

Facing Reality

Many faces flashing by – some smiling, some looking down, some seemingly in another space all together. Each body dancing with its face directed outwardly towards the world, and the hearts within beating in rhythm.

Now, inside of this space of truth and wisdom – a face shines with the timeless light of love – and upon thee this being, an infinite opening of light reality in union unfolds.

Now, it flows on, the endless array of faces, names, and personalities – every one so unique and so beautiful – works of art all displaying the nature of heart and life in one-of-a-kind authenticity.

All these faces of infinity – showing up in their spontaneous nature. How subtle the expressions and how clear the humanity – every single one embodied inside of me ...

Now, the name of 'me', the one speaking here, is ——— Given names ... *The Dreamer – The Silent Witness ...*

... it is impossible to speak — for it is silence. Silence experienced fully and completely.

Few know how to experience silence – and only the One knows how to truly experience it.

The sound of this moment seems to wrap it up perfectly, yet only points the finger – for whatever is not what can be heard, is the all-pervading silence that is the name.

Yet this story is not about *me*, for '*I*' am not a "self" in the usual sense of how the word is interpreted – *I* am more akin to a selfless being that has no body at all – no self – and for this reason *I am Reality* – formless and full of form. A spontaneously unfolding ubiquitous effulgence that shines not with a light that can be seen only with the physical eyes, but a clear light of emptiness seen fully by the heart. *I* illumine the world with this light and create reality through the filaments that hold together the entire universe.

This universe... This universe of creation, destruction, and all nature...

The lights get turned on – room full of light – blinds open.

Waking up as I move from the dreamy recesses of mind to the waking world.

“Are you awake?”

“Yeesss...” I mumble through the sleepiness still wrapping me up like the soft sky-blue blanket I sleep beneath.

“You’re sleeping all the time, get up and face reality. Get up and do what you must do.”

The gentle yet strong voice of my mother, filling me up with a calm sense of love – only for a moment.

The many things that need to happen today flashed through my mind – a shot of adrenaline fills my body and I fly out of bed.

“What time is it?” I ask now slightly anxious,

“Half passed 11 you sleepy being.”

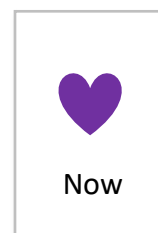
I give my mom a look much the same someone might give a friend they’re trying to frighten in a joking manner, still rubbing sleep from my eyes.

Having just put on my brightly coloured half-clean clothes I run downstairs and out the door with my backpack just barely being pulled on behind me. As soon as I step outside, I feel the warmth of the sunshine and hear the songs of the birds.

Walking along, feeling the emptiness in my stomach, I get to the bus stop and sit under a tree that gives perfect shade and is a great back rest. I pull out a pencil and begin to write in the tiny journal that never leaves the space I am in. I write one word, draw one symbol and sigh with relief –

I am here now – no need to worry – I am awake and aware, waiting for the bus to arrive.

I look down at what I have on the page, and a tear drop falls from my eye and lands right where I was looking. Just now, realizing I am crying.



Reflections of all the feelings built up inside, flashing through inner space –

A torrent of emotion brought on spontaneously through an opening of heart – through a deepening of awareness –

Fragments of this morning's dream appearing like phantoms for an already overwhelmed mind to comprehend –

Abstractions upon an already mysterious experience of dream –

Emotions flowing strongly, unlike anything ever experienced before, the whole of all that is being swallowed up in the struggle of release –

Faces of the ones loved, faces of the ones lost, faces of all those who turned away –

All the anger, pain, and deep despair flowing to the surface all at once – like oil rising to be burned away in the intensity of heart's flame –

A silent flame that causes a deep catharsis of all that is built up inside –

A deep release of everything held onto –

Causing lightness to appear, the space to open, the density to be lifted –

The freedom of true release, enveloping being and inspiring a rebirth of vitality and peace –

*The Bus arrives – a just barely familiar wise old woman gets off – she comes to me and taps on my shoulder, motions to the bus with a smile and an unspoken question –

I give a half startled & very grateful smile in return and jump up to get on the bus. Luckily enough it seems the whole bus needs to get off at this stop. Without any rush, moments of stillness come before stepping up into the bus. Now getting onto the bus, I see it is empty.

Back in it again, this morning's dream coming back in full force —

Although now, I encounter it with curiosity and grounded peace –

Sitting central, middle of the bus, a clear view of the front and enough space to see and observe –
The bus driver, cloaked behind a veil of obscurity – only barely visible behind layers of ignorance –
Movement, change, direction, and purpose – being driven through being, by being. My eyes and mind
resting in the release felt previous, a softness of heart unfolding within. Gratitude for mother, and for
the dream.

The bus stops, two people get on, a man and a woman, they sit across from each other.

I watch silently as they communicate with softly spoken words and indefinite expressions – the entire
conversation occurring within the container of silence, witnessed only by me –

I see the subtleties of how they look down in certain moments, smile and giggle in others, and remain
silent in the spaces between.

They get closer, yet remain distant – the presence building, the love starting to shine.

I see it in their eyes, a mystery to be beholden — how profound the silence –

The bus stops, the two get up and leave holding hands, which is not the way they entered.

Emptiness again – complete silence – filled only by the hum of the bus, and the urban outside.

I see a person dancing, a person sitting on the ground begging, and a businessperson walking
purposefully – all manifestations of the One –

“I sound like the dreamer” I think to myself ~ The internal silence broken; the mystery shattered.

The bus stops, a frail old man shuffles on followed by a crowd of noisy schoolgirls. I silently witness the
girls find their place near the back of the bus, and the old man sets himself down at the front.

The old man is looking at his hands, with what seems like a permanent frown wrinkled into his face.

The girls laughing and giggling behind me, the silence filled only by them –

The bus stops, the girls all get up and walk right past the old man, one looks at him and says to her friends “Grandpa is lost in his hands.” They all giggle.

The old man looks up and smiles, “I am found in my hands’ works.” — the girls get off, changed. Silence again.

The bus stops, the old man gets up and walks with slight skip in his step and a satisfied look on his face. Just before walking off the bus and out of sight he looks at me and gives me a wink.

Emptiness again.

The dream unfolding and wrapping me up in its wisdom – I am starting to see.

Tendrils of lost and broken feelings still touching the fringes of mind and being – integration is still needed.

Mother comes to mind, I see her with my heart – I am saddened by her losses – all the pain she feels – for us, her children.

The bus stops, this is the one, I get up and move towards the exit.

The bus driver pulls back the veil – I see them – I see reality.

Stepping off the bus, straight into a muddy puddle – residue from last evenings storm – the storm before the dream.

I look up and see three people squatting together, wearing worn and dirty clothes, hunched over from the weight of their unaddressed trauma. One looks at me and quickly looks back down at the objects of their broken desire. I want to help them, but I can’t.

Human garbage everywhere, pieces strewn all about the space. I want to clean it all up, but I can’t.

I walk past it all and arrive at my destination.

I arrive at where I love to be.

My friend calls to me, I turn and see them smiling. I silently walk up, feeling the smile on my face. I sit down next to them, and we become one.

Silently working on the project we are doing together – a project focused on the exploration of dream states, dreams, and the objectivity of the dreamer.

After a few hours of silently working, I look my friend in the eye, and start to cry.

They hug me, silently holding space for my emotions to flow.

I don't know why I am crying, for I feel great – yet the tears continue running down my face – I fully let go.

Timeless moments pass – I open my eyes; I see them seeing me –

I turn to look out the windows we are sitting by – and I see the hazy city sky –

I see the concrete jungle filled with humans – happy, sad, and everything between. Mostly sad.

I feel the sense that the work we are doing is empty, why focus on dreams when this world needs reality. We need to face reality.

Understanding my heart – the feelings I feel – my friend leans their head on my shoulder as I look out.

The reality we humans have created for ourselves is just so broken, yet we are trying our best...

I silently feel inwards – embracing who I am ... Yet who am 'I' really?

Space opens, the dream returns – 'I am no-self at all' – what does this mean?

Witnessing all these processes of mind – as the silent witness... I see myself.

I am not this body, nor am I this mind, I am simply the witness of reality – I am that which experiences reality – through body and mind.

My heart's light starts to shine so bright – all I see is light –

Fragments of who I was, falling away – a new yet timeless version of being unfolds from within.

My friend looks at me with sparkling eyes, they are crying too.

The silence engulfing us both – simultaneously – the One being revealed – Love, heart, unity —

Ineffable reality – faced and seen – an unbroken chain of events leading to now.

Mother, arriving into heart awareness – I feel for her again.

She is the entire world, she is the earth, she is mother earth embodied –

Graceful, natural, entirely wild, and playful – I love her

Yet she hurts because of the things we do – I love her

Supporting us, in everything we do – I love her

I look up and see all my ancestors standing behind me – my friend and I, two pinnacles of evolution, in union now –

How soft and subtle the awareness – with vision so clear – and reason so obscure – Why am I here?

Mother's voice resonates in mind, "do the work that must be done." Mind responds, "Yet so much has to get done!" – the inner silence now resonating with that final statement – an unsettling feeling...

Heart shines again, its light permeating mind – just be and follow me –

"Follow the heart" whispers mind.

Silence engulfing the cliché as mind returns to its place of peace – the emptiness full of light –

The subtleties of excitedness touching the edges of mind – an excitedness in response to this simple yet profound day. A dream bleeding through into life and helping reality be seen. Helping reality be faced.

"Maybe everything is a dream, and we are the dreamers"

My friend laughs

We smile at each other with love