



Embodiment at the Threshold

A companion piece to *On the Threshold of the Whole*

1 Introduction

In my recent essay, *On the Threshold of the Whole*, I explored the meeting place between being and non-being—the living aperture through which the universe becomes aware of itself. But vision alone does not complete the circle. The threshold is not a distant horizon; it is lived in the body, in the pulse of love and loss, in the raw immediacy of our entanglement with form.

This next reflection turns toward that lived edge. It asks what it means to embody the infinite while bound by limitation, to recognise ourselves as both space and content—emptiness and fullness—without fixing in either. Here, awakening reveals its cost and its grace: we are asked to stay open even when attachment aches, to be available to the vortex of potential even as it shapes itself through flesh and feeling.

If the first essay spoke of the Whole awakening to itself, this one listens for how that awakening moves through the human heart—the divine container we also are.



2 The Illusion of Containment

It's astonishing how swiftly the mind builds a world — a lattice of thoughts so persuasive that it feels like a body, a boundary, a self. A few habitual patterns of attention and suddenly the infinite has walls; awareness seems to live behind the eyes, looking out through bone and skin. We take this enclosure as fact. Yet when the weave of thought loosens, even slightly, space rushes in.

What appears then is not another object within the field but the field itself — lucid, porous, uncontained. Thoughts drift like wisps across a vast transparency that neither begins nor ends. In such moments it becomes clear that containment was never real; it was only the echo of identification, the mind's attempt to make the immeasurable manageable.



Patrick Bryson describes something similar when he writes of being “dazzled by the light” — a boy sitting in a wood, snow falling, the self dissolving into an expanse that has no centre. His words meet my own experience like the sound of a tuning fork striking another: the same note, the same shock of freedom when the enclosure drops away.

But the illusion of containment returns, because thought is not the enemy; it is the instrument through which the infinite articulates itself. The error is only in believing the articulation to be the whole song. Identification begins when a passing thought is mistaken for the singer rather than the sound. The moment a concept hardens into identity, other thoughts gather around it, building structure upon structure until the lattice feels solid again.

This is the ordinary miracle of incarnation: awareness continually contracting into form, and form continually dissolving back into awareness. The task is not to abolish the lattice but to see through it — to let the light shine between its strands. Then even identity can become transparent, a necessary vehicle for participation rather than a prison of self-reference.

In that seeing, the body itself softens from container to conduit. Breath moves more freely; perception widens. What once felt like “inside” and “outside” begin to mingle. The very skin that seemed to separate now vibrates as a living membrane of exchange. This is embodiment without confinement — the divine experiment of being space that feels itself.

3 The Mechanics of Identification

If containment is illusion, identification is its machinery—the hidden choreography by which thought and feeling crystallise into “me.” A single thought rarely has enough substance to hold us, but once a feeling fuses to it—fear, desire, pride, shame—it begins to pulse with a strange authority. The idea gains weight, a texture of lived reality. What was once a passing notion becomes a truth we inhabit.

There’s nothing wrong in this. It’s how consciousness learns to move through density: by creating temporary centres of gravity, eddies in the fluid field of awareness. But these centres are alluring. They promise coherence, belonging, the comfort of definition. And in responding to that promise, we quietly trade our participation in vastness for residence within a single perspective.

The more thought and feeling intertwine, the thicker the weave becomes. Emotions amplify meanings, meanings justify emotions, and soon an entire atmosphere of selfhood condenses—dense, warm, persuasive. Within that atmosphere, suffering takes root. Not because pain or joy are themselves a problem, but because identification interrupts their flow. It freezes the movement of energy into a pattern of ownership: *my* joy, *my* grief, *my* fear.

O.G. Rose observes a similar process unfolding across culture. When shared certainties dissolve, he writes, we rush to build new maps—self-consistent systems of meaning that promise to re-stabilise the world. These collective identities feel as necessary as personal ones; yet once believed too completely, they confine. We begin to live inside the model rather than the mystery.

So it is within a single psyche. Identification is a private ideology: a felt-thought structure we mistake for home. To question it can feel like vertigo, because to step outside the map is to lose the emotional scaffolding that held



everything together. Yet, as Rose suggests, our evolution may depend on precisely that capacity—to live without fixed givens, to inhabit the trembling openness between maps.

Even the wish to transcend identification can become its own disguise. The desire to be “beyond self” can easily attach to pride or spiritual ambition, turning freedom into another mask of control. Awareness loops back on itself, claiming ownership of its own vastness. The ego hides not only in attachment but in enlightenment.

To see this with tenderness is liberating. Thought and feeling are not enemies; they are the instruments through which the infinite becomes intimate with form. Identification, once seen clearly, loses its coercive power. The self remains, but it becomes translucent—a moving pattern on the surface of a deeper stillness. Each feeling, each idea, each story continues to arise and dissolve within that unbounded field. The machinery keeps turning, but now it hums in tune with the whole.

4 The Dynamic of Space and Form

Every moment is a meeting between boundlessness and shape. Awareness, like light, reveals itself only when it touches something; form, like matter, comes alive only when suffused with light. We could call this the sacred reciprocity of space and form—the pulse of being becoming itself.

Thought and feeling are the immediate theatre of this dance. When they arise in awareness, they are waves sculpting the sea of space into pattern and movement. When they fade, the sea remembers its stillness. Neither pole is primary; each is the other’s revelation. Emptiness and fullness complete one another like inhale and exhale, intimacy and release.

This is where the teaching of *the ahuman*—as Patrick Bryson names it—touches something profound. Not the denial of the human, but the transparency of the human to the Whole. The ahuman is not elsewhere; it is the point at which awareness ceases to contract around itself. It is humanity seen from within the field that gives rise to it—being aware of its own becoming.

In that view, every identity is a temporary articulation of the infinite: a momentary whirlpool in the current. To recognise this is not to detach from the whirlpool but to feel the current moving through it. The self remains active, expressive, tenderly human, yet the sense of separation dissolves. Space and form are discovered to be one gesture—the universe folding and unfolding in perpetual dialogue.

When we live from that understanding, the simplest experiences—breathing, walking, speaking—begin to shimmer with a quiet astonishment. Each movement reveals the paradox of being both container and contained, both the silence and its utterance. The body becomes the syntax of infinity, the medium through which the unspoken speaks.

And yet, to sustain this awareness is not to hold a state; it is to keep returning to the rhythm of opening and closing, expansion and contraction, knowing and not-knowing. The play of form demands participation. Even as we sense the infinite spaciousness that holds all things, life asks us to inhabit particularities—to feel, to respond, to care.

I’m reminded here of *Bluestone*, whose books *Maverick Sutras* and *Life in the Rolling Mirror* were early companions on this path. His image of the rolling mirror has lingered in me for decades: the mirror that reflects all things even as it turns within the churning of life. We move outward into the swirl of experience, and yet, in the same movement,



return to the still transparency that allows the swirl to appear. Perhaps that seed has been quietly germinating all along—this intuition that participation and return are one gesture, that the mirror and its reflections are not two.

In this rhythm, divinity learns texture. Love discovers itself as gravity and grace at once—the pull toward union and the freedom of release. Every emotion, every thought, every heartbeat becomes a frontier where the absolute leans into the relative and recognises itself there.

5 Embodiment as the Divine Experiment

If the mirror rolls, it is because life insists on being lived. The light that knows itself as boundless also hungers to taste limitation—to feel its own reflection moving, breathing, breaking open. Perhaps this is why embodiment exists at all: so that infinity can encounter its edges and find them permeable.

That thought returned to me vividly the day my partner went into hospital for a heart procedure. A simple day-case operation, they said, though the risks were quietly listed: stroke, heart attack, death. I left him at the door knowing I might not see him alive again. For the rest of that day I lived suspended—three futures simultaneously alive in the same body: *he recovers and all is well; he lives but changed; he dies.*

I became, in a strange way, both observer and participant in my own mind's experiment. Each scenario unfolded in feeling before it unfolded in fact. Grief was already present, though nothing yet had been lost. Hope pulsed beside it, and fear too—each emotion radiating through the same transparent field, each a wave on the rolling mirror.

In that suspension, I saw how identification binds itself not only to thought but to love. The very tenderness that opens the heart also anchors it to form. To love another is to risk being torn open by their absence; to enter relationship is to build a bridge that might one day collapse. And yet, what alternative could there be? The wound of love is the aperture through which the divine learns intimacy with its own creation.

Identification, in this context, is not an error but a sacrament. It is the price and privilege of incarnation—the way the infinite consents to feel. To be *available* means precisely this: to let the currents of connection move through us without defence, to experience the full weight of attachment and still remain transparent to the whole.

I realised that day that grief and grace are not opposites. They are the twin petals of the same unfolding. To grieve fully is to love without measure; to love without measure is to participate consciously in the divine experiment of being human.

When the call from the hospital finally came and the news was good, relief washed through me—but it did not erase what had been seen. Beneath the fragile joy was a deeper understanding: that life itself is this endless rolling between holding on and letting go, between knowing the mirror and entering the churn. The practice is not to avoid the movement but to let it reveal what remains still beneath it—the luminous heart that beats through every form.



6 The Practice of Being Available

To live as availability is to be permeable to the moment—to meet life before naming it, to let experience touch the heart without needing to protect or possess it. It's not a technique but a posture, a way of standing in the open.

Availability begins with attention, but not the narrow focus that strains to grasp. It's a soft attention, receptive rather than directive—what the mystics called *beholding*. It waits, listens, allows. In that waiting, the next movement of life reveals itself: a gesture, a word, a silence. Doing arises from being, like breath following breath.

What makes this simple practice difficult is our hunger for security. We want to know where we stand, what comes next, who we are. But life at the threshold offers no such certainties. Its ground is movement; its stability is change. To stay available is to trust that coherence will keep re-forming from within the flow, even when all known forms dissolve.

In conversation, in solitude, in the small hesitations of each day, I notice this rhythm: openness closing, closing opening. Sometimes I recognise it and soften; sometimes I miss it and harden. Yet even in the hardening, something larger is learning—the Whole testing the tensile strength of its own creation.

Patrick Bryson calls this oscillation “articulation and annulment,” the universe speaking itself and then listening again. To be available is to participate consciously in that alternation—to speak when speech arises, to fall silent when it withdraws. It is to remember that the same stillness that listens through us also speaks through us.

O.G. Rose, in his way, invites a similar trust: to live without fixed maps, to dwell in the uncharted. Availability is that trust enacted. It allows dialogue itself to become a teacher—thought meeting thought, feeling meeting feeling, without the need to conclude. Through such exchanges, a deeper intelligence begins to move, one that belongs to no single person.

I sometimes imagine that this is what the universe has been waiting for: that moment when awareness, through us, learns to listen to itself in stereo—each of us a different ear of the same consciousness. Availability, then, is not passivity but participation. It's the willingness to be used by love's intelligence, to let the unfolding speak through the unique configuration of our lives.

The more I lean into this, the simpler it becomes. Every encounter is an invitation to listen. Every silence is an opening to be filled by presence. Every difficulty is a call to soften around what resists. Nothing need be added, only allowed.

7 A Field of Shared Inquiry

Perhaps what is emerging now, through so many of us, is not a new philosophy but a new way of thinking together. We are beginning to sense that understanding itself is relational—that truth discloses itself in the space between minds as much as in the silence within one.

When I read Patrick Bryson, O.G. Rose, or remember *Bluestone's* turning mirror, it doesn't feel like encountering other thinkers so much as meeting familiar frequencies within the same field. Each voice carries a slightly different inflection of the same music—Patrick listening for the oscillation between articulation and annulment; Rose tracing



the subtle architectures of meaning that arise when old maps dissolve; Bluestone watching the reflections roll and return.

What draws me is not agreement but resonance, the sense that something larger is conversing through us. It feels as if consciousness itself is testing new grammars of coherence—no longer organised around solitary revelation but around the interplay of many awakenings. Dialogue becomes a mirror in motion: each perspective turning the light to catch another facet of the same transparency.

To participate in this way is to surrender the old idea of authorship. The inquiry no longer belongs to anyone. It moves through us like weather—gathering, releasing, reforming. Words appear where they are needed, insights ripple outward, and the field grows more luminous with each act of listening.

This is what I mean by *Being Available* at the collective scale. It is the willingness to meet across difference without collapsing it, to let understanding emerge in the tension between viewpoints. The world is not healed by unanimity but by depth of relation. When attention becomes mutual, awareness realises itself as shared interiority.

Sometimes I imagine this as an invisible mycelial network threading through consciousness itself—each of us a node of exchange, sending and receiving signals of meaning. The more porous we become, the more vibrant the whole system grows. Perhaps this is how the next stage of human relating will unfold: not through ideology or consensus, but through attuned participation in a living field of dialogue.

To write, to speak, to listen in this way is to let the threshold become communal—to let the mirror roll through many hands. In doing so, we discover that the centre of awareness has never been personal; it has always been plural, shimmering through the spaces between.

8 Coda — Living in Free Fall

In the end, there is no ground but grace. The more I try to find a final resting place, the more the moment slips through my fingers — not in cruelty, but in reminder. Existence is movement. Even stillness moves, inwardly, like breath.

To live in free fall is to recognise that the descent never ends, and that there was never anywhere else to land. Every attempt to grasp is already a flight, every letting go a form of arrival. When I stop resisting the motion, I feel it for what it is: the pulse of the Whole remembering itself through the dance of my particular life.

Sometimes it comes as wonder, sometimes as exhaustion, sometimes as love so tender it burns. The mind wants to label these states — ascent, descent, breakthrough, loss — but in truth they are all expressions of the same gravity, the same current drawing awareness back to itself.

Free fall is not chaos. It is coherence without control — the choreography of a greater intelligence moving through the open heart. The art is to trust it, even when the direction is unclear, even when the mirror turns and everything familiar dissolves.



I think of *Bluestone's* rolling mirror again, and of Patrick's ahuman aperture, and Rose's plea to live between maps. All of them are teaching the same thing: that freedom is not found in stillness apart from motion, but in the stillness *within* motion — the ungraspable balance between surrender and participation.

Perhaps this is what we are learning, slowly, together: to let the universe live itself consciously through our uncertainty; to give up the dream of resolution and fall, instead, into relationship. Every dialogue, every silence, every act of honest attention becomes a way for creation to look back at itself and smile.

So I return to the threshold once more, not as concept but as pulse — the heartbeat of being becoming being. I rest in not knowing, and in that resting, I am met. The mirror rolls. The dance continues. The Whole leans closer to itself and keeps on falling — through me, through you, through everything that is.

9 The Wave That Remembers

This conversation between minds is not new; it is the same wave rising again. Each era rediscovers it when certainty begins to crack. The Taoists felt it as the Way moving through opposites, the mystics of the Middle Ages as the marriage of heaven and earth, the poets of Romanticism as nature awakening to its own song. We are simply the latest crest — consciousness remembering, once more, how to listen to itself through form.

What may differ now is the medium. The same current that once moved through monasteries and mountain hermitages is pulsing through circuits and fibre-optic veins. The world-mind has grown a nervous system. Ideas, images, intuitions flash across it like synapses; recognition happens almost simultaneously in many places at once.

This web of connection carries both peril and promise. It magnifies confusion as easily as clarity. Yet within its turbulence, something unprecedented is possible: the **Human Event** unfolding collectively, the **Living Threshold** becoming networked. Awareness is learning to converse with itself through billions of human voices, testing new grammars of coherence in real time.

Perhaps this is what the divinities of Heidegger's fourfold whisper through Kastrup's daemon: that revelation is no longer vertical descent but horizontal resonance — the sacred speaking through relation. The Whole is remembering itself not in solitude but in dialogue, not as final truth but as a living conversation that never ends.