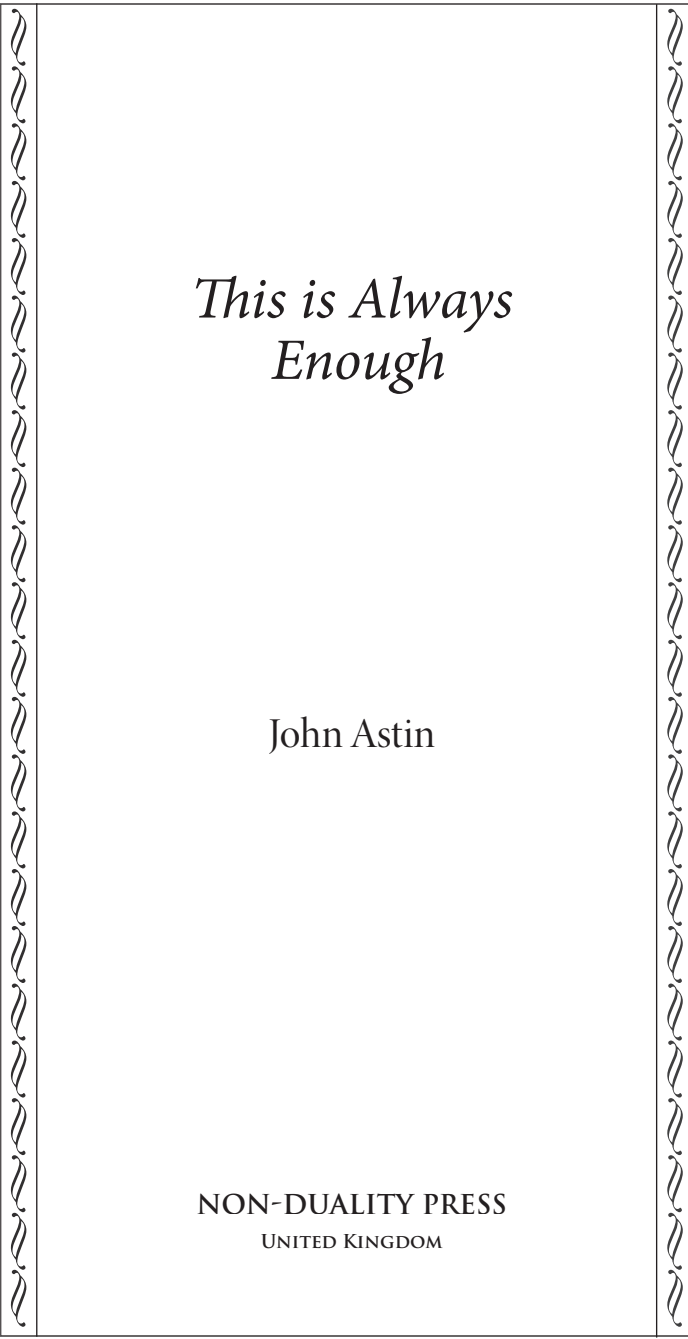


This is Always Enough



*This is Always
Enough*

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Introduction

The path to God, the path to ultimate reality is, as Krishnamurti said, a “pathless land”. In the end, there is no path to the ultimate because there is only the ultimate. Everything is made of That, the source and suchness of all things – every tree, every person, every flower, every atom, every star – all of them made of the same ineffable mystery, the wetness in every wave...

We may imagine that we are on a journey back to God, but how can there be a journey to something that is everywhere and everything? We walk to our temples and mosques, our churches and synagogues, our yoga centers and meditation cushions, to find God, to find Truth, but what is sought is already present, present before the first step is ever taken, and present as that very step. What is sought is here before the first thought ever arises to seek It, and It is here as that very thought. Truth is present, before the mind ever imagines it has been lost. But Truth is also the imagining, God seeking God...

We seek God but there is no escaping God for there is only God, only Spirit dancing as everything that is seen, everything that is touched, everything that is felt. We search for something else that will make us happy, some other experience or moment, but the happiness and freedom we seek is already here as this – *this* experience, *this* state of mind, *this* moment. Every breath, every sensation, the clarity, the confusion, the seeking, and the end of seeking, all of them God, all of them the Truth, all of them, enough.



I.

*This Constant
Lover*

This Constant Lover

Awareness –
her gaze is so constant,
our every move
watched
with such affection,
a ceaseless vigil
without condition
or agenda,
silent,
patient,
unrelenting in her
embrace.

There is endless room in
the heart of this lover,
infinite space for whatever
foolishness we may
toss her way.

But she is also
crafty, this one –
a thief who will steal away
everything we ever cherished,
all our beliefs,
all our ideas,
all our philosophies,
until nothing is left
but her shimmering
wakefulness,
this simple love
for what is.

Ever Since I Can Remember

Ever since I can remember
there has been this love
for what is,
a quiet love of everything
and everyone,
a love that loves, not because
some higher authority said
it must
but simply because
it cannot help itself,
simply because it cannot
be other than it is.

This Love *is*
the higher authority
that loves what is
simply because it is,
that loves because
it is not possible for it
to do or be
anything else.

The Innkeeper

Everything is
welcomed here.
The innkeeper
refuses no visitors
but beckons
all to enter –
every thought,
every sensation,
everything
that appears
and then disappears –
all are invited
to the dance,
this endless play
of emptiness
loving form,
and wave
loving sea.

Love Without Interruption

Wanting or not wanting,
seeing or not seeing,
grasping or not grasping,
through it all
silence remains
unmoved,
awake,
a love without
interruption.

The Veil

The veil that seemingly
covers your eyes,
the one you think
is keeping you from
seeing the Beloved –
look carefully
and you will realize
just how beautiful
the veil really is,
for it is made
of this Love
that is everything.

To see beyond this veil
is to realize
there has never
really been one.

Who Is Living You?

You can feel it,
can't you?
The sense
that this life
is no longer yours,
that it has never
really been yours,
that Something Else
is living you,
something that would use
you for Love?

I Know One Thing

I know one thing:
that through it all
there is this love
for everything,
a love that
while not mine
is what I am,
a love that does not
ask, "May I come in?"
but simply enters unbidden
without question
or reason.

We did not make this love
nor can we resist its ways –
this silence that
welcomes all things,
the perfect lover
of what is.

Little Green Shoots

Like those little
green shoots
you see
exploding out
of concrete
sidewalks,
this wakefulness
just keeps
rising up
to meet
whatever
appears –
a force of
love that
simply
will not be
denied.

The Truth and the Me

When the truth
touches us,
when it brushes up
against all the silliness,
all the division, all the struggle,
all the beliefs
and images we try
so mightily to defend
or become free of –
when the truth brushes up
against the mask,
the clownish personality called “me,”
what is seen is just how much
the truth loves,
just how much grace
has already been given.

This is what we are –
this love that knows
no bounds,
no distinctions,
no differences,
even as these may appear
before its gentle eyes,
eyes that love with a
fierceness the mind
can never fathom.
This is the truth
that loves even what
appears as bondage,
which is why the
truth is so free.

