

Mind Your Own Business





These poems are inspired by the Dhamma sermons of
Most Venerable Katukurunde Gnanananda Thero of
Pothgulgala Aranya, Devalegama Kandegedara,
Most Venerable Udueeriyagama Dhammajiva Thero
and Most Venerable Udugampola Dhammaransi Thero
of Meethirigala Nissarana Vanaya, Sri Lanka.

Mind Your Own Business

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Acknowledgements

I owe so much to Most Venerable Dhammajiva Thero and Most Venerable Dhammaransi Thero, two invaluable great teachers whom I am utterly blessed to have met in this life. Their spiritual influence was a preparation and an inspiration and it was building up all these years until the final trigger to write these poems happened after I read and listened to the discourses of Most Venerable Katukurunde Gnanananda Thero (although I have not met him up to this day). I was so moved by his talks and Dhamma books that my heart just overflowed with happiness and I ultimately started writing and writing whatever that came to my mind. It was like the final piece of a jigsaw puzzle falling into place. Ideas to write sprang up in most unusual places such as while traveling, sleeping in the middle of the night or even while attending my day-to-day tasks. I used to stay awake at night and read/listen to Dhamma discourses and poems about the whirlpool, the motion picture, the solo miming, the magic wand are a few of the poems that Venerable Katukurunde Thero has inspired me to write about. I also find it an honour and a blessing to express a lot of valuable thoughts I picked up from Dhamma talks of Venerable Dhammajiva Thero's and Ven. Dhammaransi Thero's. They express so much with so very few words and even the air around them speak so much, giving us an example.

There are also some poems from my personal experiences and I hope that you will be humble enough to take the message that I'm trying to convey in the name of *Dhamma*. I hope that at least one I have written will touch your life and change it for

the better because the words that flowered under my pen weren't my own but mere messages of Dhamma and I was just a vessel.

I have to thank here sincerely for Aruna Manathunge, for his valuable service in giving us the opportunity to access all Dhamma talks because without this I wouldn't have ever listened to them and got inspired to write.

My sincere gratitude goes to Kamal Embuldeniya for introducing me to Nissarana Vanaya and the world of meditation. I would like to thank Arundathi Chandrathilaka for her encouragement as always, to publish the poems. My sincere thanks to Menique Kalupahana for her valuable time in editing the script. I would like to thank Badraji Sir for his recommendations to complete the book with sketches and Sasanka Dassanayake for some of the valuable sketches done in a very short time.

Finally I have to thank my family for their love and support in completing this book successfully.

May all blessings from writing this book pass on to my parents (late father and living mother), spiritual teachers, my family, my living and late relatives and to all my Dhamma friends. May all of your spiritual dreams come true !

May all of you be free from suffering !

I remain,

The Composer.

23 October 2013

Mind Your Own Business

*Dedicated to all those who seek
Enlightenment.....*

PRAYER BEFORE MEDITATION

This is my first sitting
I've erased all other memories
I expect nothing
Accept nothing
I don't care
I've LET GO of everything.

May I be Mindful

And mind my own business !



Everything we see and hear
Touch, smell, taste, think so dear,
Are stored as visions.
Mere scraps of our imagination.
Oh !how we love to visualize
Mentally verbalize
Grasping these shadows
Giving it colour
Enlarging..... minimizing....
Calling it MINE.

Step aside.....

Away from the watery thoughts
Do not interrupt the flow.

Gently gaze.....

The swirling twigs and curls
No details of where from or how

A momentary pause.....

From riding the shallow waters
Do you see the empty hollow ?

The shadows of fear.....

Oh !a glimpse of peace
Hidden beneath the bottomless flow.



Didn't the full moon run away and disappear ?

The silvery leaves fall away and shatter ?

The ground beneath you weep and suffer,

On that night when you sat alone and pondered ?

Only a Bodhisatva can withstand

Those cries with outstretched hands

The flames in an endless cycle

Burning.... It was endless.

Oh !the love that overflowed your heart

Keeping all things around you mesmerized .

Only a Bodhisatva can encompass

And nothing else can surpass.

When the stories had begun to unfold

The earth had trembled, uncontrolled.

Even it had no strength to witness

What you were seeing in that instance.

You revealed the plot,

The guises, acts and all the pacts.

The white petals finally bloomed,

Emerging untouched from what is doomed



Look down at the finger

Pointing away from you.

Do you have the right

To slash away with might ?

Look up !

Where is your shining halo

To make you qualified ?



Mind Your Own Business

I visualise your heart
It's covered in this dark fog
Hovering around with threat
Burning you with pain

I breathe in and take in
Absorbing the clouds of wrath
They are purified inside
By my glistening inner self.

I exhale this white mist
Reaching out to your self
Cleansing your shadows
Uncovering your luminous being.

Mind Your Own Business

Sitting on the chair

Never giving up the role

The scenes need editing

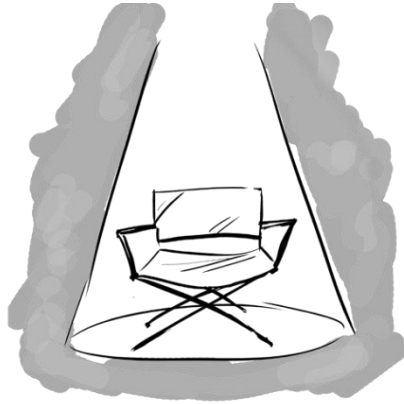
A lot of cine chores.

Darker the better

Easily fooled

The reel is rolling

Never ending episodes.



Glue them together

What we take in

A dose of greed

Is all we need.

Send them to the
screen

To keep us entranced

Store them for later

To fill up the missing
parts.

A burst of light

Is all one needs

To reveal the parade

Being hidden beneath.

The maker is caught !

There is no such thing

Of the scenes that went on

On the screen in print.

Prepare to face intense

Unbearable life's wrath

They will come tumbling

Like forces from hell.

For those trying to break free

The long chain

This life itself

It's expected,

You'll be pushed

To your knees,

With more force

By the things

That you've caused distress.

In the wave's attempt to move forward

It is caught in this whirlpool

Trapped in its own current

It creates a deep and downward
pull.

Even twigs and leaves are sucked

Trying to feed its deathless core

There is no escape, it only gets
bigger

As it gathers force.

It is the same with us

When we think of a hereafter

We are caught in an endless cycle

Being thrown about by desire.

We try to feed its heart

It's an insatiable beast

We are trapped in the clutches

Of this gyrating wheel.



Every word you utter

Is a backward step

Each moment of awareness.....

Is a jump ahead.

When you become mindful

You are tuning into this channel

With its own hum

Own vibration

PEACE.

Don't blame the fire.

It's nature is to burn.

When the flame of anger is
lighted in another's

Keep away from its heat.

If you hit back

You are only fueling

To spread its massive wings.

Retreat, even ridiculed

Don't burn yourself

By feeding the hateful flame.



Postpone... postpone.....

That's why you were born

Wait for the perfect place

The ideal comfort zone.

Blame on the people

The noise..the teacher...

No place is good enough.

You fail to see the message

Even overlook the hidden sense.

The flaw is with you

It's human to generalize

Is it fair to seek perfection

When the path lies among the obstacles ?

You make judgments.

Your stage is “I”.

The comparisons, excuses,

They are all but cement that fall under

To harden and firm the “I”.



Let love fill your heart

It needs a lot, to empty the bin

Full of garbage.

They are hidden... subtle...

Rotting down

Buried deep beyond

Layers of self deceit.

Love thy self, fill the emptied vessel

Then pour out

To those around.

It'll be hard first

To forgive your self

You will be amazed at the murk

You will dig out.

The canvas is mind and matter,
The picture, our own karma;
The colours are the shades of greed.
And beyond all this
Is the tranquil peace.



What is the guarantee ,
Of happiness the next life will bring ?
How can you be sure,
Of the last decisive thought you'll think?
When you cannot control
The next moment's thought stream
Do you think you have power
Over the last thought you will feel ?

The moment you think
You are free from hatred or lust
More stealthily they will creep
From the back door and make you weep.



Not doing
What should not be done
Is greater and nobler
Than doing merit
On a large scale.

We are blind men
Groping in the darkness
No sense
Those with whom we associate.
If one day we find sight
We will be astounded
By those with vision
And by others who were able to see
How we missed them
And let them slip by.

With each breath you take in with love

You are forgiven a million sins.

With each breath you take in with
awareness

You are shortening the rebirth stream.

With each step you take with
awareness

You are leaving footsteps behind.

And with each inch of letting go.....

You are becoming *No More*.



If you even catch a glimpse
The fleeting shadows
Of lust or hate
Do not stop to chat
They will lure you in.
You will only know
When they have finally gone
And it'll be too late
To undo the tangles you've caused.

When we laugh

Pain is crying back at us

When we cry

Pain is laughing back at us.

It is the same all the time

We are the ones who divide

They are the two sides

Of the same old coin.



Know when you breathe in
Know when you breathe out
You've donated the outer world
Even your past, your future.
The whole universe you have freed
Your skin is now the boundary
You have done the hardest thing
A momentary release...
Of an endless accumulation
And become the king of kings

When intention arises

Your mind accelerates

It will give birth

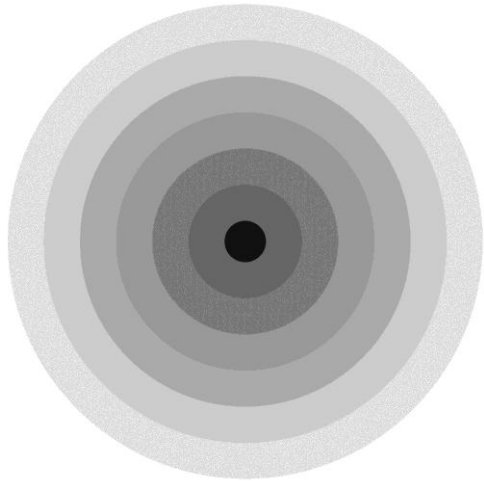
To seven rapid states.

At last it will stop

An atom bomb...

Its force is stored

As kamma within.



Guard your tongue

Speak if you must.

Don't shatter the silence

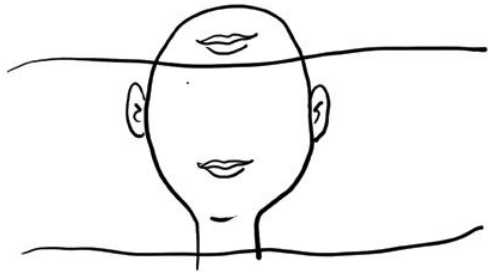
Blossoming within.

Both spoken words,

And the chatter within

Stilling both worlds

“Noble Silence” it is.



You must look away
From all things of luxury
You must embrace
All things of penury
You are here to let go
This is your goal,
You must ignore
The demand for more...

Luxury is a trademark

Not of the achievers

But of the downfallen

Marching towards hell.

Excessive usage

Of devouring comforts

Is like runny pus

Of a gaping wound.

They've passed the limits

The boundaries of sensations

Nature has empowered

For normal usage.

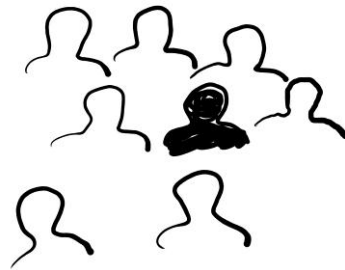
Be the same

As the outside world

Dress the same

Act the same

Give no hint of the game.



Tell only those they want to hear

Speak your mind only with your kind

Or you'll be pounced upon with

Your own ideas.

Beyond the acts and motions
Lie a myriad of vibrations
The shifting landscape
It has been a masquerade.
We only see the surface
The illusion it creates
It will all collapse
When we are helpless in the end.

We are slaves

Of our senses

Bound to gratify;

Chains are our own

Locked by us

We can be freed

If we really want.

It's an open prison

A self-verdict

Exhaust and torture

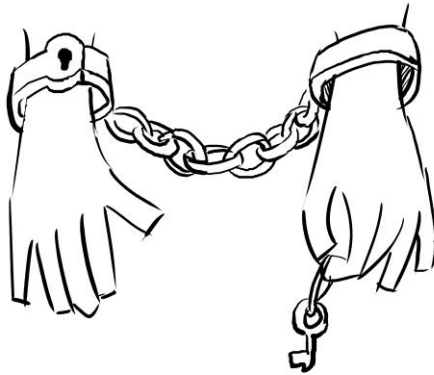
Are the walls around.

Past and future

Are the timekeepers

We are induced

With the Ignorance drug.



When distress is doing its work

Crushing you....

Remember you are forced with its fork

A tormenting tool.....

It's all because of this birth

This is true.....

We are caught in this endless spin

Rotating...

Craving for more.

History pages marvel

How the ocean waves parted

Under the iron club

Of Nila's herculean strength.

How the kings and
men

With their massive
presence

Began to cross the
sea

To invade the
Indian plains.

The bottom of the
sea was seen then

For a fleeting time in space

Like a transient faint gleam...

Of the mind's endless depth.

You've taken the deep plunge

Into the placid flow

Nothing can erase now

What you have seen beneath.



Mind Your Own Business

I smile because I have to
And do so, It's expected,
It's nothing but an empty pretense.

I see the façade
The twisted forces
Hidden beneath the brocade.

It may seem selfish
But I cannot help it
It's nothing personal..

I have had enough
I'm trying not to return
To the world you call your own.

Lashing out

With pounding heart

Losing sight

Of who you are

Your mask has slipped

Your foot has tripped

The shadow of greed

Has entered in.



By giving up certain things
You marvel of controlled greed
But removing the outward stitch
Won't undo the yards of woven greed.
Look for the bobbin thread
Looped with desires
Of endless needle strokes
The tricky stretch of thread
That will tighten all....
If not pulled with care and stealth.

When you hold on to a pole
You embrace two ends
Birth and death
There's no breaking them.
When you get closer to another
You move away from one end
The only way to be free
Is for you to let go.....
The pole itself.



Don't make mindfulness a suffering

If you cling to it, it will be.

Don't make wisdom a suffering,

If you cling to it, it will be.

You cannot idolize or worship them.

They don't remain the same.

Don't care if they exist.

Don't care if they do not.

This is the middle way.

A momentary joy
From the eternal pull
You've been hoodwinked
He has let you win.
What you possess for now
You anyway have to give
And what you've lost
Is causing you distress.
He is always the winner
In this tug-of-war
The only way to rejoice
Is for you to let go.
See how then he falls
Flat on his face
This is the only way
To call a stalemate.



Why does everything bad

Happen to you ?

Isn't life unfair

To treat the wrong doers more gently

Than you ?

You cannot see the past

What you were capable of.

The lives you have marred

The grief you enforced.

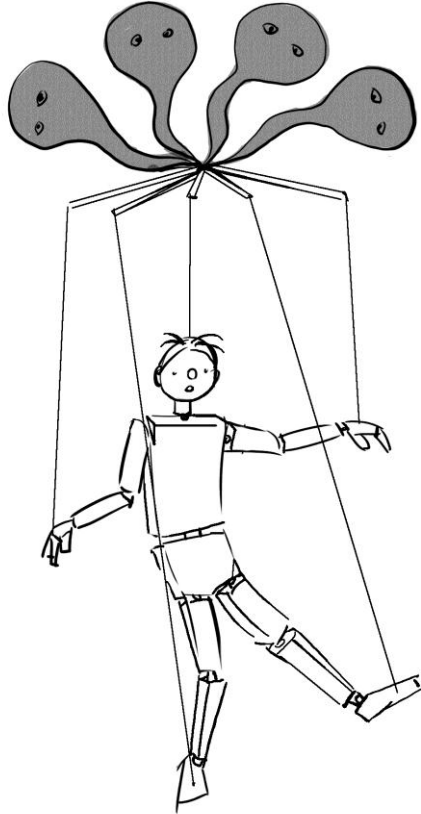
What you're enduring

Is your inheritance

Is it fair to blame others

For something you deserve ?

You don't have to sit
To bring your mind home.
Let each moment
Flow through each pore
See how the mind directs
And the body follows,
The continuous pull
Of the invisible cord.
You are the puppet
Who is the puppeteer?
There is no self
It's all for the stage.
Look behind the curtain
See the crew at work
We have been misled
It has all been a show.



Eyes are there to see what's lovely,
Ears are there to hear the pleasant,
Nose is there to smell the fragrance,
Tongue is there to savour taste.
Skin is there to feel the pleasure
Mind is there to think what we want
All are there to enjoy themselves
This is how we think they exist.
But each is a mass of rotting carcass
Oozing greed from within them.
They are the doors of hell that lead
If we misuse, to extremes of pleasure or pain.

We cling to our thoughts

Holding on to sensations

They all seem to be ours

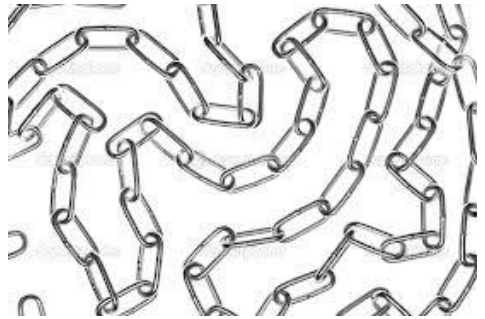
With a right to claim.

With reactions we continue

A loop in the continuum

It's an endless chaining

Of our being's evolvment.



Dhamma is imprinted

On all things we see

A seal of proof

A legal sheet.

Anything's an object

For you to contemplate

Dhamma is here and now

Specially within us

Don't look anywhere else.

Mind Your Own Business

Let there be evil outside

Don't let it touch you

Let there be cruelty around

Don't let it reach you

Don't let anything come in

Good or bad

Everything's the same

But you label them right or wrong.



Shrink with revulsion

Blame for what's done.

We never stop

To forgive ourselves.

We all have the essence

To bring them out

Admitting the wrong

Put them behind.

Yet we brood over

The broken damage

Never realizing that

“knowing is the greatest thing”

Only second

To the noblest men.

Sometimes you lose sight
Of what you want to achieve
Amidst the turbulent tide
Of the world's devising.
It is time to keep in touch
With those with the same dream
To remind you you're dreaming
To wake up... from drifting
Along with the tide.



Has time overtaken you
Robbing you of yours
To be with your-self
With no time to hesitate ?
Forget not that you possess
This breath that roams.
Helping to connect
With who you are inside.
Make it your haven
Your home and escape
Subtle in the background
You go back to again and again.
Snatching little pieces of peace
Between your tasks
What more time do you want
To be free at last.

Goodbye, past

No, thanks, future

Welcome, present

I am here now.

Alone with myself

Stopped are things “to do”

Only with passing thoughts

I am here now.

Robot is still

Controls are wild

It’s hard to rest.

But I am here now.

Thoughts taming

Bending inwards

A flickering peace

I’m enjoying here and now.



These after-effects

Are making us repent

Of what could've been done

Under pressure's presence.

How we have lost ourselves,

For that moment of time,

Now it's hurting like hell

Like an exposed

Newly tended wound

Sensitive

To the tiniest touch

Of the passing breeze.

How do you measure

The milestones of your practice ?

Resistance will become tolerance,

Tolerance will become acceptance,

Acceptance will bring forgiveness

Which will then stop the complaining.



We cling to our thoughts

Holding on to sensations

They all seem to be ours

With a right to claim.

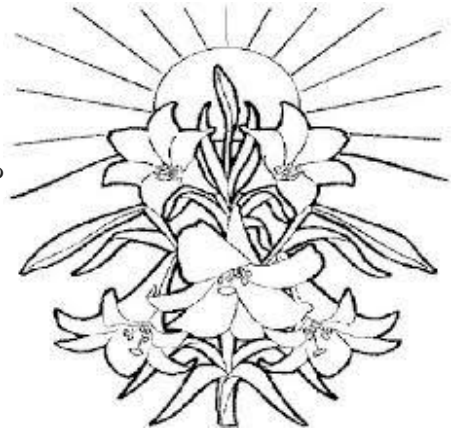
With reactions we continue

A loop in the continuum

It's an endless chaining

Of our being's evolvment.

The majority of those flowers
That were touched by the light
Were those with flaws
Covered by plight.
The ordinary and the outcast.
Mostly the common.
They had little knowledge and standing
In life, at that time.
Did knowledge prevent
Those shining that time ?
Just as now
Clouding the rest of mankind ?
The lesser the better
Number of letters you have
Behind your name to show
That you aren't the elite
Avoiding the light.



Call it bliss

Gratitude..... Love....

Or moments of no mind

They are all on the tip

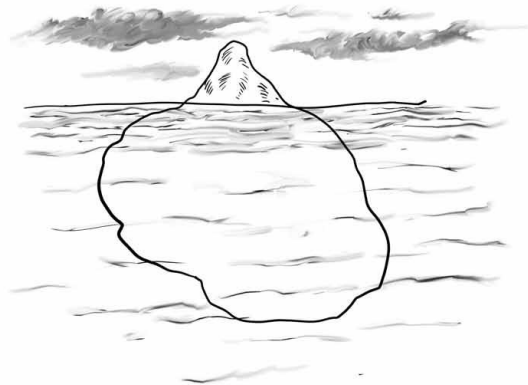
Of this floating iceberg.

Underneath.... Hidden

Is what needs to be conquered

The dark mist of delusion

With wisdom's light.



What is this so called peace

I don't see any bliss

It's hard for me to be still

Not for a moment, in any way.

My suffering has multiplied

I get angry for the slightest noise

I can't help changing my pose

I envy those who can abide.

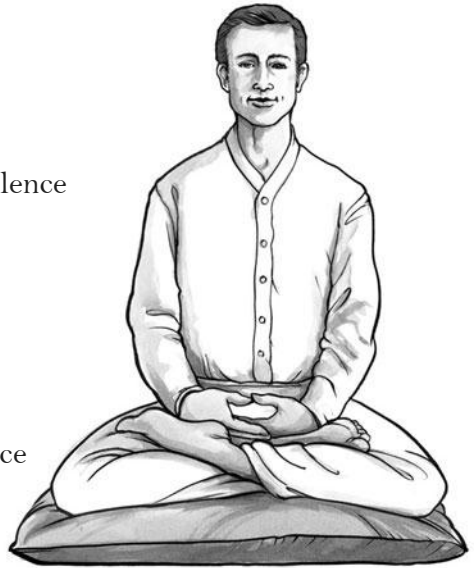
I fall asleep most of the times

And at home I lose my calm mind

They think I'm mad to try

I'm better off my old self.

You sit with such hopes
Determined to be still for so long
But it's hard to stop these movements
That's valued in the outer world.
Those who are active
Are recognized and remembered
They are the high performers
But not so in this instance.
So we give up this search for silence
Thinking stillness is the secret
But in fact what exists
Are the forces gone berserk.
As long as you refuse to embrace
This display under the carpet
You will never succeed that's final
In your attempt to meditate.



We are all afraid
Of the sound of silence
When it comes finally
Reaching our door.
We try to drag in
Whatever motion
To kill the boredom
That will unlock our core.
Pleasure or pain
Are all we know
Can we not see
The in between ?
This is the level
That we must be in
To look deep inside
Our hearts within.

There is no progress, I am in a vacuum.

I cannot distinguish, the in breath and the out.

I expected light and excitement,

Not the no man's land

And get confused when I listen

To others recalls.

“Ah !this is progress”, Finally you are there.

There is no clinging or desire

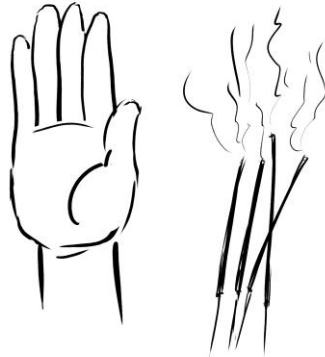
You are now the observer.

Do nothing, don't compare

Just continue the solitude

You are about to unearth,

The depth of your soul.



We project what we feel

On an empty screen

It has no substance

To hold what's been aimed

We're trying to throw shades

On this massive space

It's like trying to paint

The empty sky in vain.

Let the light flirt its rays upon you
Pass by and hide itself inside you
The child-like act of a new beam
Don't spare any look or it will retreat.

Continue and
contemplate

What you have started
and begun

And the child will finally
bloom

Into a woman with many
lures.



She will come in front of you
Till slowly there is nothing in between
And you will finally be embraced
By her outglowing wings.

Seen as a weakness

A boring person

With no taste or colour

When you are letting go.

The more you grab

The more you are awarded

With garlands and medals.

You are the man.

In your time to repay

For all that you've taken

Where are those people

That rewarded you for claims ?

Stop taking notes

When you meditate

If you try to remember

You are losing its steam.

You can recall in the end

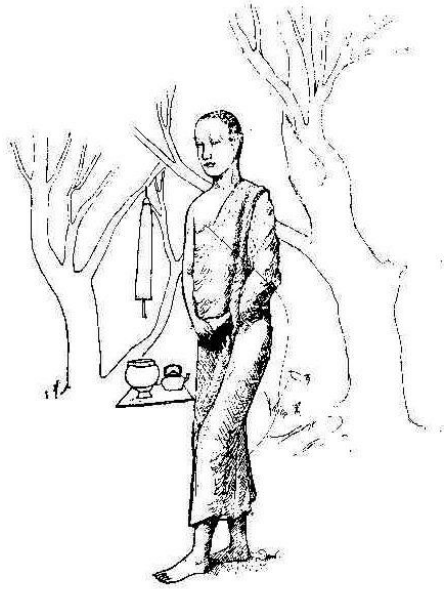
When you are finally finished

Everything will come back

Like pouring water from a stream.



Each mindful footstep
Relieves the earth's burden
She notices the lightness
The stroke of love it receives
In return we are cradled
In her cosmic bosom
Just imagine the blessings
Mindful steps have caused.



Present moment

Tangible

Can be really relished

Exists

The only proof

Of life itself.

Present moment

The purest

Evil-free

More powerful than love

The greatest merit

A man can do.

Make your contemplation -

Your refuge

Your family -

The messengers

The chores -

Your meditation

Your home -

Your retreat.



Try committing any wrong act

Mindfully.

You cannot do it.

Even if you do,

It will be the most stale and tiresome act

You have ever done

And you won't have the strength to do it again.

Don't mistake mindfulness with concentration.

Concentration alone, exists with defilements.

But where mindfulness is, concentration follows

And there's wisdom, stripping away the blinkers

Revealing the true nature.

We are born to judge

Even god does

Who doesn't ?

It is awareness.

A fraction is enough

You have won

A universal connection

Through full awareness.

Who is the saviour ?

It is within us

Hidden and poor

He is full awareness.

There is only one way

To end this torment

The Buddha's way

It is with awareness.



There !It is laid !

The net of greed

Its woven strings

Are mind and matter.

The mesh with no ends

A trap laid for prey

Lurking at sense doors

To feast galore.

It's a continuous supply

For a nonstop celebration

Toast are being made in hell

For our own demise.

The mind is exposed
Open and vulnerable
The door of death is open.
Who can help you
Your senses are shut
You are trapped within
The world you've created.

The religious chanting
The holy pictures
Are all a waste
You cannot fathom.
You are tied down
Busy getting ready
For your last departing
Performance



Death is painful

Only for those

Filled with defilements.

The day you witness

How you die every moment

And that you don't even exist

Even for a millisecond

No other death can be compared

For something as shocking and sad

As this realization.

We all perform

A solo act

The gestures and movements

A silent mime

All things we use along

Are non-existent

Oh !what a joke

For us to get carried off.



Don't hold on to thoughts

And compartmentalize

They are not you

Or yours to decide.

They trigger and flare

According to an agenda

That you have prepared

Without realizing.

If you try to sort

You'll only realize

You're adding to the list

To flare up sometime.

There is no stopping

It's a chain of reactions

The only way to stop

Is to be aware without a fight.

Disguise yourself

Merge in the background

You'll be a target

If you do not.

Don't let others point you out

Amidst the crowd

You will be judged.... accused

Of the slightest misstep.

Pain is the biggest hurdle

We have to cross

A decisive juncture

During our pursuit.

It is a block

We are often stuck at

We either fight or give in

And do not just watch.

They come in waves

More intense they will get

But they are just displaying

The suffering that we've suppressed.

No clinging, no resistance

This is the key

To jump, to leap,

The stretch that impedes.



What little time you have
To sit down and contemplate
Your duties are beckoning
To be done and fulfilled.
You can start if you want to
With faltering steps
Let go of your thoughts
As soon as they come
You see you don't have to
Do anything rather special
Simply refrain from grasping
The thoughts you call your own.

Don't cheapen your practice

By showing off

You're lowering yourself

If you compare

It's a fall to the ground

If you declare

The attained are humble

They don't compete at all.

We can never satiate this frustration

Eating our hearts and souls

This endless desire for sensations

Faced with sudden deaths.

We are oblivious to our misery

The destruction it's causing

We are licking a sharp blade

Coated with honey that's sweet.

Natural Breathing

No force or effort enforced

A vague beginning

Only the middle is traced.

Face to face with yourself

Your image more clearer

The breath is finer and finer

Cannot be separated.

The water is still

The bottom transparent

Waiting with patience

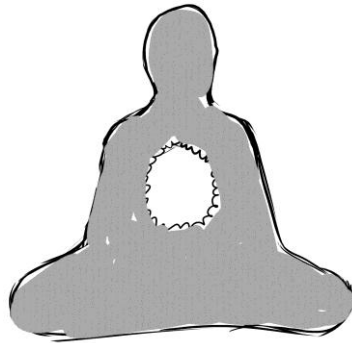
To see the undercurrents.

The flow of vibrations

Passing shivering beneath

Starting with subtle tremors

Before they are revealed.



This ME is a phantom

A dark shadow we can't touch

But with frustration and exhaust

We never give up to entrap

An elusive phenomena

A fusion of contracts.

Sometimes we try to evade

Ignoring its haunt

We run and run in vain

But it never isolates its base

Not as long as we break away

The causes of its lineage.

Mind Your Own Business

Our eyes deceive us

So do all our sense doors

They take in a small signal

From a huge range exposed.

We ourselves interpret them

According to our own script

We fail to capture the real

We're blinded by the dull mist.

You cannot stop this thought process.

Throbbing with symbols

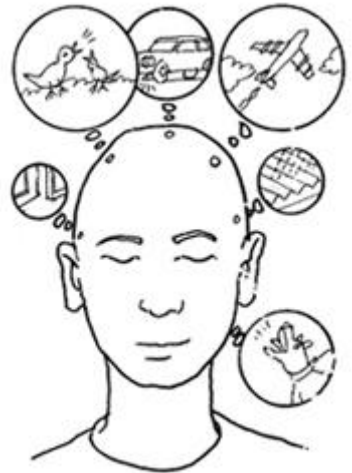
We has grasped and held.

Let them go as they come

Like the lines that fade

When drawn on the surface of water

Leaving no mark.... No trace.



We preach of non violence
Let's not betray with hatred
Let no one point their finger
At our own mistakes.
Everyone loves his religion
No one like theirs tarnished
Let's speak with silence
By example.
If we speak bad of another's
We are in turn ruining ours
Silence is not cowardice
It is the Noble way.
NON REACTION.



Don't underestimate morality

It's hold on concentration

If you toss it aside in haste

It's like brain surgery

Done in the lavatory

And you're sure to lose your mind.

If you are really connected to your teacher

Only a few words is enough

One look, a smile or even a thought of him

Is more than enough

For the transmission to happen.

We are entranced, by the waving wand
Captivated witnesses, gasping with awe.
Our eyes betray, the presented pranks
We are oblivious, gullible and daft.

The day knowledge dawns
Penetrating the mere “tricks”
The magic vanishes, feeling betrayed within.
The made-up self, the illusions of a name
The spark of forms and minds
The dust it creates.



We are no longer thrilled, our look an empty stare
We had been crippled, by our perceptions all along.

Let no one influence you....

A switchboard you are not

For others to control

Your moods and swings.

Let there be awareness

Silence..... Non- reaction... Non-reaction

This is the middle path

Put into action

The practical way.

We recognize with marks and signs

Elaborate on them

Exaggerating with words

Thinking of a self.

We lose track of subjects

Lost in our debate

Mental dialogues

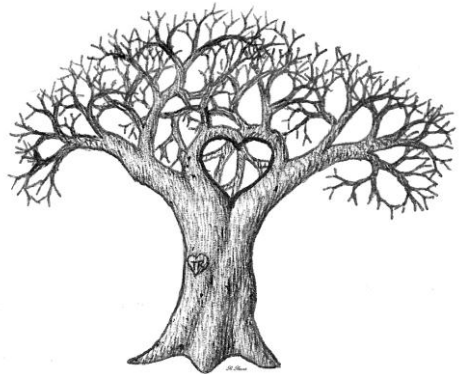
Fooled by a myself.

Sensations are the tree trunk

Exaggeration the branches

Spreading wide and across

Aimless, disoriented.



The payment is heavy
Its methods are rigid
We pay double
For what we actually enjoy.
The long hours of labour
The weight of misery
The hours of wasted sleep
Are all cuts of the pay.
This is the curse
For not realizing our purpose
Why we are here
For being blessed in this world.
Accounts are dwindling
We are spending
Never thinking that there is no end
For this struggle to survive.

Heavy foot steps

Only parts captured

Burdens on earth

Commands to march.

Thoughts hit by

Holding on

Slowing down

Motions are caught.

Steps lighter

Walking same place

A stranger walking

Floating on air.

Lullaby is hummed

The baby's asleep

It's time to lay down

Gently sit and dwell within.



Words, simple words,

A sequel to torment

Don't under value

The ripples

That mere comments

Cause in.

Inane words

To pass time

Are shallow in terms

Of value.

You should rather slit

A cow's throat

Than committing

An enormous

Demerit.

I am water

No definite shape

Adaptive

To where I'm contained.

Colourless

Tasteless

But unique

No traces of avarice.

I am water

I blend with souls

Inanimate and living

I pour love on to them.

I am water

Fluid, runny

I leave no mark

I am free.



This moment's awareness

Strengthens the next one

Each will give energy

For the other to survive....

Little moments of awareness

Are powerful savings

They will help us one day

To realize ourselves.

Mundane, ordinary

Day to day chores

Your glorious chance

To be here and now

They are private, physical

Full of motion

Easy for the mind

To hold on....

Perform, carry on

With all your heart

Cleaning or washing

Whatever task

Slowly and mindfully

You look at

All your moves

This is the time

You are with you.



Mindfulness is there

In every thought

It could be weak or strong

It all depends.

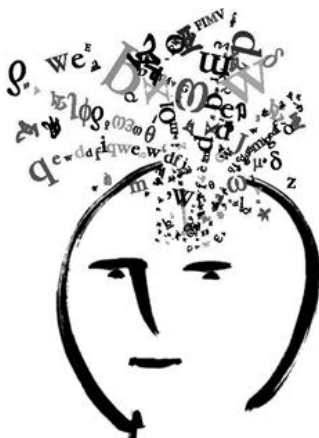
If it's weak you're a slave

With no control

If it's strong you're a third person

Watching yourself.

Peace, is the furthest
When you start
To tread the calm waters.
Chaos
Is what you will find
When awareness
Improves.
An Irritated
Self Blaming
Fault finding
Perfectionist
You will become.
The water has stirred up
Give some time
For its sediments
To settle down.



Awareness is like ayurvedic medicine

It first aggravates the symptoms

Before curing the illness

Without a trace.

Only awareness

Can make

Your private rituals

Sacred.

Only awareness

Can make

Your lavatory

A shrine room.

Love knows

No barriers

Will flow free

Breaking boundaries

Will leave no one

Untouched

No place

Unexplored.

It is the perfect dose of antidote

To compensate

The sins you've done.



The baton of greed
Is passed underneath
A ball of fire
Under waves so dire.
A message on parchment
An encryption of our desires
Exchanged from life to life
The reason for our existence.
No being is goes on
Nothing goes beyond
We all dangle from the cord
That's woven our memoirs.

You let anger rule

When there is no space

For the mind to think

Of what has gripped it.

Awareness is the gap

To pause and look in

When you are about to fall victim

To your own greed.



Make not love a suffering

Love with greed

Is definitely so.

Love unbound

Without intentions

Is free as space

Limitless and infinite.

Each moment of unawareness

Is a subtle layer

The dull, ignorant, mist that covers

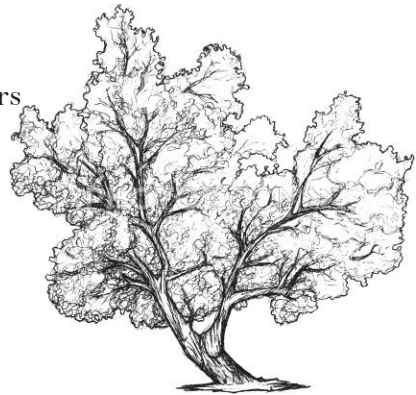
The pure true self.

A moment of awareness

Is a deep powerful cut

That slices away this film

Uncovering the natural sheen.



Born out of lust, bound by lust

Each external vision

Underlined by its pen.

It is the force, running in our blood

And we think its natural

A basic need.

The day you are alone

Breathing in and out, with all your heart

You will see the plague

Running in our veins.

Only then will you know

The pureness of awareness

The promise it holds

To cure the disease

Words of error

Even mispronounced

Harsh or unpleasant

Without finesse

Delivered with love

Without evil

Will embrace the audience

With powerful vibrations;

People forget the flaws

Their errors are vague

They wake up...

The pure thoughts have touched

The hearts across.

Don't tread on their pain

You cannot emerge

Out of their remains

They're your baggage

You drag along

Your base

And without them

You will fall down

You cannot move ahead

You have failed

There is no escape

If your practice is causing

Your loved ones

A strain.



Initial concentration

Is the staff you hold on to
On your long high trip
To your way to the top.

When the path is rough
And you are about to fall down
You go back to basics
Holding on to its support.

Consciousness

Empty... deep....

A dark void;

Matter and Mind

Are reflections

On its surface alone;

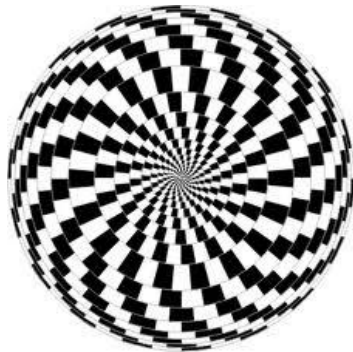
Mind is the shadow

That's cast on the form;

Ever-changing snapshots

There is no self

No being that's called our own.



Language promotes

Our egos to bloat

Grammar and words structure

And support to conjure.

Creating concepts

Going inside.... beyond their doorsteps

We live in imagination

In a playhouse with fascination.

With wisdom we will realize

How we idolize, the flourishes and crafts

The danger of naming with drafts.

They will all seem babyish

Simply gibberish

We then won't be

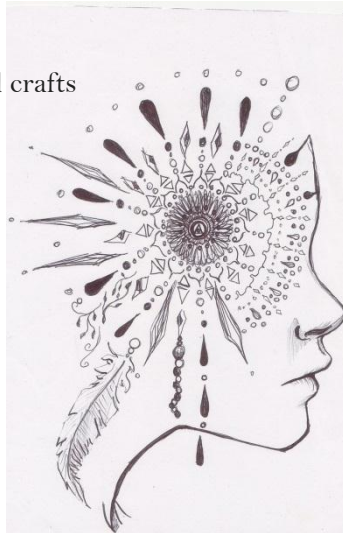
Glued-in with greed

Wrapped-up with ego's weed

Tripped-down by wrong view

We would be free.....

From seeing askew....



Peace alone

Not enough

Not that great

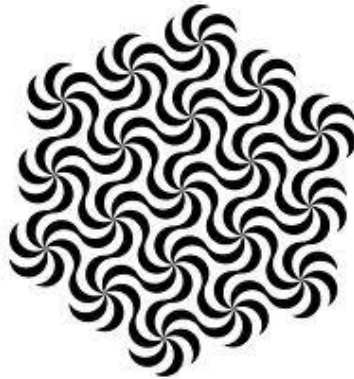
Not final.....

Peace among chaos

Is the greatest

Unshakable

The final ultimatum...



Once when I was a hook

I easily got entangled, even with things

That were not meant for me.

It was easy for others

To provoke and cause pain

I always lashed back and ended up

With tears and unbearable pain.

Mindfulness

Straightened the crookedness

Now things easily sweep by

They do not simply get tangled in.

I can only smile and giggle at the waves going by

“Serves you right” I say to myself

They are my own and no one else is to blame.



Bear with patience

The multiplied troubles

Like a queen that endures the pain

Caused by her royal fetus.

How proud is she

She embraces the difficulties

She has no grudge

She knows she is carrying a future king.

At least your worries

Are here when you can handle

They won't come strong

Catch you unaware, in another life.

So welcome the hardships

With awareness and right view

You are not a courtesan bearing a child

Unhappy.... Complaining....Full of hate.

Breathe in for a moment

Mindfully....

Each day...

At least a time that takes

To smell a flower.

If you say you cannot

Find time

For something as simple
as this

Then you are a fool

Not human....

Worse than a slave.



Mind Your Own Business

As mindfulness increases

The more you will see

The moments of un-mindfulness

And the self-blame it's causing.

It's natural to feel so

You must accept such slips

There's nothing you can control

Specially this mind that's been unfaithful

For aeons of lives.

So don't blame it and reprimand

When it at last comes back home

Realizing it has strayed.

The present moment

Frees all other beings

From the clutches of your mind

From being tossed here and there

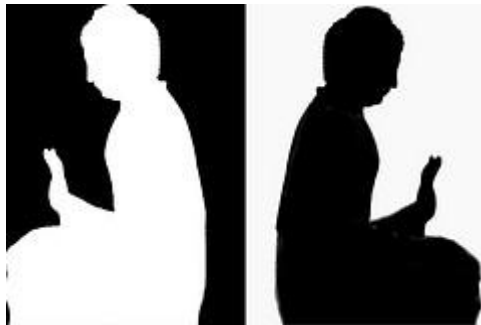
With greed or hate.

It is the most sacred time

When no one is involved

For you to commit

An ultimate sin.



The only thing in the world,
That doesn't cost a penny,
Is free from all evil,
Is your breath.
It holds
The path to liberation.



To be mindful here and now
You have to be un-mindful
About the rest of the world
This is the biggest alms giving
One can ever make.....

The more you think,
Of the evil you've done,
The more you're carpeting.....
Your road to hell.
Your journey to hell will be smooth,
When you die.

Why is a moment's meditation

The greatest thing ever ?

It's the only time

When no one else is used

By your devious mind

To ride to the past or future.

It's the only time

You are on level

With all past and present

Enlightened lives,

Throbbing..... spreading...

Peaceful good vibes...

All around.



You can always start meditation

Without virtue.

But for your practice

To really take off

You need discipline.

A firm control

Of your sensual desires.

Or else you will only be

Deluding your-self.

Mindfulness

Is your third umpire

Who has recorded your actions.

If you had performed your deeds

With mindfulness,

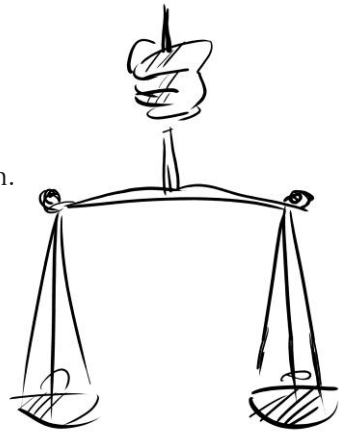
It will help you

To recall, replay and reveal the truth.

It is your witness

And is the only thing

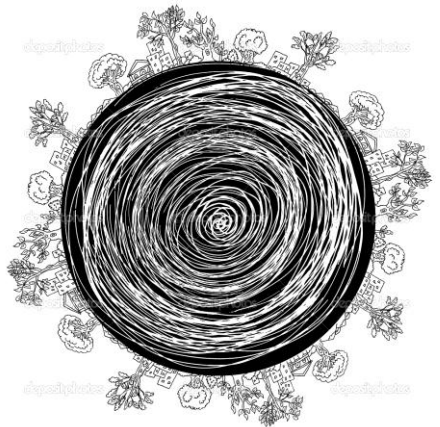
Not biased in this world.



Most things society praises
Are the things that actually fix us
The delusions that it promotes
Stand against us in the end.

They promise of happiness, not pain.
Eternity, not the short tale.
It's full of theories and nice stories
The ugliness is swept underneath.

The nice life styles and arcades
Posh people, the outer finery
We're trying to make the world better
Denying the rolling pain.



It's easy to emerge unscathed
Through clouds of hardships and troubles
But we cannot help but get caught
Amidst praise and glory when gains double.
We pay no heed to their claws
It's a flame that travels under water
It is where most of us get trapped
If you have not practiced insight meditation.

By changing your posture

You are only covering....

The face of suffering.

Be still

Uncover

Face

Reveal

Liberate.



Pain during meditation

Is a rehearsal.

It will prepare you

To face the tormenting pain

When you are dying.

Don't get comfortable

With soft cushions.

Pain will be there

No matter how and where you sit.

Real meditation starts from where pain arises.

Mindfulness is like a glove

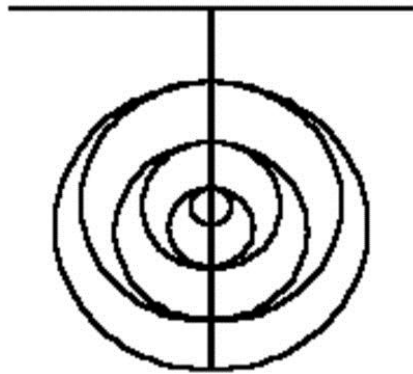
You can handle anything in your life

And not get affected.

Mindfulness

Is awareness

Without greed....



Take in each breath

Like a child being born

Exhale each breath

Like it is your last breath when you are dying.

Savour each breath.

Do not let it escape.

Not because it gives us life to live.

But because it has the power,

To end the suffering ,

That life has dragged in.



Don't deviate from your purpose

Let others rule the world.

There will always be evil

You cannot change the world.

Don't let judgments cloud your goal

Mind your own business.

Remember the golden words

HASTEN, do not delay

Be HERE and NOW.



You will be accused of killing time

With no sense of drive to succeed in life

Selfish and not devoted to serve mankind

Accusations, unlike any other time.

Let others take the stage

Shine out and compete for each scene

Glitter is for those who want to hang on

Not you, who have seen through the false-game.

You are treading on noble ground

It has touched the feet of the enlightened ones

Do not give up now, it's not too late

You won't find this right combination again to go ahead.

Just as the outer shell

Protects the tortoise from threats,

A vipassana yogi

Shields himself,

With the armour of mindfulness

No one and nothing can influence him.

This immune space

Between our thoughts

This gap, untapped

Is the armour to live

Disengaged.



You were the glittering light
That showed me to tread the darkness.
Now it's time to let you go
After seeing the hidden madness.
You've lost your magic touch
I am no longer mesmerized.
I see through your shining gleam,
You are just like them indeed,
A play of flickering forces,
A thick smoke screen.....
I've at last fathomed.

When you erase the signs
Of this blurred landscape
You cannot distinguish
You cannot choose.



Path to liberation is indeed
A selfish journey.
When you have to let go
Even your own self
How can you hang on
To those around you ?

Not only impure thoughts
But also pure thoughts
Will swallow you up
In to the abyss
Of this endless rebirth stream.

Don't get attached to peace
It's like a drug... and addiction.....
Because in reality
It's all chaos...

All motives push you into re-existence

They bring nothing but suffering in the end.

Reduce intentions

Increase mindfulness

Stopping all causes

Will bring no effects.

Others cannot hurt you

If you don't want to be hurt.

You suffer because you want to

Because you still haven't seen

That there is no one that suffer.



Figures will become shadows

Shadows into outlines

Outlines will be mere vibrations

Even they will fade to nothingness.

At first there will be a third person

And then another will start to watch

Both will disappear... all gone..

There won't be anyone left

Just emptiness....

The day you see

The mechanics, the process

You cannot go back, to the life you led.

The memory of it will haunt you

Like flames under ashes

Reminding you, teasing you

You will never be the same.

No matter what you do

To bring back the excitement

They will be just stale

It will never be the same.

Let the truth sink in

Peace is just within reach

The moment you accept this

You will never be the same.



No matter

How many things you have to say

If the receiver is not ready

Don't say it

Or else it'll still be

Idle chatter.



What is the best language

That expresses the inexpressible ?

It's the language of SILENCE.

Pain, is like the restless water

Slashing forcefully

Flowing downstream.

Let awareness be

A stone, thrown

Going, slicing the waves

Deep, in search

Finally hitting, touching the base.

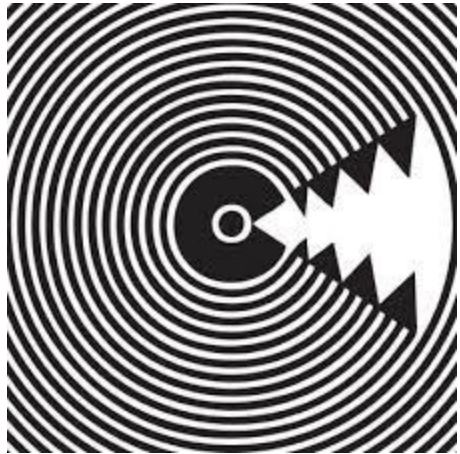
There it will lie

In water, but settled

Finally home

Watching the commotion

Passing overhead.



Don't make this simple Dhamma

Complex and distorted

With words and thoughts.

They are nothing

But your own defilements

Don't cling to your practice.

It isn't a burden,

For you to carry.



Even the atoms tremble
At the mention of your name
I wish all could see the ripples
Your name can make.
The trees come alive
The earth awakens
The air is charged
They remember.
Samma Sambuddho !

The light of love
Cloaked around me
Is thickening its shroud
Till I can bear no more.
With release I explode
The love unleashed
Kissing all beings
Near me and far around.
I am a light alight
Up in the sky
The net is cast
Capturing all beings alive.



May All Beings Be Free From Suffering !



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Lithira