Too Many Words

"I Am
Light within Light.
If you see this
be careful.
Tell no one what you’ve seen."
- Rumi

"Only one koan matters - you."
- Ikkyu

It seems a shame there have to be so many words. Volumes and volumes, from time immemorial. So much verbosity, talking in circles around What Is. Of course, it has to be. “The Tao that can be spoken is not the Tao,” Lao Tzu famously started, but that didn’t prevent him from going on to write the whole Tao Te Ching. Seng-Ts'an did it more succinctly, somewhere in the seventh century, with his Hsin-Hsin Ming. It’s all there, in just eight small pages, the whole thing. The Heart Sutra got it down to two pages, but then has had uncountable treatises written about it
since. Ramana Maharshi and Nisargadatta Maharaj didn’t write much, so others wrote down what they said, volumes of it. Wei Wu Wei, the eccentric Irishman, made pretty good sense of it, worked it out in what, six, eight books? Ramesh, what is it, some twenty books now and still going?

But you see, it’s necessary. It cannot be spoken, so it must be spoken around. Does exist, cannot be expressed. As Wei Wu Wei lamented, even the best writing is like taking pot shots at the moon. No way will you be able to hit it. What is not of the dream is not of the dream, and cannot be expressed in dream terms, but dream terms are all we have. In the language of two-dimensional Flatland, where there exist only length and width, there are no words for height or depth. And with no words, no corresponding thoughts. No thought, no experience, because no such thing ‘exists.’ It is always right here in front of everyone, but no one sees it. How then can you show it to them? If they could see it by looking at it, they would have seen it already.

One usually starts like that. One points to what is seen and says; here, see? And everyone stares at you blankly. So then, the words start. Parables. Funny little stories. Sideways slants. Sentences, ideas, started and not finished, left for the listener to follow. If you finish the sentence, the listener hears it finished, and it’s finished. So if you leave it unfinished, at least there’s a sense of something unfinished there, which may lead beyond. May. May not. Doesn’t matter.

Eventually, U.G. Krishnamurti’s apparently monstrous nihilism is the only thing that survives: there is nothing here for you. I have nothing for you. You have no true self, and the false self you think you are is of no significance.
Go away. Sleep your happy dream life. Why would you want this anyway? Self-annihilation is never chosen. The only ones who come to this are dragged kicking and screaming. Or are tricked, lured into the jungle and then ripped open, hollowed out, gutted. Or accosted at a bus stop; blasted, moorings cut, left to drift. If you are going to be so dragged, so tricked, fine. Has nothing to do with me or with you.

Meanwhile, all these words, all these books, come out anyway. They also have nothing to do with me or with you. There cannot not be writing, there cannot not be talking, there cannot not be reading and listening. In the immense overall pattern of galaxies swirling and planets being born and civilizations dying and words spewing forth, not a thing is misplaced or wasted. And so this writing, this talking, happens, and there follow the so-called results for which it was brought into being. But in the unfolding of the infinite expression of What Is, who knows or is to judge the result? Can the speck of dust in the arm of a swirling galaxy know why it swirls?

Yes, perhaps there is someone somewhere who may benefit at just the right moment from these words; at some time, near or far, perhaps this is what someone needs, and they read or hear and if not awakening, at least a deepening, a going back, happens. Maybe. Perhaps the only result is that this happens, this is experienced, whatever this is, here now. This conversation, this reading, this feeling, this nuance in Consciousness, never before experienced in quite this way or in quite this combination. This would be reason enough.