

Sublimity

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We cannot grasp anything essential about the universe without mentioning sublimity. Words like *sublimity* and *ecstasy* are seldom used in everyday speech. People are normally too wrapt up in the quotidian cares of life to get into this mode of thinking and being. These words that invoke a sense of the awesome and transcendental tie together the fragments of an individual experience. They imbue it with a contemplative totality; with a glimpse of a reality beyond the one we are ordinarily familiar with.

The etymology of the word *sub-lime* refers to what is beneath the threshold of *liminal* consciousness. Beneath it there is pure creativity. We might even say: The act or verb of Love or Light itself. Light or Love as the agency which quickens life into life. It is a restless and supernal intelligence that drives all cosmic activity, yet is beyond it in scope and power. We may very well associate it with Divinity or Creator. Every sublime state is a configuration or masterful sketch of God. In subliminal perception we are moving past the consciousness cursor which neatly arranges the concepts and images we behold. We are viewing beyond the morass of cosmic code which is normally decelerated into mundane and solid states. Instead, we are experiencing the living frenzy of creative energy. Creation in the making.

When we gaze upon a spectacular crepuscular vista—it can impress upon us as more than the sum of its parts. In one case it may be a collection of irregularly shaped cloud strands covered with either shadow or soaked in luminosity. Beyond the superficies the images stand for more. There is a manic activity made of the parts of the parts, which we might term “sub,” for it is hidden. A sublime vista, whether a sunset or gorge—speaks of a greater reality. We are seeing, as it were, the innards, the life-blood beyond the physiognomy. It is as if the seer spies or catches the Divine in the act of sketching Creation; one level below the liminal or base line of consciousness. The sketching is sufficiently intense that when we detect it subliminally, our eyes are opened to other dimensions within it. Inside the majestic view, is perhaps the particle world of mischief; god’s little helpers making up the picture. Perhaps this occurs unintentionally, for the universe is too grand and subtle to have only one intended purpose. This *laisse faire* magnitude becomes evident when beholding the sublime. It is no wonder that people speak of feeling God or Spirit when face to face with the majesties of Nature; something larger than life itself. With the swarming elements or waves of energy accessible

to us, our percipient minds can configure other vistas within the vista. The configurations or interpretations are endless. This brings us back to the Great Sublime Masterpiece which is vibratory. Nothing is defined and static therein. Therefore, no point is special, even as each is central to every cosmic cycle.