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Reality is mind and non-crumbled bread

We receive input
through our sensory organs,
which register
a certain spectrum of reality.

From this limited information,
our mind constructs
our perceived reality.

What we see is mind.
What we see is
the construction
of mind creating our reality,
that we commonly believe
we exist within,
from half-eaten bread crumbs.

We construct our whole world
on a foundation
that is incomplete.
If we believe the construct
to be the whole
we are incomplete.

What we see is a world
of material and conceptual
symbols
hiding the true essence
of existence beyond
our limited perspective
of reality.

The symbols hide,
or allude to,
what mind cannot fathom.

The true essence
cannot be perceived

from a limited perspective,
for it has no limits.
That which is infinite
cannot be seen.

But it can be constructed
from a multitude
of illusory perspectives
all sharing their
finite perceived piece
of the fragmented puzzle
that is the experience
of the lower capital you.

We may never
see what lies behind
the symbols
in our current state
of being.

To perceive
that which lies beyond
we need to go beyond
the perceptions of mind.
And when we do,
we cease to be we,
yet remain what always was.

The digested bread
in our stomachs
cannot be seen wholly
in the crumbs on the floor.

A staunch believer
creates god in his mind
and kills him
with the same thought.

An atheist does
the exact same thing.

A rigid scientist mistakes
the dream for reality
and tries to measure
the hard quantity
and colour of love.

A mystic sees God's crumbs
and laughs at the divine comedy.

A shaman is in trance
when the symbols
from the Great Spirit
masquerade in the mind
as perceptual attire
clothing the infinitely naked.

A quiet man
is here holding hand
with nothing.

We constraint reality
with the limits of our minds.

When all our perspectives vanish,
we are pure essence.
That which underlies it all.
It is this underlying essence
that we interpret symbolically.

For we as humans
are not equipped
to look upon our true self,
except through
the filtering goggles
of finite mortality.

When the goggles are removed
we cease to exist,
yet our true self,
that which handed us
our goggles to wear,

remains.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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