

THE MIRAGE
OF SEPARATION

Billy Doyle

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“When you step back from stressing the parts, when the mind becomes still, the rose comes to you, unfolds in you in all her glory.

The perfume invades you completely. The rose is you. You are one.”

Jean Klein

Introduction

These writings come from a non-dualistic perspective. Our focus is on the nature of our real identity. Until we come to know it, we are lost in a world of ignorance.

Our basic mistake, and from which all other mistakes arise, is to identify ourselves with an object: the body-mind.

In doing so we lose sight of our true nature, consciousness, pure awareness, taking ourselves to be an expression of life, rather than life itself. Thereby we become engrossed in the world of a personalised I; it is this pseudo-I that usurps our real identity.

This I-image, the ego, is no more than a collection of shifting ideas and experiences, with no independent reality. In taking ourselves to be a separate entity we have come adrift from our homeground, and inevitably fear and desire arise. In compensation we pursue happiness and security and try to escape pain and sorrow.

It is only when we understand the illusionary nature of this projection that we become open to our real nature, that which is beyond the mind.

The Self is not something new to be attained, for it ever is; it has only to be recognized.

However we can never know the Self as we would an object, for it is the ultimate knower, neither perceivable, nor conceivable; we can only be it. Its nature is self-luminous.

Billy Doyle
January 2008

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The Mirage of Separation

there was life

there was life
and somebody living life

there was life
but nobody living life

there was life

can I live with the question
never touching it
waiting for the sun to rise
not anticipating the colours
living in this not-knowing
waiting for the inhalation
dissolving with the exhalation
letting the question take its form
letting the answer say what it will

the great understanding
is that you can never understand

the great relief of seeing
no matter how hard I try
I can never understand
I have to leave it to it
that is the understanding

the mind can never take you
to the understanding
but the heart already knows

the fool says
I have understood
but when understanding takes place
there is no one left to say
I have understood

in truth there is
nothing to understand
and there is nobody
to understand it

time is not
where is time when you're not thinking
or in deep sleep
the past, memory, is just a present thought
the future, also a present thought
the present moment, illusive
the instant you try to grasp it, it's gone
there's only the timeless present
the eternal now

words that arise from nowhere
expressing the inexpressible
words that shatter illusions
dissolve all concepts
words that leave nothing else to be said
that bring all to rest
words the mind cannot grasp
that leave no hold
words that echo in depths
leaving only silence

we're invited to sit at the king's table
and worried whether we will eat today
we stand in front of the divine
and talk of the power we experienced at a shrine
we stand in the divine
and discuss how we can find it
we are the very Self
and ask what practice to do to attain it
what comedy do we have here

on hearing the fish in the water
was thirsty, Kabir laughed

if the nightingale asks me for instruction
how to sing, what am I to say

if I visit you in your home
and you tell me you're not there
how am I to believe you

if the Self says it does not know the Self
what deceit is this
the Self cannot be other than the Self
even if it tries to masquerade as the fool

the sunlight cannot penetrate through
the thick foliage of the jungle
reality cannot penetrate the
thick layers of our defence
let go your resistance
drop your shoulders
and let yourself breathe
put away your armour
and give the light just a chance