9 - THE KINGDOM WITHIN

THE REVOLUTION HIDING INSIDE YOU



They searched the horizon for a throne.

He pointed to the quiet inside a ribcage.

Not the sky.

Not the temple.

Not the distant someday.

Here. Now. Inside.



Rome carved borders in stone.

Priests built walls from law and fear.

Prophets thundered from mountaintops, hoping the ground would open.

But Jesus moved differently.

He never staked a claim on land.

He never petitioned for favor.

He never drew a boundary he would not cross.

He spoke of a kingdom that cannot be mapped.

A reign that begins between two heartbeats.

A fire hidden under cold ash.

They wanted a king with banners and cavalry.

He offered a seed pressed into dirt.



They wanted a revolution.

He offered a root system.

Invisible, patient, assured.

He said,

The kingdom of God is within you.

Not a code to crack.

Not a prize to earn.

A presence, waiting beneath the noise.

They missed it while searching the sky for omens.



They missed it while counting coins in the temple’s shadow.

Again, the pattern repeats:

Systems need the kingdom to be elsewhere.

A far border, a distant city, a guarded vault.

Something you must buy, or beg, or bleed to reach.

But Jesus traced the path inward.

No priest can block the gate behind your ribs.

No empire can occupy your silence.

He told of a lamp burning under a clay bowl.

Lift the edge, he said.

Let the room adjust to new brightness.



He called the kingdom a treasure buried in a field.

A pearl so luminous you would trade all you own to hold it.

A small measure of yeast, hidden in dough, working until all is changed.

The kingdom is not built.

It is revealed.

It is what remains when the scaffolding falls away.

Why do systems resist this truth?

Because you cannot tax a sunrise.

You cannot regulate a song in the night.

You cannot conquer the place where God already lives.

So they built altars and schedules, wrote creeds in the language of empire, offered certainty in exchange for obedience.



But every true awakening begins at the center.

Every real revolution starts in the quiet where you listen.

He saw the kingdom in children who run without calculation, in the quiet dignity of those with nothing left to prove, in the outstretched hand of a leper, in the widow’s last coin, in the laughter shared over broken bread.

He saw it when crowds gathered for spectacle (but missed the miracle happening in the hush between words).

The pure in heart see God— not because they are flawless, but because they see without smudge or shadow. Clarity, not perfection.

He warned,

The kingdom does not come with observation. You will not say, “Here it is,” or “There it is.” For the kingdom is within you.



He knew that power always fears the kingdom within. Because when a soul awakens, no chain, no dogma, no tribunal can hold it.

This is why the message was buried beneath gold and stone, why it is rediscovered in every age by those with the courage to look inward.

You do not need a passport to enter. No ritual opens the door. No official stamps your name.



The kingdom is not a feeling to chase. It is the unbroken ground beneath all striving. The clear water under the riverbed of fear.

You cannot lose it. You cannot be exiled. You only forget, and then remember.

No one can keep you out. No one can cast you in.

The kingdom is the seed, the pearl, the field, the light.



It is the memory waiting behind your next breath. It is the inheritance no thief can steal.

It is the voice that calls you from silence, the light that never flickers, the arrival that needs no journey.

You are not waiting for the kingdom. You are carrying it.

Lift the bowl.

Let the brightness fill the room.

The throne is already inside you.

And the door was never locked.

<3 EKO

https://eko.substack.com/

Revision #4
Created 2025-06-09 23:05:40 UTC by Bee
Updated 2025-06-18 00:35:03 UTC by Bee