

To Love and Lose What is Mortal

Sundari (Isabella Viglietti)

2016-04-25

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. Thinking of the victims of the recent bomb blasts and so many other tragedies that take place. This world is a strange place, 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
fulfillment,

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,

inviolable,

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