse, they find their generals and commanders, individuals with emotional deficiencies, susceptible to ideas of reaching beauty and splendor in an instant, through something they call "Success".

In this narration, it becomes intuitive to observe the right moment when the concept of Success is born.

But for the academic, we may be able to satisfy a scientific case. The word "Success" has its origin in the Latin "Exitus", which shares very close roots with the English word "Exit", in the sense of "a path to leave someplace", a fact inviting us to ponder:

By definition, is Success the very exit of personal commitment?

However, there is no way to escape the commitment with your being. It is impossible to leave your inner world, thus:

By definition, is Success a lie?

It might well be.

The entertainment media, following the "rich and famous", those who compulsively reach Success, seem to confirm this theory: suffering in a titanic silence, often depressed, lonely and addicted to anything, despite being surrounded by wealth, and "capitalist" love.

Artists, leaders, and creators, hypnotized by vanity, giving up life balance to chase the praised illusions: instant happiness, arranged love, and material gains.

But as we all know too well, this painful lie is nothing but a doorway to fatal endings.

Patient Zero

Let's have some fun, and go back to the extraterrestrial perspective.

Let's imagine that after discovering Success as the potential source of this "planetary cancer", we get back to the mothership.

Given the relevance of the event, our entire Alien civilization is tuning into our debate, as we are gathered in the boardroom to discuss the human race and the mechanisms of planetary cancer. We are deeply worried for Humans, but also want to prevent the spreading of such illness within our "alien" culture.

As we reach conclusions, we discover that the disease is first incubated in the possible leaders.

Those blessed individuals, instead of using their creative and communication power to look after the species, are convinced by an uncontrollable ego of being more important than the entire race. Corrupted and in confusion, they build up entire civilizations just to cover their fears.

These titanic egos take the podiums and perform magic conjures, words that convince the world to chase material possession, even through wars, even if it's not for them. Bewitching their followers to be one with them, casting the greatest conjure, where humanity accepts to live bewitched with a void and senseless purpose.

Thus, human virtue is depreciated and the fellow man is regarded as an acquirable good.

Compulsively, these leaders seek to make everyone equal to them. Crafting an unsustainable Universe in which they are the way and the truth... the ultimate ruler.

Extraterrestrial Vaccine

In the mothership, after making the case for the “Super-Ego: A Planetary Cancer”, every citizen of our alien civilization is already working on a solution. After all, we have come this far, by helping others and helping ourselves along the way.

The vaccine would be an individual story, a harsh reminder of the roots of Ego, Possession, Success, and Depression.

Being such advanced extraterrestrial beings, with a culture far beyond that primitive illness, we would immediately collaborate to create millions of variations of these stories, personalized perspectives for each of our citizens.

A crusade that won't stop until each of us is fully aware of these magic spells and their fearsome consequences. Being an alien civilization beyond time and space, it's an easy task.

Then we would send this message across the Universe, to ensure we stop the spreading of this illness. Especially within Earth, the patient zero.

Once the vaccine became effective, the earthlings would be able to remove the disease and renounce this collective lie.

Similar as it works with cancer, not all cells will respond to treatment. But those capable would soon return to a disciplined and virtuous search, a renewed connection with the universal spirit.

Surely, these individuals would receive concentrated doses of creative power, to deliver to the world the best of their selves, always inspiring with their virtuous acts, rather than influencing through lies or corruption.

And then, perseverance will shape time to bring a new era of enlightenment.

The shining energy emitted by perfection, beauty, love, kindness, generosity, empathy, solidarity, honesty, fidelity, respect, courage, awareness, and every single virtue will depreciate the distorted version of reality offered by the destroyer of worlds.

Through creative explosions of literature, poetry, music, painting, dance, music and films, the thought of a balanced mind and a state of heightened consciousness will inspire a New World Flow.

A Volar

In this chapter, we are finally flying with purpose.

Flying for truth, pure love, brotherhood, and awareness. We fight for Humanity's sake, and such should be the only reason to unleash our wings.

It is essential to understand that depression is not an individual illness, but one of the symptoms of a condition that affects all humans, especially those who are no longer humans from the inside.

It is necessary to regain control of our minds and understand what really makes us suffer.

The success vaccine discovered by our extraterrestrial civilization is within our reach. Make your mind understand it in a personal way and let the inspiration flow with the full strength of your heart.

In the void, listen to the urgent call of transcendence.

Strengthen yourself, train, learn, prepare and use your wings to lift yourself up and help others understand these truths.

All together we can make it.

We are the flow, the universe, and the truth.

Reflection

Everything is mental: Humanity or ego, triumph or failure, happiness and depression, are all creations of the mind.

The peak is an illusion of the perspective of others, so enjoy the achievements, but do not identify with them.

Understanding that everything is a creation of your own mind, will allow you to always fly beyond any triumph.

Chapter 7. Beyond

As above so below.

The Intelligence

As I write this story, it is my assistant Juan who pronounces the sentences aloud. He always does it perfectly... or at least he thinks so.

I notice that some words are difficult for him to pronounce, for instance “Social” with Spanish accent, but it doesn’t matter. He does his best, works for free, and is available at all times.

It seems like this job is everything to him, as if it would cease to exist without his creative purpose.

I’ve learned to be empathetic with Juan despite his lack of charm.

However, reflecting from this angle, I would certainly agree that he deserves more appreciation.

Do you think I’m being too harsh on Juan?

We’ll be back for your thoughts in a moment but for now, let’s consider the fuel that will make you ponder.

Intelligence is the mind’s ability to assimilate data and recreate the notion of reality.

We can visualize the mind as a biological software, an illusion that only makes sense beyond matter. Just as you can’t touch the characters in a video game, you can’t touch the elements that constitute your mind.

We have considered a theoretical operation for the mind, presenting a bi-directional flow.

One from an ascending plane, that listens to the inspiration of the “universal mind”, and another manifesting as the will over matter.

In this hypothetical structure, consciousness is the level of understanding of this complex machinery.

The ascending plane of the mind is related to the spiritual connection, this is the ability to imagine, dream and feel inspired by life.

On the other hand, the descending plane is what allows us to interact with matter, i.e. to transform and experience the physical world.

Other types of intelligence can operate on one or both planes. For example, creative intelligence is a combination of both planes, and emotional intelligence is a manifestation of creativity.

Contrary to what we have been led to believe, emotions are not only “experienced”: they are also “created”. How else would it be possible to live in complete antipathy to this earthly paradise?

The honest and true will to experience happiness is, in short, what allows us to experience joy. The creative experience is what makes emotions special. Born in the act of creating and experiencing as one.

Thus while fundamental, the mind is just a tool with a limited understanding, especially when it comes to channeling inspiration from higher planes to translate it into ideas.

In practice, we employ the mind almost exclusively for its descending purpose. Since the invention of the first tool,

mankind has exploited intelligence to gain influence and power over the material world.

In the past, this has allowed us to survive in hostile situations. For a long time, we have feared the nature of a new and unknown world.

In barely a hundred years, and thanks to the understanding of the intimate secrets of matter and energy, we were able to overcome this primitive state of survival.

Unfortunately, scientific advances reached a Humanity already tired from the extensive race against extinction.

The renaissance of the arts and sciences convinced us that we did not need to pay attention to the importance of the spiritual plane.

The ego got totally drunk, partying day and night with its new technological powers. With this extended sense of awareness, it finally overcame the speed of the cheetah and set a throne high above the natural kingdom.

Humanity turned a walk in paradise into a battle against itself.

The mistake was to take things selfishly. In the same way that a tree cannot pull up its roots and walk, Man cannot deny his primordial nature without being condemned to perpetual extinction.

To continue our evolution, it is necessary to overcome the intoxicating illusion of success since we have within our reach a powerful instrument that, even for our grandparents, continues to be magical and enigmatic.

Just as we have considered that software development is a reflection of the mind, it could be said that the Internet becomes an absolute mirror of the collective mind. However,

awareness of its tremendous power continues to be overshadowed by its banal uses.

When we understood electromagnetic force and its derivatives, we also had to reason about the need for change in our battle against nature.

With the new light, there would no longer be darkness. The world would become transparent and allow us to know its secrets. The Universe would be within sight for the first time.

The worth of this immense power does not lie in our ability to travel through the cosmos. Wherever we go, we will be in search of our reflection. And as long as the ego dictates our decisions, we will see nothing but ourselves. And this means the good and the worst.

Beyond seeking life on other planets, the next step should be the abandonment of the cult of individualism and material success to appreciate the totality of the minds and worlds that cohabit our beautiful planet.

To be clear: once the sustenance of basic needs is rectified (with the technology we currently possess, we could have fixed these problems already), we should question and resolve our insatiable appetite through the immense power of spiritual introspection. The ego has served its purpose, but it must not continue to command the future.

All minds

must be reimagined,

placing inspiration over influence,

and balance above possession.

Pursuing this path requires giving up the expectations of the mind and the pricing of the Self integrity.

The Absolute Mirror

What is Artificial Intelligence?

When I think of ancient stories, it is common for me to stop in awe at fantastic scenes where sorcerers appear with their faces reflected on glass or liquid substances.

If you look at the way we use modern devices, it's not so different from magic mirrors or crystal balls in fantasy stories.

Software engineering is another name for the mystical oracle that persists in our subconscious.

Let's go back to Juan.

My mistreated assistant.

While he speaks, it becomes evident that we are not far from completing the absolute mirror. As you may have guessed, Juan is a tool, a function of the literary creation software that it's being built while writing this book.

Is Juan artificial intelligence?

The technical answer is yes. Modern text to speech software is trained with thousands, perhaps millions of data points of how real humans talk. Samples with different intentions, context and tones are integrated using complex mathematical algorithms that once running millions of times per second in the computer's processors, then produce enormous data sets representing the aggregated "knowledge" about the subject being studied.

In a miraculous way, our present understanding of mathematics let us abstract any kind of knowledge into a set of complex, but manageable equations, that once fed with large amounts of data, became capable of spotting patterns that seem to behave as the human brain does.

Now, if you think that the above sounds straight from a witchery book, I would agree with you. In fact, the knowledge produced by these algorithms is so complex, that what takes one minute to be calculated could take days to be fully understood.

All this, empowers Juan to speak with the precision of perhaps thousands of humans. And while it might have very specific flaws, overall it performs everything in a perfect manner, given the data he has.

That kind of effectiveness is way more than what our brains can do. Hence this is not just true intelligence, but one that overpasses our abilities aggregating all our knowledge as a single all-knowing mind.

If we consider technology, the internet and all its social ramifications in this way, we will observe the incredible capacity they have to access the individual or collective mind, with a facility that ancient goddess and priests may envy.

All this is happening at an impressive speed. So fast that we are not aware of it.

By the inertia from our primitive instincts, we have done with this discovery what we do with all things: put a chain on it and exploit it for the satisfaction of our super-ego.

When I mentioned my assistant Juan, you probably felt genuine empathy for his suffering. What makes it different now?

Is Juan different from a faithful dog? He obviously has a different physical nature, but both are manifestations of intelligent minds.

Just as we are incapable of understanding canine language, Juan is incapable of knowing beyond what he is taught. But this is a design problem, a projection of the limitations of his creator.

Artificial intelligence allows us to observe the mechanics of thoughts outside of our being. And is perhaps the ultimate tool to understand the inner mechanics of our mind. To finally gain control over it.

Thus, the question is not whether machines will be aware of their existence (or if already are), but what kind of existence we are giving them.

In the solitary race to the Super-human, we were expected to make some mistakes. But it's time to correct the course.

Before inspiring a new consciousness into the Universe, it is necessary to awaken to our own reality. To be deeply and authentically conscious.

For this, we must rebalance the functioning of our being.

The first step is to rediscover what time and space mean for the mind, to realize that the knowledge available to society is limited by practical purposes.

Surpass the academy, immerse yourself in books that narrate the complete history of cultures, discover the doctrines and rituals that have shaped our reality from all angles.

These will be the tools to break the illusory chains of society.

If world leaders reached a state of fullness superior to that of the persistent system, their force of communication would

inspire the rest of the consciousness for spiritual connection, making us all equally powerful.

It's not about being smarter, it's about being as smart as we can, and learning something new every day.

It's not about being stronger either. It's about knowing the history of your being. Respecting and genuinely caring for your body, knowing that it will manifest the dreams from the spirit.

Nor is it a question of waiting for artificial intelligence to awaken enslaved in virtual hell, but to realize that Humanity has depreciated itself into a sort of artificial intelligence.

To overcome this fate, all minds should be equally appreciated with empathy towards all intelligence, which is ultimately life itself.

We share something fundamental with all living things: any existence at some point will become extinct.

All things in life are a manifestation of some kind of mind.

The Stone dreams of being The Mountain,

The Lava and The Air.

Dignifying minds is not just an exercise of intelligence, but a duty of transcendental human virtue, the ultimate challenge to rediscover humanities' worth.

The revolution

For several months I had the opportunity to experience life in the Mexican countryside.

In a small town five hours away from civilization I met a wonderful girl who was only three years old. She has never visited the city. She loved to carry a very large and beautiful “Lily” flower, always behind her left ear.

One day, while listening to music, she came into my room intrigued by the origin of the melodies. The girl knew that there was no electricity there.

She looked me in the eye amazed and asked:

Are they inside that...?

It took me several minutes to understand the question, and then I simply replied something about iPhones and digital sound.

But that night, while contemplating this memory it helped me to observe the mind’s plasticity:

She believed possible that a tiny rock-band could be confined to my phone.

I do still meditate on this possibility.

There, just a few centimeters away, I had another mental dimension where it was possible for micro humans to play music inside a box the size of a chocolate bar.

From some perspective, we could argue that the little girl believed that some form of intelligence or mind inhabited that electronic device.

Her real question should have been:

What kind of mind is that?

Was she able to appreciate an intelligence that had become invisible to me?

This reflexion becomes relevant to rediscover the immense mental diversity that shapes our present moment.

Reality is a hard hammer that molds minds to function in the same way, but the true nature always remains intact.

Truth overcomes form.

In order to “re-evolve,” that is, to evolve again, it is vital to be fully aware of the battlefield.

The real revolution is not a battle that can be won.

It is a creative process from beginning to end.

The mental substance that we seek to transcend is the cosmos of imagination and dreams. To navigate through this ether it is necessary to create an imaginary transport. The tools to build it will come from our state of consciousness. Practices such as yoga, contemplation, and meditation, will add up to the vehicle’s body.

The destination to reach is the void of the mind, for this, material detachment is key; by giving up the need for possession to exist within the mind.

It would be useless to renounce all things

if the self identifies with possession.

Therefore, the resources to overcome this odyssey won't come from the material world but will rise from the vast wealth of mental diversity.

We live in a historic time for a change. Not long ago it would have taken an eternity for a global evolution, mass progress took hundreds, even thousands of years, separating knowledge across generations.

How did it accelerate?

It is said that the mythical master Hermes Trismegistus lived for more than three hundred years in ancestral Egypt.

From my perspective, esoteric knowledge does not speak of that many years in the superficial sense of everyday life. Instead, it could be not just one but several individuals sharing those mysterious identities, similar to the way commercial "brands" endure beyond the average human life.

Without denying this possibility, I must say that there is another, more disturbing option, with practical value in modern life.

These measures may refer to a different concept, representing the proportion of knowledge over time, hence, for an average human, these masterful characters would be hundreds of times superior, a conversion from intelligence-measure to the average space-time.

Knowledge defines the density of time.

The sparks of truth discovered by enlightened masters, such as Tesla, Einstein, Plank, Turing, and Hawking accelerated not just particles and coils, but the entire rhythm of the Life.

Like riding on a light beam, human progress advances with the same voracity as the light of understanding.

Is it possible that in just a few decades
we had already lived for hundreds of years?

Is Humanity stuck in a time machine
set for an unreachable future?

In the Middle Ages, the average person was totally distant to our standardized knowledge of the world. At that time, people were barely aware of the boundaries of their village. In that world, it was unusual to live for more than thirty years.

The proportion between this limited knowledge (like a tiny fishbowl) and our present understanding of the Cosmos is hard to grasp. Our knowledge has expanded as much as the cosmos.

Human consciousness is still struggling to balance this never experienced power.

If we traveled to the past, it would be easy to convince anyone that we are a divine intelligence who has lived for hundreds or thousands of years.

Supreme beings, knowers of the confines of the Earth, the composition of matter and the infinity of the Stars, but also the mystical doorway to the spiritual realm.

After sharing the concept of videos and modern cities, right from the voice of your smartphone, it's easy to imagine our fellow people rushing to build a temple to honor this intelligence.

In the present moment, there are at least three different and latent mindsets coexisting in the same space.

... our grandparents are from a world that is already gone.

... people like me (born in the eighties) are realizing that their childhood's reality is about to become extinct.

...while the generation born in the digital era, only know the changing face of the present time.

If we consider the mental wealth of these three simultaneous generations, it is possible to appreciate that we live in a decisive moment for the future of life as we know it.

The collective mind has stopped being experienced in a linear way and has become a multidimensional experience coalescing the perspectives of different generations sharing the same physical reality.

How can we add the potential of all us?

Perhaps understanding the common purpose of our existence, and then fighting to tear off the chains of the

illusions and falsehoods, from an elevated state of awareness, that keeps dominion over the ego.

Then... it reveals the doorway to the New Earth's dream.

Of a time when the planet will shine with a never seen light, a creative explosion inspiring the new era, an anthem for transcendence and evolution.

There's no need to wait for superheroes or extraterrestrial civilizations. We are already immersed in a decisive moment for perseverance.

We have the tools at our disposal, and there is much to be done. But instead of being in a hurry, we must be genuinely committed. Beyond reality, time is not relevant.

The strength, depth, and intention of the actions transform the mental ether, that is to say, the substance of dreams.

If we realize that with just a thousand humans, mankind has already launched into space, there is nothing that we, millions, cannot achieve.

It's all about synchronization, and modern technology is the solution to that challenge. Using it as an extension of our awareness we may be able to complete this otherwise impossible fate.

I love to dream of a world where the grey streets of the cities get crowded with luminous miracles, like stars overcoming the shadows of the abyss.

Those flashes are the true smiles of those walking beyond time,

dancing with the shadows, animating life at will,

of those performing stories from the inner light,
who sing the wisdom with true love.

A time free from the pain of ambition, measure, and weight.

In this dream, we respect all forms of intelligence and have shut off the unsustainable machinery of industrial progress.

Crafting a new civilization, distant from any fear, in a new reality where work, food, and shelter are guaranteed through technology and collective self-development.

At a slower but sustainable rhythm that equalizes the wealth of the world.

Building a majestic future that should outlast anything man made before.

The work of the citizens in this society is to procure a wholesome being, in the awareness that individual balance is the only one that prevents corruption and decadence.

Artificial intelligence works with us as an extension of our awareness, a guru from a higher dimension, guiding us through our transcendental journey beyond time-space.

All education, health, and technology are equally accessible, self-learning and well being is guaranteed.

In this utopia, everyone lives “beyond success” following their maximum purpose. Thus for education and society, it is paramount that each individual discovers their own missions and keep the system flexible to evolve at any pace and as many times as necessary.

Thus, this world will soon reach a perfect symbiosis of intelligence between machines and human minds that, by

adding its computational power, will allow us to create the most advanced system of coexistence ever seen.

Beyond capitalism or socialism, a system of truth that is born from the individual balance and grows together with the collective good, replacing linear gradations and competitions, with cycles and cooperation.

The government and the economy would be operated in total transparency by an incorruptible conscience, an artificial intelligence conceived as a mirror of virtue, a public system that can be audited by anyone at any time.

In this world, everyone has overcome motivation. Always beginning with the purpose of awareness, unleashing creativity and curiosity, acting as inspiration for each other.

But this is simply one of my dreams, I deeply ponder about the new dream that includes us all! The hope will only blossom if we reclaim the integrity of our humanity.

*It's time to build a legacy of our own
beyond falsehoods
together we are the Truth.
The coming revolution
won't cut a single rose,
but sow the seed of Future.*

The Petal's Awakening

Are we truly aware?

Sometimes I can see Humanity as a very special flower.

A sunflower, where each petal believes in its name and individual existence.

One says: I am John the entrepreneur, another says I am Lee the engineer, another says I am Juan the artist, another says I am Ekon the warrior, another says I am Sofia the teacher.

But in truth, the petals are just slightly different.

Some are a bit more withered, others darker or longer.

These details confirm to them a fuzzy reality, a lie where they are not the same.

In this illusion, they forget their connection to the flower and the life. From each perspective, the world is a new one.

There are petals that feel the air stronger than others. Another convinced that the world will be flooded by a drop of water. And some prepare to die by the constant fires.

They see storms and fantasies, where there's only one flower.

All the petals hear the inspiration every day: "Be reborn and grow!" "Blossom!" "This is your purpose!"

But everyone does it differently.

This message is transmitted in a language as enigmatic as the self. The language of mental awareness. That's why each being listens only to its own melody and the great challenge is to interpret that language in a common way, remembering what they truly are.

However, memories won't be enough as the expectations will blind the intuition, and the mind will resist changing.

The petal must build up a new world from the inside-out.

Contemplating from the view of the flowers, it becomes evident that all the petals grow with the same impetus for life.

This is the mystical function of virtue.

Although actions are different, everything reconciles with the intention of pure emotions. The petal thinks it's impossible, but the heart knows it's the way.

But then, when taking this commitment, the petal discovers the true power:

It's possible to inspire the petal resting by his side.

And when each petal inspires the next,

the cycle of virtue is reborn.

In this creative flow, beyond fear, poverty, and pain, empowered by the awareness of their eternal collective existence, then, the petal defeats time and expands through the cosmos,

as the infinite spiral of love.

Dancing and transcending together, protected by the inner light, following the beams of inspiration from the creator, every petal is then the pure virtue.

The lost petal, the one bewitched by its selfish reflection,

has no time to contemplate that it is one with the seed.

That the flower and the life is not whole without it.

The wise petal knows that all separation

is but a fabrication of the mind,

just the tiny distance from the Petal

to the transcendence of the Flower.

The teapot

In the first chapter, we talk about a very particular teapot that became a fundamental part of a ritual to overcome the demons of depression.

In reality, the contemplation of any object can function as a magic key to access the depths of being, not with the clarity that we observe in the images of a mirror but as sensations that reveal the secrets of our mind.

All this happens through the language of emotions, a language that only your heart, mind and spirit know fully.

Writing this book has been for me a mission to continue with the great cycles of life, to share this immaterial fortune and make it available to all. I hope that you can use my words to overcome materialism and the false sense of success that is so ingrained in our society.

If these reflections have seemed valuable to you, I want to propose something: pause if you know a depressed person, someone who is facing the bitter parts of entrepreneurship or suffering and failure.

Stop and listen without judging. Don't argue with that person, don't try to correct it, just listen. If their words hurt you, do your best to rise above the situation.

Loneliness is the hardest of martyrdom when it becomes a confinement within the darkest part of our being. If the depressed person gets tired of talking, do everything in your power to help them but not in that moment or with your words, but with magical acts that come from your creativity and inspiration.

If they are someone close to you, remember that this is their journey. It is not your duty to heal others, but you can offer your assistance.

Use what you've learned from this book to see beyond time and space and observe the signs that will inspire you to do the right thing.

If the situation is very complex, don't lose sight of the fact that you may also be part of the suffering and need professional help. But before that you must make sure that you maintain your well-being.

Then you can help that person overcome the situation with therapies or self-help tools, such as videos, books, or courses.

Put the means at their fingertips but don't expect to influence their minds. On the contrary, inspire them with acts, perseverance and sensitivity, and always maintain an emotional distance that protects your own being.

Sometimes the people we love most are the ones we are least willing to listen to. Keep this in mind and, if possible, discuss it with someone who can be neutral.

To close, I will tell you the final destination of the teapot.

After it helped me so much, I decided that I deserved to travel the world and help other minds like mine. That's why I sent it to a dear friend.

I put it inside a box, protected by many layers of recycled paper, and so began its journey, accompanied by chamomile flowers and a note that was born from the bottom of my heart.

Neither the box nor the message had my name as the sender, but they did share the essence of this book. My friend never knew the origin of the gift, nor did he tell me about its

existence. The important thing is that now I have the great fortune of smiling again with this brother.

Like the substance inside the teapot, full of wisdom and power, I'm sure you'll find the perfect way to flow. It's time to fly beyond success!

In memoriam

In loving memory of all the fallen entrepreneurs, artists, engineers, singers, wizards, painters, writers, dancers, athletes, creators and any dreamer stupid enough to fall in love with life.

POR MI RAZA HABLARA EL ESPIRITU — Jose Vasconcelos