

Also by Darryl Bailey

Dismantling the Fantasy

Essence Revisited

Buddhessence

Finding Wholeness, Harmony and Rest

“What the ...”.

a summary *of*
existence

the sense of
here and now

DARRYL BAILEY

A SUMMARY OF EXISTENCE

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Dedication

For those who can relate to it.

Foreword

I remember way back, to when I was fourteen years old and would wander for hours along the lakeshore in the prairie town where I grew up.

I was overflowing with the big questions of life. What's it all about? How do you live a good life? Where do you find happiness? Do I have what it takes to get through an entire lifetime? Is there a God? Those very big questions, along with many others.

I wanted so desperately to understand existence.

I would carry a notebook, to write down any possible insights that might emerge in my days of wandering and pondering ... but nothing much emerged back then.

That notebook never did get filled, and has long since disappeared.

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However, all these many years later, after a lifetime of innumerable joys, sorrows, and confusions, along with countless periods of both hardship and ease, I find that those big early questions really have some very simple answers.

As always, this is merely for your consideration.

Darryl Bailey 2024

Awakening

The various forms appearing in life can't be the reality, because all of them are changing; they're nothing more than false appearances. If we watch a cloud and it takes on the shape of a person, a house, or a mountain, it doesn't matter what it looks like, we always know it's a cloud. The appearance of form is not the reality; the unformed cloud is.

The same is true of everything: bodies, objects, sensations, moods, thoughts, activities, states of mind, relationships, and so on. All things are changing, flowing. They're the passing appearances of a great, unformed, and inexplicable, happening—an event, a presence—call it whatever you have to.

If we sit quietly, making no effort, life expresses itself clearly; it simply happens on its own. There's nothing else to find. The heart beats; the breath comes and goes. Vibrations, pulsations,

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twinges, feelings, thoughts, and emotions rise and fall. Urges rise and pass; some become actions, others do not; and so life flows.

There can be no sense of peace until we realize we're an indefinable activity. All things, all actions, all thoughts, words, and deeds, are the passing appearances and expressions of a great unformed, indefinable event.

Sitting quietly, making no effort, all is revealed: a vibrant, pulsing, formless happening, simply happening. There is no goal in this, no final point; there is only what expresses itself in this moment, and whatever it appears to be now is unavoidably on its way to some other appearance.

There are many ways of pointing to this vibrant, formless happening. Some have called it the Great Spirit. Some call it the river of life, or the unformed ocean of existence. Some call it the flow of nature. It's been compared to clouds and water, having no particular shape. Some say it's

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formless and some call it “un-form.” Some say it’s energy and some say it’s movement. Some call it God, Tao, or Atman. Some call it Mind. Some call it “original nature.” And some just call it the universe, which literally means “undivided turning.”

Realization

Even the most extreme spiritual statements are easy to understand. Phrases such as “there is no self,” or “there is only God,” are very simple descriptions of your ordinary, everyday life. Understanding these statements does not require blind belief or new learning or thirty years to achieve. You simply need to acknowledge the life experience you already have. Most people do not acknowledge, in any clear way, what their life experience is or has been.

This acknowledgment is not about coming to another idea or description. It’s not about a focus on new and complicated thoughts. It’s a simple acknowledgment of something we already know. It’s about realizing the vital, moving, shifting liveliness that this moment is.

The basic happening of this moment is a moving, shifting, dancing event presenting itself. Even if we don’t call it anything—if we make no

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attempt to do it—it still happens.

You don't have the impression that you emerged from the womb thinking, "Oh there's Mom and there's the doctor and I've just been born and I can hardly wait to get a cookie." We all know that it takes years to learn the various labels for existence and eventually string them together into a storyline.

But words have no intrinsic meaning. They're just sounds, or symbols, that point to the many portions of life's happening. One portion is called a chair, another a body, and another, consciousness.

In different countries, with different languages, they're different sounds. If we all agreed, the sounds could just as easily be "blix," "flood," and "wozzle."

If I speak to you of chairs, bodies, and consciousness you have the feeling of understanding existence, but if I speak of

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blix, floot, and wozzle, it's gibberish; it has no meaning. The point is this: words like chair, body, and consciousness are also gibberish; they have no basic meaning.

It's also obvious that life has no form. Everything is changing. Whether it's a body, a thought, a mood, a situation, a relationship, a career, and so on, everything is changing. Atoms, chairs, planets, galaxies—it doesn't matter what it is—it has an apparent beginning, ageing, and ending. Even the sense of existing disappears every night, to reappear in the morning. All forms that appear to exist are moving on to some other appearance. What "is" has no form.

Ask a newborn baby to describe existence, or to explain why they're doing what they're doing, and you'll get no answer. They have no storyline. No one is doing the happening. It's a formless, buzzing, pulsing, tingling, liveliness—a streaming, flowing event. That's all there is.

No matter how much you think you've created

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this basic happening, you haven't. It doesn't matter how many meaningless sounds get attached to illusions of form, all of this is formless and beyond any possible explanation. You can call it no-self, or God, or whatever you feel you have to; the words aren't really that important.

Without forms and labels what is there to question? Where is there any you to describe? There is only an inexplicable, formless dance presenting itself.

Let's Get Real

If we consider what we mean when we say “I am existing”, we simply mean that it feels like something is happening now. We don't have any other experience of life. There is only the immediate feeling of something happening now. Even if we don't call it anything, it still feels like this immediate happening is happening.

If we consider it more closely, we may realise that we don't have any way of saying what this happening is. We have many words for it (awareness, existence, being, self, world, trees, cars, people and so on), labels we've been taught to think, words that we've been taught to speak, but the labels don't tell us what this happening is. They simply point to different portions of the event.

When we are one hour old, we don't know what this feeling of something happening is and we still don't know what it is. We've been trained

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to bark many words for it, but a seal, trained to bark on command, is not explaining existence. And neither is a person barking labels.

We can get a better sense of what this happening is, if we think the question, “What is there when there is no thinking?” If we think that question, then, at the end of the question, there is no thinking, but it doesn’t feel like nothingness. It still feels like something is happening. Let’s just be this immediate feeling of something happening.

No one is making this happen. If we sit here, resting, making no effort at all, this happening of the moment still happens. The process that you are still happens. We don’t create this happening that we are.

Our “existence” is an occurrence, an action, a movement ... moving on its own ... automatically ... becoming something new in each moment.

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Sitting quietly, doing nothing, thoughts come, urges grow, actions happen. Action/rest, emotion/calm, clarity/confusion, anxiety/peace ... all of this simply happens in whatever way it happens.

Relax. You will be whatever this moment presents, and you will do whatever you are compelled to do.

We are this unexplainable happening, moving to its unexplainable urges. There's no way of saying what this is. There's no way of saying why it's happening the way it's happening.

It's an action, a movement, a flowing. *The River of Life. The Great Spirit. The Unformed Ocean of Existence.* Call it what you will.

Or perhaps, don't call it anything. We don't have to focus on false names and explanations. We can simply be this immediate happening.

This is it. The feeling of what's happening now.

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Just rest, and flow. In whatever way you flow.

There's nothing to be, apart from this immediate occurrence. Nothing else exists. There's nothing to create. We are created in each moment. We are this movement, moving spontaneously, automatically. There is no "self" directing this. Any urge that arises is not our creation.

Why look for truth in fantasies of name and form, when it is so easily felt in the flowing of this moment?

Everything moves to an inner urge. Sitting quietly, doing nothing, spring comes, grass grows by itself. In the same way, we become what we have to be and we do what we have to do.

Like a flower, like a sunrise, like the galaxy itself, we are the wonder of creation, the warm, intimate, unfolding of this moment, always fulfilling its urges. Not a "world". Not a "self", not a "doing". Not any of it.

The Course of Our Lives

We are an unexplainable functioning. There is no way to really say what the happening of this moment is, what we are, or why everything in this moment is occurring the way it is ... but we are not without guidance in living our lives. Each of us is given a deep feeling of what feels right, and what feels wrong, in all areas of life.

This feeling is not a passing whim. It is a deep-seated impression of what feels healthy and what feels unhealthy. What feels safe and what feels unsafe. The feeling of what makes most sense and what does not make sense. What feels most meaningful and what does not feel meaningful.

Most people believe that our thoughts direct our lives, but this is not true. It is these very deep-seated feelings that direct our lives and it is these feelings that give meaning to our existence. In the same way that migratory birds are given an urge to fly in a certain direction, existence gives

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each one of us the deep urges and intuitions that move us.

Since no two expressions of existence are ever identical, the feelings of another person cannot guide us. Life gives each of us a certain potential that is different from every other apparent person. No one else knows what your life should be. We can listen to the information, and advice, that others may offer us, but each of us will have to feel out what feels most right, in any moment.

This does not mean that our feelings will always be clear or that our feelings at age three will be our feelings at age forty-three. But if we stay true to what feels most meaningful to us, at any age, within the options that life is offering, we will live a satisfying life.

If we are without direction, we can withdraw to solitude and our deepest urges and intuitions will push themselves forward to reveal our next step.

A Gathering of Sages

When we really look at life, the growing tree, the flying bird, the flowing river, the movement of the clouds, of lightning, of machines, the action of waves, then we see that life is action, endless action ... It is formless movement; it is the universe, God, bliss, reality. But we think this action is our doing and ask what we should do about it.

Everything is simply one movement. What we think of as outside of us and inside of us is one movement.

One may perhaps accept this as a concept, but when one focuses on concepts, one never learns.

To feel this movement [this happening] is to learn. You begin quietly and gently to feel a movement that has no beginning and no ending.

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There is nothing apart from this movement.

Jiddu Krishnamurti

The knower, the knowing, and everything known—these do not exist. You are the reality in which they appear to exist.

There is no cure for this false appearance other than seeing it is unreal.

Objects, being insubstantial, do not exist.

I am like the ocean and objects are like waves.

In the formless ocean, the world appears to drift here and there.

Whether things of the world appear to rise and fade away is not important.

My true nature is not contained in objects, nor does any object exist in it, for it is infinite [formless movement].

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Recognising that in reality no action [no movement] is ever committed, I live with whatever “doing” is presenting itself.

Even in seeing this, it is not someone seeing.

How could it possibly be described?

Ashtavakra

Can this moment be captured, contained and expressed through words? It cannot.

Reality is movement.

Everything that’s happening is movement. It’s expressing itself as action, in its own way.

As long as the focus is on thought, it is not possible for you to understand what I’m talking about.

U.G. Krishnamurti

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Through concepts you want to understand existence and that is why you are not able to understand. Nothing in the conceptual world is true.

Give up concepts and inquire into your beingness. It has no form.

What is has no form. Which form has any permanency?

All that is going on is a dynamic playfulness, a process of functioning.

This dynamic is always in a fluid state. It is just happening. No one is doing it.

There is no individual. There is only total functioning.

It has no name, but you give many names to it. You evaluate the world as name and form, but

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when name and form are dissolved ... it is just a [mysterious] functioning.

Nisargadatta Maharaj

Your breathing is happening. Your thinking is happening. Your feeling is happening. Your hearing, your seeing, the clouds are happening across the sky. The sky is happening blue, the sun is happening shining. You are a function of this total galaxy, bounded by the Milky Way, and this galaxy is a function of all other galaxies.

You are something the whole universe is doing in the same way that a wave is something the whole ocean is doing.

Here we come to the real problem, because we are always telling each other that we should be different.

We are just like the clouds, rocks, and stars. Look at the way the stars are arranged. Do you criticize the way the stars are arranged?

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Things just do what they do. The flower goes puff, and people go this way and that, and so on, and that is what is happening.

Alan Watts

Formless Functioning

For all of us, existence is only the feeling of this moment occurring, right now. We don't have any other experience of life, only the feeling of this moment happening.

You don't have to create the feeling that something is happening now; it already feels like this moment is happening.

If we sit quietly, away from all other activities, and make no effort to do anything, the feeling of this moment happening will make itself obvious, and it will also become obvious that everything in this happening is moving, shifting, and changing.

You don't have to observe this moment or cultivate any special awareness. It already feels like this happening is happening, so merely sit down, or lie down, and rest, making no effort at all, and let this happening present whatever it presents.

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While sitting quietly, or lying quietly, everything in this moment will happen on its own. This happening that we usually call seeing, hearing, touching, tasting, smelling, and thinking, will occur automatically, making itself obvious.

What we call “breath” comes and goes; the “heart” beats; what we call “sounds” arise and fade away. There are pulsations, vibrations, waves of energy, tingling, fluctuations of heat and cold, tightness, looseness, heaviness and lightness. There is a little twinge here, a little twinge there; a little pain here, a little pain there; a little shift here, a little shift there; and pain either fades away or builds.

Thoughts arise and pass; moods arise and pass. There are sensations of restlessness and calm. One moment, breath makes itself obvious, then sound, then vibration, then warmth, then seeing, then heaviness, and so on.

Urges to move will come and go; some become actions, others do not, and, eventually, there will

be an irresistible urge to get up and do something else.

There are only two important things to acknowledge in all of this. First, everything is happening on its own, without us “doing” it. And second, it is a moving, shifting, event that has no particular form. Everything is changing. It is a formless functioning, functioning on its own.

Everything you feel is you is simply a mysterious movement presenting itself. There is no “you” that is making any of this happen.

When we get the urge to stop sitting quietly, and become active in our day, dealing with various people, things, and situations, we can consider whether all of that is also changing.

Sights, sounds, touches, tastes, smells, and thoughts are always shifting. Our activities are also shifting, because that’s what it means to be active. The various urges to do this, and that, simply arise, and the various situations they

provoke come and go.

All the people we encounter are changing in their thoughts, words, and actions. Bodies are moving here and there, changing their activities, moved by the urges that arise and pass in their process.

Bodies are also growing older in each moment, with some of them dying and fading away. Eyes, ears, bodies, tongues, noses, and brains, grow older in each moment and will eventually cease to exist.

There are large objects that don't seem to be changing, like houses and mountains, but if we consider them closely, we discover that we don't have the feeling they are staying the same from moment to moment.

We feel that houses and mountains are growing older. A house will eventually fall apart, if it is abandoned. It will rot and turn to dust. Dramatic mountain ranges, like the Rocky

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Mountains, will eventually wear down to become rolling hills or flat land.

We don't have the feeling that houses and mountains remain exactly the same for hundreds, or thousands, of years and then grow old and fade away overnight. We have the feeling that they are changing, in subtle ways, right now.

A mountain, or a house, is changing in millions of tiny ways, in each moment. It is not the same mountain, or house, from moment to moment. The Himalayas are changing shape and growing roughly one inch every year. They're a movement, occurring on its own. They're moving, shifting, and changing very slowly, but they're moving in each moment.

Astronomers tell us that the universe is expanding, galaxies are spiraling, and planets are rotating. It's interesting that the word universe literally means undivided turning (undivided movement).

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In certain portions of the universe, new planets, stars, and galaxies are forming, while others are growing older, and some are blipping out of existence. All of this is happening without anyone doing it.

The planet earth is changing, from moment to moment; the weather shifts, seasons change, the physical surface alters; it sometimes moves and crumbles; the planet grows older, and, at some point, it will cease to exist.

No one is making any of this happen. Everything is moving, shifting, and changing on its own. Some aspects change slowly and some change quickly, but everything is changing.

Physicists tell us that everything is made up of tiny particles that they call atoms and molecules. They also tell us that atoms and molecules aren't really objects; they're like little clouds that are moving, shifting, and changing all the time.

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Scientists can't find stable objects of any kind; they only find movement. As they probe deeper, attempting to discover what existence fundamentally is, all they find are waves of movement; they don't find "objects". They label this movement energy.

Einstein expressed this very clearly, in his simple statements.

"The ancients knew something, which we seem to have forgotten.

There is no matter.

What we have called matter is energy ...
Matter is spirit.

Physical concepts are creations of the human mind [thinking].

Everything is energy.

This is not philosophy. This is physics.

Our separation from each other is an optical illusion.

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Everything is energy.

I do not believe in free will.

We all dance to a mysterious tune.

I cannot understand what people mean when they talk about the freedom of human will.

I have the feeling, for instance, that I will [myself] to light my pipe and I do it; but how can I connect this to the idea of freedom? ... As Schopenhauer said, 'A man can do what he wills, but he cannot will what he's going to will.' [He can do what he wants, but he can't create his wants]

If we look at the forces that drive us to act, we can see that we all dance to a mysterious tune, and the piper... whatever name we give ... Creative Force or God—escapes all book knowledge [all descriptions].

I have only one purpose: to fulfill my purpose.

This purpose is ... induced by unknown factors.

Behind everything that can be experienced

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there is something that our minds cannot grasp.

I didn't arrive at my understanding ... through my rational mind.

I stop thinking, swim in silence, and the truth comes to me.

I claim credit for nothing.”

To put it simply, Einstein was saying that everything, including his own process, is a mysterious movement, moving on its own, and he called that movement energy.

But, as he stated, his view was a scientific one, not philosophical, so we need to acknowledge that certain philosophers go much deeper than scientists in their acknowledgment; they ultimately stay away from any description, or label, and declare that what “is” has no actual form to describe and no true name.

Great philosophers, like Ashtavakra, Heraclitus, Buddha, Lao Tzu, Chuang Tzu, Jesus of

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Nazareth, Spinoza, Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, and myriad others, throughout the ages, have agreed, and continue to agree, that there is only a formless functioning, functioning on its own.

It's beyond any true description, so they refer to it as a happening, a great spirit, an unformed ocean, a mysterious flowing. Some say it's only un-form.

Some will rattle off a long list of what this unformed happening is not. Their list of "nots" is a list of all the "things" we normally describe and they say that existence is not really any of those things, because it is movement only; it has no actual form to be described. It appears to have form, but, if it is examined closely, it is only movement, flow, or action, without form. Words like movement, flow, and action, aren't attempting to describe anything; they simply point to this formless occurrence.

The Buddhist *Heart Sutra* states that any identifiable form is a movement that is empty of

form, so descriptions of form can't be the truth.

It can't be seeing, hearing, touching, tasting, smelling, and thinking. It can't be sights, sounds, touches, tastes, smells, and thoughts. It can't be eyes, ears, noses, tongues, bodies, and brains. It can't be a self or a world. It can't be a body or a mind. It's a mysterious, unformed, occurrence that is void of form.

In other places, it's stated that it's also not not-a-body, and not not-a-mind, that even those descriptions can't apply to what is.

The Buddha stated it most succinctly, when he said that no description, of any kind, can really apply to what "is".

In his recorded teachings, found in the *Pali Canon* and the *Chinese Agamas*, he stated there is a basic happening that is not a solid or a liquid; it is not air, space, consciousness, perception or non-perception; not a present world or some other world; not a moon or a sun; not a

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coming or a going; not a process of dying and reappearance. It has no fundamental substance [no identifiable form], no evolution [no form to evolve], and no hidden substructure.

He stated that realising this puts an end to all confusion and suffering. It puts an end to belief in ideas of a body and consciousness. It puts an end to belief in ideas of a self existing now, or in the future. It puts an end to belief in any description.

He said it's like being released from debt, disease, prison and bondage and one then lives as the immeasurable, the naturally untroubled flow of the unformed.

In the *Ashtavakra Gita*, one of the main texts of Advaita Vedanta, they give a much longer list of what this happening is not. It begins by stating that a knower, a knowing, and anything known, do not exist, that we are the reality in which they only appear to exist.

Ashtavakra goes on to state that what actually “is” is like an ocean that is moving and shifting, and the appearances of different forms are simply waves flowing in this ocean of movement.

He emphasized that it doesn’t matter if various forms appear to move here and there, because, on close examination, this great movement has no actual form.

He explicitly declares that the only cure for these false appearances of form is to simply realise that they are false appearances.

If this is realised, then what remains is the unformed happening of this moment, and it can’t really be described or understood.

Even our thinking process is an unexplainable movement, moving on its own. We were taught to call it thinking, but there is no way to say what it really is.

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The Ashtavakra Gita goes on to state that realising this ocean of movement frees us from ideas of “me” and “mine” and the idea that actions are caused by a “self”.

It states that one who realises this fact, realises they are not making anything happen, so they live with whatever happening is presenting itself.

It goes on to say that, for anyone who realises that descriptions are false, there is no sleeping when sleeping, no dreaming when dreaming, and no waking when waking. Those descriptions are not true.

There are also no thoughts when thinking, no understanding when understanding, and no responsible actions when being responsible.

There is no self or non-self, no past, present, or future, no space. No life, no death, no worlds, no things, no elements, no body, no mental faculties, no mind, no consciousness, no duality and nonduality.

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The list goes on much longer, but it's not necessary to mention all of it here.

At one point, Ashtavakra exclaims, "How can what is happening possibly be described?"

Focusing intently on the fact that everything is only unexplainable movement may feel a bit distressing. It may give the impression that everything is chaotic and bleak, but this isn't true.

If we look at the way existence expresses itself, we see that everything moves to some kind of creative order that is miraculous in its constant transformation.

Plants, animals, and people, simply grow to reach their full potential. Each apparent flower blooms in its unique way and each apparent person also blooms in their unique way.

There is an inherent urge in the universe for all apparent things to reach their full, and unique,

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potential. Even though it's not possible to know ahead of time what that actual potential will be.

We can see that a young sparrow doesn't grow to become a blue jay, and a young daisy doesn't become a marigold. In any moment, everything unfolds in its proper way.

We simply become what we are and do what we do, in each moment, because we aren't making ourselves happen. We are a miraculous movement, moving to a mysteriously creative order.

So ... what does all of this mean to our day-to-day existence?

It's very simple. We can never truly say what life is or what we are. It's a mysterious, unexplainable functioning, with an urge to be exactly what it is, in each moment.

There is no "self" that is making any of this happen.

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In any moment, just be the unexplainable happening that you are and do what you feel you need to do. You aren't creating any of this; it simply presents itself in each moment.

If your direction isn't clear, sit down somewhere quiet and simply rest. Your immediate concerns will come up and, eventually, an irresistible urge to do something in particular will present itself.

Like birds on their migration routes, we all move in the direction we are compelled to move. And like the many different birds, each of us will fly in our own unique direction.

There are many who will read these statements and feel they point to life as it actually is. They will get excited about these ideas and will want to spend hours, days, weeks, and months, reading, thinking, and talking, about them.

But, ironically, the more one focuses on ideas and explanations, the less clear it becomes that

everything is unexplainable movement, moving on its own.

It only becomes clear when we sit down, or lie down, making no effort to do anything, and simply feel this happening, happening.

I can already hear some people shouting out, “But we have to think. Don’t tell us to stop thinking!” Which, of course, is not what I’m saying. I’ve already pointed out that our thinking is an unexplainable movement that is moving on its own. And you’ll discover that fact, if you simply rest and feel it happening on its own.

In simply feeling the unexplainable happening of this moment, feeling the happening that we are, happening on its own, perhaps the focus can come off the tangled, angst-ridden, confusion of thoughts and storylines, and the simple miracle, and wonder, of a formless functioning can be realised and enjoyed.

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There is only the feeling of this moment occurring, miraculously becoming what it has to be in each moment. Just this one great spirit ... moving, shifting, and dancing.

Clarity Rests

Be still and feel the happening of this moment, simply happening.

Resting quietly, making no effort, there is simply the feeling, the sensation, of this moment happening ... a pulsing, tingling, moving, shifting, vibrant, occurrence ... simply being what it is, and doing what it does, in each moment.

It's an unexplainable liveliness, a vibrant occurrence, endlessly unfolding.

This is what starts at birth. It doesn't come with a label. It's not a self, not a world, not a personal doing, not a body, not a mind, not a consciousness.

Just this immediate, indefinable, occurrence ... a vibrant, unexplainable functioning.

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This is what we are.

Everything inside of us, and everything outside of us, simply happens the way it happens. It's one happening, moving to its own inherent urge.

In this moment, without effort, we become what we have to be and do what we have to do ... automatically ... spontaneously.

Nature does the same.

It's one happening.

Can this creative functioning be captured in words?

It cannot.

When we really explore life, we find that every apparent "thing" is changing in some way.

Everything is simply a movement of some kind.

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Our descriptions of form, and the various names we give to forms, cannot capture the creative movement that everything is.

This vibrant liveliness, this immediate occurrence of now, is a happening where we don't really know what is happening.

We cannot know what this happening is; we can only be it.

One may accept this as a concept, but when one focuses on concepts, one doesn't really learn.

To feel this happening, happening, is to learn. To feel the vibrant, pulsing, occurrence that this moment is, this unexplainable functioning, functioning on its own, moving to its own inherent urge, is to learn.

All that is happening is the feeling, the sensation, of this moment occurring.

It's not a "self" or a "world" or a personal "doing".

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Clarity in life is the simple feeling, the sensation, of this moment happening, a vibrant occurrence, moving on its own.

Everything is that.

Clarity is not some story about it, some strange interpretation.

Clarity abandons understanding and rests as this unexplainable occurrence ... this vibrant liveliness ... where everything becomes what it has to be, and does what it has do ... automatically ... spontaneously ... in every moment.

Clarity abandons understanding and rests in spontaneity.

Fin Agains Wake

(condensed from 628 pages)

The arising and passing
of finite forms,
again and again,
is simply a
formless flowing,
like ripples waving (waking)
in a river,
the river Life-y.
But we all dwell
in Doubling Town,
mentally dividing,
and sub-dividing,
this one great spirit,
a simple flow,
into fantasies
of sturm and drang,
and musey rooms
of willing done,
when all the while,
it's only

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fin agains waking,
along
a riverrun.

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