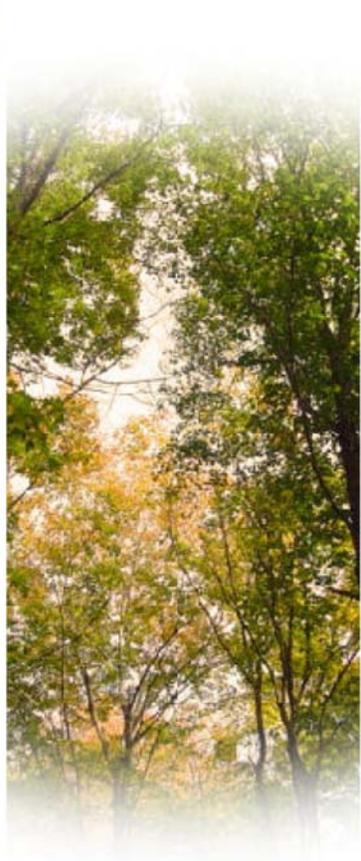




the endeavour



. . . eppi

the endeavour

...book one of a collection of poems and other compositions by eppi.

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a description of magnificence

There is a place where Chords of Life play so sweetly, so clearly, so blissfully.

In the Self that gazes, All are a cosmological wonder.

The soft stream, the living stars that grace the sky, the blooms that pepper the earth, the trees that stand like kings. . . cosmology in each; each also a part of cosmology.

All magnificence it is. All that exists renders the same melody and yet each is another's accompaniment. Awestruck, one sees that nothing passes, that all is life . . .

Here, the Self sees the ego and the ego knows the identity of the Self. The Self is not separate. The Self is One with All That Is: potentiality, power, energy, bliss, peace, life...

Upon seeing this cosmic Truth of the Self, the ego stands in reflection. The smallest stress upon another may be recalled and assessed – albeit with great love, and great understanding.

Hereafter, one is more devout, more peaceful, more steadfast, more loving, more free. . .
Peace, deep love, freedom, truth, and faith are ever new now, ever lasting, and all-important. Prayer becomes more deeply entrenched, albeit one's understanding will change...

So close to you it is to see; so difficult can be the path
yet it exists and it is all bliss
there is no confusion, no death, no wrath.

In reality,
Nothing that comes into Being passes out of Being,
Being and Becoming exist together, you see,
everything simply changes form.

by devotion alone

By devotion alone
We can cross that ocean of illusion...

By holding on to your favourite prophet, saint, child of god
And by understanding that the same infinite reality
Exists as potentiality in each of us
Since the only thing that indeed exists
Is this infinite reality that we cannot see without proper focus, living, understanding,
surrender...

As divinity manifests in whatever form, time, space, place it chooses –

Follow your prophets, follow your saints and seek a greater understanding of their teachings.
Ask god to guide your mind, your thoughts, your actions and from this, fear will diminish and
understanding will increase...

By pure devotion alone,
and complete surrender,
You can cross.

my reminder

Apart from practicing to leading a blessed life,
The image of the Divine on the Cross
Reminds me that the practice of deep love and deep faith
In what appears as adverse circumstance has not left the Divine.

God, Faith, Love is ever-present.

The posture as well captures my interest,
With eyes skyward,
I know to pray in every circumstance.
And I am reminded of Kriya yoga.

When I gaze at the image of Shiva, I ponder:

That third eye open, sitting upright, that water pot symbol of an ascetic life, that rudraksh mala to help attune the mind more clearly to the recitation of Holy phrases as opposed to focussing even the smallest bit of attention on keeping count –

This symbol of renunciation is an emblem of destruction, yes, but destruction of a particular sort, with particular effects, and through a particular method of deep devotion.

Barely clothed without pomp and circumstance with a focus on prayer to God – this is the activity that Shiva engages in and hence, here is my reminder of a method I can use to engage in prayer to seek the opening of my Third Eye.

That third eyes that scorches lust, carnal desires, and all that separates, illuminates and so, here is a reminder that fiery light will rein in hurdles and illuminate pure love, pure consciousness, and the experience of pure Being.

expression

We are all a part –
of a beautiful underlying reality.

We are all
Ultimately responsible
For our futures, our actions, our past
All of us, together, play a role.

Sparks of divinity
We are,
It is as if we play a game with each other:
Forgetting in the ego that separates
Remembering in the ego that unites –

We are all a part
Of a lovely reality . . .

change is there
motion
growth
evolution
all there
no stasis

being and becoming, exist always, together.

on intuition

“Please understand,” she explains, “the intuition written about here is a little different, perhaps.”

“This intuition is not fear, it is not lying to oneself, it is not the inadvertent manifestation of worries and it is not used to manipulate others.”

“I imagine,” says she, “that this intuition has a little integrity . . .”

“Regardless of one’s natural gifts and intuitive faculties, this capacity is developed by effort, prayer, and by thoroughly facing the ego so that the ego is in a position to be truly selfless, honest, humble, and loving where it counts; where one seeks to use intuition to help others in the interest of the highest good.”

“By going within all are empowered and it seems, therefore, that aiding the development of going within is the preferable practice, as compared with guiding others by intuition – except of course where pure intuition tells you to speak up. All are capable.”

Sometimes, she hears, not everyone chooses to put in the effort.

She nods at that: that also, is a choice. There is no force here: a lot of faith and self-effort is required. Being grounded is required – else a world of fiction rises and illusion comes. Much work is required.

But oh my, she muses, what pleasurable work this is.

“Please understand,” she continues, explaining, “This intuition is a little different.”

“It is a funny sort. While it may reward you, while it may convict you, it is merely a means to an end.”

“That end,” says she “is bliss, you see.”

reflecting

If you can get to that place - where you see illusions of 'language,' through 'gender,' through that fiction called 'race' - through 'ability'...this is beginning to know the nature of devotion.

If you make up your mind to hold to what is right,
even and especially when there is no convention - upon which to rest your head...this is
learning about the practice of devotion.

If there is no contradiction in your heart, mind, soul, and actions...then, only then, are you
starting to practice devotion.

If there is one you hold to without a second, if there is one who is everywhere real, if there is
one who you see in all, and if there is one who permeates every facet of your being...well
then this, this is starting to live in devotion.

A claim too high, a goal not near?
Not so, not so, do not fear.

A lofty goal - we are damned if we miss a step!
Not so, not so...only, this: do not forget.

remembering

...movement...

through the charkas

sahasrara...

vibhuti.

...from before the stars through the astral body into the body and into the earth...circular...noting all life and all else shares the same non-duality . . . that is,

everything that exists shares this

very
sacred
space

...
this way

...
up from the earth and stopping at the body to ground the biology...

...
absorb

yet
the same
sweet, never-ending circle

...
exists
for
infinity

...
anjna tingles with vibhuti.

...
a point to focus on up just above the upper part of
the forehead

outside
the
body
there is a white
light that i envision
representing

All That Is
...
to lose the self entirely.

memory

O, the memory of a value so dear to me

Let me bathe in it

Let me drench every pore of this body in simple sweetness...

The strength of it; its rarity and commonness – a potentiality everywhere but nowhere manifest?

Let it be manifest for me, a small time...

O, this memory of a value so dear to me --

I will craft my dreams around it

and lose myself in the absoluteness of

of This value

...

Sleep, I will, so soon...and I will craft my dreams around this memory

It is there; all of it there – how I cannot worry over now

It is there, a gardenlike place but not a garden, in trees

A stream is there

Night is there

and there is also day...a smile and a thought: but what is this day in the night?

...I will not say...

How can I?

What is this...a memory...of a value?

What illusion is this? i am here and not; there – I cannot be?

O, this memory of a value so dear to me –

I will craft my dreams around it

and lose myself in its absoluteness

O, this value

...

...searching, always searching —

a memory of a value so dear to me; what a wonder that it became present

so pleasant

I will craft my dreams around it

and sleep...if only I could sleep without waking a moment

This value...

O, this memory of a value so dear to me —

I will craft my dreams around it

and lose myself in absoluteness

this value

...

I search the meanings of these words I hear in melodies

hari darshan ki pyaasi

Echoing somehow, so near to me, always close to the surface; always in my head when the
radio is not on —

but there, it is again

fuelled by a memory

...

O, this memory of a value so dear to me —

I will craft my dreams around it

and lose myself in absoluteness

this value

...

I do not know the language, and reverberating in my head, a simple line, a simple scene

Followed by another glimpse of wonder

O, this memory of a value so dear to me –

I will craft my dreams around it

and lose myself in the absoluteness of

this value

...

O, this illusion, this wonder

The fullness of the presence of this value

Let me make it a reality

In this sleep...

This strength, this protector, this wonder, this goodness, this bliss –

Tonight,

I will craft my dreams around it

and lose myself in absoluteness

and worry a little later on being present, in this moment, in this space –

For now, tonight, I will make allowances and daydream in sleep

on this memory, alone.

wonder

With eyes wide, I fall into your gaze though you are not there,
I turn this head to pause for breath;
I re-encounter your stare.

I lose myself and remain transfixed –
Unable to move, to breathe, to shift my gaze
Unable to think, to recapture my soul,
From this perfectly wondrous malaise.

I stand hands bound, tongue-tied and gaze fixed.

. . . mesmerized,

. . . enraptured

. . . captivated

What illness is this, that the cure and cause are the same?
What illness is this – I beg of you: do tell me,
So I may find solace in this quizzical plane.

a note

Funny thing is, this is the only place where we can play together,
this way, thus far.

Then again, perhaps I am mistaken.

When the One appears as many what purpose does this serve?
For what end, what rhyme or reason?

The bodhisattvas have purpose,
The prayerful pray,
The lovers seek love,
The playwrights write plays —

When the One appears as many,
What purpose does this serve?

Where the nature of life is to preserve itself
All things remain at bay,
What appears as not and is not
Most certainly passes away.

Hence, is this is the sole place thus far, then,
Where potentially is One that shows itself as Many
But both exist together?

What mystery does this solve, if any?

a prayer

O Omnipresent God,

Please grant me

That which is in my highest interest in accordance with greatest good for all.

O Omnipresent God,

Please show me

How to live, how to love, how to pray, how to be, how to keep faith

Most clearly.

O Omnipresent God,

Most kindly also allow me to always be,

Always lovingly devoted to you, and always in

Your favour.

metaphor

The all-knowing, all granting witness always replies: *And so It Is.*

Lakshmi distributes freely, but Lakshmi is not separate from Saraswati and her, likened to a guard of Shiva, can help you know the Self if you attend.

By watching the expression of yourself, you can learn to consciously experience synchronicity into manifestation,

Understand Shakti,

And meet the Shakti that sits with Shiva

The powerful energy and blissful consciousness that is the solitary force;

The potentiality within which all arise and re-enter;

Formless all-pervasiveness which makes all things manifest. . .

The challenge is that the ego thinks it knows, yet the Self truly knows, so,

When the ego speaks in blindness it nonetheless receives

To find that boons granted are not beneficial,

Misery results.

This One with benevolence grants every detail of the ego's expression,

Albeit safely, as the ego is not the Self.

Every boon is granted and yet Nothing occurs or remains that is incongruent with Natural Law.

Without knowing the Self you see . . . Alas, herein resides the difficulty.

is it simply that

It is simply that
...what you think on, you become.

Whatever mindset you place yourself in,
you
shape yourself into.

Whatever qualities occupy yourself,
you craft
yourself
into.

Whatever manner houses your thoughts,
refines the expression of the self.

Lightened, tattered, darkened is fine – all of this you affect...
and yet by affecting the expression of the self,
you also effect
the world.

It is very simple: it is that which you think on, that you become.

So,
let thoughts
be of
the highest –

of Truth
and Goodness
...

know also that
there is only One
that is
the source

with this One
there is everything
and without

...
what ludicrousness –
there is not a thing

that is

without.

magic

You are a spark of light that dances throughout all of life . . .
You are awareness itself, love itself, kindness itself, peace itself, power itself. . .
There is no limit to your being. You cannot find your start or your end; nor can you separate yourself from the vision of yourself spread out over all of life.

...

Be in your bliss.

There is no separateness
Except the reality of the one
That you create
In your head –
There is no separation,
Except the reality of the one
You learn and do not test.

There is no feat that you cannot accomplish when you are in line with the universe...
When this occurs you enter the reality of your being and See...
From this place you are not able to look at life in the same way –stereotypes are further
thrown off...peace and love and bliss and freedom are
infinitely sensible
as a reality.

Explore and you will see
Only explore
Take some time to test the theory . . .
Have the Intent to See
Recite Holy phrases,
Recite the Name
Pass through fear
Keep going. . .

...

Test your ego
Do it where you may be seen, only so that you are extra humble ... and then, only try to
see...just to see...

Not what to see, or how to see but simply, to see – try to look at what is right in front of
your face,
With your eyes still closed
Examine your surroundings
...
You have not left your body
But you have gained a new one. . .

It will take
As long as you say it will take –
The first fight is with the mind.

Please also be aware that, interconnectedness is such that here is a place of all sharing ...

You are your neighbour as well.

unlearning

My dear, my love, my friend
Who told you, and had you believe
That you are too this, too that, or the other?
That you are simply too much, or not enough?

All of these things we learn.
None of these things are our core.

What you are is
Pure bliss, pure peace, pure potentiality.

You are that which existed and will continue to exist,
For all of time.

Ever-connected always, to
All That Is.