



Senatorius Sacerdos  
Harpyiae

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*Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.*

### My Work

What is the purpose of my work? Without lust of result, how am I to speak of purpose? Not at all. For the purpose must be found in the eternal now.

That which has been, and that which will be, have no place, but as memories and dreams – they have no power.

Never again will the circumstances exist which made my memories – they are gone, as the person who was, is no more. No more can I create my dreams, for that place does not exist.

And so, what for me but to be alive and alert to the unfolding of time and of space. But what, of now, do I know?

Not a thing. As I plan for it, it is yet to come. As I reflect on it, it is already past. There is only an instant in which I live, an infinitely small slice in the continuum.

So why then, as there is no time to string a train of thought, do I create castles and dungeons in my mind, to puff up and deflate my sense of self. I am what I am.

But can this be changed? No! Of course not! For should I change, I would then be that thing and no other.

This is the illusion of change.

This is the mystery of the point in motion. The adeptus major believes, must believe, in the possibility of change. The adeptus major will gradually come to a stop and will know himself in relation to all other things, frozen in relation to all other things, a clear perception of Now. With this perception is born an Adeptus Exemptus..

In the adeptus exemptus we have what might be called a "halfling" – no longer quite a man, but not yet a god. And still there is much risk that the process of transformation will abort into something much less than a man.

What makes the difference between the birth of a god and the creation of a foul lurker in the lower planes, preying on the minds, bodies and souls of all who fall within his grasp?

The difference lies in the relationship to all things. It lies in attachment, in possession. The fledgling god makes no claim on anyone or anything, but freely drinks of the river of life as it runs its course. The fallen one plummets into the dense matter, clutching and hoarding, ever fearful, stealing moments from others.

At what moment is a god made? When the struggle ends. When that which is, stripped of all illusion, stripped of all desire, is embraced by the soul as the single reality. The black brother, too, ceases to struggle, but he mistakes illusion for reality, and commits himself fully to its service.

So what of my work?

Having said there is no purpose, no past, no future, what am I to do? My Will? But what is that? To be happy, joyous and free? Hah! What a cruel jest! Hail Guardian Angel! Show me the way!

What horrors are you showing me? This is not as it was promised! Must I truly know fear, depression and loss? Must I wake each morning and wish that I had not?

This is and is not the way it must be. Eyes cast into the future that is indeed what they see. But from the point of the present every moment is a realisation of truth, a kiss to the soul, a fetter torn free.

That which I treasure shall be cast adrift. Those whom I love will be set free. For the nature of love, of power, of lust, in the realms of the veils, is nothing. To cling to the notion that somehow I may cheat the dissolution of matter and hold onto my mate, is the seed of destruction for a god, maybe two.

If your heart I should break, it is not done for you. There is no lesson to teach, no point to make. The pain I feel deeply, each step that I take. It is I that is going, all else stands still. Soon I shall stop, to take my place in the heavens, one star among many, to coalesce at the end. And you, my love, my passion, my friend, I don't know!

Let's play with illusion for a moment or two, in beauty and strength there is yet time to tarry, to enjoy the sensuality of samsara. Let us find simple pleasure in our words and our touch. You are a vision of beauty, of which my eyes do not tire.

Your scent and your taste are a thrill to the senses. Let us join in our rapture, for while we have flesh, we are made for each other – what more may be said!

But alas, this is foolishness – vain promises. The Abyss awaits and it is I that is going. It is I that is going! There are no double passes. Through the Chamber of Horrors I set forth to go. But already the worst, the phantoms of night, are loose in my world. I know what I cherish, I know what I hold. Before the gaze of the Demon I lay my soul bare, I relinquish my passions, my love and my lust, that I may make safe passage.

But even that is vain and shallow. I am nothing – less than dust. Who am I to bargain, to establish trade, where all I have to offer is my petty pride in ego. And for what? An eternal place among the stars! Oh how I am an embarrassment to myself! I say “let go”, and then of what or why. Thus doing I foul the very principle to which I aspire.

I beat a hasty retreat into the illusion that I know. And here again I find my love. To be a star? I don't know. It is my hope, it is my dream that we share in a vision. That there may be time and place where we shall be seen together, shining, a binary system, two stars locked in eternal embrace, spinning through the universe, until all is consumed.

Can this be? Of course! Anything is possible when every number is infinite. Can it be made so? No, not yet. But it can be made impossible. For if either star place the slightest importance on the other whilst still forming, the dust will disperse.

Around and about it goes. Wheels within wheels, the machinations of the mortal man. The moments still have power, each given a name and held important. So many moments, so many names – ideas?

And this moment, and many more like it, I dedicate to you, my love, regardless of the price. Be near if you will, that pleases me. But please, don't make this harder for me. Don't feed my ego. Don't grant me power. Reserve nothing for me.

Aagh! There it is again. I would force your will if I but could, to make the passage easier! But would it? Illusion. You must do your will! I grant you permission to do your will? Foolishness. For that moment perfect duality. I want to be free, I want to be bound.

I'm trading again. Caveat emptor! Let the buyer beware. Two truths in absolute contradiction. Which will you buy? Am I a beast, trampling those that I love? Or am I a god-egg, at one with the path.

Mercy will challenge, understanding will show.

For now, what Will, will be? The debate must end and the actions be done. It is I that is going.

One last word!

Silence

- **Adamas 161**

*Love is the Law. Love under Will*