

## Realization

# This Moment

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### ABSTRACT

When we Know our self as the Formlessness, we also know that this Moment is sufficient unto Itself, and that nothing can be added to It or subtracted from It. When we know our self as form, we see this Moment as either lacking what we want, lacking what we think needs to be added to our form-identity, so that we can be made more, or possessing what we do not want, possessing what we think needs to be subtracted from our form-identity, so that we will not be made less.

**Key Words:** moment, form, formless, know, Consciousness.

This Moment is sufficient unto Itself.  
Nothing can be added to It.  
Try to add to It and you obscure It.

What do we try to add to It?  
Thoughts. Concepts. Forms.

This Moment is timeless.  
This Moment is formless.  
That is why forms obscure It.

Why do we try to add to It?  
Because we think that It is not enough.

Why do we think that It is not enough?  
Because we think that we are not enough.

Why do we think that we are not enough?  
Because we think that we are a form.  
And forms can be added to or subtracted from,  
Made more or less.

Formlessness cannot be added to or subtracted from.  
Formlessness cannot be made more or less.  
Forms arise in this Moment, in the Now.

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But this Moment, the Now, is not Itself a form.  
That is why nothing can be added to It,  
And nothing can be subtracted from It.

When we Know our self as the Formlessness,  
We also know that this Moment is sufficient unto Itself,  
And that nothing can be added to It or subtracted from It.

When we know our self as form,  
We see this Moment as either lacking what we want,  
Lacking what we think needs to be added to our form-identity,  
So that we can be made more,  
Or possessing what we do not want,  
Possessing what we think needs to be subtracted from our form-identity,  
So that we will not be made less.

And because, once we know our self as form,  
This Moment either seems to lack what we want,  
Or possess what we do not want,  
We run from It.

And where do we run,  
Since there is really no place to run,  
As there is really only this Moment,  
Only the Now?

We run into the forest of thought-forms that we call the past and the future.  
There we find the forms we want,  
The forms that we think we need,  
To add to our form-identity,  
So that it can be more,  
And not be less.

And in all of this,  
All this running into past and future,  
The Moment is lost,  
The Now is obscured.

And so We are lost,  
We are obscured,  
Because We are the Moment,  
We are the Now.

We are the Formlessness that Is Now.  
We are the Formlessness that Is this Moment.  
We are the Formlessness within which forms arise,  
And we are the Formlessness that apprehends those forms.

The Formlessness that apprehends form  
We call Consciousness.  
It is within Consciousness  
That forms arise.

Consciousness Is Now  
Consciousness Is the Now.  
Consciousness Is this Moment.

Consciousness,  
The Now,  
This Moment,  
Formlessness,  
All forms,  
All concepts,  
All signposts,  
Pointing toward the non-conceptual, non-experiential Is-ness that Is actually and directly there,  
Apprehending the forms,  
Aware of the forms,  
That we have mistaken both for our self,  
And for what is actually there,  
Where the forms, where the experiences, appear to be.

The forms are there,  
The experiences are there,  
They are just not what is actually there,  
Where they appear to be.

A reflection that arises on a calm pool of water is there,  
But it is not what is actually there  
Where it appears to be.

We are Pools of Water that have mistaken ourselves for reflections  
That only arise on Our surface.

And in taking the reflection of form for what is actually there,  
The Pool of Water that Is actually there has become obscured,  
While still in plain sight,  
As this Moment,  
As the Now,  
As Consciousness.

See the reflection of form for what it is,  
For the illusion that it is,  
When it is taken for what is actually there,  
When it is mistaken for what you actually are,  
And what lies below  
Reappears.

When That upon which the reflection of form rests reappears,  
Then your true Nature reappears,  
And so reveals Itself,  
Because It was never really gone,  
Was never really missing.

It was just hidden in plain sight,  
As the Consciousness that was always there,  
Apprehending the forms that,  
In being taken for your self,  
Obscured from view your true Self.