

love
the birth and
death of
thought

sunirmalya symons



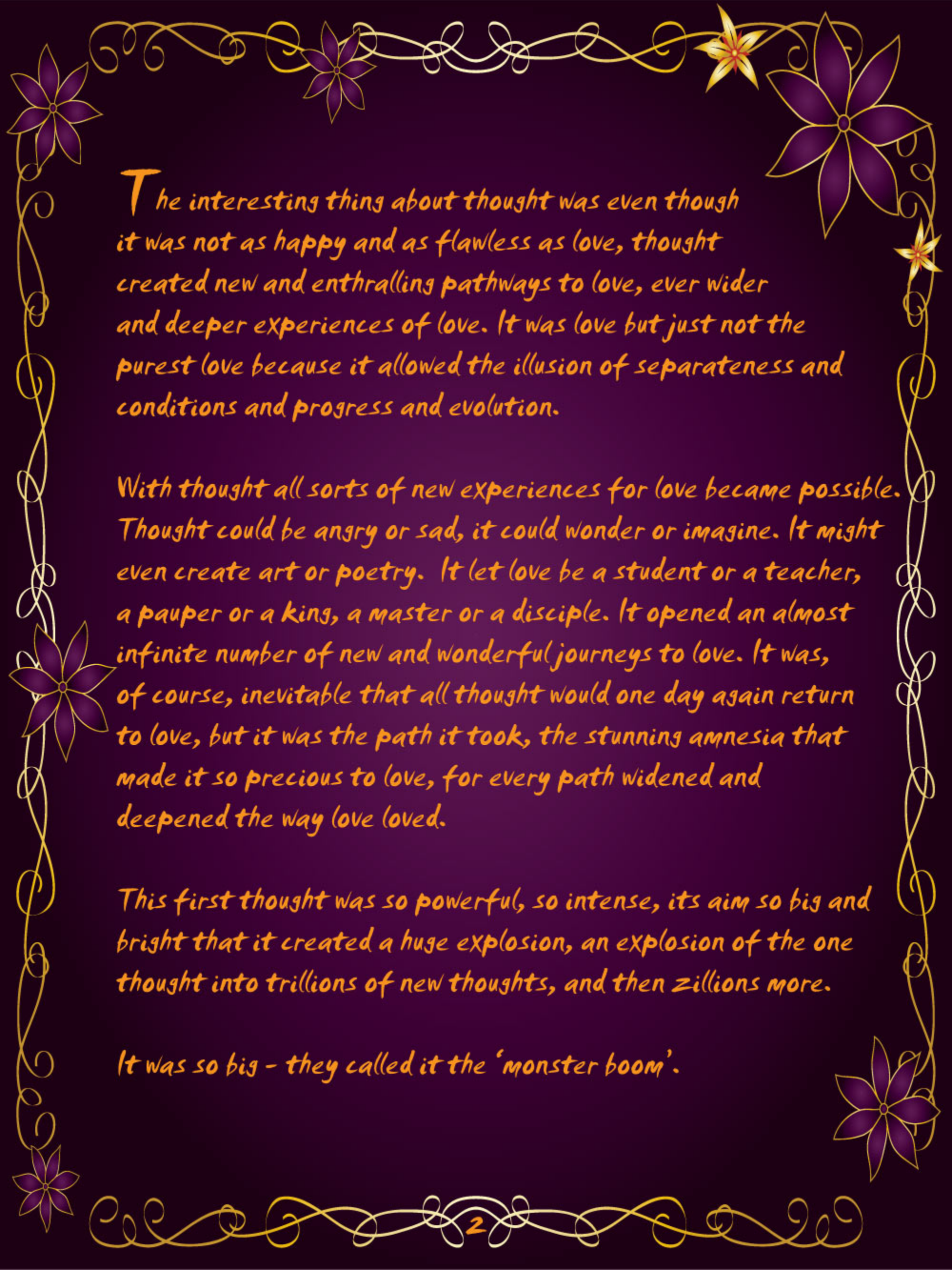
Once upon a time there was a mighty love.

It was so mighty that nothing else existed, nothing else but the might and light of love.

If we had been there, this love would have seemed to be the most beautiful of anything and everything we could imagine. If we were a tree, it would have appeared as the most magnificent of all trees. As an animal, the most wondrous of our kind. And of course, if we were human beings we would have seen this love as an enchanting and radiant, miraculous person.

This love was so pure, so precious, so happy, and so perfect in every way but still it constantly dreamed of expanding, growing and evolving, for that was its breath.

Until one day this love felt an inspiration to expand in an unusual and fascinating way, to venture into a new and weird dimension, and thus was born perhaps the strangest of all its creations; love created thought. You see up to then there had never been a thought. There had only been love.

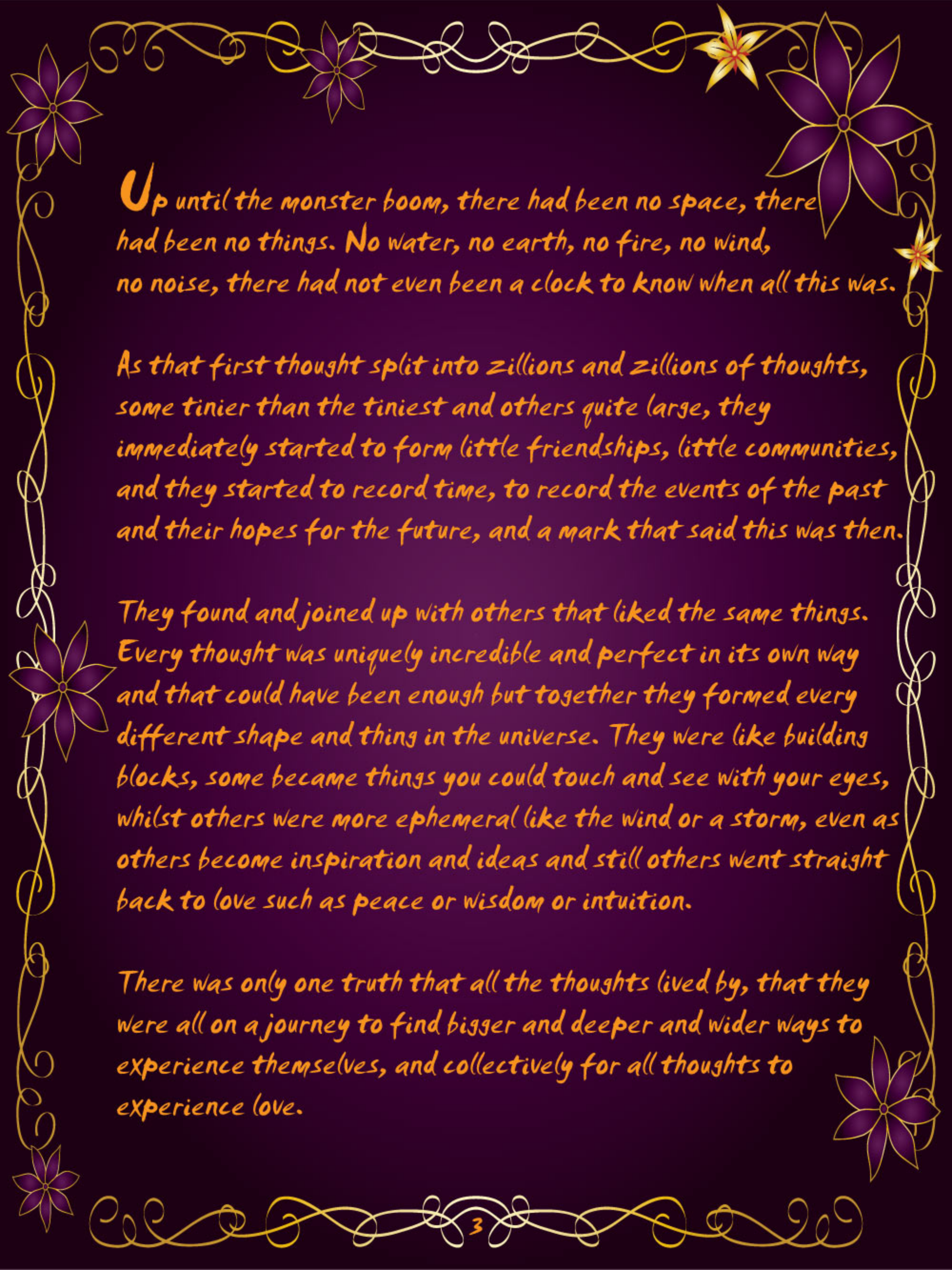


The interesting thing about thought was even though it was not as happy and as flawless as love, thought created new and enthralling pathways to love, ever wider and deeper experiences of love. It was love but just not the purest love because it allowed the illusion of separateness and conditions and progress and evolution.

With thought all sorts of new experiences for love became possible. Thought could be angry or sad, it could wonder or imagine. It might even create art or poetry. It let love be a student or a teacher, a pauper or a king, a master or a disciple. It opened an almost infinite number of new and wonderful journeys to love. It was, of course, inevitable that all thought would one day again return to love, but it was the path it took, the stunning amnesia that made it so precious to love, for every path widened and deepened the way love loved.

This first thought was so powerful, so intense, its aim so big and bright that it created a huge explosion, an explosion of the one thought into trillions of new thoughts, and then zillions more.

It was so big - they called it the 'monster boom'.

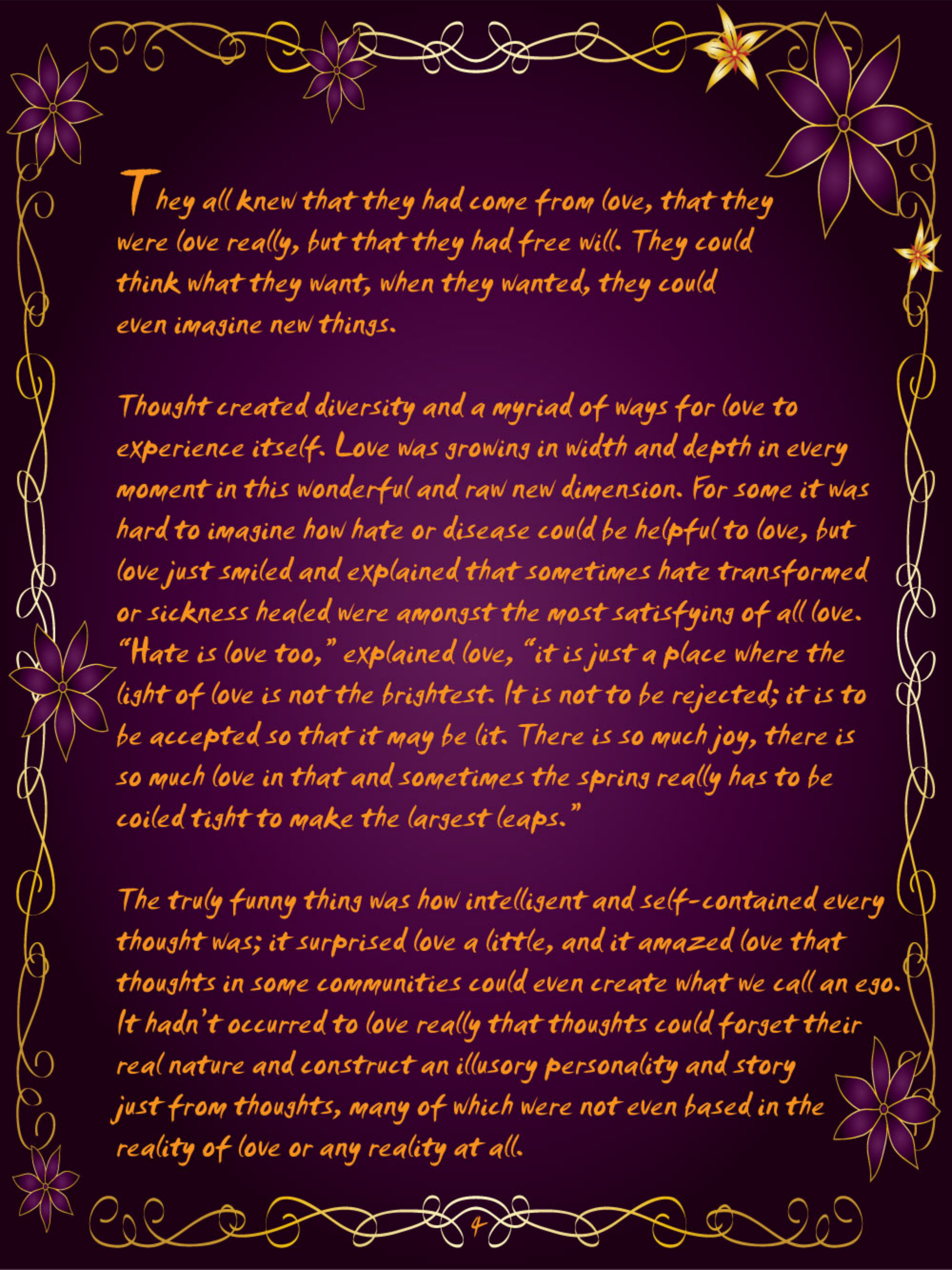


Up until the monster boom, there had been no space, there had been no things. No water, no earth, no fire, no wind, no noise, there had not even been a clock to know when all this was.

As that first thought split into zillions and zillions of thoughts, some tinier than the tiniest and others quite large, they immediately started to form little friendships, little communities, and they started to record time, to record the events of the past and their hopes for the future, and a mark that said this was then.

They found and joined up with others that liked the same things. Every thought was uniquely incredible and perfect in its own way and that could have been enough but together they formed every different shape and thing in the universe. They were like building blocks, some became things you could touch and see with your eyes, whilst others were more ephemeral like the wind or a storm, even as others become inspiration and ideas and still others went straight back to love such as peace or wisdom or intuition.

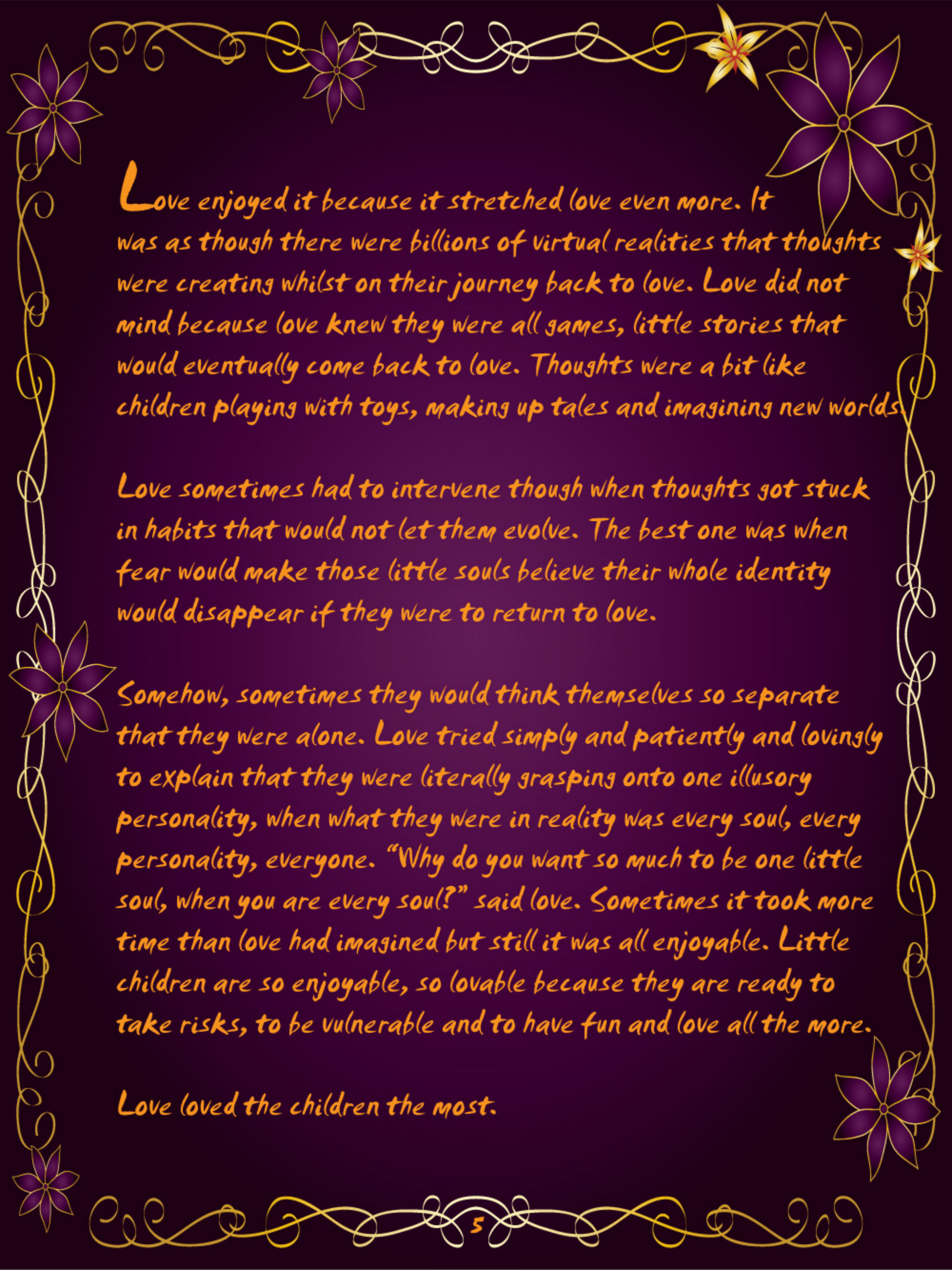
There was only one truth that all the thoughts lived by, that they were all on a journey to find bigger and deeper and wider ways to experience themselves, and collectively for all thoughts to experience love.



They all knew that they had come from love, that they were love really, but that they had free will. They could think what they want, when they wanted, they could even imagine new things.

Thought created diversity and a myriad of ways for love to experience itself. Love was growing in width and depth in every moment in this wonderful and raw new dimension. For some it was hard to imagine how hate or disease could be helpful to love, but love just smiled and explained that sometimes hate transformed or sickness healed were amongst the most satisfying of all love. "Hate is love too," explained love, "it is just a place where the light of love is not the brightest. It is not to be rejected; it is to be accepted so that it may be lit. There is so much joy, there is so much love in that and sometimes the spring really has to be coiled tight to make the largest leaps."

The truly funny thing was how intelligent and self-contained every thought was; it surprised love a little, and it amazed love that thoughts in some communities could even create what we call an ego. It hadn't occurred to love really that thoughts could forget their real nature and construct an illusory personality and story just from thoughts, many of which were not even based in the reality of love or any reality at all.



Love enjoyed it because it stretched love even more. It was as though there were billions of virtual realities that thoughts were creating whilst on their journey back to love. Love did not mind because love knew they were all games, little stories that would eventually come back to love. Thoughts were a bit like children playing with toys, making up tales and imagining new worlds.

Love sometimes had to intervene though when thoughts got stuck in habits that would not let them evolve. The best one was when fear would make those little souls believe their whole identity would disappear if they were to return to love.

Somehow, sometimes they would think themselves so separate that they were alone. Love tried simply and patiently and lovingly to explain that they were literally grasping onto one illusory personality, when what they were in reality was every soul, every personality, everyone. "Why do you want so much to be one little soul, when you are every soul?" said love. Sometimes it took more time than love had imagined but still it was all enjoyable. Little children are so enjoyable, so lovable because they are ready to take risks, to be vulnerable and to have fun and love all the more.

Love loved the children the most.

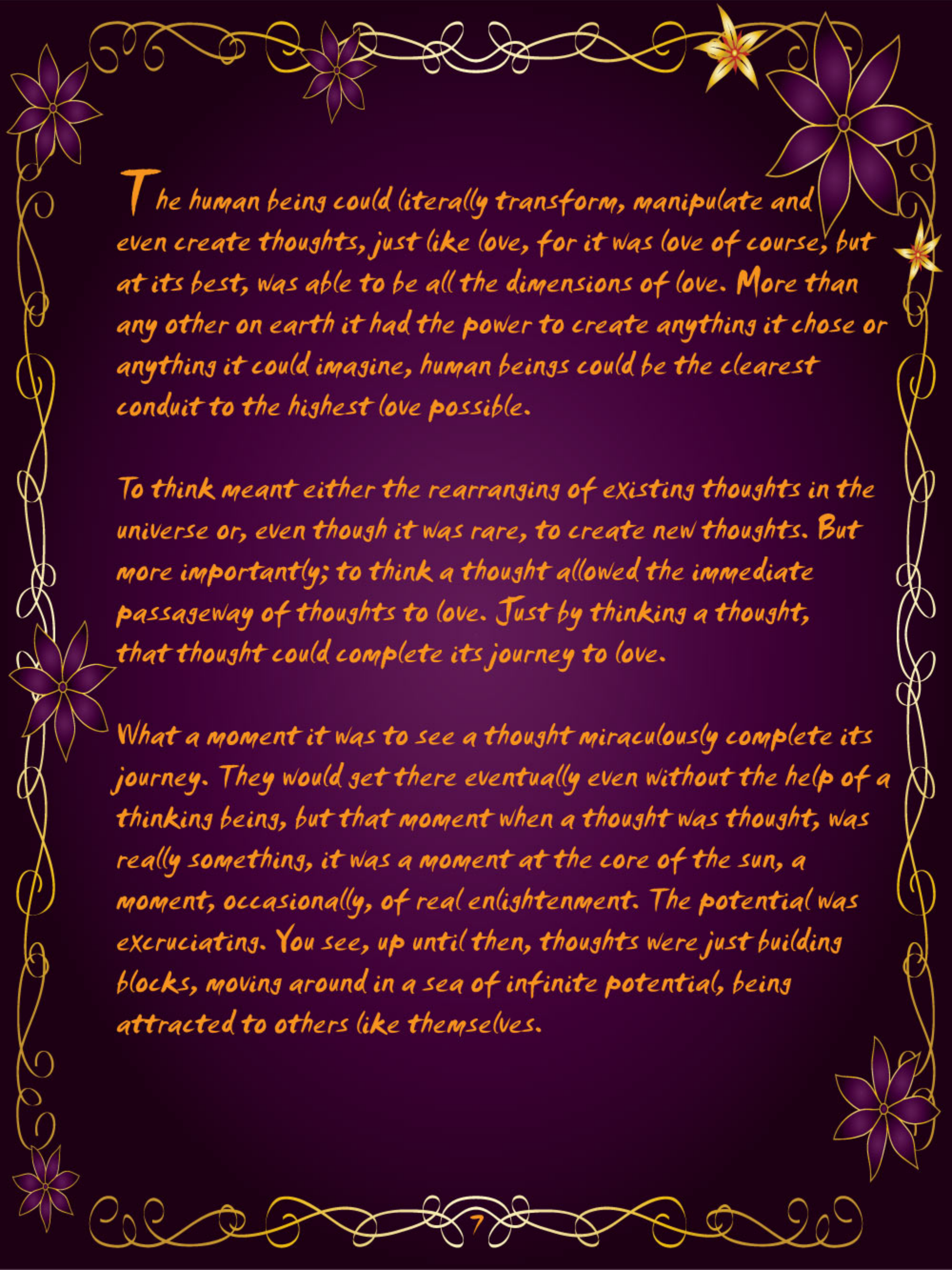


The weirdest thing for love was the intensity thoughts sometimes had for their stories. Love often could not believe that the time most thoughts evolved the fastest was at the birth and death of life.

For love, birth and death, were as silly a notion as life, love never was born or died and in reality there was no past or future, there was only now, there was only being. But again it helped thoughts create more stories, more drama and intrigue, so love let it be.

It was, after all, the time most thoughts were closest to love. As thoughts evolved with the help and guidance of love, more and more complex beings evolved in the universe. On earth, the last was the human being. It was last because it marked earth's one who would consciously recognise it all and return all thoughts to love - and so the illusion would be over and the thought dimension transcended.

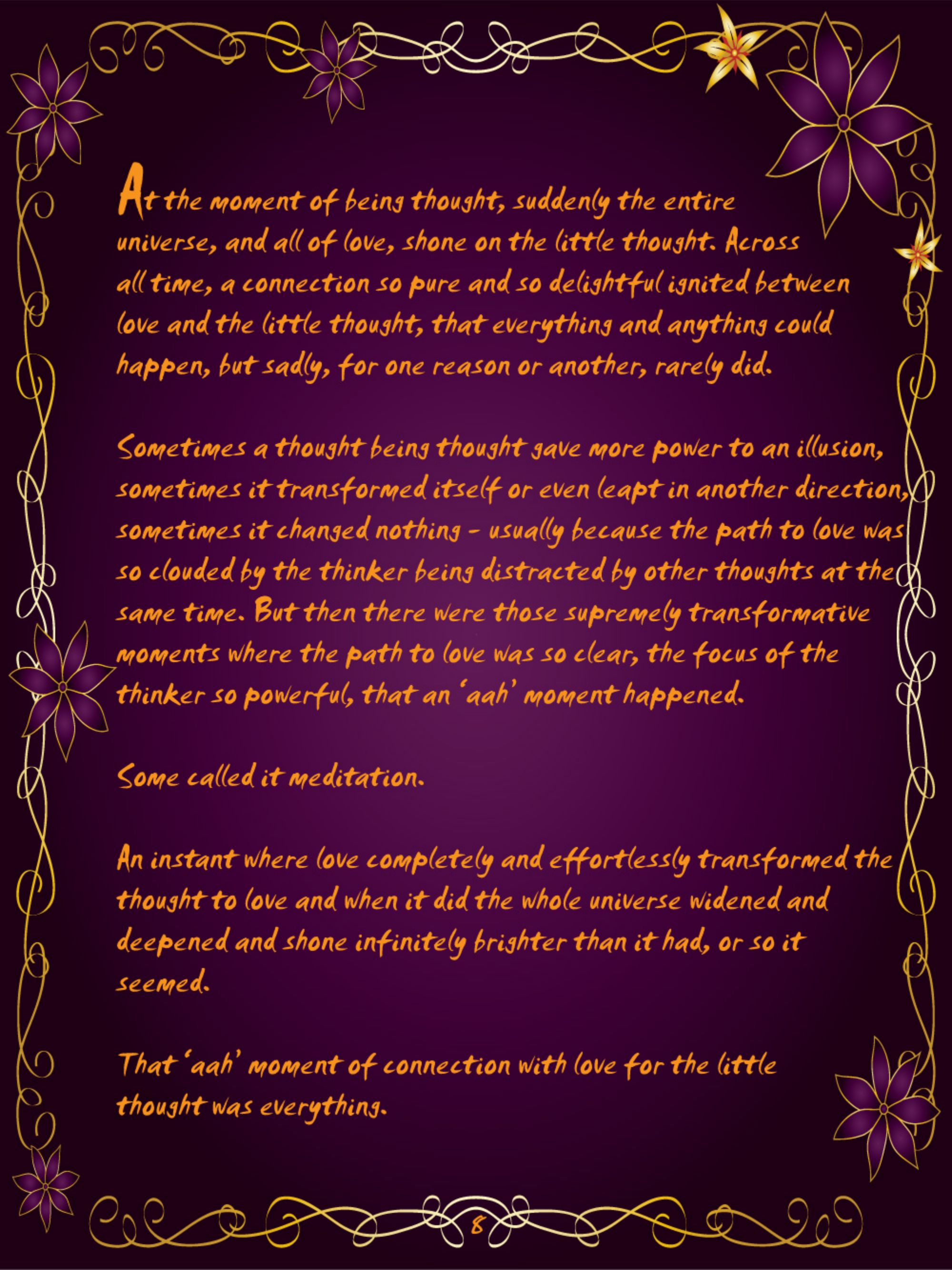
The human being was amazing because being manifest by thought, it became the captain of thought, the master to the disciple or perhaps, more to the point, a peer, a friend, a lover. It followed at a macrocosmic level all the same journeys with the same light and shade with, of course, the same culmination.



The human being could literally transform, manipulate and even create thoughts, just like love, for it was love of course, but at its best, was able to be all the dimensions of love. More than any other on earth it had the power to create anything it chose or anything it could imagine, human beings could be the clearest conduit to the highest love possible.

To think meant either the rearranging of existing thoughts in the universe or, even though it was rare, to create new thoughts. But more importantly; to think a thought allowed the immediate passageway of thoughts to love. Just by thinking a thought, that thought could complete its journey to love.

What a moment it was to see a thought miraculously complete its journey. They would get there eventually even without the help of a thinking being, but that moment when a thought was thought, was really something, it was a moment at the core of the sun, a moment, occasionally, of real enlightenment. The potential was excruciating. You see, up until then, thoughts were just building blocks, moving around in a sea of infinite potential, being attracted to others like themselves.



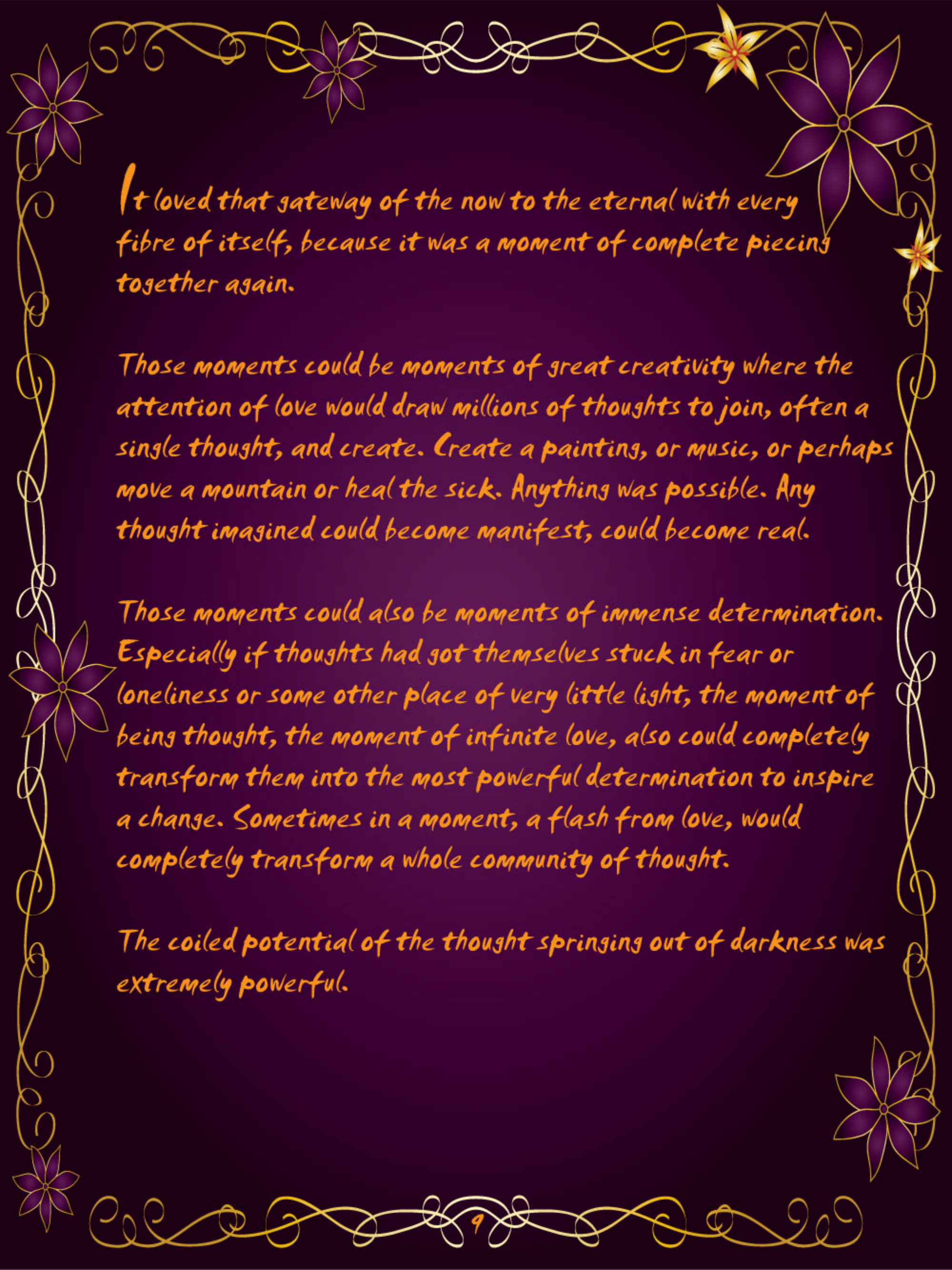
At the moment of being thought, suddenly the entire universe, and all of love, shone on the little thought. Across all time, a connection so pure and so delightful ignited between love and the little thought, that everything and anything could happen, but sadly, for one reason or another, rarely did.

Sometimes a thought being thought gave more power to an illusion, sometimes it transformed itself or even leapt in another direction, sometimes it changed nothing - usually because the path to love was so clouded by the thinker being distracted by other thoughts at the same time. But then there were those supremely transformative moments where the path to love was so clear, the focus of the thinker so powerful, that an 'aah' moment happened.

Some called it meditation.

An instant where love completely and effortlessly transformed the thought to love and when it did the whole universe widened and deepened and shone infinitely brighter than it had, or so it seemed.

That 'aah' moment of connection with love for the little thought was everything.

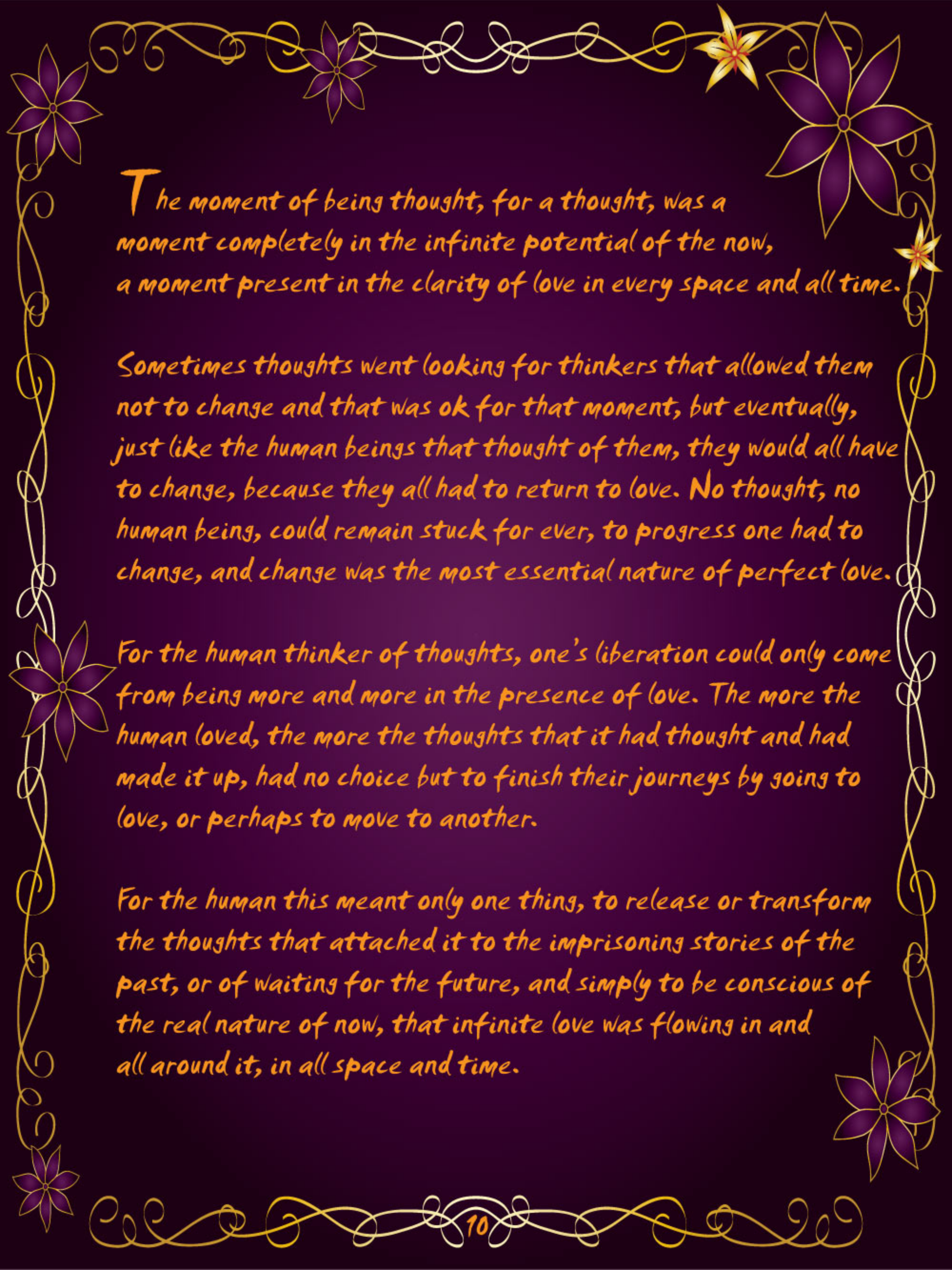


It loved that gateway of the now to the eternal with every fibre of itself, because it was a moment of complete piecing together again.

Those moments could be moments of great creativity where the attention of love would draw millions of thoughts to join, often a single thought, and create. Create a painting, or music, or perhaps move a mountain or heal the sick. Anything was possible. Any thought imagined could become manifest, could become real.

Those moments could also be moments of immense determination. Especially if thoughts had got themselves stuck in fear or loneliness or some other place of very little light, the moment of being thought, the moment of infinite love, also could completely transform them into the most powerful determination to inspire a change. Sometimes in a moment, a flash from love, would completely transform a whole community of thought.

The coiled potential of the thought springing out of darkness was extremely powerful.

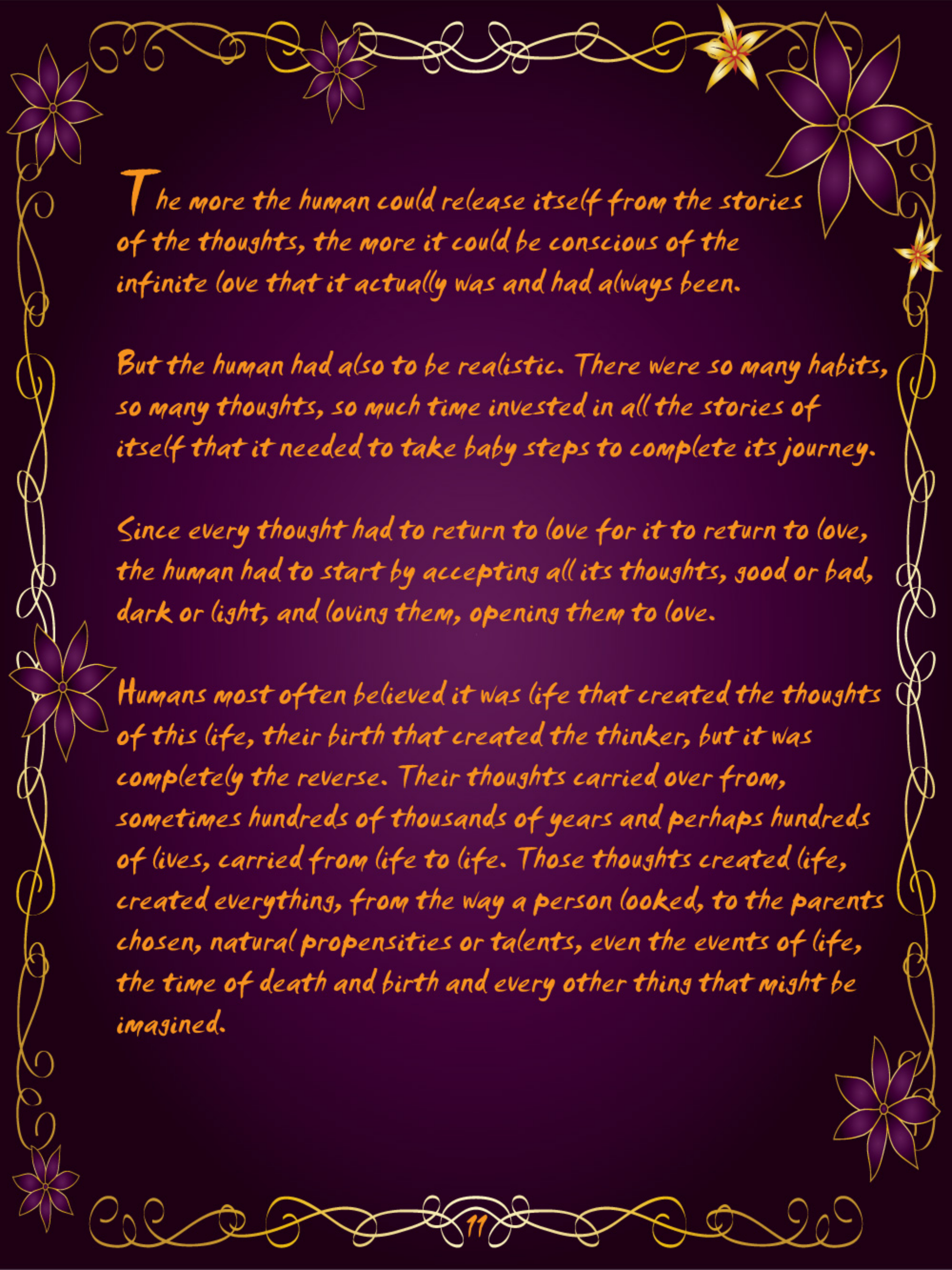


The moment of being thought, for a thought, was a moment completely in the infinite potential of the now, a moment present in the clarity of love in every space and all time.

Sometimes thoughts went looking for thinkers that allowed them not to change and that was ok for that moment, but eventually, just like the human beings that thought of them, they would all have to change, because they all had to return to love. No thought, no human being, could remain stuck for ever, to progress one had to change, and change was the most essential nature of perfect love.

For the human thinker of thoughts, one's liberation could only come from being more and more in the presence of love. The more the human loved, the more the thoughts that it had thought and had made it up, had no choice but to finish their journeys by going to love, or perhaps to move to another.

For the human this meant only one thing, to release or transform the thoughts that attached it to the imprisoning stories of the past, or of waiting for the future, and simply to be conscious of the real nature of now, that infinite love was flowing in and all around it, in all space and time.

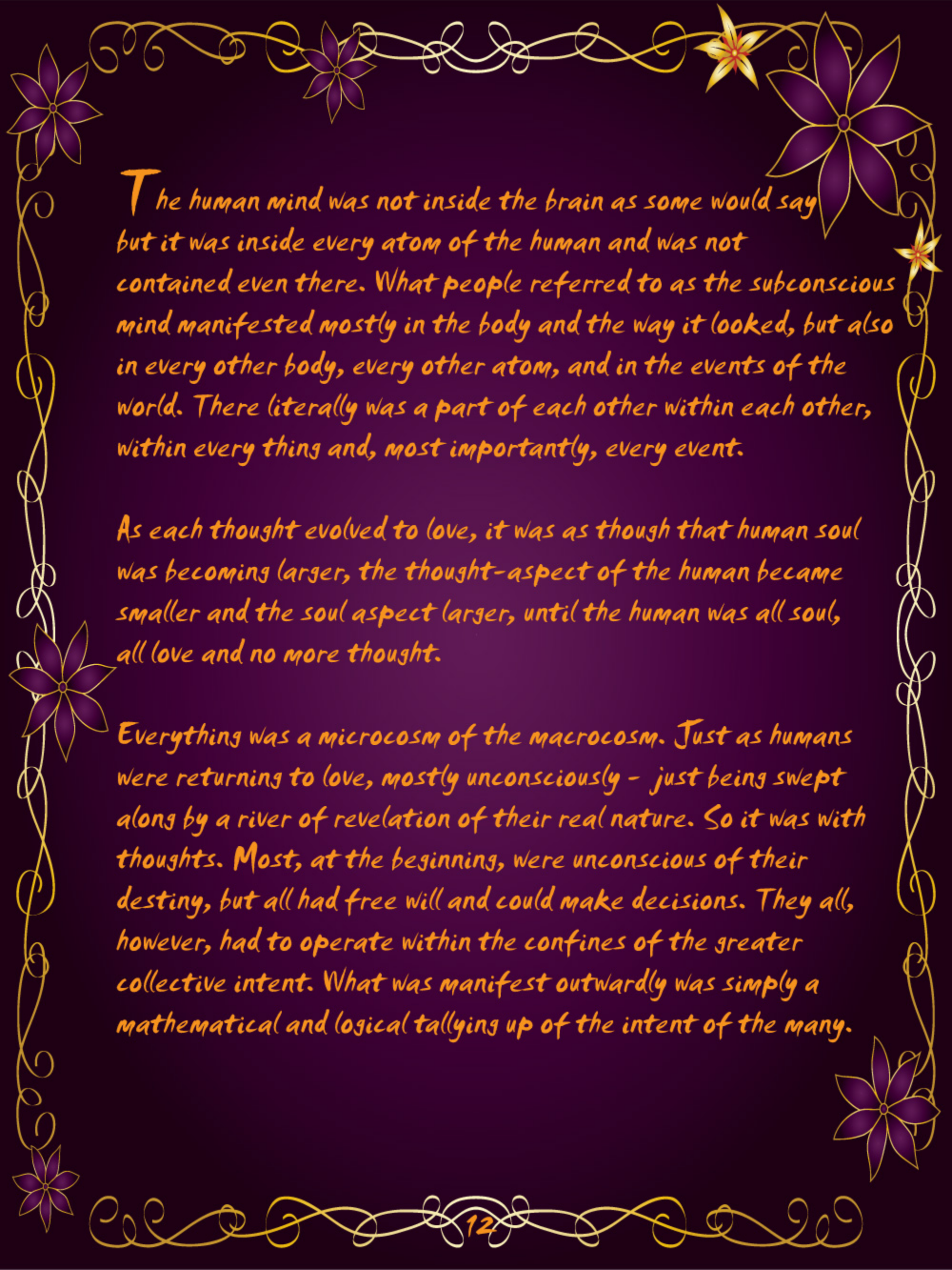


The more the human could release itself from the stories of the thoughts, the more it could be conscious of the infinite love that it actually was and had always been.

But the human had also to be realistic. There were so many habits, so many thoughts, so much time invested in all the stories of itself that it needed to take baby steps to complete its journey.

Since every thought had to return to love for it to return to love, the human had to start by accepting all its thoughts, good or bad, dark or light, and loving them, opening them to love.

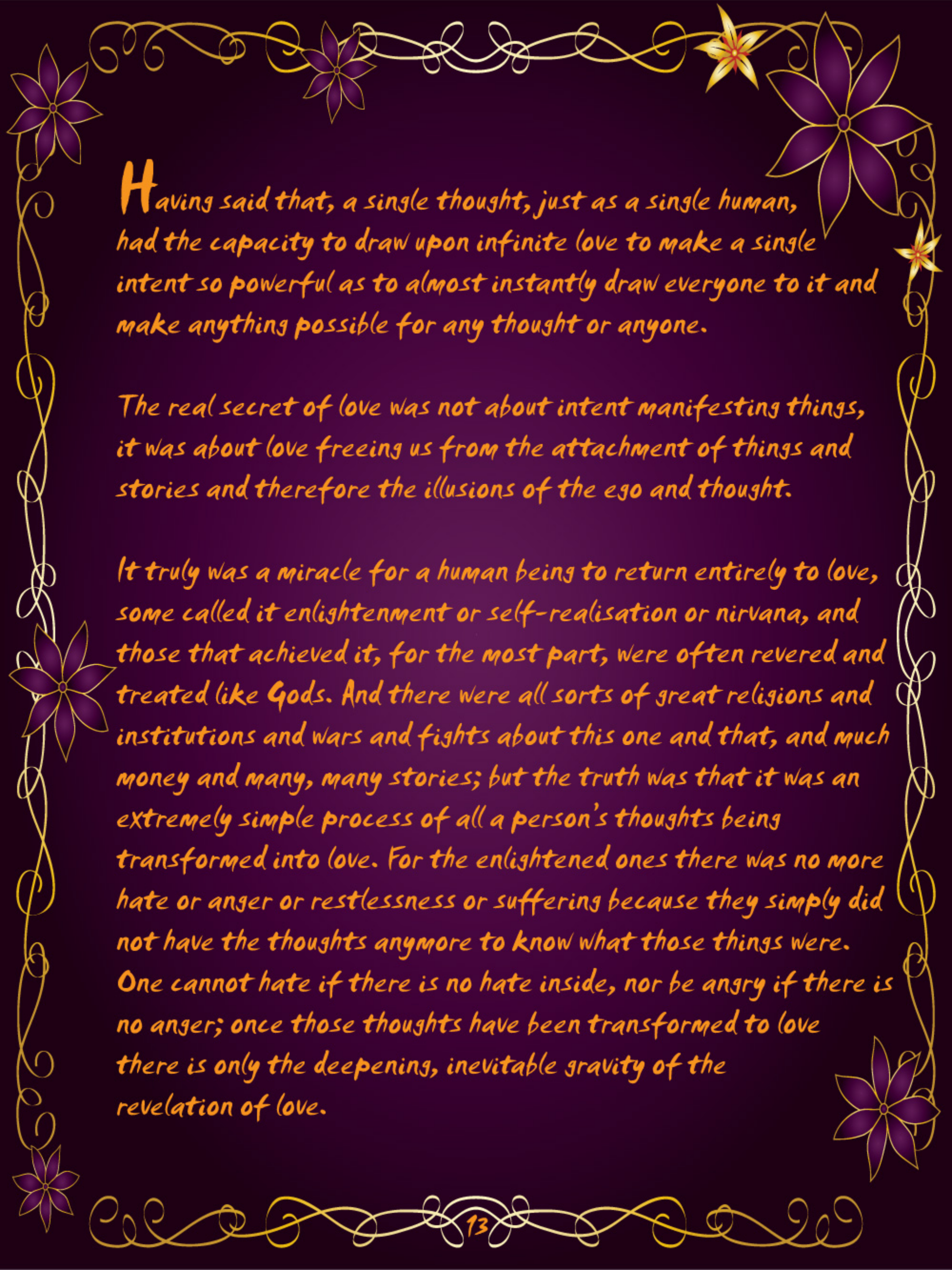
Humans most often believed it was life that created the thoughts of this life, their birth that created the thinker, but it was completely the reverse. Their thoughts carried over from, sometimes hundreds of thousands of years and perhaps hundreds of lives, carried from life to life. Those thoughts created life, created everything, from the way a person looked, to the parents chosen, natural propensities or talents, even the events of life, the time of death and birth and every other thing that might be imagined.



The human mind was not inside the brain as some would say but it was inside every atom of the human and was not contained even there. What people referred to as the subconscious mind manifested mostly in the body and the way it looked, but also in every other body, every other atom, and in the events of the world. There literally was a part of each other within each other, within every thing and, most importantly, every event.

As each thought evolved to love, it was as though that human soul was becoming larger, the thought-aspect of the human became smaller and the soul aspect larger, until the human was all soul, all love and no more thought.

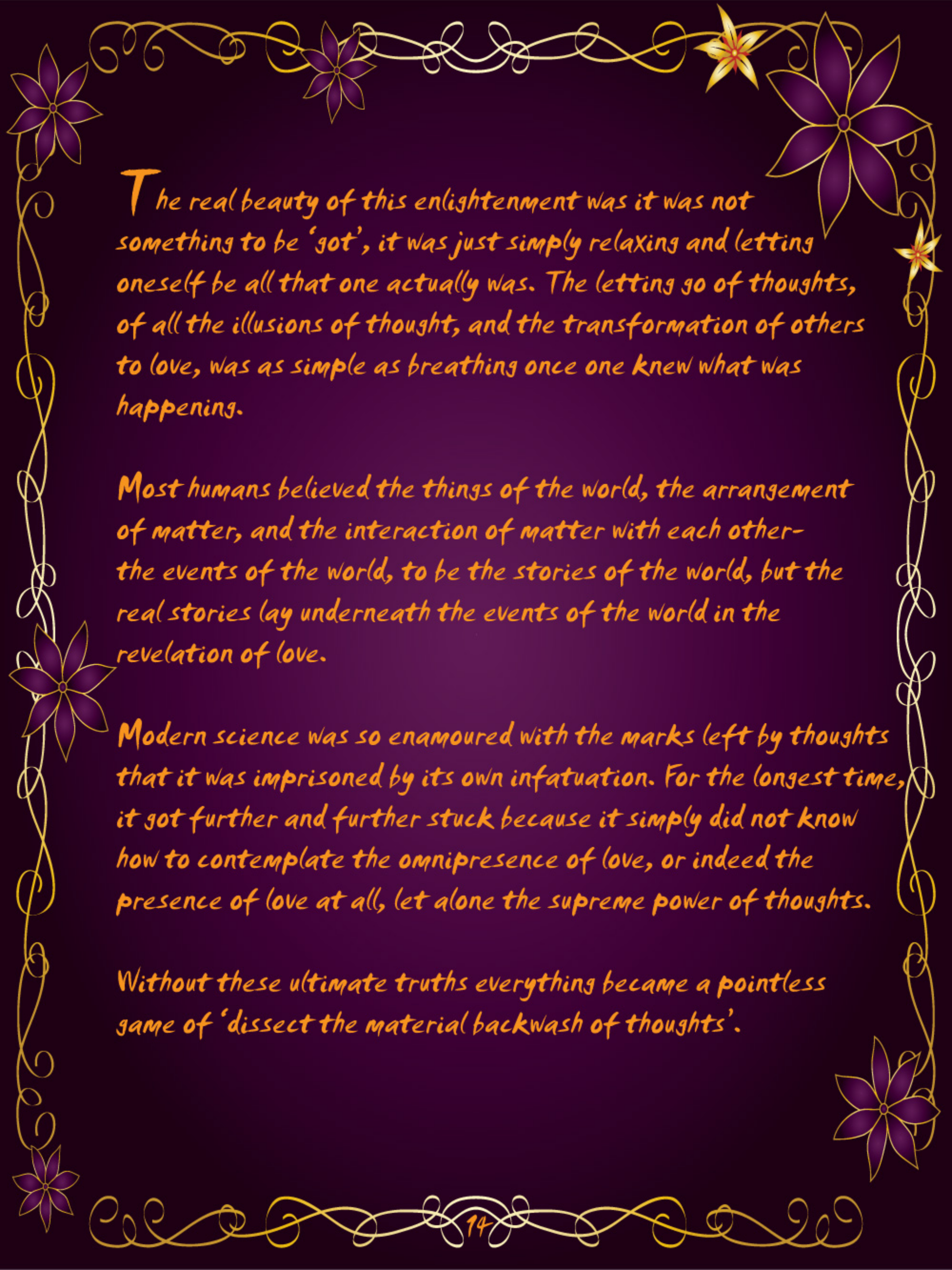
Everything was a microcosm of the macrocosm. Just as humans were returning to love, mostly unconsciously - just being swept along by a river of revelation of their real nature. So it was with thoughts. Most, at the beginning, were unconscious of their destiny, but all had free will and could make decisions. They all, however, had to operate within the confines of the greater collective intent. What was manifest outwardly was simply a mathematical and logical tallying up of the intent of the many.



Having said that, a single thought, just as a single human, had the capacity to draw upon infinite love to make a single intent so powerful as to almost instantly draw everyone to it and make anything possible for any thought or anyone.

The real secret of love was not about intent manifesting things, it was about love freeing us from the attachment of things and stories and therefore the illusions of the ego and thought.

It truly was a miracle for a human being to return entirely to love, some called it enlightenment or self-realisation or nirvana, and those that achieved it, for the most part, were often revered and treated like Gods. And there were all sorts of great religions and institutions and wars and fights about this one and that, and much money and many, many stories; but the truth was that it was an extremely simple process of all a person's thoughts being transformed into love. For the enlightened ones there was no more hate or anger or restlessness or suffering because they simply did not have the thoughts anymore to know what those things were. One cannot hate if there is no hate inside, nor be angry if there is no anger; once those thoughts have been transformed to love there is only the deepening, inevitable gravity of the revelation of love.

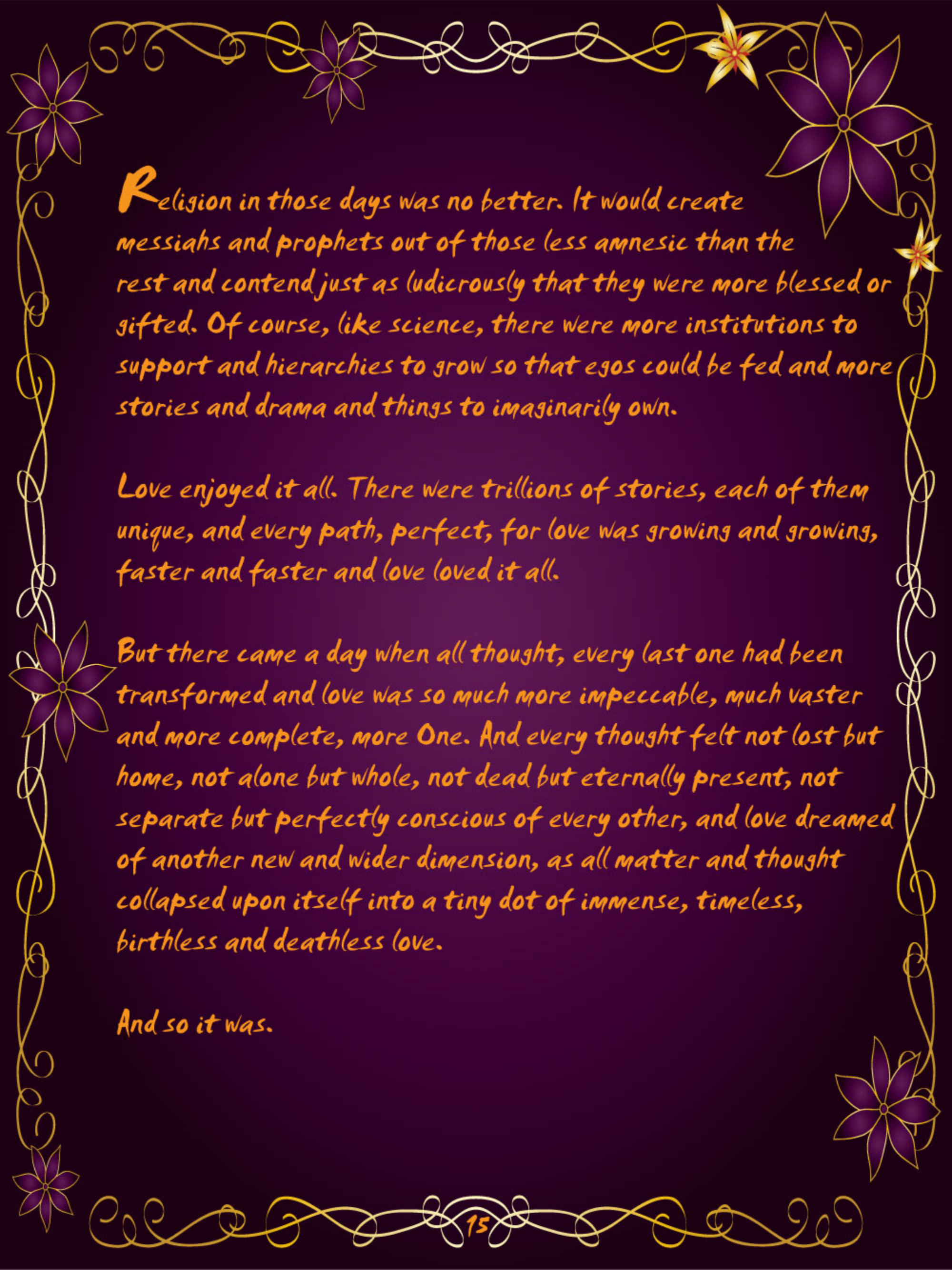


The real beauty of this enlightenment was it was not something to be 'got', it was just simply relaxing and letting oneself be all that one actually was. The letting go of thoughts, of all the illusions of thought, and the transformation of others to love, was as simple as breathing once one knew what was happening.

Most humans believed the things of the world, the arrangement of matter, and the interaction of matter with each other—the events of the world, to be the stories of the world, but the real stories lay underneath the events of the world in the revelation of love.

Modern science was so enamoured with the marks left by thoughts that it was imprisoned by its own infatuation. For the longest time, it got further and further stuck because it simply did not know how to contemplate the omnipresence of love, or indeed the presence of love at all, let alone the supreme power of thoughts.

Without these ultimate truths everything became a pointless game of 'dissect the material backwash of thoughts'.



Religion in those days was no better. It would create messiahs and prophets out of those less amnesic than the rest and contend just as ludicrously that they were more blessed or gifted. Of course, like science, there were more institutions to support and hierarchies to grow so that egos could be fed and more stories and drama and things to imaginarily own.

Love enjoyed it all. There were trillions of stories, each of them unique, and every path, perfect, for love was growing and growing, faster and faster and love loved it all.

But there came a day when all thought, every last one had been transformed and love was so much more impeccable, much vaster and more complete, more One. And every thought felt not lost but home, not alone but whole, not dead but eternally present, not separate but perfectly conscious of every other, and love dreamed of another new and wider dimension, as all matter and thought collapsed upon itself into a tiny dot of immense, timeless, birthless and deathless love.

And so it was.



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