

Gifts with No Giver

GIFTS WITH NO GIVER

a love affair with truth

Poems by Nirmala

Endless Satsang Press

Nirmala offers these poems in gratitude for the love and grace that flow through his teacher, Neelam, and in gratitude for the blessings of truth brought to this world by Ramana Maharshi and H.W.L. Poonja.

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Endless Satsang Press

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to Neelam: the blue sapphire flame in my heart

your hand is always in mine

your whispered endearments are my constant

companion

you have never turned your face from me

no matter how many times I have turned from you

now I vow undying love

I meet you in the secret places I used to hide

from you in

I hold you with tenderness I used to reserve for

my pain

I would give you my life and my breath in an

instant

for you are my true love

the one with no form

the one who has never been anywhere, but right here

in the singing of my heart

why fear this moment

when no thoughts come

at last I lie naked

in the arms of experience

why fear this moment

when no words come

at last I find rest

in the lap of silence

why fear this moment

when love finds itself alone

at last I am embraced

by infinity itself

why fear this moment
when judgment falls away
at last my defenses
fail to keep intimacy at bay

why fear this moment
when hope is lost
at last my foolish dreams
are surrendered to perfection

I may think I feel love
but it is love that feels me
constantly testing the woven fibers
that enclose and protect my heart
with a searing flame
that allows no illusion of separation

and as the insubstantial fabric of my inner fortress
is peeled away by the persistent fire

I desperately try to save some charred remains
by escaping into one more dream of passion
I may think I can find love
but it is love that finds me

meanwhile, love becomes patient and lies in wait
its undying embers gently glowing
and even if I now turn and grasp after the source of
warmth

I end up cold and empty-handed
I may think I can possess love
but it is love that possesses me

and finally, I am consumed
for love has flared into an engulfing blaze
that takes everything
and gives nothing in return
I may think love destroys me
but it is love that sets me free

the past is long gone

from here

there is no way back

how could there be

the present is over too quickly

for feeble desires

to have any effect

except to hide peace

the future races ahead

forever out of reach

of dreamy wishes

and useless plans

and yet when I rest

in the endless now

every need is satisfied

in ways never imagined

I have fallen in love with truth
I only want to be with her
I can not stand to be apart
I would gladly go to the ends of the earth
or I would never again move from this spot
just to be sure to inhale her fragrant perfume
with my dying breath

I have fallen in love with truth
her every wish my command
I simply must obey
for she has captured my soul
and taken complete control
of even my innermost thoughts
freeing me to find repose
in her unadorned splendor

I have fallen in love with truth
with exquisite tenderness she shows me
the perfection in my every flaw
no need for pretense

for she knows everything about me
and yet takes me in her arms
with complete abandon
until only she remains

sunlight burns
shadow cools
there is no difference

earth is still
grass is moving
there is no difference

wind rustles
sky is silent
there is no difference

spider drifts by on a silken web
and I remain
there is no difference

where is absence of desire
once I dreamed there would only be bliss
now I am in awe of the ordinary
now I am content with longing or no longing
desires do not disturb the source of all desire
life and death carry on as they always have
and always will

only the dreamer is gone

behind the flow of imagination
beyond any effort to be still
dancing in the ebb and flow of attention
more present than the breath
I find the origins of my illusions

only the dreamer is gone
the dream never ends

river of voices

eternal mantra of foam

meaningless words swallowed in a humming roar

thoughts arise and are splashed away

river of music

sacred song of motion

nowhere to go but downstream

actions arise and are swept away

river of sounds

laughing and crying

impossible to bring the depths to the surface

emotions arise and are washed away

river of silence

flowing through everything

peace beyond even the absence of sound

nothing ever arises

I don't know what to say
I never know what to say
yet there is great power in not knowing
knowing I can never know
the mystery constantly deepens
overwhelming my sense of what is
the mystery speaks without words
taking the breath away
leaving no air for words
in silence there is room for pain and bliss
in unlimited measure

love is a dream
that does not stop
when you awaken
but constantly surprises
no strong emotions
stirring up dust
and clouding your vision

love is more than it seems
and has a purpose
you cannot see
and yet
cannot hide from

love is an inescapable reality
that knocks you
senseless
takes your breath away
and leaves no heart beating
but its own

nobody is my lover
I searched for her for lifetimes
and finally noticed
she was always at my side
nothing is my heart's true desire
but something

used to always get in the way
now emptiness fills me to overflowing
as I fall into my lover's embrace
I can love you or ...
I can love love itself
and thus love you truly
letting illusion rest at last
has freedom spoiled me for any other lover
or is there room for the one in the infinite
questions fall away in the embrace of my true love
join me in her arms
and rest at last
I am carried
like a mother holding her infant child
tender, yet firm
I am provided for
with caring attention
that anticipates every need
and yet
I am swallowed whole by this love

no longer my hand that moves
no longer my voice that muses
no longer my eyes that fill with tears
at the simple beauty of a hazy afternoon

who could contain this rapture
who keeps this heart beating
who could keep this heart from breaking
at the loss of everything it foolishly held dear

questions have lost their fascination
longing has surrendered to fullness
gratitude is enough
even with the loss of everything
foolishly held dear

endless traces of memory
fill in empty moments
stealing my peace

and robbing my happiness
they can not take the real treasure
beyond peace and happiness

behind every memory
is simple awareness
of this ordinary moment
a body breathing
a mind making comparisons
and yet something more
is always present

this simple moment
a body still breathing
mind still chasing dreams
what is the something more
that fills the ordinary with magic?
the full recognition
of what was always longed for
in the heart

through emptiness

peace is born

no painful labor required

an easy birth

an easy life

an easy death

the peace flows from the depths

the heart can only be broken

when the object of love is gone

but true love has no object

through emptiness

awareness is born

it grows untended

filling the emptiness with eyes

and ears and noses

and more hearts

to be broken and mended

broken and mended

until they can no longer

be broken

only mended
through awareness
birth is ended
what never ends needs no beginning
love is too large
for a heart to hold
yet the opened heart
rests in this largeness
until fear is also ended
knowing the heart
has always been
unbroken

no poem
no song
no ritual
captures the simple beingness of a stone
let alone a mountain of stone

but let the stone write the poem

let the mountain sing in your heart
let the rituals fall like gentle rain to nourish the gods
inside every stone
and every mountain
let your soul rise above the mountain
above the rain
above the clouds
the journey home requires no effort
only willingness to release your claw like grip
on the familiar ground

then the stone speaks unspeakable truth
then the mountain fills your heart with a silent song
of peace
and rituals sprout wings of surrender in your soul
and you arrive
here

like a green desert
life has burst forth

in this empty container
spilling over
and moistening the parched soil

no need to store the bounty
the supply is endless
the source is at hand
the fruits of no labor
within easy reach

feast on this
feed the deepest longing
drink until thirst is a distant memory
desire itself is consumed
when the heart finds nourishment

your smile
morning sun on new fallen snow
melting the icy chill
unveiling a blue sapphire flame in my heart

burning memory into ash
revealing bliss
your eyes
dark liquid pools of grace
causing a whirlpool of emotion
carrying me to the depths
drowning me in joy
your touch
gentlest breeze
passing through skin and flesh and bone
healing so complete
leaving no scars
where once were deep wounds
your form
graceful flight in empty sky
giving me birth
naming me
ruling me forever
yet your only command: setting me free
your voice
birdsong and distant thunder

inspiring quiet so vast
thinking no longer finds refuge
your love
a rain swollen river
overflowing its banks
washing away all cherished possessions
leaving an empty cup
full of peace

I never knew tears could feel so good
until I opened my heart
and found they come from the same source
as boundless laughter

instead of blurring my vision
they bring beauty into focus

instead of burning my cheeks
they wash away dusty dryness I used to hide
behind

let sorrow have me now
for surrender has freed me to savor
the bittersweet nectar
that flows in measureless abundance
from within

I bathe in holy water
wash myself clean in the sacred river
nothing has changed
yet senses are now clear
and I hear what she is saying to my heart:

give me your foolish thoughts...

you don't need them anymore

give me your every desire...

they will never fulfill you

give me your deepest fears...

what use have they ever been to you

give me your very soul...

you have always been too large
for its tight confines

so once again I plunge into Ganga's embrace.

once for my thoughts
once more for my desires
and a third time for my fears

she has always had my soul

and once again, nothing has changed....
nothing always changes

no deep rooted fears
fear exists on the surface
fear is the surface
dive deeper and fear is swallowed
in the depth of knowing

nothing to fear in this moment
even when a gun is held to your head
the thing most feared has not yet happened
once an event has occurred
fear is too late

fear has no home here
where all is as it is
Breathe the tranquil air
and discover the fragrant serenity

thoughts dance their enticing moves
before my entranced inner sight
but the spell is broken
when I wonder
who is entranced

memories beckon seductively
with all the luster they can manage
yet their shine is swallowed

in the light
behind my eyes

there is one dancer
I cannot resist
her only movement is utter stillness
I find no memory
in her transparent gaze

romance is a simple mistake
finding true love
in the arms of one other
is like capturing a waterfall
in a tiny cup
thirst is slightly quenched
why not just step into the source

romance is a beautiful distraction
taking you beyond your dry concerns
yet what good is an open heart

with room for only one
when that one is gone
the heart is empty and dry
and tears fall on empty ground

romance is a single drop
in a torrent of love
why settle for one sip at a time
the sweetest tasting water is deeper than the surface
dive into the current
and as you are swept away
drink to your heart's content

nothing seen is wasted
the sight of every eye
increases the range of vision
of that which sees
every sight is a gem
of pure perfection
in the inner eyes

of that which sees
each viewpoint
lives on forever
nothing can die
within that which sees
look deeply into any eye
beyond your reflection
come face to face
with that which sees
abandon appearance
let go of pretense
you are naked and exposed
before that which sees
do not turn away your gaze
no need to hide
only love shines in the eyes
of that which sees

all may have a mind of their own
but thoughts are gifts of grace

touching mind for an instant

like melting snowflakes

every place can be home

but rest is a divine blessing

when effort falls away

like the setting sun

the heart may burn with emptiness

but love comes in waves

smoothing away doubts

like a tide erasing footprints in the sand

in the dream

I always play the fool

in the dream

my defenses always fail

in the dream

my desires are never fully satisfied

in the dream

my heart is broken over and over

wide awake

I always play the fool

wide awake

my defenses always fail

wide awake

my desires are never fully satisfied

wide awake

my heart sings its endless joy

what should we do

what is the purpose of life

here is the endless task

to do nothing well

here is your purpose

to be free of any purpose

why do we suffer so

how can we end the pain

here is the source of suffering
in the desire to end suffering
there is no end to pain
nor an end to joy
within the soul of freedom

my longing was never deep enough
to touch this empty well
my effort was never great enough
to move this unmovable mountain
my understanding was never broad enough
to contain this silent truth
my dreaming was never real enough
to shape this formless presence
 nothing is always enough
 when nothing is needed

the mystery
of this simple moment

can not be spoken
yet all of history
occurred to arrive here
the mystery
of the endless terrain of self
can not be mapped out
countless new frontiers
are born with every breath
the mystery
of awakening
can not be achieved
all that is needed
is to notice inner eyes that never close
the mystery
of sweet undying love
can not be understood
the heart already knows
what the mind can only long for
the mysteries
always remain
untouched by worried thought

ready to welcome us home
when we abandon our dreams

take my hand
feel the vital grip
that love lends to this flesh
listen to my voice
hear the catch in my throat
of awe that can't be expressed
gaze into my eyes
see tears welling up
as I recognize my long lost self in your smile
rest in my arms
find refuge in my embrace
until you know you are forever safe
join me now
here
where we have never parted

no word is real enough
to conjure up a crumb of bread
still we try to find nourishment
in endless musing

no thought is thick enough
to cushion a fall
yet we pursue idle distractions
while tripping on obstacles in our path

there is a silent voice behind the words
there is a quiet source of every thought
listen without your ears
ponder without your mind
rest your senses and your sense
for just one moment of this stillness
will sustain and uphold you forever

it is here
in the breath

it is here

in the stillness between breaths

it is here

in the active mind

it is here

in the resting mind

it is here

in the dream's panorama

it is here

in each moment of awakening

it is here

when all is well

it is here

when fear has nothing left to fear

even then

there is pure noticing

even then

there is no need for doing

no frantic searching

can find the obvious

no seeking needed

to find that which seeks
it is here
where it can never be lost
or found

where does willingness come from
willing to do anything
although nothing can be done
willing to surrender everything
although nothing is mine
willing to be exposed
although there is nothing to hide

where does lovingness come from
loving the flaws in us
although we are perfect
loving the simplicity
although feelings are so complex
loving you
although no one is there

where does gratefulness come from
grateful for the laughter
although the joke is on me
grateful for the beauty
although eyes cannot truly see
grateful for the bounty
although hands are forever empty

truth is a living being
that must be nourished and fed
and loved
then it grows and blossoms
filling the air with pure aroma
making us gasp with delight

truth is a friend
that asks for loyalty
and acceptance
then it enters our hearts

dissolving the boundaries

freeing us from loneliness

truth is a demanding lover

that requires constant affection

and endless gifts

then it rewards us

with a glimpse of indescribable beauty

making us faint with satisfaction

and finally truth is an empty hand

that asks for and requires

nothing

the obvious signs

a playful smile

absence of pretense

disregard for convention

respect for truth

listen when they speak

look where they point
follow where they lead
abandon hope and faith and dreams
accept nothing less than all they have to give
your share in the infinite is infinite
come claim your birthright
return to the place never left
return and let the seeker rest
subside in the unending peace
let the seeker rest
let that which you seek find you
let the seeker rest
the task is finished
 let the seeker rest
 let the seeker rest

behind closed eyes
the world falls away
a whirl of empty sensation
with no boundary

drowning thought
in a silent symphony
burning the body
in painless effigy
when eyes open again
the world is cleansed
only perfection remains
the room is resplendent
with the absence of illusion

grateful
for grace
that fills mind with visions
of the invisible

grateful
for time
that expands to embrace
stillness

grateful
for breath
that seems to require
no breather

grateful
for gratitude
that breaks the soul wide open
freeing love

in a timeless instant
before a painful idea appears in my mind
an ever present softness, a gentle hand
reaches into my thoughts
and soothes them
until they reflect only empty sky
in a timeless moment
before a desire burns in my heart
an inexhaustible peace, a whispered silence
quells the storm

of fruitless wishing
leaving me breathlessly still
in a timeless lifetime
before my story is wrenched from silence
a wordless honesty, an unflinching gaze
shows me my face
without shadows of doubt
dimming the fire within
in a timeless eternity
before my soul is torn from infinity
a passionate tenderness, an enfolding embrace
leaves me alone
with the source of sweetness
even closer than a kiss

welcome home
welcome to the home never left
you have always lived here
will always live here
this is home, forever...

so stop now

no effort is required

even during all journeys

you have always been here

this is home, forever...

so relax now

the fire is in the hearth

this inner fire is keeping you warm

the storms outside cannot touch you

this is home, forever...

so rest now

everyone loved is right here

we have always lived here

will always live here

this is home, forever...

I must follow this thought

all the way

let the mind have its way with me

but only with me

not with the quiet presence
the voice behind all thoughts

I must feel this emotion
with my whole being
and as it sweeps me off my feet
enjoy the sensation of falling
falling endlessly into the arms
of no lover

I must, I must
for this dream demands no less
than total suspension of disbelief
total surrender
for the dream and the dreamer
are one and the same

I have never been more than a dream
and the dreamer
is awake

endless poems wait to be written
while all has been said before
this truth can not be spoken
and so I try again
just to get a little closer
to the unspeakable reality

forever gently teasing just out of reach
forever invisible at the edge of perception
forever tranquil in the maelstrom of feelings
forever present in this moment's eternity

it doesn't matter
what I do
mind judges
then judges itself for judging
that's just what minds do
when I let it have its way
it surprises me by stopping

and in the vacant interlude
the mind finds no grip
and falls effortlessly
into the deep pool of silence
it never left

rain falls
within the endless awareness
the sun still shines
behind the clouds

loss rips
at the heart of love
empty peace still rests
at the source of tears

floods wash
away the precious hillsides
life rises to the surface
for another breath of joy

thoughts race
across the mind's attention
quiet still sings
from the throat of nowhere

pure freedom remains
when all else is
swallowed in the river of time

mind always wins
every thought an artful trap
leading further into dreams
resistance speeds the entanglement
surrender, the only option

then what surprising silence
entanglement becomes a tender caress
dreaming dissolves in wonder

mind continues the endless game
jumping in to claim peace as its own
creating a new identity to play with
as if it could find something solid in empty space
laughter, the only response

then identities come and go
mind plays on the surface
silence enjoys it all

all I have ever wanted is wanting
all I have ever had is having
all I am is all there is
and wanting and having are always here
in equal measure

all I have ever loved is love
all I have ever loved is loving
all I am is love
and loving is always here

in infinite measure

quite ordinary desires

come and go

come and go

never needing to be fulfilled

their satisfaction made irrelevant

by the shining beauty

of a rain soaked forest

the rain washing away thoughts

of something lacking

what could be lacking

in this explosion of life

that grows in each nook and cranny

of the infinite heart

the moisture of love

seeping down to nourish the roots

of every being

or dancing in streams and rivers

all the way home

die a little

with every disappointment

or find what never dies

and has no preferences

try a little

and keep illusion going

or see the futility of effort

and stop pushing on nothing

be happy a little

now and then when circumstance allows

or rest in the source of happiness

now, then and always

believe a little

that you are someone

or notice there is no separate one

nor any limit to being

love a little

with half a heart

or let love have it all

filling the heart to overflowing

the dance of emptiness

goes on and on

colors, shapes and forms

arrayed in courtly splendor

on the dance floor of infinity

the patterns of the dance

will hypnotize if watched too closely

while the entire view

ends all trances

and frees the dreaming mind

now join the dance

its irresistible ebb and flow
swallows your pride
in the pure joy
of moving stillness

this voice is inadequate
to express the abundant wonder
of this endless moment

this body is insufficient
to embrace the sweet infinity
of this lover's bodiless form

these eyes are unable
to capture the invisible beauty
of a cloudless sky

and yet I sing with joy,
caress the air with tenderness,
allow beauty to fill my eyes with tears,

and know that the love in my heart
is always enough

truth is too simple for words
before thought gets tangled up in nouns and
verbs

there is a wordless sound
a deep breathless sigh
of overwhelming relief
to find the end of fiction
in this ordinary
yet extraordinary moment
when words are recognized
as words
and truth is recognized
as everything else

a quiet room
empty of profound thoughts

in this moment

no need to uncover deep truths

the chairs do not mind the silence

the rug is not burdened by the lack of

weighty ideas

only the thought, “there must be something more”

cries out in pretended anguish

the chairs pay no attention

the rug only lies more quietly

until the pretended suffering

can’t help but notice

there is always more

that does not need to be revealed

laughter stops thought

and fills the space behind the eyes with light

such simple delight

to find nothing is knowable

I can only give everything
to this nothing
and am overjoyed
to let it tear down the barricade in my chest
and steal my heart

the room is empty
except for these saddened eyes
that find refuge in emptiness

friends come and go
lovers come and go
but love itself never wavers

emptiness is my refuge
emptiness is my resting place
everywhere I turn, the end of boundaries awaits

take sadness now

take happiness also
leave only clear vision

the room is still empty
except for these opened eyes
that find refuge in fullness

early in the morning
asleep in a dream
only to awaken in another dream
why disturb the quiet mist
with imaginary forms
the heart is never fulfilled
with dream lovers

for there is never enough
of what does not satisfy

so let the mist have it all
I have moistened my cheeks long enough in this fog

of dreaming

I will not move again until my true love appears

when at last the sun burns away the haze

no one is there

what relief... to find her waiting

mind finds a path

to struggle along

never reaching the goal

heart knows it already rests

in the path of something wonderful

it can not escape

mind seeks to hold onto

a still point

of final understanding

heart knows it is being held

by an unmoving whirlwind

that it will never comprehend

mind tries to feel safe enough
to allow love
out into the open
heart knows love is never cautious
and can not be kept secret
once all hope of refuge is abandoned

simply resting
from a full day of resting
feeling too rested
to even consider anything more

simply quiet
staying in the silent pauses
no thought
not even the idea: no thought

too busy
doing nothing

to stop long enough
to do something less

excitement stirs the blood
yet only nothingness is ever palpable
imagined pleasures always fall short
compared to the simple reality
 this bird in the hand
 is worth a million in the bush
sensations have their say
promising satisfaction, as if they could stay
long enough to fulfill endless desire
 yet always ending in a reverberating
 empty stillness
this deafening calm
is cherished by the core of being
as the true source of infinity

light through a prism...

a rainbow

love through my heart...

the spectrum of feelings revealed

red anger to blue sadness

yellow fear to black despair

allow them back into my heart

and the prism works in reverse

turning the most deeply tinted pain

back into pure white love

foolish to chase after imaginary pleasures

they love to dance out of reach

giving only tastes of slight satisfaction

simpler to give heartfelt attention

to the source of contentment

and find there is never anything missing

in this moment

then the rising water of devotion

takes the weight out of these hands
and dissolves the dreamlike boundaries
of desire itself

a world of endless contradiction
sad smiles and joyous tears
the heart is torn in two
by feelings that never fail to pull in opposite
directions
torn in two
by dreams that forever dance out of reach

until at last the contents of the heart
spill out in an endless flood
of sad smiles and joyous tears
that no longer have any ambivalence
because of their shared source

words do not come

there is no need for profound utterances or
deep truths

here is an ordinary evening
why spoil it with dramatic overstatement

the silence amidst the noise
the gem at the core
of every experience
is polished by simple attention
into shining magnificence

every taste
every sensation
every possible pleasure
is already present
in the timeless
awareness
that is beating my heart
what use
in chasing dreams

that have already

come true

who would have guessed

this empty feeling in my chest

is the door to eternity

who could have known

this longing

is what I longed for

how is it possible

thoughts of freedom

only hide freedom

why don't I care

about answers

when questions never end

who would have guessed

this empty feeling in my chest
could be so full

what kind of fire
has no preference for fuel
gladly burning thoughts, feelings,
bodies and souls
yet it is a cool flame
leaving the core untouched

it flares whenever I give it attention
or has it always been burning this brightly

sleep comes in the afternoon
and then wakefulness never truly returns
drinking in rest like cool water
cold outside does not touch it
yawning does not disturb it
thoughts of friends in pain

can only make it more obvious

here in this quiet house

the totality comes out to play

hot sun fills the eyes to overflowing

while a cooling breeze of freedom lifts sweat from the

brow

every experience from the past that visits now

is recognized for what it has always been

pure food for the dreaming oneness

the banquet continues with each breath

I feast now even on heartbreak and loss

as they burst the limits I held so dear

freeing me from resisting appetite

for fear of a taste of sour fruit

I also welcome the sweet dessert

of quiet moments

truth with no trimmings

a simple meal of limitless portion
every tender morsel of silence
more filling than the last

desire
pure unadulterated longing
tears at the chest with such force
it seems the soul might leave
just to find relief

sadness
bittersweet taste of emptiness
weighs on the shoulders
like a burden
too heavy to bear

surrender
swallowing all pride
collapsing from all effort
only to find rest again

in the depths of pain itself

why was I running from this profound
silent joy

sweeter than any kiss

the taste of eternity

lingers on my lips

tasting me

only the slightest pause

before her passion

overwhelms my feigned resistance

and takes everything I have to give

if this lover breaks my heart

there will be no pieces left

gratitude burns in the chest

glad tears run down the cheeks
strange illusion fills the eyes
the hum of life thrills the ears
no more sense of mine to senses
the body no longer belongs to anyone
leaving no one in the way
of all a body can contain
and all a body can not touch

wonder awes the mind
inspiration raises the spirit
silence soothes the doubts
intuition speaks to the soul
no more idea of someone with ideas
knowing needs no knower
freeing truth to expand
into all mind can contain
and all mind can not even imagine

when I am held in your arms

even pain is pure bliss

dark thoughts of separation and lack

are waves of pure pleasure

unfulfilled desire is complete ecstasy

thank you

for never having let go

the truth catches up with me

I am not enough

never have been

never will be

what relief to admit this finite container

can never contain infinity

what joy to find infinity

needs no container

the tears flow freely now

the mind quiets and the heart breaks wide open

all the hopes and dreams of a lifetime, many lifetimes
gently washed away

longings that have burned in the mind for ages
suddenly flare up, but are quenched
the dying embers of illusion
gently washed away

and the soul thus unburdened of pretense
can barely stand to open its watery eyes
sights so intense, and yet so unreal
gently washed away

finally, a voice that speaks the simplest of truth
intermingled with sweet blissful sighs
all the remaining fears and excitements
gently laughed away

the tired wanderer
loses the strength to go on

and in surrendering to hopelessness

is surprised

to finally feel at home

the hurried creek

pauses in a cold, stony pool

and in sudden stillness

arrives

at the distant ocean

the frightened warrior

decides, "I am ready to die"

and in willing abandon

becomes

immortal

the fitful breeze

fades to calm in the afternoon heat

and in catching its breath

is reborn

as undying tradewinds

the troubled philosopher

finds nothing to believe in

and in unexpected silence

just smiles

at the still unanswered questions

the restless sea

becomes smooth and mirrors the clouds

and in ceasing all motion

rejoins

its own depths

the saddened lover

faces the loss of illusion once again

and in dying to passion

falls in love

with love itself

the weary sun

sinks into the embrace of the horizon

and in resting at last

welcomes other shores

to a new day

memories of true love

are useless in filling empty moments

for this lover never shows the same face
always a new disguise
keeping mind in suspense
and senses alert

surrender to perpetual surprise
and find her waiting once again
in emptiness itself

body is pure doing
beyond doing there is mind
mind is pure knowing
beyond knowing there is heart
heart is pure being

mind is more than the brain
the heart of being is infinitely more
than this physical beating in the chest
all resides in this heart
the pulse of all life depends on its endless rhythm

lifting us in moments of simple awareness
beyond the limits of doing and knowing
directly to the source
of our most tender feelings
and beyond even limitless love
where all is merged
in silent wonder

the passion for freedom
swallows the source of passion
if twoness could lead to oneness
we would all be faithful lovers

no reason to dream of love
for it is already here in the waking heart
find it now
in the sweet infinity
of this moment's
eternal embrace

the flower can only wait
for the bee to arrive
yet passion appears from nowhere
to play hide and seek with peace
all that is gained is lost once again

timeless dreams are swallowed
in the yawn of an awakened sleeper
yet spring rises like a phoenix
from the ashes of winter
all that is lost was never real

is the heart big enough
for the source of weeping
is the heart big enough
for this pure delight

mind plays its oldest trick
sighing woe is me

so lonely

so lonely....being someone

what's this

a sweetness

in the embrace of loneliness

what deeper longing is being satisfied

I always thought you would come to me

in the shape of a beautiful lover

I never dreamed you would steal my heart

with no shape at all

I always pretended I needed arms to hold me

and lips to kiss away my pain

yet I find fulfillment

in the embrace of empty space

I always wished you would speak to me

with words of tender sweetness

now I know you whisper silently
of your undying love

I always knew I would find you
although I foolishly looked with my eyes
you were here all along
hiding just out of sight in my heart

a lasting marriage
when devotion has claimed you for its own
no longer any chance to stray
a brief fling with illusion no longer satisfies
the truth demands utter fidelity
with no possibility of divorce

all pain must be faced
and embraced as the true countenance of
your beloved

all fear must be met

and recognized as the thrill of tasting
the unknowable

all joy must be surrendered
and acknowledged as a gift with
no giver

this union only requires telling the truth
even when the truth shatters your dreams
even when the truth leaves you emptied out
even when the truth reveals your counterfeit
existence
then there is no other possibility
than happily ever after

fire may burn the wood
the ashes do not mind

CONTACT INFORMATION

For information about Nirmala's satsang* schedule and to download free copies of his other books and publications, visit:
www.endless-satsang.com

You can contact Nirmala at Nirmalanow@aol.com.

For information about Nirmala's teacher, Neelam, visit: www.neelam.org.

For information about Nirmala's teacher, Adyashanti, visit: www.adyashanti.org.

For information about Nirmala's wife's books, visit www.radicalhappiness.com.

Nirmala has also been profoundly inspired by the teachings of A.H Almaas and his work, The

Diamond Approach: www.ahalmaas.com.

* Satsang is a Sanskrit word that means coming together to speak about and share Truth.

About Nirmala

After a lifetime of spiritual seeking, Nirmala met his teacher, Neelam, a devotee of H.W.L. Poonja (Papaji). She

convinced Nirmala that seeking wasn't necessary; and after experiencing a profound spiritual awakening in India,

he began offering satsang and Nondual Spiritual Mentoring with Neelam's blessing. This tradition of spiritual

wisdom has been most profoundly disseminated by Ramana Maharshi, a revered Indian saint, who was Papaji's

teacher. Nirmala's perspective was also profoundly expanded by his friend and teacher, Adyashanti.

Nirmala offers a unique vision and a gentle, compassionate approach, which adds to this rich tradition of inquiry

into the truth of Being. He is also the author of several books including Nothing Personal: Seeing Beyond the

Illusion of a Separate Self. He has been offering satsang throughout the United States and Canada since 1998.

Nirmala lives in Sedona, Arizona with his wife, Gina Lake.

About Nondual Spiritual Mentoring

Nondual Spiritual Mentoring with Nirmala is available to support you in giving attention and awareness to the

more subtle and yet more satisfying inner dimensions of your being. Whether it is for a single spiritual mentoring

session or for ongoing one-to-one spiritual guidance, this is an opportunity for you to more completely orient

your life towards the true source of peace, joy, and happiness, especially if there is not ongoing satsang or other

support available in your location. As a spiritual teacher and spiritual mentor, Nirmala has worked with

thousands of individuals and groups around the world to bring people into a direct experience of the spiritual

truth of oneness beyond the illusion of separation. He especially enjoys working with individuals in one-to-one

sessions because of the greater depth and intimacy possible.

Mentoring sessions with Nirmala are an opportunity for open-ended inquiry. In your session, you can ask any

questions, raise any concerns that are meaningful to you, or simply explore your present moment experience,

which is a powerful doorway into a deeper reality. Regular weekly, biweekly, or monthly mentoring sessions can

be especially transformative.

These mentoring sessions are offered either in person or over the phone and typically last an hour. You can email

Nirmala at Nirmalanow@aol.com to arrange a time for a spiritual mentoring session. Please include your phone

number and location in your email. At the arranged time, Nirmala will call you if you live in the United States or

Canada. If you live in another country, you must initiate the call.

FREE EBOOKS BY NIRMALA

The following PDF e-books are available for free from www.endless-satsang.com:

PART TWO OF LIVING FROM THE HEART

(The entire book is also available as a paperback for \$11.95)

A collection of teachings about the Heart, including:

Part one: From the Heart: Dropping out of Your Mind and Into Your Being

Offers simple ways to shift into a more open and accepting perspective and to experience your true nature as

aware space.

Part two: The Heart's Wisdom

Points the reader back to the Heart, the truest source of wisdom.

Part three: Love Is for Giving, Not for Getting

Points to the true source of love in your own heart. It is by giving love that we are filled with love.

Here are some excerpts:

“The Heart is wise and accurate and can show you how true it is to stay or go, how true it is to buy a house,

how true it is to take a new job, even how true it is to eat another cookie. But it also can show you much more of

the possibilities inherent in this life and much more of the truth of your ultimate Being. In relation to these bigger

truths, the practical questions of your life turn out to be relatively small matters. Using your Heart only to know

things like what to do or where to live is like using a global positioning satellite system to find the way from your

bedroom to your bathroom; it utilizes only a small part of your Heart's capacity.

However, following your Heart day in and day out can put you in touch with the richness of the functioning

of this dimension of your Being. Along the way, you may also find your Heart opening in response to the deeper

movements of Being that touch every life.”

“In the midst of a very profound and large experience of truth, the sense of your self can become so large

and inclusive that it no longer has much of a sense of being your Being. When you awaken to the oneness of

all things, the sense of a me can thin out quite dramatically. If you are the couch you are sitting on and the

clouds in the sky and everything else, then it simply doesn't make sense to call it all me. If it's so much more

than what you usually take yourself to be, then the term me is just too small.

In a profound experience of truth, the sense of me softens and expands to such a degree that there's only a

slight sense of me as a separate self remaining, perhaps just as the observer of the vastness of truth. Beyond

these profound experiences of the truth, is the truth itself. When you're in touch with the ultimate truth and the

most complete sense of Being, there's nothing separate remaining to sense itself there's no experience and no

experiencer, no Heart, and no sense of self. There is only Being.”

“You may think it matters what happens. But what if the only thing that matters is where you are

experiencing from, where you are looking from? What if you could experience all of life from a spacious, open

perspective where anything can happen and there is room for all of it, where

there is no need to pick and

choose, to put up barriers or resist any of it, where nothing is a problem and everything just adds to the

richness of life? What if this open, spacious perspective was the most natural and easy thing to do?

It may sound too good to be true, but we all have a natural capacity to experience life in this way. The only

requirement is to look from the Heart instead of from the eyes and the head—and not just to look, but to listen

and feel and sense from the Heart.

In some spiritual traditions you are encouraged to look in your Heart, and yet what does that mean exactly?

Often we are so used to looking and sensing through the head and the mind that when we are asked to look in

the Heart, we look through the head into the Heart to see what is there. Usually we end up just thinking about

the Heart. But what if you could drop into the Heart and look from there? How would your life look right now? Is

it possible that there is another world right in front of you that you can only see with the Heart and not with the

mind?

This book invites you to explore this radically different perspective and to find out what is true and real

when the world and your life are viewed from the Heart of Being. It may both delight and shock you to find that

so much richness and wonder and beauty lie so close and are so immediately available to you.”

BEYOND NO SELF

Nirmala's newest e-book explores the fullness of Being found in the absence of a separate self. It ends with a

simple fairy tale that offers a sense of how one Being can appear as so many. Here is an excerpt:

“How can that be—empty space that is full of everything that matters? The mind cannot grasp it fully, as

presence exists beyond concepts and even beyond its own forms; and yet, that is what you are. You can

experience it with more subtle senses than the physical senses and the mind. Ultimately, you “sense” it by

being it. You just are this full empty presence.

It is this second movement of realization of essence, presence, and fullness of Being that counteracts the

belief that since I (as ego) do not exist, therefore nothing exists and all is illusion. It gives a heartfelt sense of

meaning and purpose back to this relative life of the body and mind, not as a means of gratification to your idea

of yourself, but as a pure expression of the wonder and beauty of this deeper reality. Instead of living a life in

service to the ego's wants and needs, you can find yourself fulfilling the deepest purposes of a human life: to

serve and express freedom, joy, beauty, peace and love. By itself the realization of no-self can end up dry and

lifeless, but when the heart opens wide to the bigger truth of the true Self, life is anything but dry and lifeless.”

GIFTS WITH NO GIVER

A collection of nondual poetry by Nirmala. Here is a sample poem:

every taste
every sensation
every possible pleasure
is already present
in the timeless
awareness
that is beating my heart
what use
in chasing dreams
that have already
come true

**PART ONE OF NOTHING PERSONAL: SEEING BEYOND THE ILLUSION
OF A SEPARATE SELF**

(The whole book is available as a paperback for \$16.95)

In this concisely edited collection of satsang talks and dialogues, Nirmala
“welcomes whatever arises within the

field of experience. In the midst of this welcoming is always an invitation to
inquire deeply within, to the core of

who and what you are. Again and again, Nirmala points the questions back to the
questioner and beyond to the

very source of existence itself—to the faceless awareness that holds both the
question and the questioner in a

timeless embrace.” —From the Foreword by Adyashanti.

“Nothing Personal is an excellent book, very clear and warm-hearted. I love it
and recommend it highly. Nirmala

is a genuine and authentic teacher, who points with great clarity to the simplicity
and wonder of nondual

presence. He invites you to ‘say yes to the mystery of every moment.’ Good
stuff!” —Joan Tollifson, Advaita

teacher and author of *Awake in the Heartland*