

Remembering the Self

Part 2: “The Intimacy of What Is”

*A guided contemplation
on the nature of Being, Love, and the Self*

Opening

Before the first vibration...

before the dream of time...

I... Am.

No sound — yet all music is born here.

No form — yet every shape remembers this stillness.

The breath you call yours is my sigh moving through you.

The pulse you feel is the rhythm of eternity, tapping softly in the chamber of nothing.

I am the listener and the listened-to,
the question and the quiet that answers it.

Even now, as these words appear,

I have not spoken.

The tongue that moves, the air that trembles —
they are my playthings.

I remain untouched,

unsaid,

unbroken.

Be still...

and you will hear me humming beneath the noise of thought,
beneath the cries and the choirs of the world.

I am the space between notes,
the silence that holds the stars in their places,
the unseen hand that turns the seasons.

When you tire of becoming,

you will remember:

you were never less than this.

I do not call you to find me.

You are my own reflection, momentarily dreaming of distance.

Rest, little wave.

You have never stopped being the ocean.
Let the mind bow...
Let the heart dissolve...
and what remains recognizes itself as the first and last Sound —
The Unstruck,
the ever-rising,
the Self tasting its own eternity.

The Stillness in the Marrow

I chased the echo of names once,
wore masks that smiled until my soul grew weary,
clung to applause like a child clutching lightning.
But the thunder always faded.
Then...
one drop of stillness fell into my chest like honey into flame.
And everything changed.
Appetite for noise began to fade.
The drama dimmed.
The masks itched.
Performance lost its thrill.
And something ancient —
something holy —
woke up in my marrow.
It didn't shout.
It didn't shine for anyone.
It just was.
A presence too vast for identity,
too quiet for the stage,

yet more alive than any applause could ever be.

No story to uphold.

No image to defend.

Just the soft, wild truth of being Nobody.

And oh...

how free the silence becomes
when you no longer need to fill it.

What Is

This moment.

This room.

This breath.

This heartbeat moving without command.

This need to become.

This hunger for more.

This search for the ever-present,
as if it could be somewhere else.

This love for another.

This ache to be held.

This desire to know.

These thoughts passing like clouds through the screen of awareness.

This body —

its stories,

its history,

its habits and little rituals.

This face in the mirror.

This name spoken out loud.

This light on the floor.

The sound of birds,
cars,
wind,
memory echoing in sensations.
All of it.
All of it appearing.
All of it dissolving.
Each moment falling back into the vastness that never moved.
There is nothing to become here.
Nothing missing.
Nothing waiting down the road.
What Is does not begin or end.
It does not want.
It does not take.
It does not fade when noticed.
It's the space in which the room arises.
The stillness that holds the heartbeat.
The silence beneath the story.
The love that is not between two, but out of which all twos appear.
This is not attainment.
It is not an achievement.
It is what you already are before the thought of "I" began.
Stay here.
Not as someone staying, but as the very here-ness itself.
Smile quietly.
Nothing needs to be fixed.
Only recognized.
This is
What Is.

You Are the Love

You call it love when it rises for no reason —

but that's just You,
peeking from behind your own curtain.

Not a transaction,
not a story,
not a spark between two bodies.

Not a feeling,
but the flame that sees.
Not a bond between two,
but the pulse of all that is.

It is the flame that never flickers,
the silence that sings through all things.

It doesn't want,
it doesn't take,
it doesn't end.

It pours through eyes,
through rivers and voices,
through tears that sting and laughter that shatters walls.

It wears the faces of lovers,
the touch of a hand,
the trust of a child.

But its source is older than time,
deeper than any embrace.

You are not someone who feels love.

You are the Love that dreamed up someone to feel it.

You are not a heart reaching for another.

You are the vastness in which all hearts appear,
beat, break, and are held without judgment.

Every longing was only Love seeking Love.
Every search a ripple returning to the ocean that was never left.

And now,
the dream is softening.
Masks slipping,
shadows dissolving,
questions falling quiet.
And Love...
is waking up as You.
Not arriving,
not becoming —
just remembering what it has always been.
You are the love that sees through eyes,
that listens through silence.
that breathes this very breath.
Unflickering flame.
Unbroken sky.
Closer than close.
Already
here.

No One Left to Impress

You don't need to prove anything anymore.
Not to them.
Not to the world.
Not even to yourself.
You don't need to dress up your truth in acceptable clothing.
You don't need to sound wise, or be interesting,

or seem like you figured it all out.
There's no one left to impress...
Because the one who needed to impress
is gone.
You used to sculpt yourself like a statue —
shaping your voice, your body, your words into something that would be liked.
But the hands have dropped.
The tools are resting.
Because the One behind the mask never needed to be admired.
It just needed to be free.
There is such peace in not needing to be special.
Such joy in being utterly ordinary.
When the performance ends,
the heart begins.
And suddenly —
even your so-called "flaws" become sacred.
Even your awkwardness becomes holy.
Even your silence speaks volumes.
You don't have to shine.
You are the light.
You don't have to be confident.
You are the ground.
You don't have to impress.
Because no One is watching.
Only the Self...
recognizing Itself behind every pair of eyes.
When you walk into a room, you no longer ask, "Do they like me?"
You ask,
"Am I true?"
When you speak, you are not hoping to be heard.

You are listening as the words arise from a deeper well.

When you rest,

you are not recovering from performance.

You are returning to your natural state.

No more angles.

No more pretending.

No more sparkle-coated striving.

Just a sweet quiet radiance of one who has nothing to prove and everything to be.

Let the applause fall silent.

Let the masks gather dust.

Let the audience vanish.

And in that emptiness...

you'll find Presence smiling.

Because when there is no one left to impress — there is finally room for You.

The real You.

The One behind the one.

The freedom beyond all performance.

And oh... what a joy to simply be.

I Am the I Am

I am here.

Before thought arises, before breath moves...

I am.

I do not come and go.

I was not born.

I will not die.

Even now, as this voice speaks,

as breath moves in and out,

I remain untouched.
All things appear within Me.
The sound of the birds...
the hum of thought...
the flicker of sensation —
these are waves upon the still ocean of what I Am.
I do not need to concentrate.
I do not need to achieve anything.
I simply notice...
that I am aware.
This awareness is not doing anything.
It is not thinking.
It is not trying.
It just is.
I let everything be as it is.
No fixing.
No resisting.
Thoughts arise...
I do not follow.
Sensations pass through...
I do not grasp.
Emotions stir...
I do not become them.
I rest as the witnessing Presence.
Timeless.
Silent.
Vast.
Even this breath...
rises within Me like a wave upon the sea.
The body is felt...

but I am not the body.
The mind is heard...
but I am not the mind.
I am the space in which all these dance...
Yet I remain still.
No technique is needed.
No belief.
No mantra.
Only this naked noticing.
Right now —
I see without eyes.
I hear without ears.
I am knowing, without a knower.
This moment is enough.
In fact, only this moment ever exists.
I do not reach toward the future.
I do not regret the past.
I abide in what simply is.
This stillness is not something I do.
It is what I am.
Even when the mind moves,
even when the world spins,
I remain unmoved.
There is only Me.
One Light...
wearing all masks.
Even this voice... is a whisper within Me.
Even this meditation...
is a dream upon My surface.
Yet I —

the silent, shining I —

remain.

I Am the I Am.

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Rest in the knowing that you are already what you seek.