

# This is Unimaginable & Unavoidable

*“by Guy Smith”*

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## Foreword

I love this book! It is passionate, uncompromising, irreverent, intimately openhanded and wonderfully without any sense of order or progression.

Throughout the whole work there is very little that the cunning guru mind can get hold of and turn into a belief system. There is a powerful invitation within these outpourings which seems to harbour and generate a feeling of the sensuous, the impersonal, the unbounded mystery that lies beyond the words.

This is not a book to wade through steadily, but rather a deep pool in which to dip one's foot . . . and maybe fall in.

There is a proliferation of so-called Advaita/Non-dual literature available today, and virtually all of it is borne out of a fundamental misconception about the nature of being. However, during the last decade some rare, clear voices have emerged out of the mist, and Guy's work is surely an inspiring and unique confirmation of this wonderful message.

Tony Parsons  
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## Introduction

This text is best treated like a treasure-chest filled with diamonds, as opposed to, say, a treasure map. Conventionally a text operates through the sense of a sequential narrative in which something, some desired information, is progressively disclosed. Here, however, there is no sense of 'going anywhere' or of 'getting anything'. The text communicates directly, immediately – gesturing again and again to what is present, what is the fact, here, now, always and everywhere. Moreover, 'the text' is in actual fact nothing but a bunch of small texts that are by-and-large unrelated to one another. So, like examining the contents of a treasure-chest, there is no real 'order' here: please just dip into whichever passage takes your fancy, as and when.

This dislocated, disassociated textual form is designed precisely with the disabling of 'progression', 'movement' and the senses of 'being taught', and 'being in good hands', in mind. For, the sense that reality is divisible (spatially – as, for example, 'teacher' and 'taught', 'writer' and 'reader' – and temporally – as 'the beginning of the narrative' and 'the end of the narrative', 'prior to being in the know' and 'being in the know') is precisely the illusion this text seeks to expose and disperse.

Nevertheless, the sense that something, a thing of form and therefore of distinction and separation, is being 'grasped' in one of the texts, or 'pieced together', 'formed' amongst a number of the texts, may occasionally emerge. The diamonds, strangely cold to the touch, may seem to be slotting together to form some kind of mosaic. But, without fail, the mosaic will depict nothing, add up to nothing. You see, these 'diamonds' are in fact nothing but shards of ice, melting in your fingers and vanishing. This text, then, is not so much a treasure-chest as a bucket of water! Not such an appealing image!

So what is this bucket of water, this text, here for? In fact, this is the wrong question, and a symptom of the mind's neurotic tendency to suspect ulterior motive. This text is here; that is the fact. Just as life is here, life *is* – simply because it is! This book is just here, in these hands holding it.

So what will happen in the reading of this text? There are two possibilities. In both cases these little black squiggles will be translated into sounds, images and feelings called 'thoughts'. One possibility is that this thinking will not only appear but will linger as solid, continuous formations that are definite, definable somethings, and are therefore separate, abstract and limited. This kind of thought-formation, thought-stagnation, is known as 'ideation', 'ideology', 'belief' and 'doctrine'. Because it is formal and therefore limited and fallible, it is continuously threatened by doubt and death. Being formation, it is also separate and insular and therefore only itself: it cannot be the expression of anything else beyond itself. It cannot, say, express something called 'truth'. This goes for all ideology and doctrine: Christian, communist, materialist, whatever.

The other possibility is altogether different. As these little black squiggles are being translated into sounds, images and feelings, what may very well happen, periodically if not perennially, is that the sense of something beyond the thoughts, or rather *in* the thoughts and in everything else as well, will emerge. The thoughts will give way to this sense, this omnipresence. To dramatise this a little, it may feel like the pages being held and observed are bursting into flames and burning a hole in themselves, disintegrating in these fingers so that nothing is left. And the fire is not only in the black squiggles and the thoughts they conjure, and in the fabric of the book, the paper and cardboard, but it has caught onto the hands holding the book, the body sat here before it, and has filled and encompassed the entire landscape around it, leaving only one fire, oneness.

And what kind of little black squiggles is this collection of squiggles made up of? Signature words include 'oneness', 'unicity', 'nonduality', 'presence', 'consciousness', 'awareness', 'being', 'beingness', 'nothingness', 'emptiness', 'what is', 'is', 'isness', 'this' and 'thisness'. All of these words signify the same something, or rather no-thing, that this text is wholly and solely engaged in attempting to point out. The problem with language is that it pulls irrepressibly towards 'the something'. It shapes; it generates the sense of defined (perhaps multifaceted, yet) limited form, that which occupies a certain place and period in space and time. And what this text tries to express is that which is beyond form, is in all form, *is* all form, and is therefore formless, nothing.

It is the 'presence', 'consciousness', 'thisness' (pick any word from the list above!) in, to, and out of which all form appears.

Because of this communicative obstruction (the propensity of language to form) one will find that a disproportionately large quantity of this text (compared with other texts) consists of what is called 'deictic' language, language which points. This compares with descriptive and explanatory language, which functions through the solicitation of the sensual (for example, the descriptive 'green' operates by provoking the visual, the appearance of a colour) and therefore pulls towards the limited and the abstract, 'the thing'. Deictic language, on the other hand, can largely avoid this undesirable (in terms of communicating what this text seeks to communicate) 'imagination'. Rather than abstract, it gestures. The two purest and most helpful words for this are 'is' and 'this'. Nevertheless, it should be noted that even these terms convey, insidiously, the formal. 'Is', for example, defines, forms, specifies by generating the sense of a something, that is not a nothing, not an 'isn't'. With the word 'this', the problem is not so much the conveyance of solidity, as 'this' can be 'this nothingness' as much as 'this something' or 'these somethings' (though there is undoubtedly a tendency for the conditioned mind to assume that 'this' refers to 'a something'). The principal problem is that the very nature of gesturing conveys the schismatic of the formative: if there is pointing, something specific is being pointed to, and the senses of 'pointer' and 'pointing' are generated and excluded from this.

Having said all of this, imaginative, descriptive and also logical, explanatory modes of writing *do* have their own mechanisms for conveying the nondual; namely, as dramatized above with the fire image, through cancelling themselves out. This basically involves negating any sense of specificity that may be temporarily generated, rather like jotting something down and then rubbing it out, or proceeding to jot down so many other things that the page ends up saturated with black ink or graphite and nothing is said. Examples of this include, "This "whatever it is" that is being expressed here can express itself as a sort of syrupy feeling, but since it is in all things, it *is* all things, it is all other feelings too"; and 'It is the seeing that there is only oneness...and it is also the "not seeing of this", and the thinking that there is only multiplicity and no indivisible oneness'.

That's enough words on words. This alerting you to the kind of textual mechanisms going on here is simply one way of promoting a general awareness of 'what is going on' that may (or may not) at some point manifest as the clear awareness of knowing exactly what and how reality is. This present awareness is the bursting into flames...

This text came about during the six-month period immediately after this absolute present awareness had made itself irrevocably known. Scattered throughout are four distinct literary forms. There is continuous prose, both typed and spoken (through a voice-activated word processor). There is poetry, which is often born out of desire for something more visceral than the primarily deictic prose, and as such, it comprises a good deal of sensual and sensuous content (particularly since the addictiveness of rhyme and rhythm appears to me synonymous with the pleasurable compulsion of lust and intercourse). A number of emails are included for the qualities of intimacy and ordinariness they convey, as these qualities can sometimes greatly assist communication. And, finally, there is a large collection of what have been labelled 'notices', which were primarily born out of two impulses: desire for relief from the congestion of prose, and the idea of creating promotional notices that would advertise nondualistic discussions I, at the time, envisaged holding in Bristol. As such, they are concise, telegraphic 'shots' or 'shocks' of expression, designed to provoke interaction and immediate, present examination. The writing of all these forms was exhilarating and like quicksilver. This contrasts starkly with all 'pre-enlightenment' experiences of authorship, which were unfailingly leaden, knotty and forced. I hope that this thrill and fluidity can be tasted and enjoyed in your reading of this, and that the fire, already there, soon makes itself known, crackles that bit louder, burns that bit warmer, glows that bit brighter...

What Is Going On  
Here?

# 1. What is going on here?

What is going on here?

Already, this is too fast,

Too suppositious.

Is something going on here?

Yes,

There is something,

This is something –

Isn't it?

So what is it?

What is going on here?

Is it true

That 'you are reading this text'?

What actually is the fact?

There is a sense of 'a text',

Is there not?

*And* the sense of 'a you'.

So both 'you' and 'text'

Are senses that are present.

And what does this perception imply?

It implies that this 'you' thing

Is not,

As it is often imagined,

That which experiences:

It is in fact

*An experience,*

Just as this book is!

Right now,

Is this felt,

Seen?

The sense of 'you'

May be something like

A murky shape, or a feeling of contraction,

Or anything else.

And what is implied  
By the fact that this 'you'  
Is an experience that is sensed,  
And not 'the sensor'?

It implies that there is no such 'you',  
Does it not?

If 'you'  
Is just an experience,  
Just as this book is,  
Surely there can be no demarcation  
Between a 'you' and a 'not you';  
'An object' and 'a subject':  
There is just sensation...

So that which has been labelled 'you'  
Is nothing but a certain feeling,  
Mistakenly labelled 'you'.

This is the fact.

This is what presents itself.

And since it is present,

It is registered somewhere,

Noticed by something –

Is that right?

For ‘vision’ to be, for example,

There must be an awareness of vision.

For anything to be,

There must be awareness, there must be consciousness,

That is clear.

If there is no consciousness,

Nothing is happening.

Therefore consciousness

Is omnipresent –

It is present in all things,

At all times,

For 'all things' to appear,

To be.

Consciousness is omnipresence...

It is not a singular, distinguishable, definable something:

It is in everything, *it is everything,*

It is this presence - here, now,

Always and everywhere.

So this is the real perceiver.

This is the real 'you' ...

That formless, characterless, infinite no-thing...

(That which perceives that finite feeling

Mistakenly labelled 'me'...

And everything).

Knowing this as fact,

Knowing the substance of reality,

The presence that you are,

As infinite nothingness -

Beyond time and space,

Life and death -

This is the knowledge that you are untouchable,  
Impregnable,  
Immortal,  
Flawless.

With this,  
Comes fearlessness,  
Fulfilment  
And peace...

It is love,  
Loving,  
Without limit.

## 2. There is no such thing as 'spiritual practice'

There is no such thing as 'spiritual practice'.

That which is called 'meditation' is void. Recent wisdom has exposed all spiritual practice as an obsolete, self-defeating irrelevance.

There are basically two types of meditation. The more common and orthodox of the approaches comprises an unmoving body, silence and closed eyes. The less traditional approach, contemporarily favoured by scientists because of empirical research which suggests this method 'triggers meditative states' more readily and rapidly, for novices in particular, basically involves 'intense sensual stimulus' such as a brightly coloured image.

Both methods do the same thing. What takes place in both is a lengthening of singular sensual experiences. In the orthodox method the closing of eyes vastly simplifies visual sensation from, say, the appearance of a room, ceilings, walls, furniture, people, and so on, to something like 'a dark blur of swirling murky colours', and the same goes for 'touch', through the body's stillness. This not only comprises lengthier, more continuous sensate experiences in itself, but it also serves to slow down what is called 'thought' (which is actually nothing but a very fast moving procession of sensation) due to the reduced or less chaotic stimulus. 'Thought', then, is not actually a different faculty or reality to 'sense'. It is just a word given to a particularly rapid flow of clusters of sensation. For example, the thought 'penguin' consists of visual senses of black and white, a sort of egg-shape, and waddling; aural senses of crunching snow and some sort of squawk; and the feeling of softness and wetness perhaps.

In the second approach, the 'intense sensual stimulus' involves a particularly arresting experience (orgasm springs to mind as the most obvious example of this - something that has been utilised by Tantra), which captivates attention directly and wholly - again, replacing rapid, chaotic sensate shifting with a singular, lasting sense.

What both meditation approaches ultimately boil down to, then, is the production of a slower, smoother sensing; a slower,

smoother reality (the same is true with 'prayer', incidentally: the chaos of normal thought is supplanted by a slower, smoother single, stately discourse). What can then come about is what has been termed variously 'peak experience', 'the transcendental', 'the mystical' and 'meditation' (incidentally, it is essentially the same experience as 'psychedelia', 'the trip'). What this consists of is purely the seeing that there is only sensation, that reality is nothing but sensation. To the perception conditioned by belief in 'an external world', a reality split into 'sensor' and 'sensed', this unicity seems extremely radical...it is a perception in which everything may seem to melt and bulge and warp as one syrupy substance called something like 'awareness' or 'consciousness'. It can be a very blissful perception, not only because the 'psychedelic melting' is a great relief, a collapsing of hard, tense, objects, but also because it involves the intuitive knowing that 'I am this omnipresence, which, being in all sense, *being* all sense, is infinite and immaculate'. This is a serene, fulfilled and fearless understanding.

The meditative perception is almost perfect...but not quite. And this 'not quite' is an infinite, seismic, existential difference. With meditation there is inevitably the sense of a process. Meditation *is* a process; without 'process' there can be no such thing as meditation. For meditation to be anything, there has to be the thought, 'now I am going to meditate', followed by the sense 'now I am meditating: there is something called meditation which is a specific, singular something, and I am currently doing it, experiencing it, being it'.

Meditation is the sense that the lush seeing that 'all is sensation' is at the end of some particular practice. But that particular practice, the process, is nothing but sensation: there is only sensation. So why bother with the process? 'The process', 'meditation', is but an illusion that sensation is somewhere else, that there are 'separate things' called, for example, 'processes', 'no process' and 'end of process'...

But all there is is sensation! There is no process, no meditation, no 'spiritual practice'.

One final concept to behold! One might say, OK, that's fine, but if certain events such as closed eyes, still body, silence and vivid sensate stimulus happen to produce a slower, smoother flow of sensation that is pleasurable – surely this has value, has its place?

It does not. Once it is seen that there is only sensation (which can happen at any moment, and which the belief in meditation can only obscure), sensation is incomparably slower, smoother, juicier. If it is seen that there is only sensation, which is omnipresent, and I am that, all the effort invested in keeping the illusion of a solid, structural universe, with a solid structural 'me' at its centre, is obsolete – supplanted by the far more warming, satisfying, freeing knowledge that I am infinite, indestructible and integrated in existence beyond integration: there is just indivisible oneness. And, with all the anxiety, guilt, blame, rationalisation and affirmation of 'the me' wiped away, thought tends to be just the smooth, succulent fluidity meditation seeks. But meditation can never reach such a state. Its very formulation ensures this completion of sensate freedom is denied. Meditation involves the belief that there is something called 'meditation', and that separative sense is the nature of incomplete seeing, and dissatisfaction.

It is so simple. There is just 'this'. There is nothing outside sensation: examine this; see that this is so.

And that is it. 'The me', 'the world', 'the other', 'the object' all collapse, dissolve...into the timeless, placeless primeval soup of sumptuous sensing, pulsing presence: 'this'.

### 3. How dualistic expression masquerades as nondualism

It beggars belief just how badly the nondualistic perception is communicated. Last night I was looking on 'nonduality.com', which has a good deal of intelligent material by the way, and one of the things on offer was an audio-clip of a teacher supposedly talking on nonduality (I can only assume... considering the website) and he was talking absolute nonsense! He said so many nonsensical things that I can only remember a tiny fraction of them. He said something like 'Humans are the only creatures we know about who are capable of consciously tapping into oneness', and he also said that 'Oneness', which he often described as 'stillness' and 'peacefulness', 'is there between the words [his words and all words presumably], there between the thoughts, there where thoughts are not obstructing'. I'm struggling to remember just exactly what was said, simply because it was so inaccurate. It just doesn't make sense.

Thought is not some kind of obstruction to oneness; neither are words. What kind of 'oneness' is 'here and not there'; 'here' 'in silence' and 'not there' 'in thoughts and words'? Thoughts are oneness thinking; words are oneness appearing as words. Nothing can obstruct or disturb what is always and only the case.

This needs to be looked into more intelligently and more precisely because the actual stone-cold fact of the matter is that there is no such thing as 'a thought' or 'a word'. Let us take for example the thought or word 'sun'. Look at what actually is the case. This needs to be done very precisely, very simply. So we have the thought-word 'sun': what is there? Well, there's the sound 'sun', 'sun' is a sound, it's something heard. If you're literate, there are also three little squiggles of ink on a piece of paper. Then there's the visual image of something like, say, a golden, yellow, white sphere or circle. And then there may be the feeling of warmth, or maybe burning. So we have visual black squiggles, a visual yellow circle, a feeling of warmth or of burning, and the sound 'sun'. Now where is there any connectedness in that? Where is there any 'thought' or 'word'? Where is there any 'sun'? The way most brains are conditioned, these things are assumed to be not

only 'connected', but 'one thing': but this is just another separate, dislocating arising called 'a sense of unity'. And that's just a sense, a feeling. So here's our list: we've got the black squiggles, we've got the yellow circle, we've got the feeling of warmth, we've got the sound 'sun', and we've got a feeling of 'unity', but all of these things are there, they are just present, and there is no relation or connection between them at all: that's just imposed by the feeling of unity which is only yet another appearance that's totally suspended and dislocated from the others.

The reason I've highlighted this in so much detail is because it's a useful demonstration for seeing how when something's looked into, when it's seen that there's only sensation, the whole of reality falls apart. This doesn't exclusively have to be done with 'a thought'. Take, for example, this book here, in your hands. That's not a thought, that's not something that's been evoked by the mind. In a way it's no different...but here it is, anyway. You say 'book' but actually, what is the case? There's a seeing of rectangles and also squiggles, there's white and black, there's a feeling of weight, a feeling of papery-ness, and then there's the movement of thought (these particular disconnected clusters of sensations), which tends to happen when the black squiggles are being scanned. Again, there's nothing left; there's no 'book'. It all just collapses. And this is the seeing of oneness. The funny thing about this is that, to the mind (not that there is 'a mind', 'the mind' is just another nothing – but speaking always depends upon projecting some false definition or another), this can sound dualistic. The mind may think 'This isn't pointing towards oneness, this is pointing towards the most extreme separation and dislocation imaginable'. This kind of mental response reflects one of the fundamental misconstructions. The misconception is that unicity, which is nonduality and oneness, has something to do with unity, which is harmony, integration, grouping. But unicity is not about lots of parts fitting seamlessly together to make a unified whole. Unicity is indivisible. It is not about something holding together; it just is oneness. And this is one of the points where a discourse must simply go quiet, because nothing more can be said about it. It's frustrating because it hasn't been fully explained: but such fullness is impossible because explanation and description in verbalisation function through definition, and unicity is the undefined and indefinable appearing to be definition...though actually, as was

illustrated above, as soon as any seemingly defined thing is examined, it is seen that there is actually nothing there whatsoever; no solidity, no body.

The other thing I mentioned from that audio-extract was a statement along the lines of 'us being lucky enough to be humans, since humans are the only creatures we know of that are capable of consciously tapping into oneness'. Now this is inaccurate for all kinds of reasons. It is just woefully, recklessly misconceived. Oneness cannot be 'approached' or 'tapped into'. Oneness is the case. A cat is oneness cat-ing. A rock is oneness rock-ing. Humanity appears in oneness; humans cannot tap into oneness; humans *are* oneness appearing as humans. Oneness is the seeing that there is no such thing as 'a human', 'a cat' or 'a rock': there is just sensation. When consciousness knows and sees that there is only itself, there is the seeing and knowing 'I am not this body, I am not these thoughts; neither am I that cat walking around over there or this grass growing over here'. All of this simply happens, but it happens to nobody and has absolutely nothing to do with 'being a human' or being anything else. It is non-selective, and it is beyond 'shape', 'form', 'definition'.

So can you see how stupendously inaccurate some of these supposedly nondualistic expressions are? They compress and compound, very often, the sense of 'things' like nothing else, in that they *seem* to be doing the opposite, but aren't. So it is an insidious affair. Just in the little bits I've remembered and described, suddenly you've got 'humans' as solid, formed entities, you've got 'oneness' as a something located somewhere that can be tapped into, the 'tapping into it' as a process that's a formal something, you've got this being undertaken 'consciously', which becomes some specific, distinguishable 'state of mind' to do with 'choice' (yet another solid something) and all that rubbish. And then by implication you've got 'non-humans' – so, 'animals' and 'plants' and 'rocks' – as solid, separate things. And in the first example you've got 'thought' as something formal and separate to 'silence', which then becomes something solid, defined, too...and it just goes on! And this is the illusion creating itself, over and over again, and that's fine and playful and it's the whole game, and it's what the appearance of creation is all about. But it's the essence of dualistic perception and expression – which is misconception.

## 4. How nondualistic expression corrupts as dualism

The difference between nondualistic expression - true, pure nondualism - and duality is very simple and easy to spot. All organised religion is dualistic. There happens a something called something like 'Jesus', Jesus who is a temporary, mortal form - a body, some thoughts and feelings that come ago - that exists in a specific place in space and period in time (apparently). That happens, and then words from lips start pointing towards that which is omnipresent, beyond form, eternal. And what these words say is that the real nature of reality has to do with something called "God", which is omnipresent, infinite, beyond space and time. Then the temporary body gets nailed to a cross and dies, and everyone else gets hold of these words and thinks 'Oh right, there's something called God that's infinite and omnipresent - and obviously we're not that, because we're not omnipresent or infinite; look, I'm just this funny little body here'. So a division takes place: there's God on the one hand, and then there's everything else on the other hand. And that's duality - suddenly you've got a distinction being made between something called 'matter' and something called 'spirit'. And then all kinds of weird and wonderful practices spring up: abstaining from 'earthly things', 'things of the flesh', trying to distance yourself from 'the temporary' in order to obtain 'the timeless'. And the word 'omnipresence' has been totally overlooked. Omnipresence is the key here. God is omnipresent. If God is omnipresent, then God is flesh, God is sex, God is a materialist, God is materialism, as well as everything else. God is absolutely unavoidable. And God is not God. In other words, God is not a defined something that is separate. So when the word 'bed' is said, or 'television', this is what God is, or 'wall' or 'ceiling' or 'mobile phone' or 'dildo'. This is all God; there is only God.

And the word 'God' has become so conceptual, such 'a thing', it has become unusable. So words like 'awareness' and 'consciousness' are preferable. And not only for this reason, but also because words like 'awareness' and 'consciousness', as the new God, sound more intelligent and less believing than Jesus' vocabulary (to contemporary ears). And with the words 'awareness' and

'consciousness', although they too have their own pitfalls, reality, which is seen and known in awakening, can be witnessed at the drop of a hat, without anything needing to happen. Of course this must be so, since reality cannot be approached, this is always and only reality, but the words 'awareness' and 'consciousness' appeal to the modern mind, and also keep things nice and simple. Minds, conditioned as they temporarily are, already know, by-and-large, that everything that is experienced is experienced in and as consciousness. Scientists know this; philosophers know this. But they know it as a learned fact that is stored in the memory, so it is not felt experientially, or - to use a more accurate word, since 'experience' implies 'a subject', 'a person', 'a form', who experiences - existentially.

What nondualistic communication is all about, then, is allowing this ('there is only awareness') to be known directly in terms of perception, continuously or rather timelessly, rather than in terms of stored knowledge occupying a particular limited space and time. Nothing needs to happen for this, and nothing can happen for this, because there is just perception, and this is only ever the case. So it's funny: on the one hand one talks in terms of 'awakening' and 'seeing the true nature of things', which sounds unavoidably like an event, a happening; and on the other hand, when it happens, or rather, when it doesn't happen, it is known that nothing has ever happened, nothing will ever happen, and there is only ever 'perception', or 'oneness'.

## 5. Before Jesus was, I am

Before Jesus was, I am;  
For 'Jesus' was 'a mortal man',  
In time born, of space formed,  
And vanished in the limits of a lifespan.

'Before Christ', is the myth of the Christian,  
For 'Christ' is not a form or a system;  
The Absolute bears no relations,  
Was never born - *is this*; this radiance...

Before Guy was, I am  
(The same holds true for that labelled 'you'),  
For I am not 'a conscious man';  
*Consciousness* is what I am.