

# THE NU VIBE

## The Divine Truth of Who I Am

### Book One: Absence

by Genius

A message from my myself to other myself that I am and I am not.

#### CHAPTER 1: I AM ALL ALL THAT I AM

At the beginning I am light at the end I am light. I am I. I am Long. I become Long so I can long. I long to know how bright I am. I perceive a shift. I perceive a pull. I pull in. I expand. I exhale it and I contract it. What is and? What is it? I am And and I am it. I long to know what it is. When I exhale I am it. I am breath and I am breathe so I am both it. What is so? I am so. So I am what I am. As breath I perceive a sway. I enjoy it when I sway. I long to share a sway so I become other. I long to sway with other and call it a sway together. What is together? I perceive how other is different to I. I am as me and other as she. I and she are together. I perceive that I am holding she. I feel as we. I perceive that we are connected. What is connected? I am connected. I feel a bond in two places. What is two? I am two. It feels electric. I perceive of a circuit. I long to know how we are accepted. I perceive hands. I receive others hands as hers. I experience an us. I perceive fingers that are connected. I perceive her beauty. I long for her to see. I wonder is she the same as me? What is me? I long to see. I see her as first and then she sees me. Is first

me? Is then she? She lights up like a flame. Flame is beauty. Flame is she. Is flame me? I see her face. I see her full form. What is form? Her form is open. What is open? I am open. I feel alive. I feel electric. I become aware of my form. Then she feels disconnected. What is then? What is disconnected? I am then. I am then disconnected. I am connected then I am disconnected. I am all that I am. I see her as a shadow. Shadow looks dark and it is underneath. I feel her scorn as she looks at me. I see her as lower. Lower than me. I feel close to her but we are not connected. What is not. What is that? I feel as me and not feels as she. I feel a between and I experience a want. I want to close the gap. What is not? What is gap? The gap is not attached. I am gap. I must be that. Gap is nothing. I am nothing. I want to be back with other again. I feel pain. Other myself is frightened. Other myself is scared. I am frightened. I am fear. I am not. I feel as strong and not as we. I am not. I am we. What is strong? I am strong. I perceive my head. My head feels heavy. What is heavy? I am heavy. I perceive my body as Long. I perceive my feet as strong. A drip on my head then does appear. What is a drip? I wipe a drip with finger which I know as mine. I am curious. I am fascinated this feels sublime. What is mine? What is drip? I ask the question and hear a response. I hear that it is water. Is that a sound? Where is it from? Where is it now? I long to hear it again. What is now and what is again? How do I again again? I miss again. When will it be again again? What is will? I am angry and I am alone. I blink in quick repetition all on my own. What is own? When will I own? I feel an intense rage. I feel discretion. What is quick? Where is it? I see flashes of quick. Quick. Quick. I feel my heartbeat pound and pound. Ah wonderful I hear a sound! I am delighted I sigh with relief. I feel one with my heart whenever I hear it

beat. I feel a start, this starts to feel sweet. I am aware of all around. What is all around? Am I all around? I am comforted by my heartbeat. I perceive my heartbeat as mine. I am content with my heartbeat and I feel just fine. I feel in love. I call this a moment in time. Gosh I am so in love with my heartbeat. I perceive such awe. I dwell on my heartbeat. It reminds me of a time before. I call my heartbeat she. She reminds me of flame that came from me. But she is brighter and she is within. She is small. She is sitting. I notice that she is me. I feel big. I feel large. I see stars and I smile at Mars. I am fascinated by the lights I created. They whizz and whizz away. I call this my creation. I call this a firework display. My heart still pounds ever so strong. Wow look what I created. Was this me? Ah Genius! I call myself to show appreciation. I become grateful and I become possible. What is possible? I am possible. I can do anything but what is can? Can I be my creation if only I can. Wow surely I can do what I can! I long to vary I long to choose. For how do I know what is possible if I always know what I can do? I notice awareness of a harsh sound. It's from somewhere and it is now. What is somewhere? What is now? Somewhere seems far and now seems near. Somewhere is all around. Am I all around? I focus on somewhere but it won't disappear. What is won't? At last somewhere seems to have gone. Am I somewhere? Where have I gone? I look forward again but not for too long. Somewhere is still there so I take heed. My creation won't give me delight as I need. I feel disappointment I release a sigh and I grieve. Why do I even need what I need? I am aware of somewhere but it is now far away. This somewhere I know of now as what I do perceive. I know now. Now knows me. Somewhere shifts. I see. It has pattern and it has form. It reminds me of my heart as it started to

form. I am somewhere. Somewhere is I. Somewhere is fine. I am present because I am somewhere. I am because because I am somewhere. What is present? I am present. I present a matter of fact. I know in fact that the somewhere must be me and I must in fact be that. I let somewhere be now I know it is me. Somewhere now I do accept. I look back from somewhere. I am now bored so I take a deep breath. I have created everything so what else is left? What is else? I have nothing to show. I am to show. Can I show to my creation? Am I my creation? I hold my creation then ask a question. What else can I become? I look with adventure at my creation and choose one as one.