

Ocean
of Silence

Also By Billy Doyle

The Mirage of Separation
Yoga in the Kashmir Tradition

OCEAN
OF SILENCE

Billy Doyle



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“If we disinterestedly observe the arising and disappearing of all the states we experience, we soon come to realize that each state, each perception, each thought, is reabsorbed into an unspoken knowing, knowing as being. This, the continuum, the only reality, is there before activity commences. Let yourself sink deep within this stillness each time it makes itself felt.”

Jean Klein, *I Am*

Introduction

Our real nature, consciousness, is beyond the mind to grasp and yet it is our most intimate reality.

When we objectify ourselves, identifying with an image, memory or individual personality, we lose sight of our real nature. We become engrossed in a world of objects and an endless cycle of pleasure and pain.

Only through a deep self-inquiry do we come to understand we are not the body-mind, for it too is a perception in awareness, but we are awareness itself, beyond the personal.

We are no longer time bound, but time and space are within us. The outer and inner division dissolves.

The writings in this book are pointers to this non-dual reality.

Billy Doyle

February 2022

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Ocean of Silence

to hear the sound of the poplar tree in the soft breeze
the wings of the dragonfly fluttering by
the water droplet on the pond
the cry of the owl in the night
the beat of your heart
the mind has to come to stillness
perhaps then you can hear the sound of the Self
the soundless sound
pervading the universe

look out at the open landscape
or imagine one spreading endlessly in front of you
enter into it
touch it, embrace it with your whole being
let it absorb you
there are not two

this very moment
have you ever dived into its depth
or are you forever taken by the waves of your mind
here, now, the whole universe is open to you
singing its song
but if you're not quiet
all you will hear is your own echo

finally at home
no key to the door
no door, no walls or roof
at home in infinite space
in the eternity
why not meet me here
you ask the address
everywhere and anywhere

don't try to travel there
even with wings you won't arrive
nonsense to think a phantom
will reach the apex
don't you see you are just a dream world
what's never been lost
will never be found
what's never left home
will never return

nothingness, emptiness
it seems a dark forlorn place
but have you ever taken a peek inside
entered and examined its domain
you might be surprised with what you discover
a love and joy you have always run away from
frightened you would dissolve

with grasping eyes
it will never be yours
you may acquire the world
but still you'll be a beggar
what you really want is nothing
but nothingness is a precious gift
you have to be worthy of it
first your eyes have to turn inwards
in the darkness there is light

