

*ghaṭodake bimbitamarkabimbam  
 ālokya mūḍho ravimeva manyate,  
 tathā cidābhāsamupādhisamsthām  
 bhrāntyāhamityeva jado'bhimanyate.* (218)

217. *The fool, on seeing the reflection of the sun in the water in a jar, considers it to be the sun itself. So too, the fool through delusion, identifies himself with the reflection of the Cit caught in the intellect and considers it to be the 'I' – his own identity.*

Anyone who cries out, 'The sun has fallen into a bucket of water in the veranda' is indeed a fool. Those who consider themselves fallen into the PFT are equally foolish. In both cases it is only the reflection. The sun is reflected in the water, and Consciousness plays upon the thoughts in the mind.

This 'reflection' of Reality upon the thoughts is called 'cidābhāsa'. It is the Consciousness playing upon the thoughts and dancing to their rhythm, just as the reflected sun in the bucket dances when the waters are disturbed. I say, 'I am agitated', 'I am bad', 'I am good'. What is this 'I'? It is the cidābhāsa, the 'reflected Consciousness' – this is the PFT, the Consciousness functioning through my BMI equipments.

Once you understand that the sun is in the heavens, and then let the sun in the bucket be broken into a thousand pieces, you are not worried about the future existence of the sun. Only an insentient fool, who considers the reflected sun to be the real one, will worry about its safety when he actually 'sees' the sun in the bucket shattered into a thousand pieces.

I was looking into a lake and admiring my charming form, when suddenly my reflection broke into pieces. Will I be foolish enough to weep and die, saying, 'I am broken?' I understand that it is my reflection only. If I have not forgotten myself, I can watch the reflection and enjoy whenever the waters are rippled by the breeze and my reflection consequently gets corrugated. I shall laugh at the ugliness of my reflection and still remain unaffected.