

DHARMA: COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS

If I take my phenomenological temperature (as I constantly do) as to what's going on inside me these days, it's kind of like those old Magic-8 Balls. Lately I keep coming up with "Try Again Later." So, what does this mean?

Since these kinds of things are ineffable, obviously I can't say or put it into words, but that does not mean I don't "know" or am not experiencing whatever it is. I am.

The fact is that last period of time (for some weeks now) the doors of my mind have been blown open and the winds of knowing have rushed through me. It hasn't stopped yet. I have received such an influx and massive imprint that I'm still waiting for it all to die down. For all I know, it could be a new constant. I am reminded of an old quote from the poet William Blake in his "Marriage of Heaven and Hell" that goes "Enough or Too Much." Well, right now it's perhaps too much. I am not at all uncomfortable. I'm just waiting for some conceptualization to appear that might explain all this, although as time stretches on I have to admit this looks antithetical at best.

However, since any of the higher practices, like Insight meditation (or Mahamudra itself) are non-dualistic, meaning there is no subject and object, so that my looking for a conclusion is premature, if not downright oxymoronic. After all, there is the concept of "the point of no return" to consider, the point from which we don't return. LOL.

And I have been pissing and moaning for some years about Insight meditation (at least the way I do it) being too local and not global enough. What's going on right now with me is pretty global or at least much more global than I have known up to this point. And like most dharma realizations, it's not how I imagined it would be. Yet, that's par for the course and only makes sense.

If I try to put my finger on it, which is conceptual, there is push-back, as if the other shoe has not fallen yet or will perhaps never fall. It's either that or the whole idea of the other shoe falling itself is so dualistic that it's a step backward.

To sum it up, I feel very much at sea, immersed, and yet I'm not cloudy. Everything is pretty lucid and within arm's reach. By that, what I mean is that I don't have to go and get something (some idea or concept) to think about, like a comfort blanket. I don't have any particular direction, yet here I am right in the middle (the center) of life. As The Bard wrote, "Something is happening, but you don't know what it is, do you Mr. Jones." I have an inkling.

[Photo by me of a rupa of Tilopa on my personal shrine.]

"As Bodhicitta is so precious,
May those without it now create it,
May those who have it not destroy it,
And may it ever grow and flourish"

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