



DRAKE STATE OF CONSCIOUSNESS

by Nia Ellis

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At the ripe age of 13 years old. I had experienced nothing but chaos in my life. Somedays, I hated myself and wished I could take my life. The constant stream of stories in my head was distressing and crippling. I would not wish on my worst enemy.

I didn't share the experiences I suffered. I feared if I shared, I'd be judged or labeled as bipolar, depressed or suffering from mental illness.

I suffered being out on my own at 13 years old. I experienced sex at an early age. You name it. Seeing too many things mess me up. My life was out of control no guidance or consequences for actions.

I was only 13 years old when I got kicked out of my house. My brothers embraced me into their fold. I learned a lot of good from my brothers. We did a lot of good in the community.

In the 80's Life for my brothers and I changed. Our brotherhood shifted from a community-based initiative to being pimp-out to sell drugs to our community.

Most of my brothers fell victim to it on both sides of the spectrum, drug dealer, and drug user.

I started using drugs for fun in social settings. I didn't plan my addiction. I never saw an addiction. Drugs invaded my neighborhood at an alarming stride. My community felled to addiction. Mothers, fathers, brother, sisters, aunts, and uncles, everybody shared a common factor in their household. Family members addicted to drugs.

My drug use landed me with several arrest cases and jail time. One of the worst experience of doing prison time in a cage. Losing someone you love crippled me. Shutting down became a familiar friend. Feeling empty and abandoned. Didn't learned to mourn or grieve. Becoming so cold. Sometimes I felt invisible. I hated people and myself. I lost faith in people because they lost faith in me. I told myself they saw me as inhumane. I saw them as inhumane as well.

As time moved on, I often wonder how did I get to that state of mind? I remember when the school I attended labeled me. A hyperactive child. Placed in a classroom for hyperactive children. Today, they may call it ADHD or some other title.

I am now a grown man. I now understand. The state of my community helped mode me into a criminal encouraging me to be as a petty thief. How? They

purchased stolen goods from me. They also requested future orders for more things.

Let's keep it real. They all knew I sold stolen products. Nobody cared for real. I made a choice to steal. But they encourage it as well.

I now understand better. The people who purchased stolen goods from me and asked for more. They were in an unconscious state of mind. Never once consider my future or if I had any dreams. I was a petty thief with products to sell.

I am now 54 years old. Each decade unfolded like several lifespans preparing me for something bigger than myself.

The world that some call normal isn't normal. Everyone has inherited preconceived conditional thoughts they believe to be true. So what is normal?

Society so-called normal. From my point of view, it looks like everybody suffers from something. I see anxiety, in relationships, the workplace, money issues, grief issues. You name it. I have never met someone who wasn't going through some form of suffering.

I've experienced good people with good conscious actions. People who spend a lifetime of goodwill embracing the idea of a better world.

Is that even possible? To experience a better world?

I believe the people who make judgments and overbuild caged institutions are institutionalized on some level.

“Those who lead into captivity should go into captivity.”

Unconscious human beings making decisions concerning your future can become endangered.

I am no longer that angry young man, or a thief or drug addict, and criminal.

I believe my condition was due to my state of mind.

There were times when I watched the news every day. They report mostly bad stuff. The local news where I live singles out one group of people. They report their crimes every day. I admit I found myself feeling scared of this group of people. It's creepy because as I stood at the gas pump and while I pumped my gas, I notice a group of guys walk up making their way into the store.

I felt a swoosh of fear come over my body. A flood of thoughts came in convincing me they were up to something. I would be their victim. As they walked past me, one of them said to me, What's up, I like your ride.

I thought to myself, damn I just preconceived made a judgment on those guys. I need to stop watching the news every morning. It's ironic how I thought I could be a victim. It wasn't long ago when I was that young man I judge them to be.

I no longer engage in activity to cover up: pain, and my state of unconsciousness? (suffering, desire, lack of, dysfunction, anger, and story in my head).

Relating to another human being with a stream of mental concepts (my perspective, judgments, and opinions) never relating to the essence of that person. Is what society normal taught?

Being able to relate to the essence of a person an amazing and joyful experience. No mental concepts (my perspective, judgments, and opinions).

“Don't judge a book by its cover.” An old cliché but useful.

I am aware of another state of consciousness is possible? It started with Love of self and surrendering to what is. Living proof one can free self from your egoic dysfunctional unconscious thought patterns of unnecessary baggage that keep you stuck in a life of Stories that you often identified as part of self?

Can a human being see an extension of themselves in another human being? Can we move toward the notion of a one universal family nonpartisan, non-sectarian or non-denominational?

I am not stupid or off the grid with some free me foolishness spit. Don't label me.

Hope and choice have always been available and free.

All I ever wanted was to be free. To be free was not simple.

I could make choices and sometimes foresee the outcome of choices.

The primary point of this. The constant stream of thoughts in my head. I was conditioned to identify with those thoughts. Those thoughts helped navigate a life of suffering.

Today, I am free from the prison of my personality. Free from the prison cage. No longer identify with the role of a victim or otherwise.

Awakened to the miracle found within the true essence of my being.

I have a message for the people.

Hear yea hear yea unconscious people,

Wake up out of your preconceived, conceptual dream state. Free yourself from your constant stream of thoughts that have taken over your mind to the point of insanity. You are so full of ego spit that you don't even know who you are. I have been suffering from the same identity crises just like you. Men didn't give this realization to me. I am a timeless being experiencing a human experience. I am no

longer bound to conditional thoughts or stories. I spent over half my life locked up in a cage. Do you see me? Can you see the true essence of me? Or do you seek to keep me locked up in prisons?

What is your state of Consciousness this moment?

- Are you experiencing anger, fear, suffering, and desires taken over by unconsciousness (suffering, desire, lack of, dysfunction, anger, and story in my head)?
- Are your days filled with a constant stream of thoughts in your mind that do not serve you or your well-being?
- Do you identify with the story in your head?
- What if life is meant to show you something and it always reflects your state of consciousness?

I love life. I am free.