

when you keep looking at misery again and again  
it becomes more and more real  
and then of course you need a therapist or some teacher  
to tell you how to solve this misery  
i do not invest any time in solving misery  
i devote all my time in creating a celebration  
and when the celebration ends  
i go around looking for the misery  
it has run away somewhere else !  
you understand ?

**question** *what is love ?*

which person has answered that question ?  
must be really stupid !  
i do not know what love is  
neither i wish to know  
please never ask this question to anybody  
how can you answer such an infinite question ?  
only one who does not know love will answer you

leave a few mysteries to live  
do not answer every single question  
leave a few questions unanswered  
all i can say to you that love is that which dissolves you  
love is that which makes you disappear  
you are no more  
and what remains is love...a simple innocent nobodiness  
utterly disappeared and surrendered to the whole

what is the whole ?

it is pure love

what love is to you is so conditional

but love is an unconditional state of existence

this light showering all over the universe is the language of love and aliveness  
ask the trees what is love  
ask the flower what is love  
ask the birds what is love and they will sing...  
the flower will open and send its fragrance to you

you will remain mystified  
your eyes will be open like a child  
that innocent eye is love  
it is wonder...  
it is an open secret...  
it leaves you vulnerable...innocent...sensitive and silent  
it is the greatest mystery  
and i hope it remains the eternal mystery !  
let it always be the unknown  
then the unknown becomes a pure celebration of love

**question** *i read your book and i want to know...is everything true ?  
is it an autobiographical book ? about your mother and  
everything you have written...is it true ?*

all lies...all lies !  
my whole book is full of lies !  
nothing can be contained in anything  
it is maybe the autobiography of this body  
but this body will not last so long

what i have known cannot be spoken or written in any book  
this is why my book is a very strange book  
the beginning of the book has blank pages  
then come grey pages...then white pages...  
that is the book itself !  
this is the truth !  
after this...all lies !!