

we are searching this vast mirror of consciousness  
unclouded...pure...crystal clear  
whatsoever passes in front of this mirror gets reflected  
and slowly slowly these reflections start becoming identified with the mirror  
a man passing by  
and the image reflects in the mirror  
a woman passes by and her image reflects in the mirror  
whatsoever passes the mirror reflects  
slowly slowly the mirror starts getting identified with these passing clouds

these become your thoughts and the mind  
slowly slowly...that woman passing by is no one but your mother  
the man passing by is your father  
now the thought has become the mind and its attachment  
when the mirror is watching any woman passing by...  
there will be no reaction  
because there is no emotion connected to that image  
but let your mother pass by and somebody abuses her  
suddenly you will come out of the mirror and attack that person !

when you have got an attachment...an identity...  
the mirror is no more mirroring but has become the mind  
this is how the mirror slowly starts attaching to the world  
all your experiences...good or bad...  
all the emotions...good or bad...  
are all in the past

all these past thoughts and emotions start clinging to the mirror  
and now you are not looking at existence directly  
but filtered...conditioned by your experiences of these past reflections  
your whole mind is nothing but past experiences gathered  
like dust...clouding the mirror of clarity  
you are not looking at anything directly

you are looking at everything coloured...  
predetermined from your past experiences  
you see a certain kind of woman  
she reminds you of your mother  
you see a certain kind of woman  
she reminds you of your past girlfriend  
you will react to all the new images that come to you  
according to your past experiences  
these are what we call conditionings  
your illusion of mind and emotion  
and you are become connected to that

all you have lost is that mirror like clarity  
slowly slowly the mind becomes denser and denser  
so clouded and so heavy that you begin to feel the body  
the baby is born without the sense of body  
just tabula rasa...pure sky...  
the first two or three years the baby does not have a sense of i  
he does not have a sense of the body  
it is just a little cloud of energy  
soft...vibrating...sensing its sensitivity  
becoming acquainted with this new presence of the body  
the baby does not know it has a body yet  
it has just come from the sky  
pure lightness...just a reflection...  
slowly slowly the body starts gaining a new reality  
this is how mind enters into the baby  
but if you go back...deep into your childhood  
this experience of weightlessness...just feather lightness...  
with no sense of body...always surrounds you  
in a way the mystic is searching his childhood once again  
just that innocent silent state...  
where everything was simply buzzing  
and truth was showering