

# To Love and Lose What Is Mortal

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2016-04-25

Source: <http://www.shiningworld.com/site/satsang/read/2705>

**Lily:** Since January I've found myself besieged by grief again. It comes and goes at its own pace. There are no shortcuts there either, I guess. I'm practicing what I've learned about questioning the reality of my thoughts. Added to that, a good dose of "live James" and I'm coming through. One thought at a time.

**Sundari:** My heart goes out to you – would that it were possible to find a magic pill to ease the pain the *jiva* feels with a loss like this. How many souls go through this, I wonder how they make it, especially those with no self-knowledge. I'm thinking of the victims of the recent bomb blasts and so many other tragedies that take place. This world is a strange place, and it's hard to make sense of how it works sometimes.

Why would a beautiful soul like Mathew have the *karma* he had? And you and Jason for being his parents? No one knows. The only answer is the tough one. There is no real good or evil, no one is doing anything. For this apparent duality to work everything has to be possible or nothing is possible. All extremes and everything in between are built in to the system because nothing can exist in the apparent reality without the potential for its opposite existing too. I guess that's why Jesus called it "a vale of tears." It sure is that, especially when one believes it is real. Love is a dangerous thing for the *jiva*, even when you know what love is and that you are not the *jiva* but the eternal, unchanging, unconcerned knower of the *jiva*.

My prayer is that *Isvara* mends your broken heart and you will be able to feel the pain of this terrible loss without suffering, knowing that this was the only way in this life that Mathew could be free of the torture that was his mind. His *karma* has changed now because you both loved him so truly and perfectly. Even though he could not be healed in this life, your love is his salvation. Rest in peace with that thought.

I have attached a poem I wrote recently about loving as a mortal, knowing you are immortal.

I send my love, I embrace you with deep affection.

~ Sundari

## To Love and Lose What Is Mortal

the beauty

that makes beauty

beautiful

cannot be seen by mortal eyes

to see

one has to know

knowing, one can see

that flowers

transform

their bodies

into pillars

of light

giving off

the rich fragrance

of earth

fulfilment,

the satisfaction

of their being, love

the delicate fronds

of cattails

burst and float away in joy

over

the cerulean shoulders

of rivers

and

every tree, plant

and river

no matter what its

name is,

is light

all is named now

yet remains nameless consciousness,

inviolate,  
invariant to change, full  
evinced by nothing more  
than its own effulgence  
craving nothing  
untouched  
untouchable  
and  
everywhere  
always  
those who cannot see  
are destined to sit  
on the riverbank of life  
awaiting words from naked trees  
and decaying flowers  
that have lost their nectar  
for mortals, every year  
everything  
ever learned in a lifetime  
leads back to only this:  
the blindness  
and the remorseless river of loss  
a flock of birds  
pour  
from the horizon line  
soaring over this black river of death  
searching for the other side,  
for salvation

whose meaning  
only some of us  
will ever know;  
those who do  
know this  
about the glittering chimera...  
to live  
to love  
in this world  
and leave it without trace  
you must be able  
to do four things:  
hold what is mortal  
against your bones  
knowing your mortal life  
depends only on love  
and, when the time comes,  
to let go  
knowing love remains,  
let go