

The Great
Undoing

The Great Undoing

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Foreword

Most of Stuart's verse offerings included in this little book have arisen out of silence during the past few months, while others have appeared over a longer period of time. While the words and phrases themselves could not be more modern and colloquial, the poems have arranged themselves nicely into classical yogic themes: Vedanta's 'world-as-object' or *Illusion; Attachment* to the Illusion brought about by wrong identification with 'body/mind'; the separate, isolated *Me* as the centerpiece of limited, egoic 'becoming'; *Mind*, which is merely another word for thought which conditions all existence; and, finally *Awakening* to and in no-thing.

Some of the aphorisms are presented from the first person perspective of the individual who at times exults in new found freedom and at others awakens only to a new found appreciation of his or her awful predicament as a body/mind. Others bespeak teachings directly from the mouth of the Impersonal Itself. Whatever the form, these Western sutras are uncompromising in their spirit and message.

Like the terse poesy of the Indian sage Kabir whose verses startled me into immediate contemplation many years ago, the words on the pages that follow surprise the unsuspecting mind into silence. Characteristically, when asked, Stuart describes them simply as 'disarming.' To me they are both a map of Advaita's 'pathless path' and a statement beyond fact... Enough said!

Veda
Brookline, Massachusetts, July 2007

Introduction

Everything matters when I see myself as matter

Have you ever asked yourself, “Why can’t I get to some state of balance, be content and stay there”? Here is what happened, you got lost. You diverted your attention from the wonder of ‘being’ to the meaning of the story—the story of your life—and then got lost in it. Instead of watching and enjoying the movie, you became a character with a life to live, with things to make happen, problems to solve, and responsibilities to inhabit it.

As a person, you can only be happy some of the time, and happiness seems to come only when circumstances are just right—just the way you want them to be. This is because as a separate entity joy is not inherent. It has to happen through something or someone else.

As persons we have to deal with emotional states of depression, disappointment, futility, pain, fear, desire, craving, outrage, disgust, self hatred, rejection, haughtiness, and happiness that we desperately try to hold on to.

Then there is the issue of our self image. How do we really feel about ourselves? Do we see ourselves as good or bad, valuable or worthless, powerful or weak, lucky or a loser, happy or despondent, bright or dim, desired or left out? And how do we try to disguise our own self-assessment and present ourselves outwardly?

Here is where we see each character locked into its perceived reality: feeling limited, begging for love; or screaming for the other to do what pleases them to prove that the other cares by not upsetting them; or nurturing to the extreme to manipulate the other; or pushing passionate living to the extreme to win some abstract contest because winning is the only option.

All of it becomes our habitual way of being that results in behavior that we regret, and ultimately becomes our warden. All one's beliefs, strategies for sustaining a life, all concepts, all conditioning, all sense of possibility; in fact, everything known and held to be true are congealed to the main belief "I am this person in this body: that is my identification." Now life reflects all that one is holding consciously and that which has been denied and stuffed away. We see ourselves everywhere we look. Now we are back in duality. It is all about me and my efforts to fix, change, improve, look for the end of suffering, and, in short, search for my happy, perfect life.

Many people, especially those on a spiritual path, believe that in order to be free one has to overcome these behaviors and become pure, and, at the same time, most believe that this is impossible. This isn't true. It just isn't so. Let the person be because submerged underneath all of it is your perfect Self.

We are all already awake, it is the natural state, and its nature is known when one is conscious of 'being' before clicking into identifying as the personal identity. This awakesness is the all pervading fullness of only 'Good' with no space left for anything else. From here all 'personal knowing' dissolves when seen, felt and fully faced. In this vast silence it is known that the body is a phantom taken for solid reality. Knowing this is seeing through the mystery of existence.

You are the strength, knowledge and impervious peace of being. Happiness stands alone in its natural state, and there is no way that it can end.

‘If you let go of the I am the body idea,
all of your problems will fly away’

Ramana Maharshi

It is my desire that the words in this book bring you home.

—*Stuart*

Everything must be exactly
the way it is, as it occurs

One moment it is this way
another moment it is that way

all is karmic
and karma has nothing to do with you

All is a play that must be played out
and believed to be very very real

with consequences
severe and sublime

Striving keeps the dream going



the**illusion**

appearances are always just appearances

Illusion is a play of characters
pretending not to be Self

You may appear to be feeble,
sick, young, healthy, wealthy, impoverished,
kind, arrogant, soulful or a sinner

No matter what you think or feel or believe,
none of this is who you are

You are playing a role, inhabiting a lifestyle,
losing yourself in your own life

What sounds true,
what feels true,
what you believe to be true,
is stopping you
from being the truth

When you are sleeping
absorbed in a dream
no one can convince you
that it is not real



I am as happy right now as I was
last Tuesday night when we were married
under the stars in Paris

And then I woke up

Tell me if you know the story I am
remembering fragments about
A soldier, or what was once a soldier,
no face left, or limbs for that matter

And

no way for him to express that all
was well, very, very well

You know how we are told
'don't judge by appearances'
Well that's what we do
when we believe

what we appear to be
is who we are

The only problems we have
are the problems we believe in

We are so attached to circumstance
that we think peace is
a result of resolution

Getting bored watching the lion
just sitting in a corner of the cage
My boy Jeremy said:
'Let's change the picture'

Y
ou are a character in a movie
You finally got the lead
Everyone you see is the supporting cast
Everything seen is on the screen of life
Your bedroom is backstage
Your closet is wardrobe
You have no choice but to awaken each day
and take on your role, even sick-days
Your words are scripted, you must speak them
You either witness and allow
or forget it's a movie and react
Then everything matters, big time

Better is better, isn't it?

Now you are a star with attitude
'What I say goes'

Who can argue with one who is asleep
to what they really are

Yes, you are the One and Only,
but just the same as everyone and everything
you see

...A spontaneous player
Enjoy!

You might want to see a better movie
but this is what's playing

All appears, feels real,
lasts awhile and disappears

Why is that so hard to see?

We see the other
as we see ourselves

Without the world
how would you know yourself?



Our world mimics reality
We honor higher awareness
We say 'Knowledge will set you free'
We celebrate union
Two becoming one heart

If only we could make it last forever...

Who would ever believe it is
all a smokescreen?

The senses camouflage reality
while
presence sees presence everywhere

We are here in this phenomenon,
we call it the world, reality,

because we believe that sustenance,
happiness and peace
lie somewhere
outside of ourselves

Catastrophe can crack
through the construct of the concept
that I am an individual
separate from the all

Sitting still watching the thoughts
appear and disappear can dissolve the delusion