

Realization

The One Light that Shines through All the Drops

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ABSTRACT

Know yourself not as just one of the many drops that rests on the leaves after a rain. Know your Self instead as the One Light, the Light of Consciousness, that shines through all the drops, and there will then be no mistake in Identity, since the Light cannot seem to possess That which It already Knows Itself to Be.

Key Words: One Light, shine, Consciousness.

Know yourself not
As just one of the many drops
That rests on the leaves
After a rain.

Know yourself instead
As the One Light
That shines through all the drops.

When you know yourself as just a drop,
And the Light shines through,
Then you think, "the light is mine!"

But when you Know yourself as the Light,
And the Light shines through,
Then you Know, "I am the Light."

When you think, "the light is mine,"
It then seems that the Light is something
That the drop possesses.

And so then,
What is not really what you are
Seems to possess
What you really are.

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So it is that,
The form you think you are
Seems to possess
The Consciousness you really Are.

The drop-self,
Because it is not really what you are,
Always feels that something is missing,
Always senses that it is incomplete,
But never looks for what is missing,
In what it already seems to possess.

For how can Consciousness
Be what is missing,
When it is already possessed
By the drop-self?

And so it is that
What we truly Are
Becomes hidden,
And so seems to be missing,
While remaining always
In plain sight.

And so it is that
What we truly Are
Is not actually missing,
But has just been misidentified,
And so appears
As something other
Than what we are.

It is as if we are children
And our mother stands right before us,
But we mistake her for someone else,
And so we run around crying,
"Where is my mother?"

But we do not cry
"Where is my mother?"
For it is not our mother
That is missing.

Rather, it is our true Self
That seems to have gone missing.

And so we cry,
Who am I?
What am I?
Where am I?
And the answer is always the same,
Once we are able to hear it.

I am right here
Where I have always been.

I never went anywhere,
I just got mistaken for something else,
for something other than I,
Once it seemed that I was possessed by an i,
By a form,
That I was not,
That I am not.

So know yourself not
As just one of the many drops
That rests on the leaves
After a rain.

Know your Self instead
As the One Light,
The Light of Consciousness,
That shines through all the drops,
And there will then be
No mistake in Identity,
Since the Light cannot seem to possess
That which It already Knows
Itself to Be.