this silence...so sweet everything is perfectly perfect just this taste that i am perfect everything is perfect when i am silent and still

> as easy as this such an utterly beautiful understanding that is why we keep on missing it we keep missing it because we do not know this silence we keep moving... searching... seeking... desiring... running... always somewhere else

always away from your silent centre always there...as if it is outside you

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just see the beauty of this simple statement

in this state of silent stillness lies your hidden treasure