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**Wasteland Words**  
**The Heart of Wonder**

Nicholas Czernin

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## Introduction

At the instant of perceiving, there is nothing – empty virginal space, but almost immediately the mind gets to work and fills in that space with all sorts of ideas about what is perceived, and so the original empty space is constantly filled up with thoughts, discriminations and emotions. Plus anything else the mind can get its hands on to keep control of the originally pure beingness. And so, all through our waking lives the vast, original empty untamed space is suffocated by the ever-busy mind. Suffocated but still quietly brilliant and ever-vast. This, I guess one could call the jewel buried in the mud!

And so imagine the joy when this empty space can just be ... But it's not freedom from anything because it always was and is there, but ignored like a wasteland. And suddenly we become aware of life without the vice-like grip of the mind. And yet this newly found space or nothingness simply is – it needs no embellishment and is not accompanied by pride because it is simply nothing and no mind to make it into something! Still, we are in continual wonder and awe at this space that does not need to be filled!! And this, our first glimpse into a world without a central 'I', brings with it an as-yet-untapped source of continual joy at seeing everything is allright as it is. And the mind, at this point, has no role to play and so collapses, disappears. And all this happens by itself as the mind is no longer watching itself, its progress,

its mistakes and its apparent threats. And suddenly we are no longer a person with a name, a history and a path to follow. We are no one! Staggering in its simplicity? Yes, yes, and yes again! And, as we no longer make nothing into something, it very simply just is ...

This book of verses written as if by itself – the whole period of writing is like a forgotten dream somehow – comes from that space – the ever-pristine vastness – the realm of pure beauty and love that has no bounds. And this is love – liberated love which is the heart of wonder! So please enjoy these words from the vastness, a wasteland that nobody wants or even notices, but is truly the raw, open heart, laid before us ceaselessly and seamlessly, brilliantly and beautifully, as a gift, the gift of all gifts. And these are her words....

Because it's  
endless wonder  
that the vastness *is* love  
& that the wasteland,  
though appearing useless  
is endlessly giving birth to  
what is & what is not –  
this!

*Love & thanks,  
Nick Czernin, Bangkok, Thailand.  
December 2007*

# **WASTELAND WORDS**

Nothing to think  
nothing to figure  
nothing to understand or comply  
no stand point  
or point of view  
or even personal self, how light!  
no creases to press into place  
nor shoelaces to tie up  
or even tie to straighten.  
No handkerchief out of the top pocket  
& no wallet in the inside pocket  
No book of rules, thank god!  
& no wallpaper on the walls peeling & musty  
just this endless vastness  
that is pure bounteousness & joy  
it is the open gift for all & everyone –  
no one excluded – even the rigid believers  
& even more rigid non-believers and those  
in between,  
it's this being offered every second.  
But I don't know what this is!  
Nor do I need to know!

It's everything & nothing at the same time!  
It's oneness & twoness – no difference!  
It's the shiny silver coin & the torn crumpled note!  
It's the smooth silky hand and a red bulbous nose!  
Silence & sound, stillness & confusion  
all is the expression of emptiness  
& absolute fullness.  
Object & subject – where are they both?  
This show is for whom?  
All words are like dancing fairies.  
Whatever-it-is belongs to no-one  
there are no paths to lead the blind  
or else every second is your path  
nothing outside of that –  
nothing to look for or to find,  
how does that taste?  
You want something, to find some thing, to have  
some recognition for the arduous journey  
where you've sacrificed almost everything.  
Was it all in vain?  
Are you still struggling to find the meaning?  
Staying up all hours of the night  
to awake heavy-headed? is it right?  
Is it just?  
There's truly nothing to do – this is it!!  
Drop your weapons!

It's neither staying nor not staying  
no need to know – what a relief!  
it can do whatever it wants – & does!  
turn somersaults in your brain (ugh!)  
turn you outside in  
even take away your life  
take away all meaning & the past  
the great no thing.  
Want to call it god? Nothing changes!  
Neither here nor there, this nor that  
inside or out.  
All is appropriate, nothing is excluded  
everything becomes nothing, his favourite trick,  
& this taste of nothing is enough, delicious!  
glory be! give me a second helping!

This presence is all encompassing  
& total plenitude.  
no path to follow, no footsteps to tread,  
all is here & no one knows!

Sameness.  
eternal gratitude.  
Overwhelming love.  
silence. grace. infinity. this.

The all-seeing eye opens & closes  
for the first time every time.

Nowhere to put your knowledge?  
doesn't that sound bleak  
& rather frightening?  
you're left empty, alone,  
everywhere is infinity,  
suckling at her bosom.

Nothing needs to make sense.  
all is devoured  
as soon as  
it arises!

This blank page in front of me  
only tells one half of the story.  
Praise be to the other half!

Call it what you will,  
it'll always slip out of the net.

The devices to catch the truth  
call them methods if you will.  
It's like going to Alaska  
to hunt elephants!

All dissolves into presence  
tasteless, groundless thisness!  
ever-welcoming, always perfectio!

All are invited to this  
ever-present banquet.  
All is provided  
for those empty of being!

Love & thanks  
endlessly pour out my heart!  
L & T!

Empty words  
sound beautiful  
like the ringing of a bell  
dissolving into nothing.

Being attracted to form or sound  
is a lovely game to play,  
but the fly gets stuck to the flypaper.

One is being led through life  
like a dog without choice  
do you know this?

But really no dog, no chain  
no choice – what to do?  
who & where is the doer?

The little stream  
running through the fields,  
can you see the wind?  
leaves fall unattended.

All the greatest volumes of wisdom  
fall into silence  
at the death of the king.

The truly beautiful nothing.  
It's called absence –  
Absence of even knowing  
Anything – at all!  
it's called vastness  
as a mote of dust  
swings through the sunlight  
going nowhere  
no direction – all is contained  
here in this wave of love.  
wave upon wave – I've been  
swallowed up – all is accommodated  
all is complete,  
& there's no magician pulling the strings.  
I understand now 'form is emptiness  
emptiness is form'!  
It's just left as it is quietly or raucously  
the no-knowing is a gift that can't be bought.  
Love & thanks! It's staring you in the face  
all the time – 'closer than your breath'.  
Always here – arising & falling. Endlessly.  
As it will or will not.

Put your finger on it &  
it doesn't get burnt  
the knowing or not-knowing  
doesn't change a thing  
where is the secret – what is the secret?  
a flushing toilet answers me.  
as does the silent fan.  
there are no obstacles –  
all is complete.  
tears, frustration – let them come  
unbounded joy belongs to all  
they're all just the friend  
trying to wake you up.

There's no looking for anything  
no need to improve  
the endless 'what is'  
no 'knower', no 'known'  
no need to keep or release  
just this is total.

Words are birds flitting around  
going nowhere, landing & then moving on  
attachment has fallen off,  
fallen away –  
attachment meaning needing anything  
to enhance, to improve, to keep.  
no seer, or seen – the unspeakable –  
sand in my shoes – what luck!

No position –  
who? Where?  
no boats, no fog  
no birds nor season  
no coming no going  
or even seeing.  
lost in it all  
yet never felt so  
at home.

All is taken care of!  
how & why sink to the bottom  
it is neither this nor that  
nor anything else.  
what is here is perfect beingness  
but it's not an answer  
or anything else –

The empty basket  
stays empty.  
no need to bring anything back home  
no need of ornaments  
or waves of pleasure  
all the 1000 places to see before I die  
are nothing compared to this!

This empty space  
full of plenitude  
overflowing with joy  
bursting out  
into wordlessness!

There's nothing to find  
the search is the obstacle  
& the searcher's net  
grows heavy with weeds  
as he tries again  
to catch the uncatchable!!