## 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.

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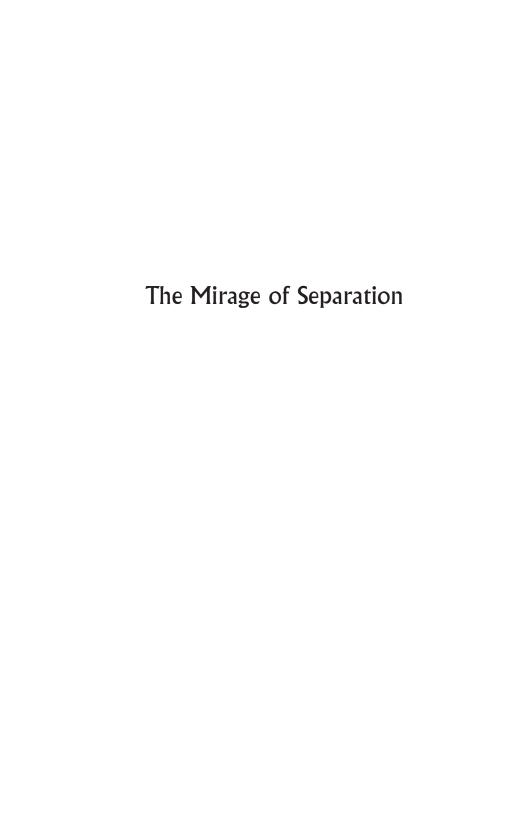
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there was life

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