

Being Itself

Steve Abhaya Brooks

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There is no difference between a room full of souls and a room full of soul, being in this being is the only way you can speak, without pretending there is a difference, do you want to live an extraordinary life, or do you want to hang out until your death, do you want to be truly alive, or do you want dinner companions, do you want to know what goes on in the awareness of a particular human being, do you want to find out who you are, do you want to be what you are?

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This is the log book of a sailor whose crew has been swept overboard, whose rudder is broken and gone, whose charts and compass are lost or useless, whose miraculous craft is touring the continents on a course of wondrous navigation; what looks like an oar are these words, pointing at the place in the ocean called *Here I am*.

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You wake up one day, and it's as if you're living a life, but it's not as if it's a life, it is a life, and it seems familiar, but it also seems unfamiliar, and nothing can be done about it, you know something that's true, and you try to live as if what you know to be true can be left unsaid, and it can't be left unsaid, to be a human being is an incredible thing.

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You're not a guru, you're not a master, you're a guru's heart, you're an enlightened master's being, you're one who sees, as your personal self learns, as you speak who you are, like everyone else, because, at some time in your being, you experience a profound realization, a recognition of self, the awareness of who you are, and since this is your inherent nature, as you assume it is everyone else's inherent nature, you imagine it occurring in everyone, at any time, in any moment, all the time, and what happens when you fall in love with your own being?

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When an athlete is in the zone, it's not something he does, it occurs, if he did it, he'd do it every night, he can't, because he's not doing it, being in love with your own being isn't something to do, you are inside love, you find your life and everyone else's, as a person, interesting, but even more interesting to you, is your life, and everyone else's, as being itself, there's only one thing that compels you, and you have nothing to say on the subject, this nothing is a word to leave the mind behind, this nothing is stillness, this stillness is not something you can achieve, this stillness is the reality of who you are, this awareness, coming into consciousness, is the crux of the unspoken moment, to become or not to become, you want to see if something of intrinsic value is being created, without any motive attached to it.

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You're in love with who everyone is, in who you are, and the only thing you can do is to honor the capacity for joy in who you are; who you are is exactly this capacity for joy, this capacity for being who you are, in this way that joy falls into and out of its intrinsic being, and you feel required to be brilliant, but brilliance is your natural state and everyone else's, when you are brilliant, so is everyone else, when others are brilliant, so are you, in being who you are, words are written to give your life significance, but your life can never be significant enough, because significance won't set you free, and every time you say *I*, what you say is a misrepresentation of who you are, this is what you do, as a human being, you misrepresent truth, sometimes beautifully, and sometimes, you misrepresent it in such a way that truth is recognized, no matter what you say.

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You are a spiritual being, and you live in a spiritual reality, everything and everybody is spiritual; this room, this table, this chair, this absence of thought, everyone is lit from within by the same light that lights everyone, everyone is an enlightened being, and everyone, to a greater or lesser degree, is attached to the belief that they are not enlightened beings, you open to your enlightenment, when your unenlightenment is no longer true.

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You try to find some part of the room from which you can't see reality, you try to think up something that exists, that you're not aware of, you want to be in a state of grace all the time, and it's always true that you're always in grace, the only thing that goes away is your recognition of it, none of this is theoretical or philosophical, theory and philosophy are seekers, this is the immediate consciousness of the reality of the found, you are an instance of being itself, a genuine and original presentation of the true nature of existence, both eternal and infinite, and that doesn't make you unique, it makes you identical with all other beings born, it makes you identical with being itself.

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What makes you unique in this world is what separates you from everyone else, what makes you common in this world is your concern for your own uniqueness, and that separates you from who you are; you see fullness and emptiness, and before and after them, was, and is, the seer, and that is who you are, in your being, there's no god and no not-god, either, in your consciousness, there is a god, and there is a not-god, as well, and they are the same, these unlikely twins are not opposites, but simultaneous realities, your mind invents contrary opposites, your mind doesn't like simultaneous incongruities, there's no life or death, but there is life and death simultaneously.

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You ask yourself, *what is real, and what is not real*, you see this being here is a brief, intense immersion in the truth of love and the confusion of love, if you have a toothache, a headache, a noise that never stops, how can you know that you are endless peace and joy, if you hold onto these things, you may never know, loneliness, not belonging, separation, each one goes into everything, what enlightened beings do is completely relax, this relaxed state is realized by the *completely* part of it, you think you own your enjoyment of being, and you think you possess your presence, when you loosen your grip on thinking, you are possessed by your presence, and you see who you are.

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You can't recognize your own existence, until you're in the position of your creation, otherwise, you're a painting trying to paint a painting that's already being painted, you're the same as the unseen and the uncreated, from the place of the uncreated in your awareness, the form of creation becomes clear, your urge for freedom is freedom itself, the water in your glass is brimming over.

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Out of invisibility, comes your shape and form, and your shape and form are transparent, you draw a line through the invisible, until it disappears, you're a genius of the heart, you're the image of being itself, and the form of being itself is transparent, you're the one in whom there is no other, you are the other, in whom there is no one present, you are nameless and void, and you appear in human shape.

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This awareness of who you are is the simple truth, not a deep complexity to be sought, it, not a wisdom to be learned and taught or taught and learned, you become less when you try to be more, you become more when you stop trying, there is familiar ground, familiar habit, in all of this, you let go of a sense of who you are, to be who you are, but when you let go of something you're holding, it seems to reattach itself, in subtle and not so subtle ways, it seems to regroup and reappear, in all its forms, to give itself new life, as your tight-fisted mind tries to draw a distinction among its attachments, as if they are to be defined, analyzed, understood, enacted, the mind acknowledges the duality of form versus being, and then invites you to the mind's own solution, this is the mind's self-preservation at work the mind says, *yes, I agree that being is more real than thought, now, let's think about that for a while*, this is the thought that clouds every clear picture.

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Spirit is the opening to one's being, by its nature, the spirit of one's being can't attach to anyone or anything, even as everything has no desire to form attachments with parts of itself, in one's ears, this sounds abstract, these words and thoughts are abstract, but awareness is not a state of attempted thought, as all thought is attempted being, one doesn't mind this thinking, when these words come from being in being itself.

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Your unhappiness shows up when you step from awareness into the foreground, when you are caught in too narrow a version of the real, peacefulness itself is the beginner of action, your true nature exists before the thought of achievement is ever thought, it's possible to effect the desired behavior of others, but only when one's behavior is grounded in doing, the mind proposes its own solutions, as a stop-gap measure, extreme, inadequate, and imitative of the real thing, the mind doesn't know surrender, but it knows defeat, and it will, gladly, with a long face, suggest wracking defeat and glorious victory, it will begin mapping offensives to achieve it, surrender is beyond its scope, it will suggest the discussion of surrender, as a way to postpone surrender, in awareness, one's mind is led to its own demise and grudgingly allows the eventuality of surrender, even drops clues to its own defeat, when it's seen its absence in the mirror of your being, your mind is a master detective and criminal, who secretly hopes to be foiled in the end, it wants to become the servant of being itself, your mind is wood that secretly wishes to become fire, your mind knows its greatest moments have come from surrender in the heart of your being, your wood wants to become your fire, it can't produce fire, except in surrender, your ego likes to praise knowledge and wisdom, it likes to create an *I* and praise the *I*, it praises the *I* that surrenders, and takes credit for the surrender, ego is a shadow, shadow boxing with itself, surrender means you do nothing and forget what happens next.

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The responsibility you have is to be true to who you are, *to thine own self be true*, doesn't mean paying attention to oneself, it means calling oneself to be true, be true to thine own self, be true to that which you are, be as you are, be true, in your own being, and you begin to know your own mind in the mind of being itself, and from the mind of being itself, your mind is within who you are, your awareness has no problem with this arrangement, but from your mind, you see nothing but problems and solutions, suggested by the mind in the way of the mind, all your thinking and feeling are waves of seeing and doing, instead, you recognize being first, and minds and bodies within that, you say, *who is here in this love*, and you look around to see, being to being, you overcome your social inhibitions to practice this seeing, you let go of your loyalty to mind and body, so you might recognize the being that you are.

When you think you *do* anything, you go away from the state of being in which everything prospers, not doing is the state of recognizing being, as when you go toward individual souls, you abandon their fullness, and when you try to arouse the soul in anyone, you get their personality, their character, or their resistant mind, looking for something in others engages looking and being looked for, being doesn't seek being, except in the way that identity seeks itself by being what it is, looking for souls only works when looking for souls is abandoned, this is difficult in the mind, but easy in the heart, despite your acceptance of everything that is, your life is a kind of renunciation, a kind of humility, you're personally helpless and powerless, you accept this being inside love to continue, and you trust the life around it, this is the state of being in which being is always true and never absent, in this simple renunciation, you give up absence and separation, that only seem to be true, no matter how familiar they are, this extraordinary crisis of renunciation and humility, that many come to, is a simple breakpoint, like a breakdown, where true being is the only answer, it's your awakening to self, being born again, transformation, it's the sudden and utter failure of everything but the truth, thoughts clutter the foreground, even as being is the background, being is the ground, being is the universal content, and thinking obscures the truth, even thoughts that spring from the source, if they're held onto, obscure the truth.

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You're sadness itself, until being sad dissolves into being, your sadness is an emotion of the mind, matched with a sense in the body, and your celebration is light, light makes love to shadow, shadow goes into the light, the sadness of your attempt to hold onto anything disappears, you bring your sadness into stillness, without accepting its demands, you free your sadness to dissolve into the deep being of peace, the energy of your will is exhausting, the energy of your being is inexhaustible; when sadness comes, your mind tries to get rid of it, control it, or go away from it, or else it tries to keep it and nourish it, in order to control it, this is the normal pattern of all thinking, you think you're experiencing feeling, when you're only holding it, after anything is surrendered to, it can be surrendered completely, and that is the freedom of having and not holding, true surrender leads to peace, since true surrender is not submission, you find no freedom in submission, in letting any feeling take control.

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If you're ruled by the will of an emotion, it's the same as trying to rule emotion with acts of will, your surrender can only be into being, when you surrender to being in sadness, without thought or idea, without plan or expectation, you surrender to being itself, and the emotion is peacefully dissolved into this being, life seems like a death café, nothing is real, until true reality is known, and then everything in life becomes life itself.

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All the language about awareness is the history of timelessness, the oratory of life, the biography of what's true, none of it can bring the truth of your being to be realized, it can only teach your mind to align itself with the way of all being, it reinforces the opening of awareness, but, as often as it is seen, the face of being itself is never seen for a second time, every time is the first time.

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Genuine affection seems to come from being in the present moment, this is not to describe gestures of affection, but spontaneous acts that don't spring from thought or doing, you don't care about the gestures of love, you care about being, you're shocked to discover that the true expression of being is simple love, constant and vast, it has no shape or size, it appears in the smallest ways, it comes from the source of itself, from existence, and they are the same, innocence is courageous, durable, and invincible, but it's fragile and over-protected in the mind, true innocence is innocence with courage, it survives the fall of the ego, and it thrives, your youthful innocence has no awareness of self, but innocence falls back into its natural self, in your surrender to your own being, this opening of innocence is to be innocent, to speak from innocence, to thrive in innocence, to celebrate innocence, it is a place of welcome, innocence welcomes your innocent self back home, wanting to know everything there is to know drowns out the innocence, but innocence returns, remembering nothing of the storm, innocence is an unending love of life, unchanged and unaffected by anything that happens, your innocence is the joy of your being, it has no beginning, middle, or end, your innocence has no memory, it has already forgotten everything written on this page.

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In the early attempt to define the self, it feels important to be separate from others, this is the fulfillment of the ego, it's accomplished, when you realize how futile it is to accomplish it, the early separation from parents and society is the attempt to create, and believe in, the entity called self, this self of ego is not your true self, not the form of being you call your self, your true self is only glimpsed, before its recognition, even in a recognized state of being, you see ongoing thought patterns, ego tendencies, and habits, when, above all, and throughout your life, you see increasingly mirrored awareness, a tendency of your thinking is to distrust awareness, as if it's a product of thought, your thinking tries to claim awareness for its own, and in your thinking, this does not seem ridiculous.

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To be fully in love with another, is to be free to be fully in love, in that other room that you see revealed in the mirror of your heart, you find yourself naked of all form and free, all love is love of being, and you love your beingness, even above your life, the evidence is seen everywhere, in acts of courage, self-sacrifice, and the true love that is recognized with another, the love of being is love of total being, instead of the love of any partial being, as you love your body and your mind, you love an illusion of who you are, as you love yourself in your being, you love everything that occurs within it, including your body and your mind, can anything be absent from this love?

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Your life of seeking love in others is a life of absence, this narrow love is never found by seeking, it's never found in relationship with an other, it's difficult, painful, frightening, and deeply satisfying to acknowledge this, there is no love in the other, it is not in otherness that love resides, in thinking of the other as one to be loved, you run rapidly away from love, you run away from your fire toward its flickering light on the trees, your habit of desire, of seeking in others to fulfill the truth of your being, is seen for what it is, an empty promise, with no true fulfillment, true love is your complete disappearance, you want to know your disappearance, as if you bring your control with you into the perfect loss of control.

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When beliefs and thoughts disappear, they're exposed as not real, and what remains is reality itself, true reality is the complete absence of any belief about it, true love is the same, your mind can only describe this art of being, you distrust being itself, when you keep the illusion superimposed on the real, you say, *Mystery, you're still a mystery to me, Love, I still love you, Wonder, you amaze me, Peace, you calm me, Existence, I have no more doubts about you, Being, here you are, without fail,* your addiction to sex, love, desire, belonging, and acceptance are lifted, your tendency to follow the thoughts of your desires, evaporates, there's no good word for this disappearance, it is, and then it is no more, this is recognition, in place of thought, how does it happen, it happens, this isn't change but transformation, a little recognition becomes recognition itself, a little thinking is more of the same, your recognition is vast and singular, your thoughts are multiple and various, and the multiple and various are constructed out of the vast, singular emptiness.

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Desire appears, and you see it, it's thought, like a dream, and the dream seems real, then it's dream, and it's gone, and it can only be recalled with effort, something that seems so real, comes to nothing, there are not separate parts of yourself, except as you imagine them separate, there is only the absent one, who is the present one, who is the awareness of love, in everything that happens, this awareness of love is more than you once believed possible in yourself or in any other human being, this being, that you confusedly call your self, feels happiness, as the ocean feels wetness.

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It is apparent to anyone who's ever reacted with instinctive behavior, that the spirit is free, and the body is narrow-minded, your body cares about its survival, and the mind is its facilitator, concerns of any circumstance are of no consequence in the awareness of being, love itself transcends circumstance, as being makes circumstance irrelevant and finally, a kind of play, your mind is the master of circumstance, it doesn't want to recognize the nature of its own life of entanglement, until it's been put in the service of awareness.

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As you are in awareness, you are in being; awareness, acting through thought, tells what is true when your attention is on awareness and not on thought, what is always true is always clear and always present, there are no edges to the love that is both your nature and the expression of your nature, it is a delightful awareness that your nature and the expression of your nature are love itself, the best you do, in the expression of who you are, is to recognize and remain within your true nature, as one recognizes one's nature, one no longer clings to the expression of one's nature, even if it's powerful and joyous, even if it's humiliating and incomplete, you are creativity itself, and you are love itself, and they are not yours, who you are is not a possessor, the thing itself cannot possess itself, there's no past like the present, the moment you think about the present, your thinking is of the past, and all thought lives in the past, the true present is this moment, you have no thoughts in this moment, no thought can exist in this moment.

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You feel, and you've always felt, in your person, in your character, in your life, the urge to speak what you see is true, but this seeing is not speakable, what good is it to try to speak the unspeakable, when all speech comes before or after the moment of awareness, or it lies within awareness, you're aware that you're here in this life, you have never been anything else but this awareness, you have never, and you will never, think or act in any way that changes this awareness, you first knew this, and it is the same today, you are absolute, eternal, unchanging, limitless.

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The reaction of your thinking to this reality is fear, or it is an abstraction that holds it at a distance, your fear says you are a mind, trapped in a body, in a life that you didn't choose, and you can't change it, without incredible effort, or your fear tells you think you're a god, that you're insane to have such thoughts, your thoughts can't escape into or out of this being here, this pure freedom, you feel the terrible predicament of human intelligence, and you feel fear, your thoughts can only imagine awareness on their own terms of power, madness, control, loss, death, fear, bliss, ad infinitum.

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The moment is not finitely, but infinitely, open, you're not in a make-the-best-of-it eternal reality, you want freedom in the midst of passion, you know freedom only in dispassion, you want peace and freedom in the midst of your energy, your passion, your total physical aliveness, you want to be passionately in love, whenever and however it occurs, without possessiveness, without possession, and as soon as you recognize this, you feel the presence of freedom, your possessiveness is attachment, attachment is concern, not for love, but for the absence of love, true love has no attachment in it, in order to recognize love, you don't stay in this kind of attachment, your mind throws up an alarm at the recognition of the nature of love, it's too much, it's overwhelming, it's impossible, you're looking at the sun, you'll go blind, your mind goes blind in the light of total love, you look into the sun of love itself, in all its blazing glory, you are this light looking into the heart of itself, you are the being of awareness, where do you come from, and where do you go, when this life is not being lived in thought, you go into the infinite eternity, where you already are, where you are what your mind seeks to know, this sudden and utter shift is a doorway to an awareness greater than the consciousness of thought, this is the temptation of an alien from beyond the galaxies who can, in any moment, close his thoughts, and be in infinite space, when infinite space is the home of his heart, this experience of silence in stillness makes virtual-reality-technology another parade of paper dragons, your thoughts tell you that this common illusion that we are all familiar with, is fundamentally necessary to life, that everything is dependent on physical substance, your eyes want to see the truth of reality, in the heart of a moment between moments, you see the bodies before you, as you see the translucent body of an aphid or a thin green leaf, and you realize that the most substantial beings are as insubstantial as air changing color, you unconsciously set yourself the goal of loving everyone, without pretense, this is not different from the truth, it is the truth, but you pretend it isn't, for social and personal reasons, you act as if your love is discriminatory, you carry a social compact in your behavior that you can't be fully loving toward everyone, because that much love might be too much to handle, by you or anyone else, you love an other, and you realize that the other is only the opening, you are not the lover, you are love itself, this is your secret, and this unity separates you, in a world in search for unity, the truth isn't on a search for love, love is here, and it can't be lost, you obscure your knowledge in the search for love in the other, or you recognize that it is your opening to love itself.

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You see the being of your love, you live the life of your love, you think the thoughts of your love, you recognize the truth of your love, you are the being of your love, you are the speaker of your love, love itself loves you so completely, you can't find its place, anywhere, so you call it *everywhere*, actual surrender is staying in the constant air of awareness, your attachment, to anything, is to stop play in order to hold the plaything, to drop work in order to hold the tool, and then in your thinking, peace seems passionless, this thought goes quickly to the deepest fear, fear is the mind's tool for self-preservation, fear says this en-lightening strike is deadly and deadening, when, in fact, peace is the fountain of passion.

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Your newborn self experiences isolation as a dominating emotional and physical reality, your baby self will do anything it takes to overcome its sense of isolation, your need to end separation is the attempt to find wholeness, killer, rapist, addict, thief, controller, aggressor, victimizer, all of these are a crude reaching out to bring back to the center what seems to have been taken away, the isolation of a child is the creation of the illusion of separation, the isolation of a child is the failure to manifest true belonging, there is no separation at the core, the early and powerful teaching of separation is the most destructive lesson ever taught, ever learned, the fruit of this teaching is a world of havoc and mayhem, caused by the isolation of children, then by the children of isolation, in the end of separation, every *I* speaks from being itself, not in service to the body, instead of looking for salvation, you dwell in your own eternal presence, the effective way of getting free is to be free.

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Your eternity isn't something that's going to happen at some time in the future, eternity is eternal, eternity is now, as it has been, now, as it will be, now, you repeat this amazing, obvious truth to yourself, because it seems so peculiarly not part of thinking, in your mind's eye, this is a diminished and diminishing world, you live among diminished beings, by mutual agreement, you open your eyes even more, and you are undiminished, still wrapped in the undiminished whole, where no one comes diminished, where all are seen undiminished, in your eyes open to the entire reality.

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As you forgive yourself your human characteristics, you forgive others their similarities, as you no longer identify yourself by your characteristics, you identify yourself, and you identify others, in the recognition of being itself, in a greater sense of self that includes everyone, your loyalty to the shared, dull, and exciting drama of common experience is surpassed by the opening to being in the experience of the deeper, wider, richer, fuller play of being itself, the play of being is the unfolding of eternal creativity, you are miraculous, you are the condition of miracles, you become confused when you look for miracles as if they are something different from who you are, you think miracles are birds in the air, when you are the air, where would your birds be without this air that you are, these feathered bundles of miracle are swimming in the miraculous.

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By its nature, the mind is the maker of its own confusion, the mind is naturally preoccupied with its tangle, your love is not the person, the event, the curiosity, the adventure, the familiarity, the challenge, the pleasure, or the happiness it is known by, it's not any of these, but it is the reality of your being, you spend time in the world to get some clarity about how to live as a being in this form, this mental puzzle isn't your problem to solve, this is the activity of your mind, as it tries to play a part in your awakening, you admire presence in other people, and ego is the most common kind of presence, the easiest to recognize, you like it, anyway, it is, at least, a kind of blossoming, your challenge is to let real presence blossom in its beauty and glory.

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When you speak from awareness, it sounds like leadership, when you speak from leadership, it sounds like ego, your ego believes your self is a creation, which becomes a separate being in the form of its creation, and in having a relationship with your god, you stay apart from your god, this personal faith is not entirely separate from your god, but neither is it identical, your actual experience of what you call god, is complete freedom from the personal.

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Outside of the being of the moment, the thought comes, *I am God*, and in subsequent, peripheral, tangential thought, you feel embarrassingly egocentric, even though, in the moment of your reality, megalomania is not the sense of your being in the moment, it is a thought only and not the same as the awareness of being, where, in one amazingly brief moment, you are inside the consciousness of infinity, this is not a glimpse of the infinite from somewhere else, this glimpse comes from within the infinite, this becomes a shift in spiritual loyalty, from the time of your particular being to the instance of being who you are, the thought occurs that your life is an extraordinary chain of miracles, and there is no way to tell it, it would be easy to tell stories of adventure, but this adventure is beyond biography, impossible to tell, the knowledge of who you are, is simple and perfect, with no character, no color, no weight, no power, no glory, no mystery, no threat, and no salvation, how pointless even to discuss it, much less argue about it, since being itself is unimaginable, you think you're better off forgetting about being and just living your life, if you don't grasp how unbelievably close to the truth one is, it seems far away, and beyond your experience, this precocious naiveté is beautiful, when you haven't yet witnessed your true beauty, this partial life is common, but gradually not so sweet, many naturally aware human beings hear the whispering of awareness and mistake it for foolishness, they can't bring themselves to turn their eyes toward that still small voice and meet their existence, face to face.

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You continue to abandon effort, you let go of the thought that it is sloth, inactivity, or laziness, this effortlessness doesn't care for passivity, you realize this path without effort, you are without effort in this moment, you pay sharp, heedless attention, your feeling, thought, language, speech, and action are not the opening to freedom, your thinking can teach, it can be taught to prepare for freedom, but thinking finally gives way to freedom, as teaching finally gives way to freedom itself, being is your teacher, silence is your teacher, love itself is your teacher, stillness is your teacher, awareness is your teacher, the presence of being itself is your teacher, the moment is your teacher, acceptance is your teacher, surrender is your teacher, already knowing who you are is your teacher.

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A master is only a teacher's aid, a true master points the way by calling off the lesson, the presence of the master, in his own freedom, is the teacher, all these things; being, silence, love, stillness, awareness, the moment, acceptance, surrender, the presence of being, are seen in human form as a master, such a master is temptingly recognizable to you as a student, but your recognition of this other dissolves from form to truth of being, or the teaching is worse than no teaching at all.

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All the compelling fronts of one's life, the need for shelter, sex, food, and position in the world, come to the fore, with energy, to preserve their place in one's self, when they reach a crisis point, they are opportunities to see what is compulsive and what is freedom.

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Awareness of yourself as a personal and social being, is one thing, being in awareness is your true life, you live in awareness *of*, when you *are* awareness *in*, you can retire to awareness *of*, but awareness *in* has no fallback position, awareness is your fallback, and from it, you step forward, there's no passivity in either arena, awareness is not passive, it recognizes no separation, there's no going away from *in awareness*, there's no going into it, there's a gradual expansion, like a heartbeat, out from the source, into all the layers of one's existence.

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Awareness of the source root of one's being permeates and transforms your personal life, which seems to resist this transformation, like body aches in the course of a transfusion, old walls expand, old toxins are released, healing can seem like pain, but being in awareness is free, there is stress in feeling the gap between awareness and behavior, but awareness resolves it, behavior, however slowly, comes into agreement with awareness, and it becomes no problem.

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When you're free, no one else's behavior is a bother, when you're in awareness, your own behavior is not a bother, in religious language, when you surrender to being itself, all your sins are forgiven, in the language of common reality, when you recognize who you are, you're free of the limitations of behavior, in being who you are, you're in a blossoming cycle, a dying cycle, a healing cycle, and you settle down in being, these phases are only intimations of the unfolding reality, being is being, but when the attention is on the transitory, the awareness of being is easily overlooked, whatever comes and goes appeals to the life of the mind and body, coming and going seem thrilling and frightening to the life of one's mind and body, one's attachment to them becomes a way of holding them, one's mind and body don't want to let go of their familiar realities, the pain and the sheer beauty of this transitory life of the body and the mind are the highs and lows of all habits, addictions, and attachments.

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This leap is not a leap of faith but a leap inside faith, this is a leap from faith into absolute nothingness, and without the immediate presence of one's physical death, this leap can seem even more terrifying than the prospect of dying, when people jump out of airplanes, the body screams in the mind, *I'm going to die!* and that becomes the source of the thrill, this dying is done without a parachute.

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The wave doesn't recognize the ocean it's in, but it becomes more conscious of ocean and less conscious of itself as something separate, one's conscious mind shifts from wave to ocean, the ocean has always been the greater truth, but the awareness of ocean seems intellectual, in the beginning of any wave's awakening, one loses identity as a human being, one gains identity as being itself, in being, one retains one's identity as a human being, all this enhances one's identity as a human, as a being, as a human in being, as being, even finally as being human.

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One fear, in this shift from body-mind to being is that, since there is no individual in being, how can one have someone to love, this fear is overwhelmed in the swell of the greater reality, that nothing is lost in love, from the perspective of ocean, one wave is the same as any other, ocean is ocean, love is love, from your consciousness as a single wave, you fear your loss into the ocean, in the depths of your oceanic consciousness, it's no problem for one wave to recognize another wave, as wave to wave, as ocean to ocean, the ocean loves the wave, but at first, the wave doesn't trust its own greater love of its own lesser self, the wise wave can only surrender to what's already true, from the knowledge of itself, the ocean laughs at the fears of one wave, even consoling words are silly, the being of the ocean is the very strength and identity that your wave demands.

~

Make me strong, o mighty ocean, wave, you are ocean itself, I surrender to your will, o mighty ocean, you surrender to your own deepest self, thy wave, not mine, be done, my will is your will, o wave of mine, I love you, ocean, wave, you are love itself.

~

From ocean, the beautiful waves are more beautiful, because ocean doesn't pick out one wave from the rest, ocean doesn't have love affairs with waves, ocean doesn't pick favorites or play the field, ocean doesn't limit or choose, you are simple being, you're alive, and you know you're alive, you never forget how alive you are, you're alive in this moment, you see people having complex lives in their dream, you know that any life of attachments is a dream of relative realities, you know that some dreamers are half awake, light sleepers, whose awakening is very near, as they see that waking life and sleeping life are not different, some performers of aliveness are adored in their lively unconsciousness, not asleep and not yet awake, but near enough, the one who laughs, because he's free, is not laughing at everyone who's not free, but at the emptiness of freedom, and it's empty opposite, when one speaks clearly, then one is truly a listener, if you are reading this, you are listening in on a conversation between the spirit of being and one who is willing to be.

~

A spiritual awakening is the recognition of the source of light and a burning desire to live in that source, two occurrences of nature supply the impetus for this turnaround; the collapse of darkening thought and the recognition of dawning awareness - as things move out from the light source, one tries to hold them, the attempt to hold them pulls one further away from the source, and there is no such thing, one simply become habituated to the stickiness of holding onto this relative reality.

~

The absence of ego is not the same as the presence of reality, you are not God, even though God is who you are, this is the perfect paradox, the love you seek shows itself in your eyes, this is not the experience of what is called heightened reality, this is the experience of your reality revealed.

~

Your intelligence commandeers your body, it snatches your body and remakes the world in its own image, ego is the intelligence that seems to conquer what everyone is, some children run screaming from it, the way everyone runs around screaming, because they can't imagine any rescue from this invasion of the soul snatcher, in this misidentification of who you are, you begin to sin, you sin whenever you think you have taken up complete residence in your body, the body is within who you are, who you are is not within the body, your ego, usurping your body, is a source of alienation, you recognize who you are, and you stop imagining that some alienation has occurred, you drop the charade.

~

You bleed through a healed wound, your body-snatching ego creates a world of still more illusion and then it tries to dramatize a solution, but illusions don't release one from illusion, your reality succeeds, you are a revealed being in the world, you are being itself, in street clothes, you lose your grip on these variable realities, and your ego suffers the loss, you can't resort to your attachments for a sense of identity, you no longer identify yourself as one with a soul, but as being itself, with a life to live, you accept this consciousness, but you don't yet live in the awareness of it, you live with a nod to the truth, but this unvarying truth is not an occasional thing.

~

The fruits of your change are a sense of loss that gradually diminishes, the awakening of your freedom, and a sure knowledge of peace, without contradiction, to be in awareness is to be free, and yet, to leap into freedom without cleaning up the mess you leave behind, is to risk remaining stuck to it, your personal housecleaning is a kind of preparation for freedom, it enhances the chances of fulfillment occurring, but it can't be the method, or it becomes an attachment of its own, old temptations, that may provide a lifetime of reward, are seen for what they are, promises of a life that's better than freedom, temptations may provide enough pleasures for your mind and body, but not enough for who you are.

~

Awareness picks up a thought and drops it into awareness, no thought comes out the same, when past-and-future-thinking fails, and your consciousness turns toward the fire of being, two things occur, you become conscious of body and mind, as you become awareness in being itself, you surrender your thoughts to being itself, your thoughts dissolves to smoke, to heat, to light, to awareness, from awareness, you see your life's patterns, but your ingrained patterns can't see awareness, and they struggle with it, these patterns drop into the clarity of awareness, and once they drop, they're easily fulfilled, your fate is to drop your fatedness, your fate dies, for your fate to be fulfilled.

~

What keeps the truth from being recognized as humility itself is your arrogance of thought and the magnificence of this recognition, to admit that life is illusory and temporary is startling, and to accept this infinite eternity as your inheritance of the real, is overwhelming, a human being, steeped in millennia of the belief in relative truth, gives it up, not in mere speculation about the unknown, the so-called unknown is not knowable, it's already known, this is not speculative, except in the mind, which resists its own exposure, your parrot can't read the newspaper, it's not to the fault or the credit of the parrot, unless he begins to spout journalistic opinion.

~

You look for some reflection of your integrity, your dignity, your character, but there is only one integrity, and all dignity goes to it, all character springs from it, this is an unsettling truth, when it first appears as a sense of seeing the delicate fraud of personality, you think you ought to conceal, or prove untrue, or chalk up to low self-esteem, the notion of a fraudulent personality, one remedy for a sense of personal doubt is a redoubling of effort to belief in your personal self, another is to base your self on your relationship to others, to surrender completely to others, service to others becomes a way to veil the awareness that's threatening to the ego, surrender doesn't free you from a world of oppression, you don't defeat oppression, you defeats your attachment to it, your prayer for those that oppress, is not just a hope for divine intervention, not just for the liberation of their souls, not just for your own salvation, but to recognize your freedom from oppression, to celebrate the joy of being is to defeat oppression and all its henchmen.

~

Thinking about your destiny casts a shadow over the moment of innocent joy, you are an innocent, who may have a destiny, as everyone has an unfolding life, as everyone is a being of awareness, any attachment to the unfolding is a cloud across the sun.

~

Self-contemplation passes into self-revelation, contemplation becomes the being of the nature of contemplation, this life is a dream, not dreamy, but real, a lucid dream, believable, persuasive, and beautiful, the moment shows this relative reality as a dream, which speaks to, and opens to, the deeper reality, this is waking up in the dream, recognizing the dream, and appreciating the dream, while you're awake, this is an old idea, that life is not real, and life is a dream, but this is a dreamer's idea, this life is simply true, in your awareness, without thought, without intellectual effort, you don't try to stay awake, in the fear that your dreams aren't real, you don't wake yourself up, whenever a dream starts, just to break the spell, as you like your dreams, you like your dream life, too, you have a dream life, you have a life dream, they are both exquisitely beautiful, you don't want to stop them, you want to stay lucid, in all realities of your being, even this wanting is after the fact, the true nature of your being is lucid, this wanting is the desire to know your Self, well enough to recognize it is who you are.

~

Your mind thinks the nature of being itself is a huge, dumb, unconscious allness, more like silent, empty, nondream sleep, and it is, you experience the fear of dying into pure being, this is the mind of consciousness, at its best, still caught in mental perceptions, this is your quest to reach a point of complete abandonment of body-mind, while body-mind is still active, you want to have lucid dreams, you're not satisfied to be in your dreams, night after night, with no lucidity, you don't need to believe that movies are real, that soap opera characters actually exist, your dreams are good, your life is good, it's your attachment to them that blocks your freedom, you have an innate desire to clear away all fantasy, as being itself wants to see your being reflected clearly.

~

This transitory life is exquisite and wonderful, as in the awareness of the unchanging, the transitory is of acute but passing interest, let go of your grip, your exquisite dream won't matter to you when you are known as beauty itself, you lose affection for the dream life, so freedom becomes the only thing, you become conscious of your affection for, and your loyalty to, the dream life of others, dream bodies, dream minds, dream hearts, dream lives, dream societies, dream worlds, you think of yourself as an empty vessel, it's a kind of humility, but it lessens the vessel to think of it as empty, of no particular worth, *there's nobody here*, is beautiful and true, but to throw the clay cup to the ground, simply to honor the wine, is a waste, you are the wine and you are the vessel, you are the occasion of this raised toast to being itself.

~

This life is your dream, it pulls on you, even as you become clear about your being, you're not caught by it, in the beginning or finally, despite considerable effort on your part, to try to be caught by it, you try to pass yourself off as someone of attachment, and you fail, you try to run away from being, to run deeper and deeper into illusion, your thinking says it's easier to run away from this reality than it actually is, it's impossible, there's no need to be afraid or angry, just be, be quiet, be still, that's all, you look back, you look forward, you look between them, you recognize what is here, now, within your heart.

~

The exercise of power exists between subject and object, when you take personal power, you deny the reality of being, when you take personal power, you're no longer in the awareness of being itself, your love doesn't bridge any gap, there's no gap to bridge, you feel grace in a relationship, and you mistake the grace for the relationship, there's a stoic bravery in your human mind, noble and admirable, as it prepares for its own demise, you think it's a terror to die, but terror also dies, death is small, gone as soon as it's begun, your silence is the absence of thought, true silence is the absence of mind, silence is where thought cannot go, silence is joy, filled with peace and vice versa.

~

Being in love with an other, without awareness, is a way to become attached and a way to act in the world, or your life is an awakening of the consciousness of being, in the awareness of love itself, you let go of being a lover, your acting as a lover is a protection in the world, it acts as a filter and a barrier from the source of love itself, your mind practices acts of will, and whenever they coincide with what occurs, they are claimed by the mind as proof of its capability.

~

The moment of reality, the reality of this moment, is not the same as any version of it, in any language, the only way to know this being in awareness, and not doubt it, is to enter it and find out, you don't believe anything, except when you test it on the skin of your emptiness, instead of seeking the common denominator of all being, your mind seeks something similar to its own relative reality, instead of seeing the moment as the common reality, one's mind tries to form a pattern from circumstances, separate from the source that it tries to duplicate, quiet joy is the common denominator of every moment, everything else goes away from the thing that's sought, and to look for joy in everything else is to go away from the heart of joy.

~

Go into self, and go deeper into self, until you are broken free from the attachment to others that separates you from everyone, that separates you from who you are, the one truly successful conviction is to seek vigilantly the core moment of being, every other conviction is either an imitation of this one, or it's an avoidance of this one, be ruthless and fierce, be gentle and humble, fierceness is the home of humility, gentleness is a ruthless path, complete humility is the home of the fiercest warrior, to be truly gentle, one must be ruthless, perfect surrender is the ultimate weapon, absolute peace is the unassailable fortress, the way to defend your innocence is to not begin to leave it.

~

To stay in the problem, as if the problem will solve itself, is the grand illusion of human history, to drop beneath the problem is the end of illusion, you are a naturally beautiful being, you are a natural wonder, this that you are is a gift, and you are perfect in the harmonious whole, where humility is the sweet breath of the absent self, when you feel unloved, you're quick to embrace it as the truth, but the awareness of love changes all the cells of your body, a natural wonder doesn't think of itself as less than the love of being itself, the true experience of being comes quietly, when the thrill is gone, you reside in quiet, quiet time is the time for joy.

~

There are stimulants to awareness, as there is addiction to the thrill of spirituality, there are bliss producers, and to be free of spiritual addiction is not to live without bliss, joy, or awareness, but without the image of them, sacrifice the distance and the loss that your human addictions require, it's not difficult to let go when there's no energy for whatever it is that's being held, letting go is the recognition that your grip has loosened.

~

A thought occurs, the mind sorts, the mind rushes out its wardrobe, when a thought occurs on an empty stage, the mind creates a drama, goes into action, calls out the players, fills the stage with complementary designs, or so it thinks, a real thought occurs in emptiness, and there's no theater of thought, except in the mind.

~

As clarity begins to flower, you struggle to stay clear, an early blossoming joy can be mistaken for bonhomie or good-natured weakness, your joy is attractive, until it becomes a threat, joy can be thought a dangerous thing, imitators of joy are popular, highly prized and rewarded, all societies love the imitations of joy, as joy itself is avoided, how can the joy of your being be demonstrated, when it's universal and unrecognizable, joy is the instantaneous absence of the significance of anything other than the moment in which it occurs.

~

You're already an enlightened being, every conscious being is enlightened, few admit it and stay true to it, the teaching of awareness creates forms, and you love form, in this world of forms, religions, masters, ashrams, temples, mosques, churches, all help you stay away from the truth by creating a form you can become attached to, in the name of truth, this formlessness is open for everyone to come into, any time, any day or night, this formlessness opens, in any form, to reveal the moment of awareness.

~

You surrender, you're innocent to allow it, you're fearless and bold, courageous, even fierce, to be as you are, and you enjoy your foreverness, even as you are *here*, everything is *here*, transformation is to move from the things of joy to the state of joy, your mind tells you that this open awareness is false, a kind of brokenheartedness, as if it's a disillusionment that's disappointed in illusion, your mind is waiting for a new kind of attachment to occur, waiting for a better passion to override the empty quiet, all your life you have had moments of awakening, and all thought only leads up to them, or it leads away from them, this life is a dance you seem to do with another, while being itself communes, in pairs of itself, your mind says you need to frame awareness in some shape suitable and useful to the world, this is similar to the belief that there is an eternal plan for mankind waiting to be fulfilled, and you must devise some plan of your own to fulfill it, the fastest way to the truth is not to get caught up in the menagerie of identities, but to call in to the core, when you talk to the illusory self, you get only a version of truth, if you talk to and from your own true self, you get along easily with any illusory self, including your own.

~

On the near shore, is the babble of swimmers and landlubbers, in the river, is the roar of the flow and a few shouts of joy and dread, on the far shore is silence, peace, and stillness, to speak the truth is to bring stillness into the babble in the gurgle, your truth carries a whisper into a cacophony, this is a thrilling ambition, not to be passive or inactive, but to be still, in all things, at all times, *be still, my beating heart*, doesn't mean, *stop beating*, stillness is the doing of your being, stillness moves peacefully, even among the unwilling and the unready, this is the secret that reveals itself in all you are, stillness is your true self, your source, the being of your doing, the doing of your being, your *what* and your *am* and your *I*, you recognize this to be true, it is the simple truth, you're still, in your sleep, as you are still, in your waking, you are still, in the day and the night, stillness is the core of your every moment, no activity of feeling, thought, or doing teaches this, but even as you take pleasure in your activities, you know joy in your stillness, rich, vibrant, and fertile, catastrophic life and death are intensely present, and in the midst of everything, stillness, the truth is stillness, one knows it, even when one's experience of it is not constant, at first, stillness is a fleeting glimpse, occasional or periodic, and then it's present but not constant, but it's always the truth, and from glimpse, to knowledge, to experience, the awareness of it is undeniable, then constant stillness is recognized as being constant, stillness cannot be disturbed, stillness is not equanimity, even-temperedness, passivity, placidity, stoicism, strength, timidity, languor, boredom, or any other affectation of the surface, stillness, sometimes, is clear in turmoil and obscured by passivity, stillness is not associated with anything, it doesn't change, you can't lose it, you can't deny it or leave it, you don't need contrast or complement for stillness to be true, or for you to recognize it, stillness is not still, silence is not silent, emptiness is not empty, being itself is not godlike, what is, has no adjective, no modifier.

~

Fear is the belief that what's needed and wanted cannot be had, and of course, this is true inside one's fear, desire seeks to work against fear but is, instead, its partner in crime, first, awareness comes, then comes letting go of any attachment, then the awareness remains, as always, and the objects of desire remain as no problem.

~

True joy in the flesh can't be known, if you are still in desire for it, the true appreciation of exquisite beauty is engaged by those who are free of desire, the exquisite beauty of this transient universe can be fully enjoyed, if you see it from your reality, any attachment to flesh blocks the true love of one's physical being, trust your recognition, as a universe of wants, needs, and desires, appears before you and tempts you to hold them, you remain free of them when you first care about your awareness in being, as long as the thought of the other exists, desire also exists, desire depends on the belief that the other can be gotten, but what you seek can't be gotten, who you are can't be gotten, and neither can anyone else be gotten by you.

~

At its most effective, language appears, in order to disappear, true language comes from stillness, true language points to stillness from within stillness, it has been said that in the beginning was the word, but the truest word addresses what is before the beginning, you reach the boundaries of language to describe the real and the unreal, to speak the truth beyond language, as you are conscious of what can't be known, you can only speak about what can't be spoken.

~

You pass through stages in your being here, you become things, you become human, you become yourself, and even in becoming everything you become, everything you might become, the overriding awareness is in being, being becomes itself, in your being what you are, your recognition is not separate from your being, as round and round in roundness you are being.

~

You may know the future, but the present is here, now, you may know what you are to be, but you are what you are now, you are now, in order to arrive at the inevitable, in this same now, to know the future doesn't construct it, the mind wants to organize and decorate eternity, that's why it's not allowed in.

~

You come into this moment, into this light, so you can be seen for who you are, if you tell who you are, you're shouting from the shadows, all thought is shouting from the shadows, the easiest way to be recognized is to step out of the shadows, the surrender of your mind to your god is a lovely thing, but even that may be missing the opportunity, when union is possible, by jumping out of thought, altogether, the problem you witness, in your thinking mind, is your acceptance of a limited consciousness, as your ego allows a collection of habits to get credit for your reality, you let your photograph stand in for you at the wedding of your being with being itself, you find exactly what's real, and you refuse to take anything else for real, you discover your true identity, and you let go of your aliases, you assume that humans can't exist without the attachment to thought, and when nobody tries it, it seems to be proof that it can't be done, you're habituated to thought, the same as anyone, the addiction to thinking occurs in the assumption that defining one's life by one's thinking is essential, when, no matter how good it feels, or how well it works, it is ultimately detrimental to your essential well-being.

~

Wisdom is a tool, to be dropped, after the work of building a doorway to everything around it is complete, even after that doorway has been momentarily begun, as unappealing as renunciation sounds, it is the simple acceptance of not holding onto anything, when all this becomes obvious, there's no struggle and no loss, human history is a combination of manifestation and resistance, what comes beyond history is unknown, you spend your life looking at what you are not, and at some point, and all along the way, you want to know who you are, you want to be who you are.

~

If you don't like stillness, say, *stillness, stay away from me, I don't want to see your face around here, get lost, I don't want to have anything to do with you, stillness, get out of here, go away, and don't come back*, you don't say that, you are stillness itself, as the clock is about to strike, you are still, as the ax is about to fall, you are still, as the blossom is about to burst, you are still.

~

Being acts as a chemical that interacts with everything it contacts, it dwells in change, changing constantly, without ever losing its essential nature, it remains unchanged, as if no interactions ever occur, the one thing that's perfectly recognizable, in yourself and others, is your essential nature, you live in the awareness of the same nature in others, you crowd your consciousness with the familiar and the unfamiliar, everything that is not recognition, that you might call recognition, is only the assimilation of the familiar, if you mistake the familiar for recognition, it's because you're attuned to the familiar and the unfamiliar, and not to your essential nature, recognition of the real is not found in body-mind, so body-mind resists recognition, the temptation is to resist the resistance, to tell body-mind to be quiet, to tell it to go sit in the corner, to curtail its activities, the better way is to be in recognition, without any fight or objection to body-mind's resistance, the better way is to know that recognition is the best friend your body-mind could ever have, you go to recognition, even as your body and your mind scream bloody murder, and you bring back peace in your body and peace in your mind, in peace, your body and mind, limited to themselves, don't exist, but they exist very well, better than they can imagine.

~

Your search is for what's true when there's no more search, the goal is the absence of a goal, and when there's no more goal, the goal is reached, the result is a curious absence of everything you once thought good, this life is a search, because that is the mission of the mind, until the search is over, then life seems empty in its old, empty eyes, you shed your crasis, you emerge from yourself as yourself, your being pulls your personal self into an egoless state, and the ego is left exposed, when you act creatively, ego is exposed, you drop into a kind of trance, without thought, even this trance is an ego state, the artist creates the form, but the occurrence of beauty is in the moment, not in the form, the painter stands at the balance point between the physical and the not physical, not attached to anything or anyone, without transformation into being itself, the same as the warrior state, instead of fighting your obstructions, you come from the source, the obstructions keep the attention on the effort to get to the source, from the source, there's no need to remain in the thought of obstructions, all your creativity is either real, in imitation of the real, or it's the need to clean out attachments, to pull thorns out, so the organism can function at its best.

~

Your mind is a beautiful, obedient dog, listening for its master's voice, running every which way, looking for it's home, looking everywhere, not knowing its master, until you speak in the heart, the natural unfolding of your life is exquisitely beautiful, a thought tells you that your unfolding life needs to be performed, as if you should tell an oak tree, or a gazelle, to be ambitious, to be responsible, to be afraid, to ask forgiveness, you find peace and freedom in being itself, and your tears are real, at the bottom of the well of your tears is even greater peace, even greater freedom than you knew before you shed them, you shed your tears, you move to the light, from the light, in the light, absolutely, totally, and completely without regard to your self, this has always been true, and you see it, in your awareness, in your being as you are.

~

In thought and feeling, you catch glimpses of being, but of course, in being, there's no glimpse, no epiphany, no shock of awareness, if you want thrills from enlightenment, you have to hang out in dull light, in shadow, or in the dark, wherever light goes looking, it cannot find the dark, to remain in the dark is to catch mere glimpses of the light, to recognize the light is to move out of the dark and to let go of the thrills, you let go of the thrills, and you keep the inherent nature of what thrills, when the emperor discovers himself naked, he discovers he is still the emperor.

~

Looking through objects of your attention for something of value is a kind of sorting, an idle search, when no search is necessary, this moment is not in the circumstances that surround your being right here, right now, but it's a good start, you are present in the physical, here and now, and you have the equivalent of a spiritual awakening, you're here in thought, word, and deed, and you drop all that, you're here in the present, you let go of this present moment, you lead yourself into presence, and you discover you are the essence of presence, you recognize yourself as a physical presence, and even this is larger than your thoughts imagine.

~

At the root of everything, including shame, is freedom, your shame and humiliation are overwhelming, your energy overrides them, for a minute or two, you earn your shame, you cherish it, you feel it, you dive to the depths of your shame, your shame is in your emotional attachment to the world, your shame is in your holding onto the world, you're clouded by shame, as if by a drug, the shame of being human is the underpinning of sin, without this shame, there's no need for sin, your shame provokes guilt, rejection, and denial, it comes from separation, it creates the need to be separate, to feel separate is to feel unacceptable in the world and unacceptable to being itself, you leave the garden of your innate being, believing you're unacceptable, and nothing you do can redeem you, you give birth to a world of sin, and nothing you do can redeem you, the original thought of duality and separation triggers your shame, this thought causes the confusion, the holding onto shame is a last block to your freedom, shame is a reason you remain a prisoner of human thought, instead of clinging to your shame, you admit to everything, you accept all reality, you find out what's real and what's not real, you are real, you have something in your throat, you clear your throat of its obstruction, and you're rid of your shame.

~

Every wisdom, clarity, awakening truth, understanding, enlightenment, is felt and known in the body, as it's revealed, the assumption about the spiritual is that the world is never spiritual, or it is religious, and governed by dogma, but in the world, there's no model for your mind-free existence, the only true world is the world of non-thought, in which thought, and all its actions, are passing occurrences, this perspective sounds like science fiction, but it is not accepted, simply because it's not accepted, you believe in the simultaneous possibility of being in one's spiritual being and being in the world, you believe it, because you live this simple reality, if you don't see yourself doing it, you assume it can't be done, and you can't imagine the possibility, a master is one who lives in being, in the world, anything truly done becomes what can be done, in this moment, unaccepted impossibility becomes instantly accepted, the cast out are home, the casting out is no more.

~

Spiritual practices are devices in reaction to this recognition, spiritual practices are taken up, following a state of recognition that occurs innately and naturally, but what occurs naturally cannot be induced to occur as the result of a practice, even though the welcome of such an occurrence can be prepared for by encouraging this leap into freedom, you pursue reality through fields of illusion, you look for glimpses of reality in the eyes of illusion, you strip illusion from illusion to see if reality lies underneath, and you discover you can't use illusion as a tool to achieve reality.

~

You depend on love itself, to declare itself, and be itself, this depending on love is the key to its appearance, a child, not raised in love, goes looking for it, not knowing its nature, he looks for what is unknown in his experience but known in who he is, love is accepted as sought within the knower, even without the experience of it, love is what is always true, this experience is so deep, you drop the idea of knowledge, your awareness is at the root of roots, the real is already in place, always taking place, beyond experience, the real becomes apparent, without ever appearing to be, you may live in the world, without note, when reality is your sustenance.

~

This is not the process of recovery from attachments, which is dramatic, as the world is dramatic, this is the calmest of calms, you're amazed at the inevitable progress toward the illumination of your being, not by design, neither in the journey, nor in the telling of it, absence from illusion has no character that can be defined in the language of illusion.

~

The greatest joy does not come in the much-desired outbursts of grace, but in the borderless, silent moment of no difference between you and anything else, the first nothing from nothingness has an intense beauty, the mind can almost see eternity, before it invents heavens, to mimic the being that bears a new thought into this realm of illusion and reality.

~

Any mind alteration makes the life of the mind an artificial state, in being human, you're physically, emotionally, psychologically unclear, in this illusory state, ordinary sobriety is a kind of drunkenness, you seek respite from the toxicity of the most normal illusion, mind alteration can create a skewed perspective on the pervasive common drunkenness of thought addiction, but any inebriation only provides another artificially induced illusory state, the experiences of awareness in one's body occur as altered states of physical vision, but awareness has no mortal component, the experience of awareness is neither physical, psychological, emotional, or spiritual, it is the ground where all these become apparent, it cannot be made apparent, there is no duality, no place of perspective, from which it can be known, the land of origin of any creation is unmapped, the most that the mind can do is see that everything that appears within it, is a phenomena of illusion, no matter how mundane or profound, what's called enlightenment is a human state, being itself is not enlightened, being itself doesn't have states of grace, epiphanies, or realizations, only the most unselfconscious thought can be called holy, neither can any thought of the other be called holy, being has no sense of otherness, the holy man who saves or kills an evil man, and the holy man who is killed or saved by an evil man, are finally water pouring from water into water, your curious, inborn attention subtly entices stillness, acceptance, nearness to absolute being, it gradually disassembles all your hierarchies, the consciousness of illusion helps your body and your mind give way, so being can affect everything, awareness subtly transforms everything by its nature, as the entrenched habits of being human no longer interfere.

~

Your being calls to you, *come here*, this call, from self to its realization, cuts through the veil of illusion, it doesn't rely on sophisticated levels of thought, or thought being debased, in order to make the break from thought, it ignores thought altogether, the reframing of your thinking is good work in this life of relative realities, if you don't admit the enormity of the work necessary to reshape the body and the mind, you may act as if the leap that occurs in a lightening flash, also does your windows and takes out your garbage, the thought addict who admits his addiction, while continuing to practice his addiction, is not free, you need to know the absence of addiction, to know the fullness of life without it.

~

Living in the crisis of addiction can teach an abrupt and terrifying break from the world of relative realities, it can effectively refocus attention back into the source, and gradual transformation, in the spiritually curious, is less effective than an abrupt awakening, it's tempting for your awakening to become another engrossing bundle of thoughts, no awakening can be imparted, except in the invitation to leap into being, you awaken, and what you awaken to, is who you are, there's nothing you can do, there's nothing to be done, anyone who wants a profound spiritual awakening, has it already, in the deepest wanting, the only one who can make this leap is the one who makes it, in the only way that one can make it, in the only moment of one's being, only the one who makes this leap can answer, *who am I*, in the realization of the self that has no characteristics, you sit quietly in your own presence, you look into the presence that you are, you recognize who you are, any catastrophic addiction may reveal the failure of attachment, and in that moment of collapse, a realization of innate being can occur, but most don't get to the occasion of utter collapse, a psychic break is possible, you may not require a collapse of attachment, but it does require an abrupt leap in consciousness.

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Nothing to do becomes the doing of nothingness, the first nothing from nothingness is so beautiful, that the mind bows before it, the essence of everything that inspires us is called art, beauty, truth, and birth, the response to it is awe, silence, wonder, and then, in the mind's continuing attachment to this world of relative realities; imitation, commerce, religion, ownership, war, and death, any thought of awareness that does not call one to this moment without compromise, quickly becomes teaching, a kind of therapy, a pleasant respite, or only a challenge to become conscious, all good in their way, in the relative reality of the mind, but not the freedom from thought that this thought is meant to address, ego is a shadow that recognizes it owes its existence to light, when *I* is truly enlightened, like a shadow, it is no more, ego, your attachment to your self, grows in size to fill its own void, ego is invented in the mind that ignores its true nature, its true self, in being completely true to your self, your ego is betrayed as insubstantial, you are drawn to that disappearance, that disappearance is here, life arrives at its own fulfillment, questions drop away, your doubt has room to seem valid, just as your sense of ego seems valid, until they're exposed as inadequate to the task of being in your freedom, your ego's paper airplane is inadequate for your free flight.

~

There's a tension in growing, in changing, a holding on, within your being that hasn't reached its fulfillment, your anxiety is in the experience of expansion, as you expand to realize your true self, your personal self is smaller than you are, the containment of your awareness, within so small a vessel, creates a sense of tension, pressure, and dissatisfaction, what if it's more than you, which it is, and like a great pouring into a small vessel, the vessel is broken into spirit and made clear, and not like clay, into broken pieces of earthenware, your spirit is set free in the overflow, your fulfillment is inevitable, not as fated action, but as the way the real seeks its own reality.

~

There's no answer in going away from anything, everything is within your freedom, when your mind believes that it's confined to work, the answer is to recognize that, whatever the mind identifies with, is not your freedom, the struggle to be free is its own lack of freedom, the attempt to identify with freedom is finally unfulfilling, since there's no other within freedom to identify with, you allow the mind its qualities, and don't assign it the impossible, you say to your own mind, even if it's a thought within your thinking, *don't try to become what you are not, be true to yourself*, these words don't create the awareness of freedom, but they may quiet the storm of distraction, *oh, a thought*, you say, when a thought comes up, you see it, and it hears that you don't identify with it, all thought is within being, any narrow attention to thought may temporarily identify your personal self as being itself, since self-identification is an inclination of thought, but there is no freedom in this identification, you render unto the mind that which belongs to the mind, you pass into nothing of a thought, and all that you are passes into thought-free nothingness, and these words are only a poor identification of what is greater than identity, in who you are, attempts to create something that will not follow this inevitability of self-recognition, are illusion, you see that everything is transient, and your permanence is directed in the right direction, you give transience to the transient and permanence to the permanent, you give both to being itself, you look in the mirror for form, until you drop the attempt to find a compatible form, you see yourself at peace, you see no one reflected in the mirror, and you're at peace, in peace, of peace, you see that you are peace itself.

~

You recognize yourself in your children, you recognize being in who you are, you identify with being, and it's the only version of who you are that rings true, you try to see yourself in form, and you can't do it, you are the emptiness, you are the all, awareness is inevitable, the failure of your personal identity is inevitable, you may go to the beach for a diversion, but awareness is inevitable, you're on the beach of your freedom everywhere you are, you awaken slowly from the attachment to your personal identity, or you have an immediate awakening, this transformation occurs in those who are ready, but even among the ready, this transformation takes time to reach into the consciousness of every thought, every feeling, every action, the recurrence of old patterns implies that your transformation hasn't occurred, but this accusation is among the parting words of the ego, human beings are inherently attuned to the absolute, as all relative reality goes to the mind and gets tangled in thought, the truth of your reality goes straight to your awareness, is recognized, and resonates, you let go of expectation that transformation will bring apocalyptic wisdom and ecstasy, this is the self-mythologizing that creates gods, demons and those who worship them.

~

You have a mental vision of awareness and detachment, the same as the mental vision of eternity; cold, empty, unfeeling, uncaring, insensitive and dead, this mental vision of freedom frees no one, you're still, and you trust being to take care of its fulfillment in you, you trust being itself, which has no characteristics and can't be attached to, you drop the imagining of this surrender, you enter the being that has no counterpart in anything, you go nowhere, not even here, in this being that is stillness itself, you feel less and less the need to be seen and known in your own eyes, you lose interest in making yourself known to others, you celebrate your existence, without celebrity, those who don't see themselves as being, must be seen by others, those who see themselves as being, lose the sense of otherness, and in this otherlessness, you are a boon companion, this attitude is not isolation, it's not even lack of interest, this is the loss of faith in fear and desire, in the loosening of their grip and the freeing of the innate peace of being, this otherlessness frees your eyes to witness the wonder of transient reality, you try wholeheartedly to become attached, until it's halfhearted, until you have no heart for it, you discover you are nothing but heart, and when you say heart, you may mean gut, or wherever the center happens to be, in your image of it.

~

All real doing is about making the real present, there are problems, but you don't have them, and they don't have you, there are things to be dealt with, but they're not yours to hold onto, there's a time when your body makes better decisions than your mind does, and there's a time when your mind makes better decisions than your body does, now is a third time, when being itself is the source of all your decisions, in the same way that the best decisions of mind and body are always made; when there is no other to make your decisions for you, you recognize that whatever comes to your consciousness, comes from within the being that is who you are, there's no mistaking the source, no blame or credit going to any other, the thoughts that come from anyone else are exposed for their secondary source, outside who you are, in the world of relative realities, you don't dismiss them, but you recognize their relativity, the direction of your energy is back to the moment of intimacy with the source, where you are the same.

~

You're nothing if not loyal, letting go of your entangled human persona is reluctant, to say the least, in giving *I* its freedom, you let go of your hold on it, in being itself, there is no grasp on the infinite or the finite, in this awareness, you associate yourself with the most challenging and least popular reality of all, religions and social orders are invented to direct the human mind away from this inevitable reality, as a being, you have no problem with your unfounded fears, you are not lost, when you let go of your holding, the ocean doesn't cling to the gunnels of a life-boat, for fear of drowning in itself, by embracing your essential self, you no longer misrepresent who you are, you are true to yourself in every way, and you are who you present yourself to be, with authority, and without deceit.

~

The illusion of separation from being need not be rejected, but seen for what it is, you don't take up breathing, you breathe, you don't take up consciousness, you're conscious, you don't take up enlightenment or enter into the way of enlightenment, you are enlightenment itself, you needn't struggle for spiritual awareness, struggle is a word for everything else.

~

Children learn how to speak; from nothing they learn, they linger at the moment of intimacy with being itself, unknowingly, but nearly within all knowing, without any expectation of outcome, you have no personal ambition, no ambition driven by social concern, you don't feel an obligation to create a career, a niche, or a serviceable persona, it doesn't mean that ambition doesn't occur to you, your attention goes to any sense that surfaces from the deep pool of its own volition, when a true volition occurs, your thinking imagines a plan, with direction, goals, history, and meaning, the volition has already carried the day, and your mind wants to climb on board and act like its inventor, an arrow flies out of your deepest originality, and your mind tries to become its pilot, when you're young, you do nothing, you're serene, you're capable, you live in the desire of your instinctive behavior, you have a future in its natural fulfillment, in the gathered and constructed world of thought and feeling, you are consumed by ideas of desire and fear, as you anticipate your future in the fulfillment of your desires and fears, in being itself, you're not available in desire or fear, you have no future to desire or fear, your openness and your serenity have no shell in time to be admired, you're at peace in your being, what becomes of you takes its course without fear or desire for the outcome, if anything other than who you are is how you define yourself, you accept less than the truth, and you call yourself by the name of a small part of who you are, the way to begin to be in being itself is to begin, the love of being is in your nature, the love of being itself is in the nature of your existence, these are not two truths, but one, you speak from within this love, you turn in any direction, and you hear your true voice speaking, when you speak your love of being itself, you give your voice to being itself.

~

You can't enter into anyone else's consciousness, and you can't leave your own, it seems to be a trap and a prison, all mental, emotional, and spiritual energy is exerted to dissolve this bondage, but in thinking, there is no freedom from this limited mind, no matter how many hybrids of mind there are, the thought of the closing of this prison is unsettling, you make a castle of your prison, you try to dominate it, or somehow, out-think it, suddenly, or as if suddenly, the prison dissolves, and the guards run off like children at play.

~

One common version of acceptable sanity in society is the steady, dependable, reliable, adherence to shared delusion, in all societies and individuals, there is leakage of awareness, and there are bursts of awareness, to remain in the absence of form, in a world where form occurs, requires a true depth of sanity, the sane are accepted in societies, if they perform within a range of acceptable form, saints, gurus, masters, and seers, must self-identify as servants of the socially shared illusion, or show themselves to be unthreatening, those who can't accommodate themselves in service to the illusion, must present themselves as destructive, self-destructive, harmless, or delusional, as if their seeing past the common delusion is itself aberrant and rejectable, those at ease in form are rewarded, those at ease in form can, still within form, pay a courtesy of attention to formless being, but those who are at ease in formless being, can rarely be found in a form-committed world, and when they are, they're thought of as miracle workers, lunatics, or charlatans, those at ease in formless being, when they're in form, can function as a non-threatening ethereal reference to formless being, if they don't break the allegiance to form, formlessness can be proposed as a rejectable version of a form-filled eternity, as an unknown emptiness of terror and fear, as just bad thinking, or, uncommonly, as the pure and simple reality of being itself, being in the very present reality of being itself is rarely spoken of as simple sanity, despite this wide-spread proscription against the simplest, clearest sanity, despite all that goes against it, everyone alive reveals this reality, in the constant, universal drive to surrender to almost anything and everything, in some form or another, we humans rush into all the forms of surrender, not realizing that the essence of surrender is its virtue, it is the nature of surrender and not its object, that opens one's freedom, the focus on the object of one's surrender closes the door that surrender opens, nothing infringes on this ultimate reality, not thought, feeling, or action, you don't have to call it spiritual or artistic or intellectual or anything, you don't have to call it by any name, you look in the mirror, and you don't need a name for what you see, to be what you are.

~

Stillness in the awareness of being isn't a threat to any religion, philosophy, belief system, or cosmology, everything comes out of emptiness, whether you call it the creator, creation, or emptiness itself, instead of focusing on anything that appears in nothing, you focus on nothingness itself, your stillness is the purest example of being in nothing, your stillness in anything is the manifestation of being in everything.

~

Your essential reality becomes apparent in your life, at various times, in various ways, and you live in reaction to the occurrence, you live in reaction to your essential being, until you identify with your own reality, and you let go of your reaction to it, you go to sleep consciously, you're conscious of being in nothing, until sleep comes, you experience a letting go of all thought, until you are consciously not conscious, you don't let any thoughts wake you up or keep you awake by not holding onto them, you let go of all thought, in favor of that which you have come to prefer, the deeply resourceful stillness of your open awareness, you nurture your awareness into consciousness, as if by loving parents, who teach with abiding love, without any personal stake in your maturing.

~

A child is born, the child is shown the world around him and told the names of things, *these are the names of the dream; whenever you think of anything, remember it is a dream, and you are the dreamer*, the child's parents question him or her, as if the child knows the answer, as if the answer is always present and more valued than anything else, *who are you, who sees, within you, everything that is a dream, even yourself*, the child asks, *what is a dream*, and the child hears that a dream is anything that comes and goes, anything that is not always true, the child's parents ask the child, *what is it that doesn't come and go, that is always true, that is always real, that is who you are, that isn't a dream*, so that when all children are asked to remember who they are, it becomes a matter of course to recognize the being that underlies everything, every child is asked these questions, in every house, it becomes common knowledge, when common being is taught as common knowledge, children embrace their lives, from nothing to everything and everything in between.

~

Human faces no longer stir in you the anticipation of amazement, it's not that nothing amazes you, only the thing itself and not its harbinger amazes you, your capacity for amazement is no longer clouded by anticipation, the remarkable beauty of appearances accompanies the amazement of the heart, beauty belongs to appearance, and amazement touches the infinite reality.

~

Your life is a work of art, it follows the same course as all works of art, and your intention is the smallest part of it, your best intention appears in the realization that a work of art is occurring, and you are supportive, non-interfering, grateful, appreciative, and as forgiving as possible of the occurrence of this art and of the one who is called the artist in you, when you are the opening of being, like a hollow reed, there is no sound, no sensation in your experience of being who you are, the experience of the master within you is without hyperbole, if any describe the awareness of being as an ecstasy, they are building castles in the air.

~

You can live in any reality you can imagine, it's all available, but the moment of being free is here, you're already in freedom, when you discover it all around you, what prepares you for grace, and what prepares you for grace's absence, are the same, this is a simple momentous day, like all others, there's no fate you're waiting for, this awareness of being is the result of your waiting being over, your life slips through your fingers, this is the natural course, when you grip it, it slips, when you don't grip it, it slips, if you believe any part of life is not its fulfillment, and you try to grip it, you miss it, the ordinary method for getting out of an unsatisfactory reality is to leave it for an alternative reality, the only trick that works is to see how you are holding these realities, holding is the source of your dissatisfaction.

~

It isn't that you die to be born again, but that you let go of holding onto your life, to fall awake is to not hold any thoughts, as in the way you let go to sleep, you let go to a state called enlightenment, as if it were a success of thinking, thoughts of success continue, until you stop holding these spiny, mushy, painful, soothing thoughts, not to end them in some glare of their dramatic death, but to let your fingers loosen, until nothing clings, as being itself continues to flow, and awakening occurs, it's terrifying to let your life, as you have known it, slip through your fingers so easily, to fall awake in the world, but no one dreams themselves out of a dream.

~

You are being, and being itself lives all of life in who you are, when the awareness of being comes all the way into form, it transforms the form to formlessness, while it hastens the fulfillment of the form, this invasion of being is identity invading the identity of your being, this transformation, of yourself from possibility to reality, from self-image to self-realization, from thought to actuality, from a kind of easy familiarity to recognition, from wearing a favorite mask to showing your beautiful face, can be fearful, so that if you fear your self, being can't become fully apparent, the great adventure of this existence is to witness the coming into being of the presence of self as something greater than you ever imagined, you put yourself inside a self larger than yourself, and you watch it fit, your ego self exists in bundles of the past, wrapped in ribbons of the future, suddenly you're not bound, and everything that you're within drops within everything you are, and in that instant, the presence of being is whole and united, and you're at peace.

~

You wait for some greater happiness, with time running out, and maybe, in the end, heaven will suffice, or you let go of the common charade of shared happy misery, in the way you have of slipping into your already free self, like a baby in new skin, not even a baby, just being itself, hanging out, on a Friday night.

~

Your *I* feels responsible to transform itself into being itself, but the *I* version of your being is unreal, no matter how wise or noble it becomes, your *I* senses the presence of being, your *I* imagines its transformation, your *I* undertakes its transformation, using its own limitations to succeed at it, until, amazingly, your *I* realizes its own absence from true reality, your *I* feels good to be conscious of being, but the state of being does not reside in the thought, not even in the thought of being itself, in the recognition of being, your *I* continues to revel in itself, what occurs within being is not being, even if it's conscious of being, and what occurs within being is being, even if it's unconscious of being.

~

You're caught in a downward spiral of pain and suffering, as if a thorn has brought down a lion, and subsequent generations of lions learn, teach, repeat, and dwell on the thorn of their discontent, until it becomes the overriding concern, the fear, and the catalyst of all lion activity and thought, *god save us from the thorn, they pray, why doesn't our god, the lion of lions, save us from the thorn, they plead, there can be no god in a world where there is thorn, they cry, thorn is the way of all life, here on this plane of our misfortune, they weep, woe to all lions, they roar, deep into the night.*

~

There is a state of being that exists, that sees beauty in squalor, that hears silence in clamor, that feels love in fear, not magically, but actually, in who you are, in your heart, you're the simplest being, you live as you love, and that's all there is to it, you're accepted in the widest reality, and no more effort need be made, human pain and suffering are minor qualities in the whole of existence, your pain is no less painful, your suffering is no less grievous, but they are overshadowed by this greater reality, now, here, everywhere.

~

From inside the kindness in your own eyes, you see, as water sees the river flowing, and it delights you, as firelight delights in the fire, there's no habit among human beings, in thought and feeling, or in the appearance of what we call virtues, to remark on the simple beauty of being within themselves, you look at the good within yourself, and you enjoy it, without calling it achievement, these occurrences of love, beauty, and truth, are not contrived, except when you imitate them, you are twice blessed, to be where this moment occurs, to be conscious of it occurring, this is a practice of true humanity, to witness wonder, in a simple moment, in the only life you have open access to, what luck to be human in this way, if you speak of such a thing as those who speak of a being greater than themselves, you must have heard the earth lay claim to a hillside, or the ocean boast about the depths beneath its surface, the forest can feel the wind, but does the rustling in the leaves belong to the trees, or are they not all beings of being itself?

~

Belief in gods is the consoling of your imprisoned mind, if you believe that true awareness will be given to you by some other being, separate from you, it frustrates the truth and elevates your mind to be, at best, the companion of being itself, when you are a servant, who creates his own master, to whom he then surrenders, you remain both servant and master, never tastes the fullness of surrender, and you are prevented from knowing the thing you desires the most.

~

The illusion, of being attached to this life, speaks of itself as illusion and of being as its fundamental reality, with its sense of itself still centered in its illusorn self, until being itself speaks its reality, beyond illusion, and your illusory life takes its place among the manifestations of who you are being, being free is like being a free place, your attachments come to this place to be set free from their own life of enchainment, you live, for a time, entranced, mystified and satisfied by mystery, and still you are compelled to find the place of wonder, where wonder is not separated into wondering thoughts, where grace has no absence of grace, you search for a place from which to name who you are, where there's nothing to separate your peace from common breath, you are disenchanted in the thought of freedom, until this absence of magic is a desert that blooms in every moment you place your foot, in this place of wonder, you see the forest for the trees and all the trees in their forest.

~

When there's any particular work to be done, there's a kind of anxiety, a disquiet, and the only peaceful resolve is for the work to be done, this disquiet is not in being but in mind and body, the peace of being is your only source of knowing that the work is true, of knowing that the work is done and knowing when it is done, the energy of this disquiet ends, temporarily, when the work is done, or when the energy is living its own life, when the work is no longer expected to do anything but fulfill itself, there is disquiet in peace, but by its rising from peace and falling into peace, its character can be clearly seen.

~

If the true nature of what appears to be chaos is love, what is love; when there's no separation between the true nature of one thing and another, that is a description of love, when water is poured into water, you surrender to the other, and you accept the other, the water loves the water, and vice versa.

~

Your life continues its incremental unfolding, as if unbeknownst to you, you are thrilled at its almost shocking bursts of reality upon your life in this world of relative realities, this moment of being alive, crowded with its peculiar energy, seems to be defined as a shout, stillness seems lost, and attachment seems to defy eternity, something large and shot through with beams, the inside of the sun, makes itself seem permanent, attention goes to the heat, but even in this watching, like a great furnace in the sky, another, even greater eye, is on being itself, in this crashing around you, that you crash into, no crash occurs, in this feeling small, you often neglect this not small being that swallows it whole, you pick up and hold a sense of this being that becomes everything, it is a thing you discover, even closer and dearer, as you loosen your hold on it, here, in your being, is an incredible arrangement of disappearances.

~

There's so little social encounter with those who are conscious in this being, it is easy to forget you are one with them, in being who you are, you sleep, as you drop into the naturally perfect, you are like an empty jar tossed in the astronaut heaven, without the jar and no vehicle in sight.

~

You seek to love and be loved, when love is your inherent nature, these both are the description of the sacred and the profane, you are love itself, and this love seeks to know and be known, to experience and be experienced, to be as it is, in all things, the king goes out, in disguise, asking everyone he sees, *where is the king*, until someone says, *the king is within you, wherever you go, wherever you are.*

~

Beautiful creations humble you and remind you who you are, innocence, power, beauty and wisdom, a gateway to yourself, to wonder, to the truth you forget, in any narrow idea; you are not light, nor things lit, but you are the same as the source of it, you are not heat, nor things heated, but you are the same as the source of it, do you need to cease activity to be, when being occurs in the heart of everything you do, you tell yourself, in being itself, *show me your original face*, and you recognize yourself, you are as you are, nothing happens, and you're free, and the question of your freedom disappears.

~

Because of the immense instability of your personality, you gradually resolve to its bedrock, in being as you are, instead of acting as you might, the reinforcements of the world have not been great enough to secure in you any sense of permanent stability, but your awareness of the reality of your being has never failed to fill you with what you are, you are rock, you are oak, you are a lion who roars in being itself, nothing that occurs is the source of your fulfillment, and never has been, as long as you believe in what occurs, there is expectation, and in the world of your thinking, you make and own everything, nothing is left in your estate for you to be at peace with, when you look at a room full of people, as if you are one in a room of others, you feel yourself at their mercy, weak and frightened or strong and bold, as if you must become the master of all expectations, you work to learn the mastery of this world of otherness and then, in your despair, you abandon your mastery, and you discover that the free leap into freedom is the freedom it leaps into.

~

There is inherent reality, and superimposed on that, there is habitual attachment, with methods of controlling attachment and methods of freedom from attachment, and all of these are susceptible to continual modification and the loss of their control, this ramshackle creation of self, with its historic foundation, is not your true home, instead, you are fire and heat, as this being is pregnant with eruption, lava flow, and mountain, this is your home, you are fire in the paper house of your attachments.

~

Only in this moment can you prove the existence of this scientific reality, you call yourself to the witness stand and draw a confession of truth from the prosecutor, the straight route to the truth of your being is to turn the question back on itself, this requires a willing witness; when your mind is already mindful of being, you don't need to focus on mind, but when your mind is obstinate or unwilling, when it hasn't yet seen being as its true self, it needs to look first at itself, your mind can walk its way back to the moment of its absent self, until your *I* is set free, when someone blows wind into a horn, it sounds like a horn, when being blows its wind into you, you're born and live and speak, so are you someone like a horn, or are you the wind, the simple, ultimate reality is the thing almost nobody seems to want, since nearly every form invented to make this simplicity available, isn't what it purports to be.

~

For years, you spend your life more or less heartbroken at the occasional notice of grace, then, you welcome it absolutely, but you can't court it with diligence or fervor, you're married to being itself, but your submission doesn't invent in being a greedy desire to eat your heart whole, there's no sense in you, anymore, to practice this human idea, you simply can't walk the earth as if you have useful personal private desires, your thoughts have lives, but they are not your self, you pick up thoughts, and gather them, you bundle them, hoard them, bury them, burn them, honor them, and all you can name as their life is not who you are, you discover that the keeper of thoughts is also a phantom of your own devising, you are insane with this life, you are its dictator and its tortured victim, the true name for this insanity is: *Tuesday, an accumulation of thoughts*, as in your soft hands, gently resting, you hold the grip of fear, anger wants to take over, you are millions of years old, and your desires are not met, how much longer can you carry this fruitless desire, when in no time at all, you open your hands, this is the finest secret of the magicians, you stay here, you stop time, you look around, you're still, you're quiet, you pay attention, being itself uses all you are to reveal what runs free in everything, empathy, clairvoyance, understanding, love, you pass through all of them, you create nothing, and you're created by nothing, and look, here you are, putting creation to the test, with great success, your sensual attention is pleasurable, the mind and the body deserve their seats at the table, too, in this life of bumping together, in your absence of self, you slip in amongst everything, you submit, you succumb, you succeed, in this particular way of no way.

~

You're a form of the essence, you're a form of the recognition of the essence, you are the essence, you are the recognition of the essence, the presence of the essence is not proven by any occurrence, but everything that occurs is proof of occurrence in your essence, when you try to imitate the essence of being, it acts homeless, lost, cold, indifferent, and dead, and when you're in surrender, everything is alive, you're in the center of your being present, and everywhere you go, you see like a child in wonder, where's your error in forgetting to think of yourself as someone or something big or small, you say prayers in both directions, reaching and receiving, but there is no in or out, no up or down, no here or there, in both prayers, when both have the same resolve in this infinite stillness, you try hard for the light to go out of your eyes, and the harder you try, the brighter things get, you have no need for hope, as there's no need for hope to have an object, the hope for love and joy distracts from their discovery, when love and joy are the objects of hope, they are water in a sieve, and the only thing that remains in the sieve is not the water.

~

In your deepest self, you know your essence, you hear anyone who speaks in resonant language, but you're misled when you listen outside yourself without a glimpse of your true self, then you live in the darkness of doubt, the gray mist of separation, in the belief that you're separate from truth, it becomes the purview of masters; masters of truth are masters of the obvious, their uniqueness is their rarity, what's more common are masters of darkness, doubt, and fear, of the belief in separateness, these masters are everywhere, the nature of the world lies in mastery of the consequences of separateness, but in awareness of being, there's nothing to fear and nothing to master, whereas, in separation, there's everything to fear and everything to master, you try to master the darkness, and you're apprenticed to one master or another, you apprentice yourself to a vast array of masters and their systems of mastery, those who propose systems of unity tend to be masters of the relative dark, if anyone says, *I'll show you the way, I am the keeper of the light*, that one is another master of the dark, the way to master the dark is to turn on the light, the way to turn on the light is to recognize the light that's already on, if your beliefs are blocking the light, you can't be persuaded to recognize it, if you believe in light as a stay against the dark, you're still in thrall to your belief, the sun doesn't compete with shadow, everywhere light goes looking, it cannot find the dark.

~

If you live in the enactment of the past or the anticipation of the future, you abandon the present; the only place you're actually alive, you love not your life but your being alive, and it causes you to love your life in mostly so, and even when you don't, you do, if you're not swept up in contradiction and, for a time, believe what it tells you, to be still is to let everything that's already true, come true, to be still is to let everything that's already true, be true, to be still is to let everything that's already true, remain true, to be still is to let everything, that's already true in you, be who you are, you survive the release of every attachment your mind comes to know in the transcendence of your limitations, until your transformation is the only lasting transcendence, when you act as if your mind is a guiding participant in your destiny, you step from reality into illusion, but your awakening opens you up to the loss of magical imagination, that remains in the workshop of the will, but when you're truly present, all the realities, that depend on your imagination, lose their appeal, you ask yourself,
*why watch a movie, even a great movie, in your prison cell,
when the cell door is wide open?*

~

Within your heart is everything that's less than the reach of your heart, the continental divide is less than the reach of your heart, the Taj Majal is less than the reach of your heart, all music and art are less than the reach of your heart, all cruelty and pain are less than the reach of your heart, everything and everyone, forever and everywhere, are less than the reach of your heart, you look at human faces, and they gleam with vitality, each face is the shame of art, each person vibrant and alive, is this the relaxation of a Saturday, or have your eyes met their match, has your seeing been fed from inside your heart and mistaken it for outside, your eyes are full of life, and look what a world you see, the final virtue in learning the mind is to be free of it, the learning of the heart is taught by the heart, in the heart, and from the heart of whoever studies in the University of the Heart, the essential can't be affected by human thought, will, desire, or knowledge; what is affected is their relationship to the essential, you become full in the moment you become empty, being makes a beggar of description, your mind wants to know what it knows it can't know, a mind at peace takes pride in its knowledge of the overwhelming presence of the unknowable, your painting of the sunset looks good in the light of the setting sun.

~

The true destination of knowledge is into the source of the knower, the search for yourself consumes everything you're not, by consuming everything you're not, you consume yourself to a nothingness, what's left over has no name, it's called everything that is, it's called the all, your life seeks itself, until your searching is over, *searching* has certain characteristics, but the end of searching has nothing to identify it by, as a practitioner of this least likely life, you only telling the truth of yourself, any sign of separation is an indication of your continuing desire for separation, you long for the things you choose to lose, as closer and closer, you circle yourself, your circling is you pulling the circle in on itself.

~

Some who talk about right and wrong, think this peace, where right and wrong are consumed, is wrong, but if right swallows wrong and then swallows itself, nothing has been lost but the difference at the source, when you seem to be interested only in yourself, you watch yourself seeming to be interested only in yourself, like holding up a thing for inspection, the life of the non-mind called heart, is neither heart nor mind, nor anything else, *not neither nor either* is its name, until even that is old hat, when in your empathetic self, you forget who you are, but fortunately, who you are doesn't forget who you are, only forgetting forgets who you are, and the forgotten reality is the one left unforgotten, in being itself.

~

When you don't tell the truth, in its only moment of being true, you're being someone with thoughts in your head and words on your tongue, when you don't know who you are, you imagine who you are, and this imagining is wonderful, foolish, and dangerous, it flies as far as possible from the truth, on imaginary wings of its own devising, the fire gives birth to the Phoenix that's consumed by the fire, what is this ornithology, compared to the birthing of its consuming fire, when you narrow the vision of your heart, you sacrifice your heart to its tiny twin, the red saint of February.

~

Love of another is powerful, it shouts to be taken for real, you come to know that the source of love is not beyond yourself, but within, and you are within it, then when the truest love occurs in conjunction with the appearance of an other, it remains to be what it is, you cannot find where the presence of love is not located, a beautiful sunset may be the occasion of a full heart, but it's not the source of that fullness, the praise and the glory of the sunset aren't born in the sun, but in the heart in which they are known, if you're old and sitting in a small room, in complete surrender to absolutely nothing, and there is nothing to show for it, you still live inside a perfect and beautiful life, that lives inside you, this is one ambition you may admit to, without reserve or regret, because it's already true, you discover, and it is revealed to you, that your inherent self is eternal emptiness, any other description of yourself is a description of the landscape of the imagination, no matter what you think, why would you not want to be what you are, why would you want to cavort with incarnations and ghosts of the truth, when the entire reality is yours, every desire is aimed at this fulfillment, and they are all incapable of achieving it, why would you not be willing to abandon them, no matter how bright and colorful they shine, if what you drink doesn't bring you any joy, is it reasonable that you drink it, if this drinkless state is your bliss, why would you put anything else inside you but your bliss, your peace, your joy, your being as you are.

~

Empty habit teaches itself as a familiarity and calls itself satisfaction, your ancient habit of identifying yourself as a self among selves, is a magnificent charade, mutually agreed on and mutually perpetuated, you're an emperor, and you're naked, even when you live at the mall, talking fashion all day long, everything you count as yours, even as yourself, is glimmer, often bright as sunlight flares, and in the night, is shadow, held aloft by a string, the thought in you that there's a way to create a life of happiness unending, comes like a commercial call at dinnertime, something out of nothing is always occurring, you don't conquer the world, but you invite it into your presence, silence spoken from the heart is stillness, you are peaceful in your stillness, you are happy in your stillness, you are alive in your stillness.

~

The fear of death, the love of death, the prospect of death, and the pull of death, are not this death, this death is discovery, this is the fall into total reality, that redefines time, past, present, and future, death is milk to your imagination, but this death is not that kind of death, everything you use, to define yourself as alive, is not alive, nothing is alive, and yet everything lives in this, and you are nothing to be so much alive, you fight the idea of nothingness as a description of essential being, it seems cold in the body, as the body seems cold in eternity, you don't embrace the absence of duality, you don't come to accept it, instead, you discover it is who you are, as you have always been; as someone alone, you get to be in love, as your heart finds it, unrestricted, undirected, unexpected, as often as parts of the sky.

~

The nature of love is discovered in recognition, without characteristics, and in the recognition of love, you disappear, and this disappearance is why you avoid this love and accept its imitation in desire, obsession, identification, and attachment, the imitations of love satisfy your mind's desire to remain the dominant reality, as it shoves love aside, and yet, and still, love remains.

~

This burning desire to be free has no object; the second it has an object, the desire for freedom becomes imprisoned, it's hard to believe that any being is always present and always true, the mind is suspicious of any reliable idea of the other, the mind knows the form of its own prevarications, but it resonates. when you say that the center of your own essential being is always present and always true, because there is no other in it, your being is constant to the constant being of itself, telling the mind to let go of self-doubt is a beautiful trick on the mind, to ask it to go where no mind has gone before, to go where no thought has gone before, this is a trick the mind loves to fall for.

~

When you have nothing to do, and you stay in that nothing, you trust your innate self to flourish, your mental self doesn't keep your being from being itself in you, but it inhibits your being from becoming itself in being.

~

Your escape from any illusion begins in the realization that *I* is the perpetrator of the illusion, and *I* continues to be the perpetuator of the illusion, until *I* is relieved of its duties, you start moving quickly, each morning, and you move quickly, all day, until you're darkened by the rush, you become the shadow of yourself, by running ahead of yourself, in haste, living the life of *I*, you slow into who you are, and your running self catches up with you, if you live in fate, you run into others who live in fate, and that is your fate, you give up control over the cruel unknown, and you begin to allow the felicitous unknown to occur, all human life aims toward stillness, no matter how attached to conflict it is, as all of being is born out of stillness, no matter how attached to conflict it is, you recognize this being as a loving presence in the room, you feel it, you recognize it within you, and you know the being you seek, nothing can be done to attract a loving presence in the heart, it's already here within, and in time, you feel the absence of the promise of your flesh, your freedom is finally true, you're free of desire, not by enlightenment, but by freedom, itself, as a greater reality embraces all the parts of itself.

~

When you step into a worldly persona, you step out of yourself, but instead of that, you step into yourself in the world, you let your persona take care of itself, something it's been doing all along, you're free to be as you are, in every way, all the time, it is not your work to find a place in the world for your original self, but to make the world original, in being who you are, this is not speculation, or desire, but conscious awareness of your opening, of your unfolding, of your becoming what is.

~

Relationships imitate the surrender to love, the pulling together and pushing apart, the closeness and distance, in dominance and submission, with threats of permanent division and promises of permanent union, these are the qualities that maintain any faith that is the shadow of love itself, sensual, sexual flesh loses its center in your mind, you no longer focus your heart on flesh, no matter how beautiful it is to your eye, to your touch, or your imagination, you no longer dream backwards from flesh to the heart, and still you let your being have its way with pains and pleasure in the body.

~

You are an invisible mirror, walking in the world, everything you see is your reflection, and you are the reflection of everything you see, you step back further, deeper in your own being, you see the invisible self and all its activity, and when you're caught in the images, you touch them, and they touch you, like warm hands in a warm water pool, you look for a face to love, in its beauty, in its character, in its predicament, and in its transcendence, you look for an object for these things that are in you, you step back into soul, farther, deeper, and you see for yourself the source of all this wonder, it's amazing that you consider any frame of mind to be worth becoming separate from the heart of your being, and because you engage in worldly activities, it's not surprising there's still a habit of attachment, you're engaged in the personal, in the genetic, in being itself, each seems to take precedence, but all resolve in the heart of their common source, you're not yet free, if you're still unwilling to be this much in love, all the time, you feel a coldness near your center, as you feel warmth in the body and happiness in thought and feeling, there's heat and cold, so near to each other they seem interchangeable in the recognition of love and its absence, as your thought of being becomes the being of your thoughts, the sense of the absence of love is your sense of the abandonment of love near the center, when the center is love itself, the center is who you are, the fire of your being draws a draft, but you are not drawn with the draft, you're drawn into the fire of who you are.

~

Self-consciousness, shyness, self-judgment, self-criticism, self-limitation, self-importance, are manifestations of your sense of separation, your desire and addiction seek to dissolve your sense of separation in the life of your faltering self, the release of all addictive desire offers you a self that's not separate from your unfailing being, as you are heartbroken, in your long-standing love affair with the world, you see the world as beautiful, powerful, sensuous, mysterious, wise, profane, magical, and sensible, and you see the world's betrayal, indifference, venality, stupidity, emptiness, cruelty, ugliness, in its shallowness, but your love is unconditional and endless, until the love affair is over, and then it continues, unabated.

~

The idea is to have no idea, to go where the no idea leads, without ambition or desire, you're silent and still, this is your lasting desire, and it consumes your ambition, you become timeless, you step into timelessness, you direct your thought to make a place for the peace of your mind, you direct your mind to no place in particular, this is your way of being in the world, this way of being is the natural recovery of the self inside the recovered self, you recover the truth of who you are, and the truth of who you are recovers you, you start slowly, you slow down, you stop, now, you're getting somewhere, you're good at this nothing doing, not the nothing that's the absence of something, but the nothing that's the presence of everything, why complain about nothingness, when inside nothing, everything is, there's a love of yourself that is your true happiness, and it has nothing to do with you, you're in love with this perfect circumstance of your being here, in this life, in this being, it is the sudden and overwhelming realization that you're the receiver of all your dreams, given you, in the reality of your own open heart, your focus shifts from your personal self, your consciousness shifts from your doing to your being, you witness all doing, yours and everyone else's, as it occurs within this presence, you are a being in your being that knows who you are, and you are this knowing, in the life of a person, in being itself.

~

There's freedom is letting go of hope; first, you feel hopelessness and despair, then you see freedom, not in the annihilation of hope but in not holding hope in the hands of your heart, to be fearless is not to never feel fear, but to never hold it, to be hopeless is not to never feel hopeful, but to never hold it, and these words are only thoughts, they are only the steam and breath of the oxen of being itself, you sit in yourself, it's too crowded, you want the wide open spaces, where nobody is home, and you are still here, losing faith in the holding of desire is the heart of all your freedoms, you feel free everywhere, moving silently, with your heart full of imprecise love, to be within nobody, within nothing that is done, to live in the reality of being itself, you're in love with no one, with everyone, in nothing, with no one, you're in love itself, it is incumbent on you to be true to your truth, to honor this discovery, to celebrate your joyfulness, in the presence of being, as you wash your dishes and make your bed, as you drive your car and eat your dinner.

~

You choose to be as you are, you stop holding everything that is not who you are, you live in wonder and calm acceptance, seeing through everything, not believing anything to be other than transient relative reality, you love being here, and having no fixity, in a drama that demands it, you are exactly who you are, with no apologies to what you're not, since, in your doubting mind, either you are pure being, or you are an impure person, and you try to blend them or resolve them, but you are neither, as much as you are both, this inclusive neither is your knowing of both, you are an instance of awareness, in a particular form, in a world you identify as the same as yourself, when your mind is caught up in the life of the body, everything seems resolved, but that resolution is easily dissolved in death, fear, and desire, you are a body, in a world, in a mind, in awareness that is the true resolution of this layered contradiction.

~

You do not discover yourself by falling in love with anyone else, you discover yourself in the identical nature of love, not in its objects or its occasions, in this world of wide-spread, dazzling, confusing, unlimited differences, you discover yourself identical in nature with everything, you know this recognition as love, even love is a word in the language of differences, you think you love across the differences, when the truest love has no differences, no separate nature, and neither do you, you sit in your familiar chair, at your familiar table, in your familiar house, in your familiar city, in your familiar part of the world, in your familiar part of the universe, and you're in awe at who you are, so much more than familiar, everywhere you are, the state of your consciousness remains the same, even in awareness, the movement, in your being, toward being exactly who you are, is the same as it always is, you're in a small pool of aware beings, in a pool of more or less conscious beings, in a greater pool of unconscious beings, in the fullest pool of all beings, in the pool of being itself, that includes all the pools within it.

~

It's easier to describe the shadowy state you come from, than it is to describe the unshadowy state you enter, you look on the same world, and there's new sight in the same eyes, you wake up, in any moment, to delight in the circumstances of being present in this life.

~

Fear of death, in all its layered permutations, down to having a single hair out of place, has the familiar power to pull at the innate reality of peaceful joy, the habits of fear act just like fear, all your practiced behavior is the prevention, control, avoidance, and suppression of the disguises of fear, as long as you dwell in human habit, you live in fear or the denial of fear, to be exactly true to yourself is to let go of the habitual fears of any being in the world, to let go of these habitual fears is to discover what remains at the center, you notice it as a kind of awe, a delightedness, an amazement, a wonder, and a small daily happiness.

~

When your heart goes out toward someone, you see your open heart find its form in the world, and in loyalty to your habitual self, you credit the object of your love with being the source of it, but every object of love appears in the overflow of your being love itself, in the flow of being that floods all separation, your heart is the center of your being, not the pump in the chest, not the image of romance, not the focal point of desires, but the ubiquitous center that appears wherever it is, and in its wide compass comes the other, the object of love, to signify the source.

~

In this curious dichotomy, does the mirror find the light, or does the light find the mirror, this debate is for reflectors and reflectors to engage in, when light comes in the company of light, you see where light remains, you see what remains of light, no matter what, even if the mirror turns its back, you see where light remains, light can't leave its home, no matter how wide its beam, or how pointed its focus, this word *light* can mean whatever one imagines it to mean, in your delightedness, your eyes focus on many, and they focus on one, and this is the form of yourself in the world, the burning fire chases its glow beyond itself, and retreats to its embers within itself, to discover its own disappearance, you are the ever-present edge of wonder and delight, this is easily deserted, but it's impossible to leave.

~

You come home, you're home, you stay home, in this moment at home, you are home, you are not nothing, and you are not something, your origin is pure being, whose character is nothingly describable, and you are the invention and convention of somethings that form a life, you are at home in wonder and delight, this presence is your home, and here you are.

~

When you resist what brings you into the moment of your existence, you recognize the resistance as a thought, you forgive your thought of resistance, and the moment succeeds, you feel a quickening awe at the common, universal possibility of every human being to recognize the reality in which all are part, to toss off the clothing of the imagination, to stand naked in the mirror of your flawless being, you feel an ego presence, a sense of being somebody, that's appealing in the world, but the presence of being itself surpasses any limited presence, the temptation of the lesser is the postponement of the greater, a breath in eternity is the time it takes to postpone a lifetime of joy.

~

Being humble doesn't feel small, being humble is being willingly absent in the bigness of all being, and as soon as you are absent in the bigness of all being, the difference between you and bigness is gone, your ego-dream seeks to imitate this with a little bigness of its own, but the bigness of the ego-dream is an empty shell, your ambition to make real in the world what is real in your heart, may serve the heart's reality, or it may be the kind of ambition that cares only for itself, you become lost in the slightest distance, you're essential self is nowhere to be found, and then, in this nowhere, you're home again, true compassion requires no action, no words; your action and your words follow your compassion, you don't change the world, but you live in a world that's changed.

~

The perfect form of self-affirmation is the surrender of all your useless baggage, you fear disintegrating in your surrender, when your integration is the prize of the very surrender you fear.

~

Being itself comes into form, as far as it does, when it does, in the way that it does, a room of beings is a room of being, more or less in form, more or less in the awareness of being, the degree of the presence of the awareness of being is not apparent in the loudness of language, in color, shape, or energy, in movement, or any other noise, it becomes possible to live in tune with lesser and greater degrees of the awareness of the presence of being, residency in being is all that's required to solve these so-called problems, in your mind, you create hierarchies and relationships, and then you want to promote contrary people and dethrone those you admire or desire, you can't look at any human being without recognizing an equal instance of being, and when you try to think otherwise, you regret the attempt, if you don't honor the presence of any other, your consciousness strays from the awareness of this presence that you say you are, all these ways of seeing are not as clear as the vision of your heart, you see that teachers, masters, gurus, priests, seers, saints, and all free beings, don't create other free beings, but free beings are drawn to freedom, to become, more clearly, what they already are.

~

Being thought of as special by others doesn't change the reality of who you are, it adds to the challenge of being clear, when your gold is in plain view, it tempts others to grab at it, to take some of it for their own, you cover your gold, until you're ready to reveal it, and stay within your self; the challenge to all, no matter who they are, no matter how they are treated in the world, is to find their own center and be true to it, all have unlimited access to being, all use what they see in others as a way for their hearts to be open, as far as they are ready to have them be open, anyone's wonderful behavior is a glimpse of something wonderful in everyone, you're tempted to single out others as the cause of your wonder, instead of enjoying the recognition of wonder in yourself, all greatness is a glimpse into everyone's capacity for greatness, not in the details, but in the heart, it's a gift inside of a gift to see how something incredible can happen to you, within who you are, when you don't do it yourself, life is a blessing and a curse, the curse diminishes when you stay in the blessing, the easy thing to do is to be true to yourself, to be exactly true to who you are, to look the gift of your life in the heart of it, in who you are, the wisest human being on Earth loves simply to be alive and awake in the same moment, this life is eternity with texture.

~

Artists look for their center, and the meat of their art is found in the search, as they pass through their maturing, they work from the center of their maturity, their maturity is absorbed in their being, and they become artists of the undefined, they become what they are, by unbecoming what they have become, finally, no one can tell the difference between the art and the artist, and neither the art nor the artist cares.

~

The best thing you can do, when you feel love for anyone, especially when you fall in love, is to see it for its true self, not to go chasing its outward-bound flow, but stay at home in its everything, everywhere you are, the nature of the sun is to shine, not to seek credit for what it illuminates, the sun shines unceasing joy, without a thought to all your wonder, your gratitude, your fear, you pour yourself full, there's no substitute for your own consent, there are no secrets, there is only secrecy, don't be a secret, where none exists, to seek to love is to choose to live in the absence of love, to be in love itself is to be in the presence of love, to be love itself is to be in, and of, the presence of all that is, freedom lies in the acceptance of your personal death, that same freedom lies in the acceptance of what doesn't die, in who you are, this is transformation from nothing but fear to nothing but love, this movement from personal fear occurs rapidly, once it's genuinely begun, the light comes on, and the darkness goes away, and there is no more coming and going.

~

In recognizing yourself as being, you let go of ego, and you let go of belonging to the community of egos, you feel a hesitance and a fear, to recognize that everything is a gift, that nothing is personal, nothing is individual, nothing is willful, you feel a peacefulness that there is no such thing as personal power, and there's nothing that isn't a gift, the gifts come pouring in, and the gifts come pouring out, it seems to be an evasion of your responsibility to accept everything as a gift, when you see the gifts in your hands, you see that your hands are a gift, you see that your seeing is a gift, it becomes a high gratitude, and a deep responsibility, and these, too, are more gifts to be enjoyed.

~

Art is a deliberate place, where transcendence may occur,
great art is a deliberate place, where transformation may occur,
your deliberate awareness is your art of being.

~

This realized reality appears in the flesh as a sense of apprehension, like the alertness of animals, like the feeling of fear, when it is nothing more than being present, in every moment, in the body of one's life, it is a joyful apprehension, unlike fear, because there's good reason for it, the stripping away of the comforts of living in the common social trance, opens the awareness of being and all being that's within it, what an opportunity is this being in awareness, awareness is to be conscious of the simple beauty of presence that you are inside of, that is inside you.

~

Being itself spoke to being in the form of the first man and woman,
*you know yourselves, you have knowledge, you are conscious and aware,
go forth and remember your true being, there are no keys to the garden,
heaven is unlocked and unguarded, forever, you can never leave yourselves,
or your self, in being who you are, unless you become something separate
from what I am, in who you are, and they've been trying to leave
themselves, and find themselves, ever since.*

~

You look to the door, and here come all the unknown blessings of the heart, you step out to love, and you step back into love itself, as the king does not go looking for his kingdom, but instead reclines on the throne, everywhere he goes, this life is a theater of mostly delights, the core of which is your unshackled heart, there's no gauging the depth in this drama; your unfathomable being is its container, and you act as if the discovery of your being is to be held aside and used occasionally, like a vocabulary, a palette, an energy source, like a wall plug, the solution to your problem, whatever it is, appears in the place of one's problem, one goes to the heart of any problem to discover the source of its release, not to its effects.

~

The only reason to not remain in this moment is that the moment seems overwhelmingly intense, as frightening as it is thrilling, both terror and ecstasy live in the realm of no control, no distance, no thought, no past, no future, in this moment, there's no life story to speak of, no illusion and no security, in reflection, or in expectation, the path to the all is coming fully and absolutely into this moment, and what happens in being, between human beings, needs no added drama, it's the most dramatic, most powerful, most amazing reality, the drama of human relationships only obscures it, the deep blue sea, awareness holds your attention in such a way that whatever you see is made new, this is the same as recognizing the innate transcendence of all being, this newness you feel is the eternal character of your spirit, in knowing who you are, there's no reason to be skeptical or apprehensive, there's no mental judgment to do any second guessing, in knowing who you are, others are taken as they come, and deeper, they reveal themselves, in knowing who you are, desires become passing thoughts, like multicolored carp in a pond.

~

All the writing about enlightenment only goes to confirm what occurs in awareness, from one who has experienced, to one who is experiencing, to one who is yet to experience, the unexperienceable, it isn't necessary for you to speak the truth in this world of conflicting relative truths, those who are able to hear the truth, discover it on their own, those who can't hear the truth, show no desire or readiness for it, and for others, the truth becomes advice and reassurance, or it is an amusement of infinite curiosity, it only works in your being to speak the truth for no reason, whatsoever, the truth is only the truth of what's true in the reality of your being in being itself, everything else that's called the truth is only relative to any truth anyone wants to name or profess, this truth is that which does not come and go, which doesn't vary from one to another, or else it is only what is thought to be true, and thoughts are formed in coming and going, the truth of who you are is that which does not come and go, has never changed, and will never change, no matter how much or how often you change, or the world seems to change around you, who you are is that reality in your being that remains, no matter what else may occur, it is that reality you can recognize in any moment of your being, in every moment of your being.

~

In a heart that's closed to its own nature, desire is mathematical, easy to figure, definable, and in that sense, relatively reliable, but in a heart that's open to its own nature, desire is useless and lightly enjoyable, like the color of birds in an open sky, in this world, where what you are and what you honor, are almost invisible, you remove yourself to a place where what you are is apparent, in the self, and nearly in the world, you create a place to honor the truth of who you are, to create the meeting of being in being itself that you seek in the world, where you find it haphazard, you open a place in yourself, where the honoring of the self is unbroken, you could wear robes to let it be known that your attention is on the honoring of the truth of who you are, but instead, you wear invisible robes in your heart, in your eyes, in your words, you get a reputation for well-dressed stillness.

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Who is genuine, and with whom are you compelled to be genuine, with whom is your true nature spontaneous and unavoidable, who responds in the moment, without thought or affectation, with whom is it impossible to be anything but genuine, your innate reality is genuine, you don't know any relationship that isn't at least an approximation of the genuine, you live in the approximation of genuine relations, or you struggle with false ones that mask the genuine, as your nature becomes more and more apparent to you, you experience your own nature, in relation to genuine mastery, you know your nature is real, you trust your innate nature, you trust the innate nature of others, you trust your reality to see the reality of others, and you accept approximations for what they are, you are free in the genuine, you are free with approximations, without effort, in the discovery of your true nature, there's no reason to be anything but genuine, there's no more burden of approximation, if there's any effort to be genuine, it is a sign of separation, and desires occur to fill the gap, desire is the banner of separation, raised when separation is to be dissolved, overcome, or maintained, to be genuine is not a quality of duality, there's no expectation in the genuine, it lives outside, above, and beneath expectation or influence, the genuine can't be influenced, any more than you can convince anyone who is genuine, of your sincerity, in discovering the genuine, you discover what lies beyond its parts, the real is always real, consciousness of the real arises in being, even in being with others, you see yourself, when you see others, being as you are being.

~

You live in one room, until you discover you live in an entire house, you don't burn down or close off one room, in order to recognize the house, you are one room, you're an entire house, and your one room is still within your house, now, you're a neighborhood, a city, a country, a world, a universe, an emptiness of nothing but everything, when you're still, you're at peace, you're joyful, and you're without doubt, or fear, or desire, and when you step out of stillness, you see all the forms, as if you're attached to them, but in your stillness, you're unattached; in movement, outside stillness, you are as if attached, you hold nothing, until you begin to move, you see you're attached to this moving, you bring stillness into your movement, and all at once, in moving, you are still, the greatest miracle is the commonest one, that you, who are here in this being, have come from being, and you can know its presence as the presence you are, in all the ways you are, you speak from the place of your freedom, the tendencies of your thinking are addictive, they are not relieved by consciousness of the truth, these tendencies are held in your body, your body will act as a body, until it dies, the habits of your mind require your attention, but the attention in your awareness is inclusive, relentless, and undeniable, in the midst of peace, a whirlwind claims your attention, the whirlwind claims to be who you are, but who you are is not changed by an upset stomach, you recognize the moment between the moments of past and future, you look at the room and recognize your attachments, you step in the middle, between here and there, to form some mutual sense of awareness and attachment, between wonder and beauty, you make a place, you build a haven in your spirit, amongst the air.

~

You're not put off by the absence of practiced knowledge, it sets you free, and as an expert in knowledge and the making of knowledge, you find your knowledge inadequate, compared to the expertise of your unknowing, you're at peace, you're in grace, the sky is greater than any storm, you're happy about the unknown, not because of what will or won't happen, but because it's where you live, you live in the unknowing, and the all-knowing is another name for the heart of your being, the way to trust the heart of your being, is to let go of the inclinations of your mind, the properties of your mind are guardians to the body, and they can't be expected to let go of their cherished duties and affections.

~

Since your awareness is the ground of your life, you assume it's not the thing for you to pursue, and yet it's the only thing you pursue relentlessly, and even in your not pursuing, you're in headlong pursuit, you walk into each new moment, not knowing what will occur, completely in love with yourself, when you remember that you are no one in the doorway.

~

As creativity occurs, your serenity is disturbed, as the state of your creativity is the state of being disturbed, and out of this disturbance, come instances of being, this original disturbance may be interpreted as a disturbance in your behavior, but it is a priori, no disturbance in your behavior causes an original disturbance, that is to say, acting like something doesn't create something, behavioral disturbances may create works that are called art, but original disturbance, or disturbance in your original beingness, is the source of true artistry, your recognition of original disturbance relieves your inclination to identify with or induce disturbances in your behavior in the assumption that they are connected with original disturbance, which occurs in the vast pool of peace in being, in other words, you don't have to act original to be in originality itself.

~

In the apparent absence of those who might feel this same shock of awareness, you step out of your joy, when you think it doesn't help you in the community of others, but when you see the community that is beyond appearance, your joy returns, the message of this recognition may be easily agreed to, psychologically, intellectually, emotionally, and spiritually, but the experience of it is beyond these agreements, you wake up each day, as if newly reincarnated, with total recall of your previous incarnations, in the memory of the moment, of minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, years, in the moment between moments, this is a good indication why you don't remember your previous lives, it dulls the joy of each new rebirth, to be cluttered with the memory of your old ones, in order to be present, you're comfortable in your own stillness, the same as discovering the stillness at the center of being, in yourself, being glad for it, wanting to return to it, wanting to come from it, it is who you are, and your wanting falls away.

~

You are life in a human body, with human consciousness, in awareness of the gift of presence, you are personally present, physically present, consciously present, mentally present, intellectually present, emotionally present, psychologically present, spiritually present, you are present in presence, as presence itself, in your consciousness, you see this incredible circumstance, like being given the best seat at the moment of inspiration for all the greatest realities, you try to imagine something that is occurring, that is not within your consciousness, and your consciousness instantaneously includes it.

~

Some forms seem filled, others seem nearly empty, some seem to fill and empty, to empty and fill, some seem faintly filled, but it is the full presence of the formless that gives all these forms their fullest life, you come to stillness, like opening a book, beginning an activity, or entering a room of delight, everything is profound, being alive is profound, there isn't anything about this being that isn't profound, being present, being quiet, being silent, and being still becomes the awareness of your presence in stillness itself, the idea of holding spiritual beliefs constrains the one holding the idea, the individual is free, it is the miracle of the formless to take shape as an individual in the being of all that is, as being is free, as being becomes everyone, as everyone is made in the essence of freedom, you feel the presence of being itself in a room that is full of others, you sense the feeling isn't about the people, it's about the presence, but the presence of others pulls your personal presence into something greater than your prior sense of yourself, alone, the essence of theater is being, you're an actor in a play, you forget who you are, you think you are the role you're playing, you can't remember who you were before you started acting, and even when you remember, you keep forgetting, your memory seems to have been memorized, it's difficult to think of yourself as your real self, it's easy to think of yourself as the role you're playing, you've been in this drama since before the theater was built; when you lose the reality of your true self, when you forget who you are, does it change who you are, does remembering who you are destroy the drama, what is it about this theater that never changes, you are the being of this play, all your acting is done on your stage, within your being.

~

Inherent reality is known, and words are invented to name it, words are costumes for the naked truth that's invisible and absent, you don't seek what cloaks the truth, you seek what's always been true, even before your love of costumes, you say to the being that is your being, that is being itself, *when you are near me, I can think of no better place to be, even the idea of a better place is meaningless, when you are near me, nearness dissolves, this place dissolve, inside opens, and outside opens, nothing happens, and I imagine nothing better, I imagine nothing, and nothing crosses my mind, no path crosses my mind that I might take away from you, when you are here, within my nearness, this is the best that is, that compares itself to you.*

~

You're at peace, and peace comes, you're in love, and love comes, you're in perfection, and perfection comes, you offer this reality to any who are ready to meet it, and there is no way to arrange such a meeting, you hold no faith in freedom, no faith in enlightenment, no faith in any god, no faith in peace, love, or joy, no faith in being itself, where has that kind of faith gotten you but farther from all these things, faith brings you within arms length, and then locks its grip, the absence of faith is the only thing you might have faith in, but only when you're slightly separate from who you are, faith is the translation of your being in the world, as if you can't speak in your original tongue and must learn a version of it to communicate your heart to yourself, you already know how to do this dance, who tries to learn what's already known, who acts as if what's already known must be learned and then tries to learn it, there's nothing new to learn or teach, you inherently know this dance of light, there is no one way, any way is a way away, even toward is away, if being present is the answer, then the only teaching is being present, if how to be present is the question, then being present is the answer, the only way to demonstrate the false power of any illusion is to be free of it, you are your recognized self, no matter what you recognize yourself to be, you are that, until you begin to suspect that you're behind a mask, you recognize yourself, until you're completely clear that all your masks have been made visible, you are what has no other face, until you are what has no mask, you are what you were, before you were anything in particular, and your masks are for play, you use your nature to see the truth of who you are, you discover your innate self, you use your nature to discover your natural self, and here you are.

~

Instead of coming to a realization of the absolute truth of your innate being, why not go on an exciting adventure, instead of listening to the ineffable presence of your eternal self, why not listen to a story full of sex, addiction, intrigue, foreign lands, mystery, wonder, and a death-defying jeep ride, not to mention enlightened masters who tell bawdy jokes and punch people in the gut as a cure for anger, instead of coming to the realization of the wonderful truth of your innate being, why not go to the beach in Thailand, you can always go away from this, you can always come to this, this moment is always available, here, now, wherever you are, you have the ocean in your belly, you have the ocean in your blood, you get out of your drunken boat, and you get into the ocean, and you swallow it whole, your drunkenness is the illusion that separateness does not exist, your awareness is the realization that separateness does not exist, intoxication is arms around you from the inside, awareness is arms around you from everywhere.

~

Any portrait of a realized human being is threatening, overwhelming, fascinating, startling, attractive and repulsive, such an image is challenged, doubted, denied, worshipped, mythologized, rejected, surrendered to, and run away from, the thought of a fully realized human being is anathema, a fraud, an impossibility, a compact with the demonic, but even the idea of a god is in a compact with the demonic, most people like the idea of a conflicted god, since if a god is only god, we turn away, the true nature of godliness is unappealing, we want human beings to be flawed and incapable of simple being or pure being, we want our gods to be slightly less flawed, and slightly more free, or we make demands on our gods' greatness, when the god of gods is the stillness of the eternal, and when all demands fall on the eternal's deaf ears, the dropping of demands opens the ears of all eternity's children to their own eternity, when attention to the clear energy of the eternal, subsides, it dilutes into thought, thoughts begin to assume directorship, and the qualities of being human take center stage, willfulness follows, as if it is based on divine energy, then your personal will searches around for the center, it searches for the energy that occurs in true clarity, the true energy that willful energy can only imitate.

~

You are drawn, in simultaneous realities, to the real and the transient, as transient reality depends on the belief that it's separate from the real, that it is the entryway to the real, and to maintain its power and hegemony, the door claims credit for the meeting, the transient mind, that demands one's belief, is so compelling, it seems to reverse the truth, the separation from total reality, in the transient mind, is what makes eternal reality seem special and occasional, this transient, worldly reality gives power and glory to those who claim access to the eternal, this is claiming to understand geology, because one waters a potted plant, pain, suffering, and death are known from within separation, and without a sense of separation, they lose the standing of their compelling validity.

~

A miraculous life is available to anyone who lives in the realm of the miraculous, when what the miraculous points to is unanticipated, unexpected, unfamiliar, unknown, unnamed, unseen, and unexperienced, it is who you are, the greatest miracle of all, the time of the moment of freedom is full of imprisonment, the time of the moment of awakening is full of sleep, the time of the moment of emptiness is full, in the time of no time, the moment is multiplied upon itself, the greatest power is empty being, there once was a Vedantic pandit, who encountered a pedantic bandit, said the pandit to the bandit, *I have nothing, I'm nothing at all, what's mine is yours, have a ball.*

~

A teacher can only open the door that's already open, a teacher's words can only open to the wordlessness from which they are constructed, a doorway in doorlessness stands open to openness itself, the vacancy of the atom betrays the illusion of form, the moment of being itself exposes the illusion of past and future, this moment is the garden of eternity's birthplace, after this moment, is not quite eternity, and before it, is not quite eternity, and when the moment is combined into time, it's even less of eternity, this moment, not even in the form of birth, is where birth itself must go, to be born.

~

Your mind runs by itself, and when you're tired of running with the mind, you discover its mouseless treadmill never stops turning, constantly reinventing the mouse, the mind is like a bird in a cage, with nowhere to fly, it can't stop singing about freedom and dying, if you grant your spirituality to what's been said by others, no matter how true, you don't have your own spirituality, you have an education, what is true life then, but the moment of being alive, what is the failure of these words, but the commentary, however beautiful or true that postpones true life or merely enshrines it, what is the moment of true life that is the moment of being itself; no one knows in any way that can be said.

~

The lover one seeks is someone who, among the thousand eruptions of recognition, touches that part of one's heart called stillness, with both eyes open, you look in others for what's true in you, you look by not looking, why do you need to know the name of the god who gives you this grace, you don't need a name to know you are none other than who you are, you are drawn to the sun, until, consumed by its identity, you name the world by your light, the only thing that makes you ecstatic is being in love, being in love with another is a way of being in love itself, knowing what you know, you cannot love less than this.

~

What is the great horror in discovering the absence at the center of the universe, since we eat cereal for breakfast with pictures of famous athletes on the box, we think there ought to be a god with recognizable features and corresponding attributes, since we're occasionally cruel and violent in what we see, if not in what we are, we think any god for us must act in the same dramatic way, the center of the universe is not even its center but the presence within it, this describes you, too, better than what you might eat, this morning, better than what you might think about, your thinking has the power of a poltergeist, to make a vase fly off the shelf, to rattle the doors, to make the curtains blow, this is the mighty power of thought, to make a part of the hallway feel really cold, to make the stairs creak and to make scary noises in the dark, this is the power of thought, like a poltergeist, unless you believe in it, and then it will kill you, the heart of your being is the clothing of itself undressed.

~

You're annoyed by the thoughts of self, only when you crowd the self with thoughts, you include yourself within the realm of awareness, not by negating yourself, but by holding no thought of it, you seem to be the character you become, the talent of a becoming is the absorption of a character, so that it seems to be who you are, and as long as you stay in character, you seem believable, in whatever you say or do, this is the condition of all babies born to this life.

~

When you forget the truth of who you are, it's a loss, even to the character you become, the absence of your inherent awareness may seem to enhance the dramatic success of your character, but the greatest realization of your presence on any stage, is knowing who you are, in the same moment that you are being the character you portray, you are your character, and you are being your character, you are that which is, you are who you are, in the form in which you appear, you're born human, and you try to figure out what part of the drama you should be playing, this is the theater of life, the greater play is the presence of being, beyond any apparent becoming, this is the theater of being itself, a being who knows the true self, doesn't worry about learning lines or actions, you can't go wrong, in playing who you are, in being who you are.

~

You're incognito to yourself, only showing yourself in disguises, until, wearing the shape of no one's face, you catch a glimpse of your partial profile, out of the corner of your eye, your head turned slightly to the side, looking back in a translucent mirror, you look here, you look there, you look no place, and you see, you drop your face from the mirror, and you see, without seeing, who you are, you know, without knowing, who you are, without being anything in particular, you see your physical reality and the presence of your being, occurring in the same moment, this moment is impossible to describe, it is the only moment one is given to be, and it's unremarkable in any way that can be described, this is the meaning of the indescribable, a man goes into the desert to speak to being, he returns from the desert to speak as being itself, entering this moment is the moment of it becoming true for whoever enters it, in your freedom, you speak to everyone and no one, in exactly the same way.

~

There's no shame in being any part of your self, you see how those who are free are unfazed and amused by their own behavior, in being unattached, there's no shame, no intention, no identification, no desire for gain or loss, truth and beauty are the innate, common denominator of all beings, but when they're assumed to be external and uncommon, they become as alien, and as feared, as they are desired, you look for peacefulness to pool out in your life in doing what is peaceful, in doing what is full of peace, this openness to anything, this uncertainty, this not knowing, this risk to yourself, is what you avoid, like going to war, this opportunity for heroism, is what you seek, like going to war, you leave nothing to go nowhere else but here, in this falling in love, in place, where you are, you say you have been in love, and you have had your heart broken, when you've only been in desire and fear, love is your nature, you have never, and you will never, not be in love, and the heart of your being is unbreakable, you're passionate in the occurrence of your illusion, as you are in the occurrence of your awareness, when you live this life of illusion with the most passion, and dispassion, you know and honor the detachment of a pure heart, the teacher of what is unteachable is the most sublime, the most ridiculous, to spend time pointing to the timeless, to speak of love, when love is all there is, you say, *I love with all my heart*, when there is no *I* and no *you*, nothing of *heart*, and least of all, *love*, when love goes into gone, in the perfect presence of nothing but love itself.

~

A thief goes into a non-orthodox church, approaches the priest and asks him, *do you have hubcaps*, and the priest replies, *yes, I have no hubcaps*, and the thief prostrates himself before the priest in relief and happiness, the behavior of the mystics, saints and sages, shows you how natural your innate abilities are, like breathing, you walk through the levels of being; physical, mental, emotional, and spiritual, to an integration that dissolves them all into one and none, this is a passage, it's occurring, you're on board a bus, moving through your old neighborhood, and you don't recognize the houses, you're on board a bus, moving through a town you've never lived in, and you recognize everything, you're in a chair in a photo that comes slowly into focus around you, you're in perfect focus in a chair in a photo you see from the inside out, you forget to adjust the focus in a perfectly clear picture of your own devising, without intention, nothing matters, and it does.

~

What offends and inspires you is the lovemaking in the hopeless moment, the being drunk in perfect sobriety, the disorientation of perfect balance, the intensity of clarity that never falls to routine, the being awake that never becomes a dream of awakening, you don't feel any outward or any inward moving love, you're in love's epicenter, in the calm of all that is, in no desire for anything or anyone, you look at objects of desire, and, free from their grasp, you see them as they are, in the character of being itself, there is no self to acknowledge any acts of love, this is the unimaginable reality of love, to be so clear of its experience, that the love that comes up in others, or in yourself, cannot be taken personally and is never begun or ended, to desire to love and be loved is to blanket the snow with white, to desire to love and be loved is to call a halt to love and beg for more, peace, love, joy, serenity, delight, these are your companions, with whom you are now their secret self laid bare.

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As one who knows creative grace, one of the many kinds of grace, in which one may discover grace itself, you start to think of what to say, and as you think of it, you step out of grace, out of the embrace of the unknown; the requirement, for this state of no mind to continue, is grace in a creative environment, one of the many kinds of grace, for which there's nothing for you to do, for it to occur, you are one who speaks, you have no name, you can tell your name, but there's no need, *one who speaks* is your name, when you speak, the only thing to do, is whatever is always true and always recognizable, in anyone who does it, the safe way and the bold way to be awake is to look in the face of all, in everyone's face, one brings spirit all the way into this life, by seeing what is true, you see yourself as an instance of being itself, you see everyone else as the same as you are, every inclination to see others, as instances of themselves only, is falling asleep in a dream, there is in you an inclination to remain apart from any idea, and when you think as one without a teaching, as one who only sees what occurs, as one who is an instance of being itself, as one who sees all others as the same as you are, you fall back into your true nature, and simple joy is yours, to trust and allow the fullness of being, is the only path to speak of, the easiest, and the most difficult path.

~

If you see others as beings who have forgotten their essential selves, behind their worldly faces, your kindness agrees with who they are, however they are, however they appear, you take your identical self around the world, and you have no problem with anyone, and the ways of the world are seen in your kindness, does it seem to diminish life to think that life is occurring only, and is not a process of doing and making, is this thought planned, or does it occur, when a thought tells you that you are its owner, you wish it a happy life and send it on its way, your heart has business everywhere it goes, and everywhere it goes, it shares something it knows, in the universal language of your stillness, you say you speak in your prayers, and you say that your prayers are heard, but if you're humble, you are the one listening, no matter who is speaking, even you, you pray, in language your head might not understand, so it will stay quiet, while your prayers continue their journey deep into the heart that prays them, you throw yourself in your eternal embrace, and grace stops coming to visit, you throw yourself into the ocean, and you can no longer enjoy the view from shore, you fall in love with all of being, and you lose your stolen glimpses of the surpassing beauty in which you now reside.

~

The sunset is torn diaphanities of water and fire, the horizon rises to obscure the sun by degrees, you twist in the sun's light, raise veils, burn yourself, take your life from its gift, it gives light and heat, with no break between giving and not giving, the sunrise flares its climb from darkness to the rim of the unwatchable dawn, this is religion to the sun's godliness, the sun does none of these fantasticals, listen the wind, listen the sea, listen the child, listen the heart, listen your freedom sing.

~

In the town where you were born, everything you see in front of you is the dream you dreamed, or it's the dream of someone who dreamed it, back when you walked among the dreams of those who dreamed before you, in their dreams, and in the dreams of those who came before them, and after you, will come this inheritance; no dreams but what is, no new dreaming a copy of your being, and in your new, old being, the pleasure of your dreams is overwhelmed by who you are, dreamless, unbound.

~

You seek relief from the pain of the separation you feel from what you call your god or gods, the universe, existence, essence, the eternal, being itself, you seek relief by surrendering your identity to something or somebody else, you surrender to others, groups, love, hate, desire, dogma, politics, ideas, ideals, countries, families, drugs, work, hedonism, asceticism, ego, beauty, crime, and religion, and none of these succeed in your freedom, your true success is in the nature of surrender itself, when you surrender yourself, you give yourself up, in the moment of surrender, in the heart of your surrendering, to the greater self to which you surrender, your nature is in your surrender, not in anything you call its object, before or after, your free-will seems real, and without a little research, any thought of action seems an act of free will, until you ask, *where did this thought come from*, and you continue to ask, until the thought's deepest source is discovered, at the point where all thought and action are born, the well spring, in the unknowable stillness, or it comes from inherited humanity, and you see that even that can be traced to the unknowable stillness.

~

Love, in the timeless moment it becomes a thought, feeling, or action is the recognition of no separation between you and anyone or anything else, and any thought, feeling, or action that comes first from a feeling of separation, and then seeks the end of that separation, is desire, lust, possession and control, these are not the same as love, in which there is no separation to be overcome, recognition is the opening of the inherent reality of everything, desire presumes a separation that could or should be overcome, lust thinks attraction demands immediate remedy, such desire says your willpower has no power, it requires a great demonstration of will, possessiveness believes that what can't be held, must be held, even in its empty fists, love itself is the true companion of amazement, love itself is the only guarantee that amazement will remain without being overcome by thought, you're amazed, and nothing amazes you, you are amazement itself, in your amazement, everything that occurs is amazing, this endless amazement arises, not out of the newness of experience, but out of the timeless newness of being itself, you stop and watch your fingers, to see what they're trying to hold onto, since you know that nothing that's held onto remains amazing, to be amazed is, one day, to no longer be merely amazed, but to see as being sees, in and from the sheer beauty of being itself.

~

Caring for others, going deep into that love as a commitment, being serious in relationship, means having your personal well-being dependent on some one else's well-being, so that the potential loss of that relationship is tragic and devastating, as it once had seemed equally fulfilling while it lasted, and putting your welfare at risk, for the sake of the well-being of someone else, is the definition of entwined and inseparable lives, in your emotional heart, you long to be in love, unable to live apart from the other, overcome by the passion and the loss of your existence, even though your emotional mind wants to be a part of the world, and you want to be caught in the reward and punishment of caring for an other or others, you live in the awareness that submersion in a life of union in the life of separation is the life of the mind and the way of the world, instead, you see that you care, deeply and indiscriminately, immediately and endlessly, about every particle of the other, in every moment of your being, and you see that you are not less caring to one other or any other, your emotional mind resists the freedom of the caring that you find inescapable, your caring doesn't remain attached, like a holding, to the love of anyone, or anything, long enough, for you to leave the love of everything, your desire to commit to an other, is the small copy of the commitment you're unable to escape, the deepest, most committed, most fulfilled caring of your being, when all caring overwhelms the caring for the other, there's no debate about the degree of commitment, when your heart is consumed by nothing but love, when your heart is the home of love itself, how can you ask where your heart is?

~

Only doubt is between you and your freedom, now gone into the place of nothingness, some who are called spiritual leave the life of the market place, it seems easier to drop one's identity in a removed setting, but nothing is removed in your being who you are, there's no compensation for the loss of your self, of yesterdays, of childhood, of music unheard, there's no compensation, and memory is a sop, if you think memory is your storehouse of compensation, when the toast pops out of the toaster, you don't mourn the interruption in electricity, yet, you are more electric than you are toast or toaster, this awareness undefines your place or your worth in all the ways that people live, but this awareness of the essential reality of your existence is what you care about, and then you care about all the rest, just as much, and just as well.

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In this modern poetry, your friend dies, and you grieve, then less, your spouse slams the car door, holds out a plum for your approval, your father can't remember his favorite chair, even when he sits in it, among these many things and imprints of things, even non-things and things unknown, you struggle to make sense of what exists for no reason, then, small details get larger, greatness is made simple, one day, you become immersed in your own thinking, acting, and feeling, and there is no awareness, this is a kind of small freedom, animal like, plant like, in which everything that occurs is the only thing, and you are the center of existence, everything and everybody seems to be at your disposal, in a cosmology of self, that's called self-centered, egocentric, then, in real freedom, you see it happen that you're in a world where you do not exist, you're dead and gone, and yet you continue, and now, the only thing that truly matters is the presence of being in your presence and your presence in being itself, you take the plum that is offered you, and you taste its goodness.

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Human beings must be in love with somebody or something, to begin to find out who they are, but you are detached, not because you don't love anything well, but because you love everything better, your burning desire is to recognize yourself in the other, to see as if in a mirror, the image of yourself, when you praise the brilliance or the beauty of another, you praise what has no future, you praise the disappearing moment, still in love with eternity, the presence of being is the presence of what comes into being, even including every unreality, even including everything, this is true, what's being said here, but not in its anything, these words are not empty, but not because of these empty words, fullness occurs in the not of a poem, you recognize the emptiness in everything, not to its detriment, but to its fullness, you look at the things of everything, and you see the fullness that makes it full, even without any indication of it, you are unafraid of becoming a creation, full of ordinary details, knowing that more is seen than by making less of this life, you fall in love with the details, as creative being loves everything, as the ground of your becoming loves whatever becomes of you, whatever thought that comes of your becoming from the ground, without losing ground, is enjoyable, to be enjoyed, is a joy and gone, but the ground, yes, the ground, you are the blossom of eternity in who you are.

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Amazement is the first sign of the recognition of the state of your being, and it comes up in innocent laughter, the laugh of recognition is the first sign of success in this birth, if you truly follow your own path, you will lead a new life, every day, the universe lives not by plan or planner, but by intuition to its own occurrence, the creator creates the creator creating, the hardest part of being free is to unpry your fingers from your own containment, if you're holding a thought, you hold it out away from yourself, and then you let it go.

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You can't talk to the same person twice, everything changes everything, all the time, and when you don't recognize this, you get and you cause headaches, everywhere you go, you live in the absolute romance of possibility, to look at others and imagine the heroics of breathing, the common wonder of discovering lives wrapped in the outward bound heart, the way heat and light draw their objects closer to themselves, in your freedom, there is no ambition to pull the world toward yourself, no ambition to go to the world, the world is free to come as it will or won't, to be drawn or not, and so are you, among the world of your being, you love your faults and failings, you cherish your human characteristics, you're kind to yourself, you love your gifts and glories, you cherish these characteristics, you're kind to yourself, further commitments to substance come without effort, not as thought comes from thought, but as thought that comes from being itself, the nature of this being in life is the whole question and its misunderstood answer, it's your good fortune to be able to witness the being in life that occurs within you, you're compelled to know yourself as individual and spirit, as human being and being, and as the both of any duality, each within the other, when you're in the reality of being, you feel normal, but in reality, without awareness, you feel out of sorts, thinking is rearranging information, or it's the opportunity to witness the speaking of the unknown, as the first word emerging from stillness, to begin to speak from stillness, you wake up in fear, where there is no fear, you surrender everything but this, and then you surrender this, to be afraid is to be in the state before anything occurs, and as anything occurs, your fear is irrelevant, and gone.

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You have lost faith in failure, success, loneliness, fear, desire, doubt, separation, effort, accomplishment, thought, the other, poverty, wealth, deprivation; you surrender, you fall in love, completely and totally, with your own being, you fall into the source through your own self, becoming presence in the heart of reality, you accept the unconditional love of your own being, you experience the sensation of a being in love, you experience both the momentary and the eternal absence of *I*, you fall in love with your being, deeply, totally, unconditionally and absolutely, until the distinction, between the love you feel and the love you are, is obliterated, until you can't tell the difference, you fall in love with the moment of your own being, until you are not the object of your love, until you are love itself, within and without you, when you identify yourself as consciousness, operating from a human mind, you feel narrow, claustrophobic, when you drop your identification, you live in the awareness of being, without thought, and you're free, even to the point where free and not free have no relevance, you realize you've never not been in love, occasionally in some shape of it, and in the shape of love, you come to pain in the body torn apart, like stars ripped and flung to fill out the universe, you sit in ancient sadness, to taste and spit the occurrence and the absence of love in the midst of it, heartbroken in the unbroken heart, with no shine on the face of being itself, you are bound to yourself in the open heart, you are joy, while all around you, is yourself in wonder, how can you love anyone, or being itself, or yourself, if you don't risk pulling apart this heart, shredding the center into the rest of it, leaving the garden, when you don't want to leave it, when leaving is what increases its length and breadth, in the desert is where the garden grows, when, at home, it contains itself, and the container defines it, your self has come looking for you, out here where you forgot to tell your self you'd meet, and yet, here you are, just as you've always been, true to who you are, you've been dying for years now, letting skins fall off, until there is no more *here* to call you by your name, you love truly, in a world where this love goes unrecognized, and so you forget who you are, and you are the same as you ever are, you're the prodigal child of heaven, gone to stretch heaven inside itself, and you have come here, inside your self, to find how far you have come, from the beginning of this moment, to the moment of this beginning.

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