

ОШО

Послания
любви

365 писем Ошо

ОШО



Бхагаван Шри Раджниш (Ошо)
Послания любви.
365 писем Ошо
Серия «Путь мистика»

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Аннотация

Перед вами книга, состоящая из оригинальных писем Ошо, написанных им в 1960-х годах и адресованных друзьям и ученикам. В то время Ошо только начинал свои исследования, посвященные медитации, и эти письма будут, несомненно, полезны всем искателям, которые столкнулись с трудностями первого медитативного опыта, внутренней трансформации и начальных методов достижения просветления. Речь Ошо необыкновенно поэтична. Чтобы читатель прочувствовал ритм и неповторимый стиль великого мастера, в книге, помимо перевода, приведен оригинальный английский текст. Исполненные тепла и любви, где каждая фраза наполнена глубоким смыслом, эти письма будут вашим другом и помощником в познании себя. «Суть не в том, что вы слушаете, но как вы слушаете – потому

что послание повсюду, повсюду, повсюду» (ОШО). Ранее книга выходила под названием «Чашка чая. 365 писем Ошо».

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Ошо

Послания любви.

365 писем Ошо

*Слова, идущие из глубины и полноты сердца, —
отзвуки бесконечного,
как маленький цветок, выражающий
бесконечную красоту.*

*Когда любовь вдыхает в слова жизнь,
находит выражение не то,
что сказано, а то, что хочет быть сказано.
В каждом из нас есть поэт, есть поэзия,
но оттого что мы живем на поверхности,
они никогда не рождаются.*

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1962

1. Love.

I received your letter.

How lovingly you insist on my writing something,
and here am I, drowned in a deep silence!

I speak, I work,

but I am steeped in emptiness within.

There, there is no movement.

Thus I seem to be living two lives at one time.

What a drama!

But perhaps all of life is a drama

and becoming aware of this opens the door
to a unique freedom.

That which is

inaction in action

stillness in motion

eternity in change

– that is truth

and that *is existence*.

Real life lies in this eternity –

everything else is just the stream of dreams.

In truth the world is just a dream

and the question is not whether to leave these dreams or not,
one just has to be aware of them.

With this awareness, everything changes.

The center moves.

A shift takes place from body to soul.

And what is *there*.

It cannot be told.

It has never been told
and it never will be.

There is no other way but to know it for oneself.

Death is known only through dying

and truth is known only through diving deep within oneself.

May God drown you in this truth!

2. Love.

I am in bliss.

I have been meaning to write for a long time
but many engagements prevented me.

My blessings, however, I send every day.

Life is a *sadhana*;

the more you involve yourself in it
the more divine it becomes.

The light is hidden in the darkness,
truth is hidden,

and from *this* comes the joy of searching.

I remember the words of a *rishi*:

Truth is hidden under a golden lid.

The golden lid that hides truth is nothing but our mind.

The mind has smothered us;
we are in it,
we identify with it,
therefore the suffering comes,
the bondage and the chain of rebirths.

Rise above it,
become aware that you are distinct from it –
that alone brings bliss,
that alone is freedom
and the end of birth and death.

We have to be what we truly are:
this is the only *sadhana*.

It is the frustration of living through desires
that brings *this sadhana*.

Become alert about desire
and non-attachment begins to appear.

This is not to be made to happen,
it follows naturally from awareness of attachment.

Each one of us has to become aware of his attachments,
and keep being so!

Nothing should be done unconsciously.

If this is remembered
one day a totally new kind of revolution takes place
in our consciousness.

God is leading you towards this revolution –
this I know.

3. My respects to you.

I was extremely pleased to get your letter.

So far I have not written anything
but a meditation center has started here
where some friends are experimenting.

When I have some definite results
there is every possibility of my writing something.

About my experiments on myself, I am sure and certain,
but I want to test their usefulness to others.

I do not want to write anything
in the manner of philosophy,
my outlook is scientific.

I want to say something about yoga
based on certain psychological
and parapsychological experiments.

There are many illusory notions held about it
and these have to be refuted.

Therefore I am experimenting here also.

It is clear to me

that this work is not for promoting any group or cause.

If you ever come here we can talk more about all this.

4. My respects to you.

I am grateful for your affectionate letter.

You are meditating – that is a matter for joy.

Drop all ideas of *achieving* in meditation,
just do it naturally;
what happens, happens on its own.
One day, effortlessly,
everything starts happening by itself.
Effort does not lead to meditation,
in fact it is a hindrance.
In effort, practice, study,
there is tension.
Any expectation,
even the expectation of peace,
brings restlessness.
The tension has to go.
As soon as this happens
a divine peace sets in.
Stop feeling: *I am doing it*;
realize instead: *I leave myself in the hands of that-which-is*.
Surrender,
surrender yourself completely;
as soon as you do this, emptiness comes.
Breathing and the body are becoming relaxed, you say.
This will happen with the mind too.
When the mind goes
what takes place is indescribable.
I know that this is going to happen to you both.
Just go on naturally and without purpose.

Soon I shall be there,
until then, go on quietly with what I have told you to do.
My respects to all.
Write whenever you feel like it.
I am in complete bliss.

5. Love.

It is through God's grace
that you are working towards the discovery
of the inner light.
That light is definitely there
and once it is met all darkness in life disappears.
Each step taken within
peels away the darkness layer by layer
unfolding a world of light in which everything is new.
This experience cuts away all bondage –
and then comes the realization that it was never there!
Liberation happens to that which is eternally free!
I am pleased with your progress.
Your letter was received long back
but as I was busy there was delay in replying,
but my memory of you is always there,
along with all those eager for the light.
My good wishes flow for ever towards them.
We have to keep going.
Many times one becomes disheartened on the path

but ultimately the thirsty pilgrim reaches the spring.
In fact the water is there before the thirst.
My kind regards to all.

6. My respects to you.

I was away, but your letter followed me here.

I am pleased to have it.

I see life as full of bliss.

Ordinarily, we do not have the eyes to see this
and so are deprived of it,

but this *seeing* can be created.

Perhaps it is not correct to say it can be *created*;
it is already there,

it is only a matter of opening the eyes,
and then – everything changes.

Meditation achieves this.

Meditation means: peace; emptiness.

This emptiness is there

but is concealed by the flow of thoughts.

As thoughts cease it comes into view.

It seems difficult to become free of thoughts
but it is very simple.

The mind seems very restless

but it can easily settle.

The key to this transcendence is *witnessing*.

One has to be a witness,

an observer of the mind.

One has to watch it,
just watch it.

The moment the witness state dawns,
that very moment one becomes free of thoughts.

This in turn opens the door to bliss
and then this very world changes
into a new world altogether.

Keep meditating.

Results will come slowly.

You are not to worry about that,
their coming is certain.

My kind regards to all.

7. Love.

It is a long time since I received your letter.

I am happy that you long for peace –
but drop this idea that you are way behind.

Nobody is lagging behind.

It is just a matter of turning in –
and the drop becomes the ocean.

Actually the drop *is* the ocean
but it does not know it –

that is the only separation.

In the emptiness of meditation even this separation goes.

Meditation is the center of life's *sadhana*.

The thought process will slow down
and in its place will come peace and emptiness.

When thoughts vanish
the seer, the witness, becomes visible
and the complex of the unconscious disappears.

This complex is the cause of bondage.

In the beginning it appears as hard as stone
but the seeker who practices patiently
finds one day that it was just a dream,
a puff of air.

May the seed of your meditation
blossom into the flower of *samadhi*!

My kind regards to all.

The rest when we meet.

1963

8. My respects to you.

Moving around for the whole of May affected my health so all programs for June – Bombay, Calcutta, Jaipur – were canceled.

I am glad to hear you are experimenting with *samadhi* yoga.

Don't worry about results,
just be with the experimenting.

The return is bound to come one day – not gradually
but all of a sudden, effortlessly,
without one's knowing, it happens.

Within a moment life becomes wonderfully different!

I am not writing anything on
Bhagwan Mahavir at the moment.

There is no urge whatsoever in me to write.

But if you persuade me it is a different thing!

Everything else is fine.

9. Love.

I read your letter on the way here.

It has touched my heart.

If your desire to know life's truth becomes strong
then what is longing today

becomes one day the attainment.

Burning desire is all that is needed
and nothing else.

As rivers seek out the ocean
so man if he wants to can find the truth.

No peak, no mountain can stop him,
in fact their challenge awakens his sense of adventure.

Truth is within everyone.

Rivers have to find the ocean

but our ocean is inside us –

it is a wonder that so many remain thirsty still without it.

Actually they cannot really want it.

There is a saying of Christ's: Ask and ye shall receive.

But if you don't ask, whose fault is it?

There is no better bargain than the attainment of God.

We have only to ask, nothing more.

As the asking grows stronger and stronger
so he who asks starts vanishing.

A limit is reached,

a point of evaporation is reached,
where the seeker utterly disappears
and only the asking remains.

This is the very moment of attainment.

Truth is where the I is not –

this experience alone is the divine experience.

Absence of ego is presence of God.

My regards to all there.

10. My respects to you.

I was waiting for your letter when it came.

I really want your life to be filled with light,
for you to surrender yourself to God.

God and light are always close by.

It is only a matter of opening one's eyes
and then what is ours becomes ours.

The distance is just that of

between the eyelash and the eye –

and perhaps not even that much;

the eyes are always open, only we don't know it.

There is an old story:

A fish had long heard stories about the ocean.

She began to fret about it

so one day she asked the Queen of Fishes:

What is this ocean and where is it?

The Queen was surprised. She said:

The ocean? Why, you are in the ocean itself!

Your very existence, your very life, is in the ocean.

It is within you.

The ocean is your everything,

but for the ocean, you are nothing.

For this very reason

the fish couldn't see the ocean!

And for this very reason
we are unable to find God.

But he can be found –
by being empty.

In the state of emptiness we meet him
for God *is* emptiness.

I am in bliss,
or shall I say –
Bliss alone is and I am not!

11. My respects to you.

I received your letter, I was waiting for it.

The trip to Rajnagar was blissful.

Religion robbed of the spirit of yoga has become a matter
of morality only, thereby losing its soul.

Morality is negative.

Life cannot be based on negation,
negation cannot nourish life.

The emphasis has to be on attainment
not on renunciation.

It is not a question of renouncing ignorance
but of attaining understanding,
it is this that has to be central.

Practice has to be positive
and this *sadhana* can happen through yoga.
In my talks with Acharya Tulsi,

Muni Shri Nathamaljee and others

I have stressed this point.

Many letters have come from Rajnagar and Rajasthan in this connection; as you have said it seems some fruitful work has been accomplished by going there.

One thing is very clear:

people are eager for a spiritual life and current forms of religion do not satisfy them. If however the right religion is given to them it can revolutionize human consciousness.

I think of you.

May God grant you peace.

My love and regards to all.

12. My respects to you.

All your letters arrived in good time

but as I have been busy I could not reply sooner.

I have been out most of the time

and I have just returned after speaking in Jaipur, Burhanpur, Hoshangabad, Chanda and other places.

How thirsty people are for spiritual life!

Seeing this

I am surprised that some people say man has lost all interest in religion.

This can never be.

No interest in religion means no interest in life, bliss, the ultimate.

Consciousness is by nature God-oriented and it can only be satisfied by attaining God – the state of *satchitananda*, the truth-awareness-bliss state of being.

Hidden within one in the form of a seed is the very source of religious birth, therefore whilst religions may come and go religion can never die.

I am glad to know that you feel patient about your progress towards the light.

Patience is the most important thing of all in spiritual life.

How long one must wait after sowing the seed!

At first all the effort seems wasted, nothing seems to happen, and then one day the waiting ends and there is actuality – the seed breaks, pushes through the earth, into a plant!

But remember that even when nothing seemed to be happening

the seed was working away under the soil.

It is the same with the seeker for truth – when nothing appears to be happening much is happening.

The fact is that all growth of life-energy

is unseen and unknown.

Only the results can be observed not the progress.

I am in bliss.

I want you to come closer to God.

Forget about results, just keep going on your path;
let the fruits come by themselves.

One day one wonders: What has happened!

What was I!

What have I become!

Compared to the results all the effort seems negligible.

My love to all.

13. My respects to you.

I have just returned from Rajnagar in Rajasthan.

I was invited to a religious function there
organized by Acharya Shree Tulsi.

I put four hundred monks and nuns
through an experiment in meditation.

The results were extraordinary.

In my view, meditation is the essence
of all religious practice.

All the rest –

such as non-violence,

renunciation of wealth, celibacy etc. –

are just its consequences.

With the attainment of *samadhi*,

the culmination of meditation,
all these things come by themselves,
they just happen naturally.

Since we forgot this central *sadhana*
all our efforts have been external and superficial.

True *sadhana* is not just ethical,
it is basically yoga practice.

Ethics *alone* are negative
and nothing enduring can be constructed on negation.

Yoga is positive and can therefore form a base.

I want to convey this positive basis to all.

1964

14. Love.

I have received your very affectionate letter.
You write that my words ring in your ears;
what I want is for their echo to carry you
into that space where everything is silent, empty.
This is the way from words to emptiness.

There one meets oneself.

I am in bliss.

Take my love.

I have nothing else to offer, it is my only wealth.
The marvel of it is that the more of it you give
the more it becomes.

Real wealth is like that –

it grows as you give it away;

and if it diminishes – it is not wealth at all.

Write again,

for not only do you wait for my letters,

I too wait for yours.

15. Love.

On returning from the meditation camp

I had to leave town again.

I returned only last night but I thought of you all the time.

I cannot forget the thirst for God I saw in your eyes
and the striving for truth in your heart.
This is a blessing because no one can *attain*
without passing through this anguish.
Remember, thirst is a prerequisite
for the birth of light and love.
Together, light and love *are* God.
When love has no limits
its flame becomes smokeless and so divine.
I have seen the seeds of this growth within you
and it fills my soul with great joy.
The seed is there, now it has to become a tree.
It could be that the time is at hand.
God-realization cannot happen without meditation
so you must turn towards this now
with courage and perseverance.
I have great hopes – will you fulfill them?
My regards to other friends there.
I wait for your letter.
Remember what I said about the blank paper?
Everything else is fine.
I am in bliss.

16. Love.

I received your letter.

What you say has made me very happy.

Words that come out of the depth and fullness of heart
echo the infinite
just as a tiny flower expresses infinite beauty.
When love breathes life into words
what is expressed is
not what is said
but what wants to be said.
Inside each of us there is a poet,
there is poetry,
but because we live on the surface
these are never born.
Those who go deep
awaken divine love
and this love fills their lives
with music, beauty, peace and poetry –
their very lives become music
and on to this stage truth descends.
Truth will descend where there is music
so life must be turned into a melody.
Only through music can one reach the truth.
You too have to become music,
the entire life, every little act,
has to be turned into music:
this happens through love.
Whatever is – love it.
Feel love for the whole world.

Feeling love for all with every breath
brings the inner music.

Have you ever seen this happen?

See this,

fill yourself with love and see.

Whatever breaks up the inner music –
that alone is irreligious, that alone is sin.

And whatever fills us with music –
that is religion, that *alone* is religion.

Love is religion

because love is beauty,

love is music.

Love is God

because it is all that is needed to attain him.

Give my love to everybody there

and feel the light of my love beside you.

17. Love.

I have received your letter.

You long for the peace I have within me.

It is yours any time.

It is the deepest possibility in everyone,
it only has to be uncovered.

As springs of water lie hidden under layers of earth
so does bliss lie hidden within us.

The possibility is there for everyone

but only those who dig for it can redeem it.
The excavation of these hidden treasures
lies through religion.
Digging with it one reaches the well of light within.
I have shown you how to dig and what with,
but the digging has to be done by you.
I know your soil is absolutely ready,
with very little effort the infinite streams can be reached.
This state of mind is attained
with the greatest good fortune
so don't waste it or miss this opportunity.
Fill yourself with determination
and leave the rest to God.
Truth runs alongside will.
Don't hesitate to write, I have lots of time for you.
I am for those who need me –
nothing in my life is for myself.

18. Love,
so much love.

I received your letter when I got back.
I could feel the ardor of your heart through your words.
I well know the fervor that stirs your soul
and the thirst that turns into tears within you.
I was once there too, I too have suffered it.
I can well understand your heart because I have traveled

those same paths you now have to take in the quest for God.
I too have experienced the longing
that one day turns into a raging fire
in which one has to consume oneself.
But this burning brings the birth of a new life.
The drop can only become the ocean
when it ceases to exist.
Continue your efforts in meditation;
you have to go deeper and deeper into it –
it is the only way.
Through it and it alone can one reach life's truth.
Remember:
If you become absorbed in *sadhana*,
fully committed and surrendered,
you are bound to reach the truth.
This is an eternal law.
No step taken towards God is ever wasted.
My regards to all.

19. My respects to you.

Your letters were received.

I have just got back from a camp at Ranakpur.

It was just for friends from Rajasthan,
that's why you weren't informed.

It lasted five days and about sixty people participated.

It was a wonderful success

and it was obvious that much happened.

Encouraged by the results

the organizers are planning a camp on an all-India basis.

You must come to that.

I am glad to hear your meditation is progressing.

You have only to be silent.

To be silent is everything.

Silence does not mean absence of speech,

it means absence of thoughts.

When the mind quietens down

it becomes linked to the infinite.

Don't do anything,

just sit and watch the flow of thoughts, just watch.

This just *watching* dissolves thought by itself.

The awakening of witnessing

brings freedom from the modifications of the mind.

With thoughts finished, consciousness is.

This is *samadhi*.

Love to all friends.

1965

20. Love.

Last night when lamps and lamps
were lit up all over town

I thought: My Sohan, too, must have lit lamps
and a few among them must surely be for me!

And then I began to see the lamps you had lit,
and also those your love has kept lit always.

I shall stay here another day.

I have talked of you to everybody
and they are eager to meet you.

21. Beloved!

Your letter came, and your photo too.

You look really simple and innocent in it!

Such love and devotion!

The heart when purified by love turns into a temple
and I can see this clearly in your photo.

May God help this simple innocence grow!

Two thousand years ago someone asked Christ:

Who can enter the kingdom of heaven?

Jesus pointed to a little child and said:

Those whose hearts are as innocent as a child's.

Looking at your picture today, I remembered this story.

22. Love.

I have only just arrived here, the train was five hours late.
You wanted me to write as soon as I got here
so I am doing so.

Throughout the journey I thought of you
and of the tears falling from your eyes.

Nothing in the world is more sacred
than tears of love and joy.

Such tears, so pure, are not of this world.

Though part of the body,
they express something which is not.

Whatever can I give you in return?

23. Love.

I looked for your letter as soon as I got here yesterday.
Though it was Sunday, I kept waiting for it.

It came this evening –

how much you write in so few words!

When the heart is full it pours into the words
and so few are needed.

An ocean of love can be contained in just a jug!

As for scriptures on love –

it is enough to know the four letters of the word!

Do you know how many times I read
through your letters?

24. Love.

Your letter arrived this morning.

The garland you have weaved

from flowers of love

has a fragrance that I can catch!

And the love-vine you have sown

spreads through my heart!

The tears of your love and joy

bring light and strength to my eyes!

How blissful it all is!

25. Love.

I am in bliss.

It was good that you met me in Bombay,

my heart was overjoyed to see what is happening in you.

This is how a person prepares

and moves along the stairway towards truth.

Life is a dual journey:

one journey is in time and space

the other is within oneself and truth.

The first ends in death

the second in deathlessness.

The second is the real journey

because it takes you somewhere.

Those who take the first journey as it, waste their lives.

The real life begins the day you start
the other journey.

A really good beginning
has taken place in your consciousness
and I am filled with bliss to feel this.

26. Love.

On my return home from the tour
I looked for your letter.
It came together with the grapes
so the letter, already sweet, became still sweeter.
I am in bliss.

Your love enhances it yet more
and the love of all makes it infinite.
One body – so much bliss!
What else can others do but envy he
who feels all bodies to be his!
May God make you envious of me,
may everybody envy me,
this is my prayer.

27. Love.

Your letter reached me
as I was sitting on that very same spot on the grass!
What I was thinking then
I shall tell you only when we meet.

What a fragrance memories leave behind!
When life is filled with love
it is so blissful.
Life's only paupers are those
without love in their hearts,
and how to describe the good fortune
of those whose hearts hold nothing but love!
In moments of such abundance
one encounters God.
Only love alone have I known as God.

28. Love.

I received your letter.
I am blissful to learn of your bliss.
This for me *is* bliss.
With every breath
I pray for all to be filled with bliss.
This is my understanding of religion.
The religion that ends in temples, mosques, churches,
is a dead religion.
A religion that fails to go beyond dead words and doctrines
has no significance.
An authentic and living religion
unites one with *the whole*
and leads one to *the whole*.
Religion is whatever unites you with the cosmos.

Whatever feelings lead you towards
this marvelous meeting and merging
are prayers, and all those prayers
can be expressed in a single word;
that word is *love*.

What does love want?

Love wants to share with all
the bliss it has.

Love wants to share itself with everyone!

To give of oneself unconditionally – that is love.

To love is to dedicate
one's being to the whole
as the drop surrenders to the sea.

I pulsate with such love.

It has filled my life with nectar and light.

Now I have only one wish:

that what has happened to me should happen to all!

Give my love to everyone there.

29. Love.

I received your letter.

How did you hurt your finger?

It sounds as if you are not taking care of your body.

And why the restless mind?

In this dreamlike world

there is nothing worth making the mind restless for.

Peace is the greatest bliss
and there is nothing worth losing it for.

Meditate on it.

Just being aware of the truth brings about inner change.

I think you won't be coming to Udaipur to assist me
and that's on your mind.

Come if you can,

if you can't – never mind,

you are helping me all the time.

Isn't one's love help enough?

If you don't come I will miss you

because the camp at Udaipur

is linked for me with being with you,

so I am hoping you can come.

Regards to all.

30. Love,

and lots of it.

I looked at once for your letter

amongst the pile waiting for me on my return.

I can't tell you how glad I was to get it –

written by hand, too.

You write: Now your presence is felt in your absence.

Love really *is* presence.

Where there is love

space and time vanish,

and where there is no love
even what is near in space and time
keeps immeasurably apart.
Only lovelessness separates
and love is the only nearness.
Those who find total love
discover everything within themselves.
The whole world then is inside, not outside
and the moon and stars lie in the inner sky.
In this fullness of love, ego vanishes.
I want God to lead you to this fullness.

31. Love.

I arrived here yesterday
and have been thinking of writing ever since
but it didn't happen until now.
Forgive the delay
though even a single day's delay is no small delay!
What shall I say about the return journey?
It was very blissful.
I kept sleeping, and you were with me.
It appeared I had left you behind
but actually you were still with me.
This is the being-together that is so real
that it cannot be divided.
Physical nearness is not nearness,

there can be no union on that level,
only an unbridgeable gulf,
but there is another nearness which is not of the body,
and its name is love.
Once gained it is never lost.
Then no separation exists
despite vast distances in the visible world.
If you can arrive at this *distancelessness*
with even one other it can be found with everybody.
One is the door, *the all*, the goal.
The beginning of love is through *one*, the end is *all*.
The love that unites you with everything,
with nothing excluded, I call religion,
and the love that stops *anywhere* I call sin.

32. Love.

I received your letter;
I have been waiting for it ever since I returned.
But how sweet it is to wait!
Life itself is a waiting!
Seeds wait to sprout,
rivers to reach the ocean.
What does man wait for?
He too is the seed for some tree,
a river for some ocean.
Whoever looks deep inside

finds that a longing for the endless and boundless
is his very being.

And whoever recognizes this
begins his journey towards God
because who can be thirsty and not look for water?
This has never happened and never will!

Where there is longing,
there is thirst for attainment.

I want to make everyone aware of this thirst.
I want to convert everyone's life into a waiting.
The life that has turned into a waiting for God
is the true life.

All other ways of life are just a waste, a disaster.

33. Love.

I received your letter.

Its poetry filled my heart.

It is said that poetry is born out of love.

In your letter I saw this happen.

Where there is love

the whole existence becomes a poem;

the flowers of life bloom under the light of love.

It is strange that you ask

why my heart holds so much love for you.

Can love ever be caused?

If it is,

can it be called *love*?

Oh, my mad friend! love is always uncaused!

This is its mystery,
and its purity.

Love is divine

and belongs to the kingdom of God
because it is uncaused.

As for me

I am filled with love
as a lamp is filled with light.

To see this light one needs eyes.

You have those eyes so you saw the light.

The credit is yours, not mine.

34. Love.

I never imagined that you would write
such a loving letter!

And you say that you are uneducated!

There is no knowledge greater than love,
and those who lack love – these are the true illiterates,
because the heart is the real thing in life,
not the intellect.

Bliss and light spring from the heart,

not from the mind, and you have so much heart – that is
enough!

Can there be a better witness of this than me?

I am surprised that you write asking me
to point out any mistakes you have made.
So far on earth, love has not made one mistake.
All mistakes happen through lack of love,
in fact this for me is the only mistake in life.
Writing to you: May God make you envious of me
was no mistake.
I would like the bliss that has arisen in my heart
to make you thirst for it more and more.
Queen of Mewal!
there is no reason for you to worry about it!

35. Love.

It was just this time of night, two days ago
that I left you at Chittor.
I can see now
the love and bliss filling your eyes.
The secret of all prayer and worship
is hidden in the overflow of those tears.
They are sacred.
God fills the heart of those he blesses
with tears of love,
and what to say about the calamity of those
whose hearts are filled instead with thorns of hate?
Tears flowing in love
are offerings of flowers at the feet of God

and the eyes from which they flow
are blessed with divine vision.

Only eyes filled with love can see God.

Love is the only energy
that transcends the inertia of nature
and takes one to the shores of ultimate awareness.

I think that by the time this letter reaches you
you will already have left for Kashidham.

I don't know how your journey was
but I hope it passed in song and laughter.

Give my kind respects to everyone there.

I am waiting for your promised letters.

1966

36. Love.

I was very happy to meet you the other day.
I felt the stirrings of your heart and the longing of your soul.
You have not yet flowered as you were born to:
the seed is ready to sprout and the soil is right.
You will not have long to wait.
But now you have to work with great determination.
It is only a matter of starting the journey,
God's gravitational pull does the rest.

37. Love.

It is good that you are forgetting the past –
it will open up an altogether new dimension of life.
To live completely in the present is freedom.
The past does not exist apart from memory
and nor does the future apart from castles in the air.
What *is*, *is* always present,
and if you start living unreservedly in the present
you live in God.
Once you are free of past and future
the mind turns empty and peaceful,
its waves die down
and what is left is limitless, endless.

This is the ocean of truth –
and may your river reach it!

P.S. I shall probably go to Ahmedabad in January,
can you come with me?

It would be good if we traveled together for a few days.

38. Love.

I am glad to see such thirst for God!

To have this thirst is a divine blessing;
where there is thirst – *there the way is*.

In fact, intense longing *becomes* the way.

God is summoning us at every moment
but because the strings of our heart are slack
we don't echo his call.

If our eyes are closed then even if the sun is at the door
we will be in darkness;

and the sun is always at the door –

we only have to open our eyes and let it in, that's all!

May God give you light, that's my wish.

My love and I are always with you.

Regards to the family and love to the children.

39. Love.

I have your letter.

The wheel of the world keeps spinning
but why spin with it?

See what is behind body and mind;
that has never moved,
is not moving,
can never move,
and thou art that, *tat tvam asi*.

Waves lie on the surface of this ocean
but in its depths – what is *there*?
When the waves are taken for the ocean
it is a terrible mistake.

Look at the wheel of a bullock cart:
the wheel turns because the axle does not;
so remember your own axle,
standing, sitting, asleep or awake,
keep it in mind.

By and by, one begins to encounter
the changeless behind all change.
You have asked me about the poem.
I had a little piece read out by someone,
then it came to me: I should hear it from you yourself!
Now when you read it out to me I shall listen –
and then I can read both you and your poem.

40. Love.

I received your letter on my return.
I welcome this birth of determination in you.
Such strength of will alone

takes us to truth.

Our deepest powers are aroused by it,
the unorganized energy becomes organized
and then there is music.

What tremendous energy exists in this atom of self!
But it can't be known without utter intensity of will.

You must have seen rocks
that even the strongest chisel cannot break,
and yet the sprouting shrub or plant
slips cracks and crevices through it so easily!

When the tiniest seed is filled with determination
to push through and reach the sun,
even the hardest rock has to give way.

So a weak seed wins over the mighty rocks!

The tender seed breaks through the hardest of rocks!

Why? Because no matter
how strong and powerful the rock,
it is dead,
and because it is dead it has no will.

The seed is tender,
it is weak,
but alive!

Remember, where there is will there is life
and where there is no will there is no life.

The seed's will becomes its power,
and with this power

its tiny roots sprout,
enter the rock and spread out,
until one day they break the rock.
Life always wins over death.
The living force within has never been defeated
by the dead obstacles without – and never will be.

41. Love.

Your letter was received with joy.
When the heart thirsts so much
for truth,
for peace,
for religion,
one day you come face to face with the sun
which dispels all life's darkness.

Thirst!

Pray!

Strive!

Wait!

A journey of a thousand miles is covered
step by small step,
so don't lose heart.

Vast distances can be covered one step at a time
and an ocean filled drop by drop.

My regards to all.

I shall be coming soon now.

The rest when we meet.

42. Love.

Your letter has arrived.

You ask me about sex.

That energy too belongs to God
and through meditation it too can be transformed.

No energy is bad but there can, of course,
be wrong use of energy.

When sex energy flows upwards
it turns into *brahmacharya* (godly behavior).

It is good that you are becoming detached from it
but that isn't enough.

You have to go through it to transform it,
rejection just leaves you arid and dry!

It is true you are not alone in your sex life
but sex is not essentially of the body at all
but a modification of the mind.

If the mind is completely transformed
it affects the other person too,
and one who is related so intimately
is quickly affected.

Until we meet, keep in mind that:
there should be no calculated ill-will towards sex –
cultivated detachment is useless.

Stay aware whilst making love,

be a witness in this situation;
if one can stay
in a state of meditation and right-mindfulness
then the sex energy can be successfully transformed.
We shall talk more about this when we meet.
Brahmacharya is a complete science in itself
and many doors to bliss open on that path.
Still, the very first thing is
a friendly attitude towards all one's energies.
Enmity towards them does not lead to spiritual revolution
but to self-destruction.
Give my regards to all there.
You are not coming to Pune – I shall miss you.

43. Love.

You have asked me about the sense of humor.
We can talk about it in detail when we meet
but first of all:
the sense of humor should be directed towards oneself –
it is a very great thing to laugh at oneself
and he who can laugh at himself
gradually becomes full of concern
and compassion for others.
In the entire world no event,
no subject, invites laughter
like oneself.

About the truth of dreams as well
we shall have to talk in detail.

Some dreams are definitely true.

As the mind quietens down
glimpses of truth begin to appear in dreams.

Dreams are of four kinds

- those concerned with past lives,
- those concerned with the future,
- those concerned with the present,
- and those concerned with repressed desires.

Contemporary psychology knows something
about the fourth type only.

I am glad to know

that your mind moves towards being at peace.

Mind is what we want it to be,

peace and restlessness are both our own creations.

Man binds himself with his own chains

and so he is always at liberty to become free of the mind.

1967

44. Love.

What gift is greater than love?

And still you ask – What have I given?

Oh, mad one!

When love is given

there is nothing left to give,

not even the giver,

for to give love is to give oneself.

You have given yourself,

now where are you?

Having lost yourself,

now you are bound to find

the one you have been longing to meet.

Now she has been born,

and I am a witness to it,

I have watched it happen.

I can hear the music that you are going to be.

The other day, when your heart was close to me,

I heard it.

Intellect knows of the present

but for the heart the future is also the present.

1968

45. Love.

I received your letter.

The time of my birth will have to be looked up.

I think the day was the eleventh of December,

but even this is not certain.

But tell your astrologer friend not to worry;

the future will simply come,

there's no point in worrying about it.

Whatever happens – ultimately it is all the same.

Dust returns unto dust

and life disappears like a line drawn on water.

My regards to everyone.

46. Love.

It is a long time since I received your letter,

you must be tired of waiting for a reply.

Still, patient waiting has its own joy.

On the path to God,

timeless waiting is the true sadhana.

Waiting and waiting and waiting.

And then,

just as a bud blooms,

everything happens by itself.

You are coming to Nargol, aren't you?
My regards to all.

47. Love.

I was glad to receive your letter.
Truth is unknown,
and to know it one has to die to the known.
Once the banks of the known are left behind
one enters the ocean of the unknown.
Be brave and take the jump!
Into emptiness, the great emptiness!
Because that's where God lives.
Love to all,
or to the only one!
For only *the one* is.
He alone is.
He is in all.
He is in all and in the emptiness also.

48. Love.

I have your letter and your question.
Wherever I is there is a barrier;
In fact, the *I-attitude* is the one and only barrier,
so sleeping, waking, sitting, walking –
always be aware of it;
see it,

recognize it
and remember it
wherever and whenever it comes,
for recognition spells its death.
It is not the truth
but just a dream,
and as soon as one becomes aware of dreaming
the dream vanishes.
Dreams cannot be renounced –
how can you give up that which is *not*?
To be aware of it is enough.
Ego is man's dream, his sleep,
so those who try to renounce it
fall into yet another illusion.
Their humility, their egolessness
are simply more dreams –
like dreaming you are waking whilst still dreaming.
Don't fall into this trap.
Just keep in mind one thing:
Wake up and *see*!
Regards to everyone there.

49. Love.

I am so happy to have got your letter.
Can even a ray of love ever come
without the fragrance of joy?

And what is joy but the fragrance of love?
Yet the world is full of mad people
seeking happiness their whole lives –
but with their backs turned towards love!
The doors to God only open
when love turns into the prayer of our total being.
But perhaps *his* doors are already open,
yet eyes closed to love
will, even so, never be able to see them.
And what is this you write? *momentary contact*?
No! No! How can love's contact be so?
Love turns even a moment into eternity.
Where there is love
there is nothing momentary,
where there is love
there is eternity.
Is a drop just a drop?
No! No! It is the ocean!
The drop seen through eyes of love becomes the ocean!

50. Love.

I have got your letter.
I know well how your soul thirsts;
soon it can be quenched –
you are right at the brink of the lake.
You only have to open your eyes,

and I can see that the lids are about to lift.

I shall be with you then,

always with you,

so don't worry.

Be patient and wait;

the seed takes its own time to break and bloom.

Give my regards to all.

More when we meet.

51. Love.

I have received your letter and your questions.

About death I have remained quiet on purpose,

because I want to awaken inquiry about life.

Those who ponder over death reach nowhere.

Because, in fact, how can death be known without dying?

Hence, the total outcome of such thinking

is either a belief that the soul is immortal or

that the end of one's life is a total end, nothing remains after

that.

They are both mere beliefs.

One belief is based on the fear of death,

the other on the end of the body.

I want man not to get entangled in beliefs and opinions,

because that is not the direction to experiencing, to knowing.

And what else can be found by thinking about death

but belief systems and dogmas?

Thought never takes one beyond the known.

And death is unknown.

Hence, it cannot be known through thinking.

I want to turn your attention towards life.

Life is – here and now.

One can enter it.

Death is never here and now –
either it is in the future or in the past.

Death is never in the present.

Has this fact ever come to your attention,
that death is never in the present?

But life is always in the present – neither in the past
nor in the future.

If it is, it is now; otherwise it never is.

Hence it can be known, because it can be lived,
there is no need to think about it.

In fact, those who would think about it will miss it.

Because the movement of thought is also only of the past
or in the future;

thought is not in the present.

Thought too is a companion of death.

In other words, thought is dead,
there is no element of life in it.

Aliveness is always in the present – it *is* the present.

Its manifestation is now, absolutely now;
here, absolutely here.

Hence, there is no thinking about life,
there is only experiencing.

Not an experience, but experiencing.

Experience means, it has already happened;
experiencing means, it is *happening*.

Experience has already become a thought,
because it has already happened.

Experiencing is thoughtless:
wordless – silent – void.

Hence I call thoughtless awareness
the door to experiencing life.

And the one who comes to know life comes to know all.

He comes to know death as well
because death is nothing but a fallacy
born out of not knowing life.

One who does not know life
naturally believes himself to be the body.

And the body dies, the body is destroyed;
the entity called body disappears.

It is this that gives birth to the concept
that death is a total end.

Only those who are a little more courageous
accept this concept.

It is also out of this very fallacy of believing oneself to be the
body
that the fear of death is born.

It is the people suffering this fear who start chanting,
“the soul is immortal, the soul is immortal.”

The fearful and weak seek refuge in this way.

But both these concepts

are born out of one and the same fallacy.

These are two forms of the same fallacy

and are two different reactions of two types of people.

But, remember, the fallacy of both is the same,

and in both ways it is the same fallacy

that is strengthened.

I do not want to give any kind of support to this fallacy.

If I say the soul is not immortal, then that is an untruth.

If I say the soul is immortal,

then that becomes an escape from your fear.

And those who are in fear

are never able to know the truth.

Hence, I say death is unknown.

Know life. Only that can be known.

And upon knowing that, immortality is also known.

Life is eternal.

There is no beginning and no end to it.

It manifests, it unmanifests.

It moves from one form to another form.

In our ignorance,

these transition points of change look like death.

But for one who knows,

death is nothing more than changing houses.
Certainly there is rebirth;
but for me it is not a doctrine, it is an experience.
And I don't want to make it a doctrine for others either.
Doctrines have badly undermined the truth.
I want every person to know it for themselves.
Nobody can perform this act for the other.
But, through doctrines,
it is this very act that appears to have been accomplished,
thus everybody's individual search
has become dull and dead.
Believing in the doctrines and scriptures
one has sat down quietly,
as if one has neither to know anything for oneself,
nor has to do anything about finding the truth.
This situation is utterly suicidal.
Hence, I don't want to participate
in this vast scale arrangement
for killing man through the repetition of doctrines.
I want to displace all the established doctrines,
because this alone seems compassionate to me.
This way, all that is untrue will be destroyed.
And the truth is never destroyed,
it is ever available in its eternal freshness
to those who seek.

52. Love.

I received your letter.

I am always with you.

Don't be worried,

don't be sad,

and leave your *sadhana* in the hands of God.

Let his will be done.

Be like a dry leaf,

let the winds take you where they will.

Isn't this what is meant by *shunya* (nothingness)?

Do not swim,

just float.

Isn't this what is meant by *shunya*?

My regards to all.

1969

53. Love.

Your letter has come.

Love has not to be asked for –
it is never obtained by asking.

Love comes through giving –
it is our own echo.

You feel my love pouring on you
because you have become a river of love
flowing towards me,

and when your love flows like this towards all
you will find the whole world
flowing in love towards you.

To respond with unconditional love towards all,
towards that which is,
is the God-experience.

54. Love.

Can two people ever meet?

It is just not possible on this earth,
communication seems impossible –
but at times the impossible happens.

The other day it did.

Being with you, I felt meeting *is* possible,

and also communication,

and without words, too.

Your tears answered me.

I am deeply grateful for those tears.

Such response is very rare.

I have seen your *Madhu Shala*,

seen it again and again.

If I could sing

I would sing the same song that is there.

I call that *sannyas* the real *sannyas*

which accepts the world with joy.

Aren't *sansara* and *moksha* really one?

Duality exists in ignorance,

in knowledge there is only *one*.

Oh, can that really be religion

which cannot sing and dance the songs of bliss and love?

P.S. I hear you are due to come here.

Come, and come soon.

Who can trust time?

Look – it is morning and the sun rises.

How long will it be before it sets?

55. Love.

I am one with all things –

in beauty, in ugliness,

for whatsoever is, there I am.

Not only in virtue
but in sin too I am a partner;
and not only heaven but hell too is mine.
Buddha, Jesus, Lao Tzu –
it is easy to be their heir.
But Genghis, Taimur and Hitler?
They are also within me!
No, not half – *I am the whole of mankind!*
Whatsoever is man's is mine –
flowers and thorns,
darkness as well as light.
And if nectar is mine, whose is poison?
Nectar and poison – both are mine.
Whoever experiences this I call religious,
for only the anguish of such experience
can revolutionize life on earth.

56. Love.

I have received your letter.
I was very glad indeed to get it,
more so since you have sent a blank sheet.
But I have read in it all that you have not written
but wanted to write.
Besides, what can words say?
Even after writing,
what you had meant to write remains unwritten.

So your silent letter is very lovely.

As it is, whenever you come to see me you are mostly silent,
but your eyes tell all, and your silence too.

Some deep thirst has touched you,
some unknown shore has called you.

Whenever God calls he calls this way –
but how long will you go on standing on the shore?

Look! The sun is out
and the winds can't wait to fill the boat's sails!

57. Love.

I have received your letters –

but they are not just letters really, they are poems born out
of love,

out of love and prayer, for where there is love there is prayer.

So it is possible to get glimpses of God through another
whom one loves –

love providing the eyes that can see God.

Love is the door through which he appears.

So when one loves all *he* can be seen in all things.

Part and whole in fact are not in opposition:

deep love for even one other finally spreads to all
because love dissolves the self, leaving the no-self.

Love is like the sun, the individual like frozen ice.

Love's sun melts the icebergs, leaving a limitless ocean.

So the search for love is really the search for God,

because love melts, and also destroys;
because love *only* melts and *only* destroys.
It is both birth and death.
In it the self dies and *the all* is born.
So there is certainly pain –
in the birth as well as in the death.
Love is the deep anguish of birth as well as death.
But the poetry flowering in you shows that you
have begun to experience the joy that lies in love's anguish.

58. Love.

Your letter has filled my heart with joy.
You are at the threshold of a great revolution;
now, even if you want to run away I will not let you.
You will certainly have to perish in it
so that you can be reborn.
Gold has to pass through fire – only then is it purified.
Love is fire for you, and I pray to God
that your ego burns in it.
Then if love comes, prayer can come too;
without love prayer is not possible.
Remember that body and soul are not two.
The part of the person that can be seen is the body,
the part that cannot be seen is the soul.
The same holds true for God and matter:
God made visible is matter, and what cannot be seen is God.

Take life easily and naturally, just as it comes.

Welcome it in its endless forms with an attitude of complete acceptance.

And do not impose yourself on life;
life has its own discipline, its own wisdom,
and those who are ready to live totally
have no need for any other discipline or wisdom.
But you have always been afraid of life
and therefore you are afraid of love.
Now life has begun penetrating you,
breaking your walls of security.
So, God's infinite grace showers on you!
Don't run from it now, accept it gratefully
and my good wishes are always with you.

59. Love.

Be aware in the waking state,
don't try to become aware in sleep or dreams.
If you become aware in the waking state
awareness in dreams and sleep comes easily –
but you don't have to do anything for it.
Doing only creates difficulties.
Sleep reflects the waking state:
what we are when awake we are in sleep.

If we are asleep in the waking state only then is sleep really
sleep;

the stream of thoughts during the waking state becomes the web

of dreams in sleep.

Being aware in the waking state will begin to reflect itself in sleep too,

and if there are no thoughts in the waking state dreams disappear altogether in sleep.

Everything else is fine.

My regards to everyone there.

60. Love.

I was overjoyed to receive your letter –
as pure and innocent as your heart.

You want to write that which cannot be written
so you send an unwritten letter.

This is good, for it is better to remain silent about that which cannot

be expressed.

But beware, silence also speaks,
it speaks and speaks so much!

Silence can speak even where words fail.

The void envelops even that which lines cannot contain.

In fact what can resist the embrace of the great void?

Nothing is left unsaid by silence.

Where words fail, silence is full of meaning.

Where form ends, the formless begins.

Where knowledge (*veda*) ends,
transcendental knowledge (*vedanta*) begins.
When knowledge dies, the beyond begins.
Freedom from the word is truth.

61. Love.

How can I describe how happy I am
to have received your letter?

Whenever I saw you,

only one question arose in my mind –

How long are you going to keep away from me?

I knew you had to come closer to me, it was only a matter of
time,

so I kept waiting and praying for you.

To me, prayerful waiting is love.

I also knew you were going through the pangs of a new birth
and that rebirth is very near –

for only this can give soul to your songs.

Words are the form and form has its own beauty,
its own melody, its own music.

But this is not enough, and he who considers this enough
remains discontented forever.

The soul of poetry lies in silence.

To me, prayerful waiting *is* love, and the void
is the door to the divine temple.

You have come to me and I want to take you to the Lord

for how can you come close to me
without first coming closer to him?

In fact without coming close to him you cannot come close
even to yourself.

Then as soon as you come near him you attain that life
for which you have gone through so many lives.

To come close to oneself is to be reborn –
the principle of being twice born is just this.

And remember, not even the pebbles lying on the road are just
pebbles;

they too await a new birth, for that second birth turns them
into diamonds.

P.S. To run after desires is to run after a mirage.

It is a journey from one death to another.

In the illusion that is life
man dies this way time and time again.

But those willing to die to their desires discover that death
itself

dies for them.

62. Love.

Where is truth?

Do not search for it, for when has truth
ever been found through seeking?

For in seeking, the seeker is present.

So don't seek but *lose yourself*.

He who loses himself finds truth.
I don't say: *Seek and you will find.*
I say: *He who loses himself, finds.*

63. Love.

I was happy to receive your letter.
The drop doesn't have to become the ocean.
It already is the ocean,
it just has to *know* it.
What *is*,
however it is –
to know it as it is,
is truth.
And truth liberates.

64. Love.

Life is an infinite mystery, therefore those who are filled
with knowledge are deprived of life.
Life becomes known only to the innocent,
to those whose intuition is not covered with the dust of
knowledge.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

Текст предоставлен ООО «ЛитРес».

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