

Words Have Come to an End

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Alexi: Dear James, ever since you appeared in my life, I have exposed my intellect constantly to Vedanta teachings. Although I was seeking for a long time before... and I knew who I was... I couldn't express my self-knowledge clearly. Thank you for your service to *Bhagavan*, making the teaching available to all. Due to countless encounters with ignorance, since time immemorial, my intellect is always subject to mistakes along the way. With humble mind, I ask you if you can correct my understanding. Ignorance may have seeped in.

Seamless Subtleness Is My Self, the One Self of All

The "I" is a complete, seamless, indefinable, borderless, self-contained, non-dual wonder. I cannot be described by any means. I am not of the world of appearances. When all the names and forms are removed, I appear as *maya*, and like a mother give birth to the world. This projection appears in me, who is unaffected by it.

When *maya* operates, a subtle body and a world of objects appears as a subjective "I" and world of objects. My instruments of knowledge allow me to know the world of gross objects. This "I" which I used to think was me takes itself to be the body and sees the world as an object. It creates an individual subjective world within my subtle body. These ideas about who I am are stored within the body of God and are hidden from this "I." Along with my subjective creation, I experience God's creation. This subtle complexity causes more ignorance. I become more and more unhappy, unsure and insecure. This "I," which I used to think was me, suffers. This creation seems to be causal and logical, but it all happens instantly. The whole explosive projection miraculously appears in "I," which I now know to be me, like an image appearing on a mirror.

My intellect, writing these words, is like a pen dipping into the the inkpot of God's vast field. The shocking birth of my human *jiva* is only a trick of the intelligence that projects this confusing array of names and forms. My *jiva* dances like a puppet on *Isvara's* string, the wheel of *samsara* an ancient road, and the *jiva* becomes weary of traveling, but this journey is a fail-safe way that God gets the human me to turn within to understand what I am. Words for now have come to an end.

James: Dear Alexi, no ignorance seems to have crept in. Your words are as perfect as you are.