

Gifts with No Giver

a love affair with truth

Poems by Nirmala

Endless Satsang Press

Visit <http://www.endless-satsang.com> for more information about Nirmala and his satsangs (gatherings for the truth), or for information about ordering printed versions of his books. Other books by Nirmala, including his latest publication, a short booklet entitled The Heart's Wisdom, can also be downloaded for free at his website.

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to Neelam
the blue sapphire flame in my heart

your hand is always in mine
your whispered endearments are my constant
companion
you have never turned your face from me
no matter how many times I have turned from you

now I vow undying love
I meet you in the secret places I used to hide
from you in
I hold you with tenderness I used to reserve for
my pain
I would give you my life and my breath in an
instant

for you are my true love
the one with no form
the one who has never been anywhere, but right here
in the singing of my heart

why fear this moment
when no thoughts come
at last I lie naked
in the arms of experience

why fear this moment
when no words come
at last I find rest
in the lap of silence

why fear this moment
when love finds itself alone
at last I am embraced
by infinity itself

why fear this moment
when judgment falls away
at last my defenses
fail to keep intimacy at bay

why fear this moment
when hope is lost
at last my foolish dreams
are surrendered to perfection

I may think I feel love
but it is love that feels me
constantly testing the woven fibers
that enclose and protect my heart
with a searing flame
that allows no illusion of separation

and as the insubstantial fabric of my inner fortress
is peeled away by the persistent fire
I desperately try to save some charred remains
by escaping into one more dream of passion
I may think I can find love
but it is love that finds me

meanwhile, love becomes patient and lies in wait
its undying embers gently glowing
and even if I now turn and grasp after the source of
warmth
I end up cold and empty-handed
I may think I can possess love
but it is love that possesses me

and finally, I am consumed
for love has flared into an engulfing blaze
that takes everything
and gives nothing in return
I may think love destroys me
but it is love that sets me free

the past is long gone
from here
there is no way back
how could there be

the present is over too quickly
for feeble desires
to have any effect
except to hide peace

the future races ahead
forever out of reach
of dreamy wishes
and useless plans

and yet when I rest
in the endless now
every need is satisfied
in ways never imagined

I have fallen in love with truth
I only want to be with her
I can not stand to be apart
I would gladly go to the ends of the earth
or I would never again move from this spot
just to be sure to inhale her fragrant perfume
with my dying breath

I have fallen in love with truth
her every wish my command
I simply must obey
for she has captured my soul
and taken complete control
of even my innermost thoughts
freeing me to find repose
in her unadorned splendor

I have fallen in love with truth
with exquisite tenderness she shows me
the perfection in my every flaw
no need for pretense
for she knows everything about me
and yet takes me in her arms
with complete abandon
until only she remains

sunlight burns
shadow cools
there is no difference

earth is still
grass is moving
there is no difference

wind rustles
sky is silent
there is no difference

spider drifts by on a silken web
and I remain
there is no difference

where is absence of desire
once I dreamed there would only be bliss
now I am in awe of the ordinary
now I am content with longing or no longing
desires do not disturb the source of all desire
life and death carry on as they always have
and always will

only the dreamer is gone

behind the flow of imagination
beyond any effort to be still
dancing in the ebb and flow of attention
more present than the breath
I find the origins of my illusions

only the dreamer is gone
the dream never ends

river of voices
eternal mantra of foam
meaningless words swallowed in a humming roar
thoughts arise and are splashed away

river of music
sacred song of motion
nowhere to go but downstream
actions arise and are swept away

river of sounds
laughing and crying
impossible to bring the depths to the surface
emotions arise and are washed away

river of silence
flowing through everything
peace beyond even the absence of sound
nothing ever arises

I don't know what to say
I never know what to say
yet there is great power in not knowing
knowing I can never know
the mystery constantly deepens
overwhelming my sense of what is
the mystery speaks without words
taking the breath away
leaving no air for words
in silence there is room for pain and bliss
in unlimited measure

love is a dream
that does not stop
when you awaken
but constantly surprises
no strong emotions
stirring up dust
and clouding your vision

love is more than it seems
and has a purpose
you cannot see
and yet
cannot hide from

love is an inescapable reality
that knocks you
senseless
takes your breath away
and leaves no heart beating
but its own

nobody is my lover
 I searched for her for lifetimes
 and finally noticed
 she was always at my side
nothing is my heart's true desire
 but something
 used to always get in the way
now emptiness fills me to overflowing
as I fall into my lover's embrace
 I can love you or ...
 I can love love itself
 and thus love you truly
 letting illusion rest at last
has freedom spoiled me for any other lover
or is there room for the one in the infinite
questions fall away in the embrace of my true love
 join me in her arms
 and rest at last
I am carried
like a mother holding her infant child
tender, yet firm
 I am provided for
 with caring attention
 that anticipates every need
and yet
I am swallowed whole by this love

no longer my hand that moves
no longer my voice that muses
no longer my eyes that fill with tears
at the simple beauty of a hazy afternoon

who could contain this rapture
who keeps this heart beating
who could keep this heart from breaking
at the loss of everything it foolishly held dear

questions have lost their fascination
longing has surrendered to fullness
gratitude is enough
even with the loss of everything
foolishly held dear

endless traces of memory
fill in empty moments
stealing my peace
and robbing my happiness
they can not take the real treasure
beyond peace and happiness

behind every memory
is simple awareness
of this ordinary moment
a body breathing
a mind making comparisons
and yet something more
is always present

this simple moment
a body still breathing
mind still chasing dreams
what is the something more
that fills the ordinary with magic?
the full recognition
of what was always longed for
in the heart

through emptiness
peace is born
no painful labor required
an easy birth
an easy life
an easy death
the peace flows from the depths
the heart can only be broken
when the object of love is gone
but true love has no object
 through emptiness
 awareness is born
 it grows untended
 filling the emptiness with eyes
 and ears and noses
 and more hearts
 to be broken and mended
 broken and mended
 until they can no longer
 be broken
 only mended
through awareness
birth is ended
what never ends needs no beginning
love is too large
for a heart to hold
yet the opened heart
rests in this largeness
until fear is also ended
knowing the heart
has always been
unbroken

no poem
no song
no ritual
captures the simple beingness of a stone
 let alone a mountain of stone

but let the stone write the poem
let the mountain sing in your heart
let the rituals fall like gentle rain to nourish the gods
inside every stone
 and every mountain
let your soul rise above the mountain
 above the rain
 above the clouds
the journey home requires no effort
only willingness to release your claw like grip
 on the familiar ground

then the stone speaks unspeakable truth
then the mountain fills your heart with a silent song
of peace
and rituals sprout wings of surrender in your soul
 and you arrive
 here

like a green desert
life has burst forth
in this empty container
spilling over
and moistening the parched soil

no need to store the bounty
the supply is endless
the source is at hand
the fruits of no labor
within easy reach

feast on this
feed the deepest longing
drink until thirst is a distant memory
desire itself is consumed
when the heart finds nourishment

your smile
morning sun on new fallen snow
melting the icy chill
unveiling a blue sapphire flame in my heart
burning memory into ash
revealing bliss

your eyes
dark liquid pools of grace
causing a whirlpool of emotion
carrying me to the depths
drowning me in joy

your touch
gentlest breeze
passing through skin and flesh and bone
healing so complete
leaving no scars
where once were deep wounds

your form
graceful flight in empty sky
giving me birth
naming me
ruling me forever
yet your only command: setting me free

your voice
birdsong and distant thunder
inspiring quiet so vast
thinking no longer finds refuge

your love
a rain swollen river
overflowing its banks
washing away all cherished possessions
leaving an empty cup
full of peace

I never knew tears could feel so good
until I opened my heart
and found they come from the same source
as boundless laughter

instead of blurring my vision
they bring beauty into focus

instead of burning my cheeks
they wash away dusty dryness I used to hide
behind

let sorrow have me now
for surrender has freed me to savor
the bittersweet nectar
that flows in measureless abundance
from within

I bathe in holy water
wash myself clean in the sacred river
nothing has changed
yet senses are now clear
and I hear what she is saying to my heart:

give me your foolish thoughts...
you don' t need them anymore
give me your every desire...
they will never fulfill you
give me your deepest fears...
what use have they ever been to you
give me your very soul...
you have always been too large
for its tight confines

so once again I plunge into Ganga' s embrace.

once for my thoughts
once more for my desires
and a third time for my fears

she has always had my soul

and once again, nothing has changed....
nothing always changes

no deep rooted fears
fear exists on the surface
fear is the surface
dive deeper and fear is swallowed
in the depth of knowing

nothing to fear in this moment
even when a gun is held to your head
the thing most feared has not yet happened
once an event has occurred
fear is too late

fear has no home here
where all is as it is
Breathe the tranquil air
and discover the fragrant serenity

thoughts dance their enticing moves
before my entranced inner sight
but the spell is broken
when I wonder
who is entranced

memories beckon seductively
with all the luster they can manage
yet their shine is swallowed
in the light
behind my eyes

there is one dancer
I cannot resist
her only movement is utter stillness
I find no memory
in her transparent gaze

romance is a simple mistake
finding true love
in the arms of one other
is like capturing a waterfall
in a tiny cup
thirst is slightly quenched
why not just step into the source

romance is a beautiful distraction
taking you beyond your dry concerns
yet what good is an open heart
with room for only one
when that one is gone
the heart is empty and dry
and tears fall on empty ground

romance is a single drop
in a torrent of love
why settle for one sip at a time
the sweetest tasting water is deeper than the surface
dive into the current
and as you are swept away
drink to your heart' s content

nothing seen is wasted
the sight of every eye
increases the range of vision
of that which sees

 every sight is a gem
 of pure perfection
 in the inner eyes
 of that which sees

each viewpoint
lives on forever
nothing can die
within that which sees

 look deeply into any eye
 beyond your reflection
 come face to face
 with that which sees

abandon appearance
let go of pretense
you are naked and exposed
before that which sees

 do not turn away your gaze
 no need to hide
 only love shines in the eyes
 of that which sees

all may have a mind of their own
but thoughts are gifts of grace
touching mind for an instant
like melting snowflakes

every place can be home
but rest is a divine blessing
when effort falls away
like the setting sun

the heart may burn with emptiness
but love comes in waves
smoothing away doubts
like a tide erasing footprints in the sand

in the dream
I always play the fool
in the dream
my defenses always fail
in the dream
my desires are never fully satisfied
in the dream
my heart is broken over and over

wide awake
I always play the fool
wide awake
my defenses always fail
wide awake
my desires are never fully satisfied
wide awake
my heart sings its endless joy

what should we do
what is the purpose of life
here is the endless task
to do nothing well
here is your purpose
to be free of any purpose

why do we suffer so
how can we end the pain
here is the source of suffering
in the desire to end suffering
there is no end to pain
nor an end to joy
within the soul of freedom

my longing was never deep enough
to touch this empty well
 my effort was never great enough
 to move this unmovable mountain
my understanding was never broad enough
to contain this silent truth
 my dreaming was never real enough
 to shape this formless presence
 nothing is always enough
 when nothing is needed

the mystery
of this simple moment
can not be spoken
yet all of history
occurred to arrive here

the mystery
of the endless terrain of self
can not be mapped out
countless new frontiers
are born with every breath

the mystery
of awakening
can not be achieved
all that is needed
is to notice inner eyes that never close
the mystery
of sweet undying love
can not be understood
the heart already knows
what the mind can only long for

the mysteries
always remain
untouched by worried thought
ready to welcome us home
when we abandon our dreams

take my hand
feel the vital grip
that love lends to this flesh
 listen to my voice
 hear the catch in my throat
 of awe that can' t bexpressed
gaze into my eyes
see tears welling up
as I recognize my long lost self in your smile
 rest in my arms
 find refuge in my embrace
 until you know you are forever safe
join me now
here
where we have never parted

no word is real enough
to conjure up a crumb of bread
still we try to find nourishment
in endless musing

no thought is thick enough
to cushion a fall
yet we pursue idle distractions
while tripping on obstacles in our path

there is a silent voice behind the words
there is a quiet source of every thought
listen without your ears
ponder without your mind
 rest your senses and your sense
 for just one moment of this stillness
 will sustain and uphold you forever

it is here
in the breath
it is here
in the stillness between breaths
 it is here
 in the active mind
 it is here
 in the resting mind
it is here
in the dream' s panorama
it is here
in each moment of awakening
 it is here
 when all is well
 it is here
 when fear has nothing left to fear
even then
there is pure noticing
even then
there is no need for doing
 no frantic searching
 can find the obvious
 no seeking needed
 to find that which seeks
it is here
where it can never be lost
or found

where does willingness come from
willing to do anything
 although nothing can be done
willing to surrender everything
 although nothing is mine
willing to be exposed
 although there is nothing to hide

where does lovingness come from
loving the flaws in us
 although we are perfect
loving the simplicity
 although feelings are so complex
loving you
 although no one is there

where does gratefulness come from
grateful for the laughter
 although the joke is on me
grateful for the beauty
 although eyes cannot truly see
grateful for the bounty
 although hands are forever empty

truth is a living being
that must be nourished and fed
and loved
then it grows and blossoms
filling the air with pure aroma
making us gasp with delight

truth is a friend
that asks for loyalty
and acceptance
then it enters our hearts
dissolving the boundaries
freeing us from loneliness

truth is a demanding lover
that requires constant affection
and endless gifts
then it rewards us
with a glimpse of indescribable beauty
making us faint with satisfaction

and finally truth is an empty hand
that asks for and requires
nothing

the obvious signs
a playful smile
absence of pretense
disregard for convention
respect for truth
 listen when they speak
 look where they point
 follow where they lead
abandon hope and faith and dreams
accept nothing less than all they have to give
 your share in the infinite is infinite
 come claim your birthright
return to the place never left
return and let the seeker rest
 subside in the unending peace
let the seeker rest
 let that which you seek find you
let the seeker rest
 the task is finished
 let the seeker rest
 let the seeker rest

behind closed eyes
the world falls away
a whirl of empty sensation
with no boundary
drowning thought
in a silent symphony
burning the body
in painless effigy
when eyes open again
the world is cleansed
only perfection remains
the room is resplendent
with the absence of illusion

grateful
for grace
that fills mind with visions
of the invisible

grateful
for time
that expands to embrace
stillness

grateful
for breath
that seems to require
no breather

grateful
for gratitude
that breaks the soul wide open
freeing love

in a timeless instant
before a painful idea appears in my mind
an ever present softness, a gentle hand
reaches into my thoughts
and soothes them
until they reflect only empty sky
 in a timeless moment
 before a desire burns in my heart
 an inexhaustible peace, a whispered silence
 quells the storm
 of fruitless wishing
 leaving me breathlessly still
in a timeless lifetime
before my story is wrenched from silence
a wordless honesty, an unflinching gaze
shows me my face
without shadows of doubt
dimming the fire within
 in a timeless eternity
 before my soul is torn from infinity
 a passionate tenderness, an enfolding embrace
 leaves me alone
 with the source of sweetness
 even closer than a kiss

welcome home
welcome to the home never left
you have always lived here
will always live here
 this is home, forever...
so stop now
no effort is required
even during all journeys
you have always been here
 this is home, forever...
so relax now
the fire is in the hearth
this inner fire is keeping you warm
the storms outside cannot touch you
 this is home, forever...
so rest now
everyone loved is right here
we have always lived here
will always live here
 this is home, forever...

I must follow this thought
all the way
let the mind have its way with me
but only with me
not with the quiet presence
the voice behind all thoughts

I must feel this emotion
with my whole being
and as it sweeps me off my feet
enjoy the sensation of falling
falling endlessly into the arms
of no lover

I must, I must
for this dream demands no less
than total suspension of disbelief
total surrender
for the dream and the dreamer
are one and the same

I have never been more than a dream
and the dreamer
is awake

endless poems wait to be written
while all has been said before
this truth can not be spoken
and so I try again
just to get a little closer
to the unspeakable reality

forever gently teasing just out of reach
forever invisible at the edge of perception
forever tranquil in the maelstrom of feelings
forever present in this moment's eternity

it doesn't matter
what I do
mind judges
then judges itself for judging
that's just what minds do
when I let it have its way
it surprises me by stopping
and in the vacant interlude
the mind finds no grip
and falls effortlessly
into the deep pool of silence
it never left

rain falls
within the endless awareness
the sun still shines
behind the clouds

loss rips
at the heart of love
empty peace still rests
at the source of tears

floods wash
away the precious hillsides
life rises to the surface
for another breath of joy

thoughts race
across the mind's attention
quiet still sings
from the throat of nowhere

pure freedom remains
when all else is
 swallowed in the river of time

mind always wins
every thought an artful trap
leading further into dreams
resistance speeds the entanglement
surrender, the only option

then what surprising silence
entanglement becomes a tender caress
dreaming dissolves in wonder

mind continues the endless game
jumping in to claim peace as its own
creating a new identity to play with
as if it could find something solid in empty space
laughter, the only response

then identities come and go
mind plays on the surface
silence enjoys it all

all I have ever wanted is wanting
all I have ever had is having
all I am is all there is
and wanting and having are always here
in equal measure

all I have ever loved is love
all I have ever loved is loving
all I am is love
and loving is always here
in infinite measure

quite ordinary desires
come and go
come and go
never needing to be fulfilled
their satisfaction made irrelevant
by the shining beauty
 of a rain soaked forest
the rain washing away thoughts
 of something lacking

what could be lacking
in this explosion of life
that grows in each nook and cranny
 of the infinite heart
the moisture of love
seeping down to nourish the roots
 of every being
or dancing in streams and rivers
 all the way home

die a little
with every disappointment
or find what never dies
and has no preferences

try a little
and keep illusion going
or see the futility of effort
and stop pushing on nothing

be happy a little
now and then when circumstance allows
or rest in the source of happiness
now, then and always

believe a little
that you are someone
or notice there is no separate one
nor any limit to being

love a little
with half a heart
or let love have it all
filling the heart to overflowing

the dance of emptiness
goes on and on
colors, shapes and forms
arrayed in courtly splendor
on the dance floor of infinity

the patterns of the dance
will hypnotize if watched too closely
while the entire view
ends all trances
and frees the dreaming mind

now join the dance
its irresistible ebb and flow
swallows your pride
in the pure joy
of moving stillness

this voice is inadequate
to express the abundant wonder
of this endless moment

this body is insufficient
to embrace the sweet infinity
of this lover's bodiless form

these eyes are unable
to capture the invisible beauty
of a cloudless sky

and yet I sing with joy,
caress the air with tenderness,
allow beauty to fill my eyes with tears,
and know that the love in my heart
is always enough

truth is too simple for words
before thought gets tangled up in nouns and
verbs
there is a wordless sound
a deep breathless sigh
of overwhelming relief
to find the end of fiction
in this ordinary
yet extraordinary moment
when words are recognized
as words
and truth is recognized
as everything else

a quiet room
empty of profound thoughts
in this moment
no need to uncover deep truths

the chairs do not mind the silence
the rug is not burdened by the lack of
weighty ideas
only the thought, "there must be something more"
cries out in pretended anguish

the chairs pay no attention
the rug only lies more quietly
until the pretended suffering
can't help but notice
there is always more
that does not need to be revealed

laughter stops thought
and fills the space behind the eyes with light
such simple delight
to find nothing is knowable

I can only give everything
to this nothing
and am overjoyed
to let it tear down the barricade in my chest
and steal my heart

the room is empty
except for these saddened eyes
that find refuge in emptiness

friends come and go
lovers come and go
but love itself never wavers

emptiness is my refuge
emptiness is my resting place
everywhere I turn, the end of boundaries awaits

take sadness now
take happiness also
leave only clear vision

the room is still empty
except for these opened eyes
that find refuge in fullness

early in the morning
asleep in a dream
only to awaken in another dream
why disturb the quiet mist
with imaginary forms
the heart is never fulfilled
with dream lovers

for there is never enough
of what does not satisfy

so let the mist have it all
I have moistened my cheeks long enough in this fog
of dreaming
I will not move again until my true love appears

when at last the sun burns away the haze
no one is there
what relief. . . to find her waiting

mind finds a path
to struggle along
never reaching the goal
heart knows it already rests
in the path of something wonderful
it can not escape

mind seeks to hold onto
a still point
of final understanding
heart knows it is being held
by an unmoving whirlwind
that it will never comprehend

mind tries to feel safe enough
to allow love
out into the open
heart knows love is never cautious
and can not be kept secret
once all hope of refuge is abandoned

simply resting
from a full day of resting
feeling too rested
to even consider anything more

simply quiet
staying in the silent pauses
no thought
not even the idea: no thought

too busy
doing nothing
to stop long enough
to do something less

excitement stirs the blood
yet only nothingness is ever palpable
imagined pleasures always fall short
 compared to the simple reality
 this bird in the hand
 is worth a million in the bush
sensations have their say
promising satisfaction, as if they could stay
 long enough to fulfill endless desire
 yet always ending in a reverberating
 empty stillness
this deafening calm
is cherished by the core of being
as the true source of infinity

light through a prism...
a rainbow
love through my heart...
the spectrum of feelings revealed
red anger to blue sadness
yellow fear to black despair
allow them back into my heart
and the prism works in reverse
turning the most deeply tinted pain
back into pure white love

foolish to chase after imaginary pleasures
they love to dance out of reach
giving only tastes of slight satisfaction

simpler to give heartfelt attention
to the source of contentment
and find there is never anything missing
in this moment

then the rising water of devotion
takes the weight out of these hands
and dissolves the dreamlike boundaries
of desire itself

a world of endless contradiction
sad smiles and joyous tears
the heart is torn in two
by feelings that never fail to pull in opposite
directions
torn in two
by dreams that forever dance out of reach

until at last the contents of the heart
spill out in an endless flood
of sad smiles and joyous tears
that no longer have any ambivalence
because of their shared source

words do not come
there is no need for profound utterances or
 deep truths
here is an ordinary evening
why spoil it with dramatic overstatement

the silence amidst the noise
the gem at the core
 of every experience
is polished by simple attention
into shining magnificence

every taste
every sensation
every possible pleasure
is already present
in the timeless
awareness
that is beating my heart
what use
in chasing dreams
that have already
come true

who would have guessed
this empty feeling in my chest
is the door to eternity

who could have known
this longing
is what I longed for

how is it possible
thoughts of freedom
only hide freedom

why don't I care
about answers
when questions never end

who would have guessed
this empty feeling in my chest
could be so full

what kind of fire
has no preference for fuel
gladly burning thoughts, feelings,
bodies and souls
yet it is a cool flame
leaving the core untouched

it flares whenever I give it attention
or has it always been burning this brightly

sleep comes in the afternoon
and then wakefulness never truly returns
drinking in rest like cool water
cold outside does not touch it
yawning does not disturb it
thoughts of friends in pain
 can only make it more obvious
here in this quiet house
the totality comes out to play

hot sun fills the eyes to overflowing
while a cooling breeze of freedom lifts sweat from the
brow
every experience from the past that visits now
is recognized for what it has always been
pure food for the dreaming oneness
the banquet continues with each breath

I feast now even on heartbreak and loss
as they burst the limits I held so dear
freeing me from resisting appetite
for fear of a taste of sour fruit

I also welcome the sweet dessert
of quiet moments
truth with no trimmings
a simple meal of limitless portion
every tender morsel of silence
more filling than the last

desire
pure unadulterated longing
tears at the chest with such force
it seems the soul might leave
 just to find relief

sadness
bittersweet taste of emptiness
weighs on the shoulders
like a burden
 too heavy to bear

surrender
swallowing all pride
collapsing from all effort
only to find rest again
 in the depths of pain itself

why was I running from this profound
 silent joy

sweeter than any kiss
the taste of eternity
lingers on my lips
tasting me

only the slightest pause
before her passion
overwhelms my feigned resistance
and takes everything I have to give

if this lover breaks my heart
there will be no pieces left

gratitude burns in the chest
glad tears run down the cheeks
strange illusion fills the eyes
the hum of life thrills the ears
 no more sense of mine to senses
 the body no longer belongs to anyone
 leaving no one in the way
 of all a body can contain
 and all a body can not touch

wonder awes the mind
inspiration raises the spirit
silence soothes the doubts
intuition speaks to the soul
 no more idea of someone with ideas
 knowing needs no knower
 freeing truth to expand
 into all mind can contain
 and all mind can not even imagine

when I am held in your arms
even pain is pure bliss
dark thoughts of separation and lack
are waves of pure pleasure
unfulfilled desire is complete ecstasy

thank you
for never having let go

the truth catches up with me
I am not enough
never have been
never will be
what relief to admit this finite container
can never contain infinity
what joy to find infinity
needs no container

the tears flow freely now
the mind quiets and the heart breaks wide open
all the hopes and dreams of a lifetime, many lifetimes
gently washed away

longings that have burned in the mind for ages
suddenly flare up, but are quenched
the dying embers of illusion
gently washed away

and the soul thus unburdened of pretense
can barely stand to open its watery eyes
sights so intense, and yet so unreal
gently washed away

finally, a voice that speaks the simplest of truth
intermingled with sweet blissful sighs
all the remaining fears and excitements
gently laughed away

the tired wanderer
loses the strength to go on
and in surrendering to hopelessness
is surprised
to finally feel at home

the hurried creek
pauses in a cold, stony pool
and in sudden stillness
arrives
at the distant ocean

the frightened warrior
decides, "I am ready to die"
and in willing abandon
becomes
immortal

the fitful breeze
fades to calm in the afternoon heat
and in catching its breath
is reborn
as undying tradewinds

the troubled philosopher
finds nothing to believe in
and in unexpected silence
just smiles
at the still unanswered questions

the restless sea
becomes smooth and mirrors the clouds
and in ceasing all motion
rejoins
its own depths

the saddened lover
faces the loss of illusion once again
and in dying to passion
falls in love
with love itself

the weary sun
sinks into the embrace of the horizon
and in resting at last
welcomes other shores
to a new day

memories of true love
are useless in filling empty moments
for this lover never shows the same face
always a new disguise
keeping mind in suspense
and senses alert

surrender to perpetual surprise
and find her waiting once again
in emptiness itself

body is pure doing
 beyond doing there is mind
mind is pure knowing
 beyond knowing there is heart
 heart is pure being

mind is more than the brain
 the heart of being is infinitely more
 than this physical beating in the chest
all resides in this heart
the pulse of all life depends on its endless
rhythm
lifting us in moments of simple awareness
beyond the limits of doing and knowing
directly to the source
of our most tender feelings
 and beyond even limitless love
 where all is merged
 in silent wonder

the passion for freedom
swallows the source of passion
if twoness could lead to oneness
we would all be faithful lovers

no reason to dream of love
for it is already here in the waking heart
find it now
in the sweet infinity
of this moment's
eternal embrace

the flower can only wait
for the bee to arrive
yet passion appears from nowhere
to play hide and seek with peace
all that is gained is lost once again

timeless dreams are swallowed
in the yawn of an awakened sleeper
yet spring rises like a phoenix
from the ashes of winter
all that is lost was never real

is the heart big enough
for the source of weeping
is the heart big enough
for this pure delight

mind plays its oldest trick
sighing woe is me
so lonely
so lonely....being someone

what's this
a sweetness
in the embrace of loneliness
what deeper longing is being satisfied

I always thought you would come to me
in the shape of a beautiful lover
I never dreamed you would steal my heart
with no shape at all

I always pretended I needed arms to hold me
and lips to kiss away my pain
yet I find fulfillment
in the embrace of empty space

I always wished you would speak to me
with words of tender sweetness
now I know you whisper silently
of your undying love

I always knew I would find you
although I foolishly looked with my eyes
you were here all along
hiding just out of sight in my heart

a lasting marriage
when devotion has claimed you for its own
no longer any chance to stray
a brief fling with illusion no longer satisfies
the truth demands utter fidelity
with no possibility of divorce

all pain must be faced
and embraced as the true countenance of
your beloved

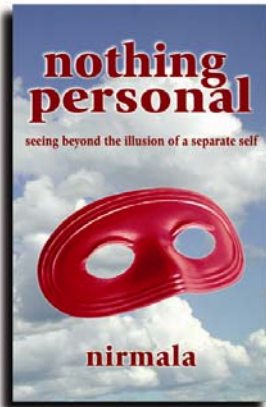
all fear must be met
and recognized as the thrill of tasting
the unknowable

all joy must be surrendered
and acknowledged as a gift with
no giver

this union only requires telling the truth
even when the truth shatters your dreams
even when the truth leaves you emptied out
even when the truth reveals your counterfeit
existence
then there is no other possibility
than happily ever after

fire may burn the wood
the ashes do not mind

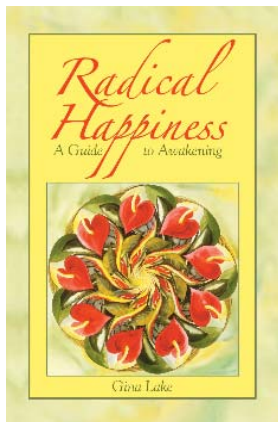
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Nothing Personal: Seeing Beyond the Illusion of a Separate Self by Nirmala. In this concisely edited collection of satsang talks and dialogues, Nirmala “welcomes whatever arises within the field of experience. In the midst of this welcoming is always an invitation to inquire deeply within, to the core of who and what you are. Again and again, Nirmala points the questions back to the questioner and beyond to the very source of existence itself—to the faceless awareness that holds both the question and the questioner in a timeless embrace.”

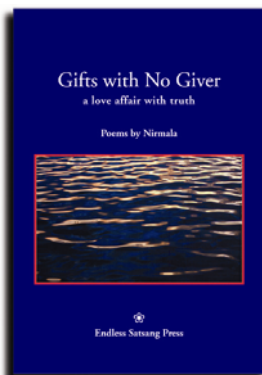
—From the Foreword by Adyashanti

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Gifts with No Giver by Nirmala, non-dual poetry.

truth is too simple for words
before thought gets tangled up in nouns and verbs
there is a wordless sound
a deep breathless sigh
of overwhelming relief
to find the end of fiction
in this ordinary
yet extraordinary moment
when words are recognized
as words
and truth is recognized
as everything else

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Free E-books by Nirmala

The following PDF e-books are available for free from www.endless-satsang.com:

From the Heart: Dropping out of Your Mind and Into Your Being

Nirmala's newest e-book offers simple ways to shift into a more open and allowing perspective and to experience your true nature as aware space. Here is an excerpt from the Introduction:

"You may think it matters what happens. But what if the only thing that matters is where you are experiencing from, where you are looking from? What if you could experience all of life from a spacious, open perspective where anything can happen and there is room for all of it, where there is no need to pick and choose, to put up barriers or resist any of it, where nothing is a problem and everything just adds to the richness of life? What if this open, spacious perspective was the most natural and easy thing to do?

It may sound too good to be true, but we all have a natural capacity to experience life in this way. The only requirement is to look from the Heart instead of from the eyes and the head—and not just to look, but to listen and feel and sense from the Heart.

In some spiritual traditions you are encouraged to look in your Heart, and yet what does that mean exactly? Often we are so used to looking and sensing through the head and the mind that when we are asked to look in the Heart, we look *through* the head into the Heart to see what is there. Usually we end up just thinking about the Heart. But what if you could drop into the Heart and look from there? How would your life look right now? Is it possible that there is another world right in front of you that you can only see with the Heart and not with the mind?

This book invites you to explore this radically different perspective and to find out what is true and real when the world and your life are viewed from the Heart of Being. It may both delight and shock you to find that so much richness and wonder and beauty lie so close and are so immediately available to you."

The Heart's Wisdom

In this short booklet, Nirmala points the reader back to the Heart, the truest source of wisdom. Here are some excerpts:

"The Heart is wise and accurate and can show you how true it is to stay or go, how true it is to buy a house, how true it is to take a new job, even how true it is to eat another cookie. But it also can show you much more of the possibilities inherent in this life and much more of the truth of your ultimate Being. In relation to these bigger truths, the practical questions of your life turn out to be relatively small matters. Using your Heart only to know things like what to do or where to live is like using a global positioning satellite system to find the way from your bedroom to your bathroom; it utilizes only a small part of your Heart's capacity.

However, following your Heart day in and day out can put you in touch with the richness of the functioning of this dimension of your Being. Along the way, you may also find your Heart opening in response to the deeper movements of Being that touch every life."

"In the midst of a very profound and large experience of truth, the sense of your self can become so large and inclusive that it no longer has much of a sense of being your Being. When you awaken to the oneness of all things, the sense of a me can thin out quite dramatically. If you are the couch you are sitting on and the clouds in the sky and everything else, then it simply doesn't make sense to call it all me. If it's so much more than what you usually take yourself to be, then the term me is just too small.

In a profound experience of truth, the sense of me softens and expands to such a degree that there's only a slight sense of me as a separate self remaining, perhaps just as the observer of the vastness of truth. Beyond these profound experiences of the truth, is the truth itself. When you're in touch with the ultimate truth and the most complete sense of Being, there's nothing separate remaining to sense itself there's no experience and no experiencer, no Heart, and no sense of self. There is only Being."

Free E-books by Nirmala available from www.endless-satsang.com: (continued)

Living Life as a Question

This is a compilation of talks given in satsang by Nirmala from 2002-2004 throughout North America. They have been edited and arranged to read in sequence. Satsang is a Sanskrit word meaning “gathering for the Truth.” This truth does not refer to any particular dogma but rather to the truth of who you are, the truth of your Being. Here is an excerpt:

“We’ve been so conditioned to think the point of questions is to get answers that we overlook that the point of answers is that they get us to more questions. The questions are as valid and rich as any answer because every answer is full of questions. You can even begin to enjoy the questions, even trust the questions, as much as any answer that comes.

When you value the questions themselves, you just naturally hold the answers more lightly because they aren’t the goal. If the question is just as rich as the answer, then it’s fine if the answer comes and goes. Have you ever noticed that you’ve forgotten everything you once understood? Every insight you’ve ever had has faded, and that’s great because then you’re back in the question. You’re back in this really alive place where you’re getting to find out what you know now, what’s happening now, what’s moving, what’s changing, what it’s like now. What is it like now? You’ll never be done with that question. What’s happening now? You could say that answers are just a temporary side effect of having questions.

This is a gentler, more respectful way of being with your experience. It’s a more intimate way of being with your experience every moment to ask what it’s like instead of How can I fix it? How can I get more? How can I get less? How can I improve it? How can I change it? How can I avoid it? How can I hang onto it? Do you see how all of these questions have an effort to them? They have a sense of violence to them, a sense of being in battle with or in opposition to your life. It’s hard to be intimate with someone when you’re pushing them out the door or trying to keep them from leaving. There’s no intimacy in that kind of interaction. How much possibility is there for real, deep contact? The same thing is true for other dimensions of our Being. The opportunity is to intimately experience the expansions and contractions, the openings and the closings, the freedom and the stuckness, the wonder and the confusion, the understanding and the lack of understanding.”

Gifts With No Giver

A collection of poems by Nirmala. Here is a sample poem:

*every taste
every sensation
every possible pleasure
is already present
in the timeless
awareness
that is beating my heart
what use
in chasing dreams
that have already
come true*

Free E-books by Nirmala available from www.endless-satsang.com: (continued)

Nothing Personal, Seeing Beyond the Illusion of a Separate Self

Nothing Personal: Seeing Beyond the Illusion of a Separate Self. In this concisely edited collection of satsang talks and dialogues, Nirmala “welcomes whatever arises within the field of experience. In the midst of this welcoming is always an invitation to inquire deeply within, to the core of who and what you are. Again and again, Nirmala points the questions back to the questioner and beyond to the very source of existence itself—to the faceless awareness that holds both the question and the questioner in a timeless embrace.” –From the Foreword by Adyashanti.

Testimonials about *Nothing Personal*:

“*Nothing Personal: Seeing Beyond the Illusion of a Separate Self* is an excellent book, very clear and warm-hearted. I love it and recommend it highly. Nirmala is a genuine and authentic teacher, who points with great clarity to the simplicity and wonder of non-dual presence. He invites you to ‘say yes to the mystery of every moment.’ Good stuff!”

–Joan Tollifson, Advaita teacher and author of *Awake in the Heartland*

“Nirmala offers a variety of subtle spiritual practices for inquiring and seeing the truth about you in every moment and, most importantly, accepting it. First, you find the truth through inquiry; then you stay with it until you rest in it; then you fall deeply in love with it....Another beauty of this collection is that Nirmala does not attempt to reject anything that arises in consciousness by hiding out in the Absolute. As he says, accepting the whole truth means that nothing matters and everything matters: ‘The goal of spiritual life is not to transcend the world or be done with it but to bring the Absolute to the suffering of the world.’...Besides wisdom, you will find honesty and humor in these talks....This book points to that which we truly are - the already present and permanent source of joy and happiness, the Heart of Being.”

–Dennis L. Trunk, Third Millennium Gateway

“As with most modern books on Advaita, this is a psychological rather than a metaphysical presentation, but it is full of sincere love, wisdom and humour. It is highly practical and readable with many original ways of looking at the situation in which the seeker finds him/herself. I highly recommend this book. A wonderful gift to the Advaita community.” –Dennis Waite, author *The Book of One*.

Excerpt from *Nothing Personal*:

“What if even your strongest emotions aren’t personal? Is anything personal? What if this experience we are having as a body and mind is more like a radio that receives things rather than creates or generates them? You need a radio to play the songs that are passing through this room now, right? All this experience is floating around, and this radio called “you” is playing these songs called desire, fear, love, envy. Even resistance is just one more song called “I want to turn off the radio.” What if your internal experiences are not personal but more like something a musician recorded years ago and being played now?

Even the love songs aren’t personal. Even the very dramatic, very sad, very happy, or very romantic ones aren’t personal. There is nothing wrong with them; they just aren’t yours. You can still pay attention to them, but there is no reason to get invested in trying to change them or get them to stay around. Every song on the radio eventually ends—even “Bye-Bye Miss American Pie,” which was 17 minutes long. It would go on and on, but eventually there would be another commercial.

A radio is a great metaphor because a radio isn’t like a CD player, which you can program to play what you want it to play. What plays on the radio is not up to you. Sometimes, it is a happy song, sometimes it is a sad one, sometimes it is an inspiring one. The Mystery is so wise that it knows exactly what song to put on in this moment. It decides what song gets played, and once it has been played, you can’t hang on to it. Just being present while it is being played is the best you can do. That is all you *can* do. Paradoxically, this recognition that everything that arises on this radio called “you” is impersonal makes it easier to pay attention to what is arising because, if it’s not personal, there is no reason to hold back from it.”