

## The Nature

by sylph via jane - Jungle Drum Newswire *Sunday, Jan 8 2017, 9:09pm*

international / poetry / post

Reality emanates from the centre  
and circumference of an ever expanding sphere  
simultaneously -- there are no fixed points from  
which to locate anything including  
the notion of self  
and so we trammel through forests of illusion  
upon illusion seeking the pristine reality  
yet these illusions we create ourselves

it is the mind that leads us to hell and purgatory;  
from the false sense of self all perversity arises  
which taunt and entangle the clouded mind.  
yet we feel the pain and misery of these self-created  
false realities, dreams and nightmares,  
as though they were reality itself;  
we feel and suffer in this loop of despair yet we know not  
how to escape this self-inflicted torment

mountains rise and fall according to the tectonic cycles of the earth,  
seas move around the planet when displaced by rising and falling  
lands, it is the nature of this planet

civilisations unaware of these cycles disappear leaving strange  
monuments about which we know very little,  
indeed, in many ways the people of prehistory were more advanced  
than we are today

but the blind continue to lead the blind  
and those that see are ignored or denigrated, however,  
nothing is able to prevent what is about to unfold,  
a polar shift and another massive fiery sea-change  
until a balance is achieved again

billions will die needlessly or rather perish due to their  
inability to harmonise with and survive the cycles  
change is the only constant in creation, why vainly attempt to  
fix anything in a universe of flux?

Focus, maintain singularity of mind  
and your mind will die;  
do not grieve over the source of all your pain and suffering  
reality will reveal itself by the source of illusion dying to it

solutions are found where they were never hiding,  
everything that is necessary for continuity  
appears when it is required  
enter the vastness of everything, the origination of your  
real Being and the nightmare we call existence/reality  
evaporates leaving us as we were and are,  
aware participants in the drama of Life

there is nothing to fear as fear is the progeny  
of ignorance, a mind caught in its own deluded convolutions --  
mind cannot see the pristine or learn the Way  
only consciousness is able to navigate/exist in this realm

pure, unadulterated consciousness (not mind) is our gift from  
cosmic creation which wants nothing more than for us to be aware  
and understand our 'place' in existence,  
it is for Love's sake that the All came into  
creation to dance forever in throes ecstasy

physical eyes/senses see only the limited  
the single eye of Consciousness sees  
and knows All

Peace

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-2471.html>

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-692.html>