

## Message 201

Paris 6 Feb. 2011

On the occasion of the 150<sup>th</sup> Birth Anniversary (2011) of the Great Sage-Poet Rabindra Nath Tagore, let us meditate on this Bengali language poem composed by him:

*Tomar Kautha Hetha Keho To  
Bole Na, Kaure Shudhu Michhe Kolahaul,  
Sudha-sagorer Teerete Bosia Paan Kaure Shudhu Halaahaul.  
Aponi Keteche Aponar Mool,  
Na Jaane Santar Naahi Paaye Kool ;  
Srotey Jaaye Bhese, Dobey Bujhi Shese,  
Kaure Dibanishi Shudhu Taulomal.  
Aami Kotha Jaabo, Kaahaare Shudhaabo,  
Niye Jaaye Saube Taania;  
Akela Aamare Phele Jaabe Shese  
Aukul Paathare Aania.  
Suhrider Taure Chaayi Chaari Dhaare,  
Aankhi Koritechhey Chhaulochhal ;  
Aponar Bhaare Mori Je Aponi  
Kampichhe Hridoy Heenabaul.*

No one here is concerned with the Life --- the Division-free Divinity --- the Love --- the Awareness in wholeness which is available and connected in the live-body. The people here are merely engaged in the futile noise generated by the silly, separative and subtle ego-centric pursuits and paradoxes of the "me-ness". They are sitting right on the shore of the Ocean of Immortality and yet are drinking the poison of the perversion and paranoia of the myth called mind, which is the enemy of Life.

They ("me-ness") have cut the roots of their possibility of a radical change ushering in the revelation of Life, the Otherness, the Un-limited. They have forgotten the Art of exploration into the illusion of the inner-being and thus are unable to find the fullness of comprehension. They are just drifting and constantly being tossed around by the current of borrowed concepts and conclusions --- ultimately sinking in the stinking shits of the mental pollutions.

Awareness-Choiceless wonders where to approach, whom to ask; because merchants of "religion" and "god" are eager to hook, book and cook the gullible. Ultimately they will desecrate the purity of non-divisive Awareness and abandon their victims to languish in the lurch of the myth.

Awareness is intensely looking (without the pressure and prejudice of an on-looker) for a friend indeed who may induce (not influence) and ignite the fire of Awakening in spite of all the obscurities of the corridor of opposites in which the shoddy little "I" is everlastingly caught up. A friend who is indeed in Hollowness, Holiness and Hyper-Joy or in Emptiness, Exploration and Experimentation in the Inner-Being ; although he may talk about Peace, Protection & Prosperity or about Temple, Travel and Treatment for practical reasons. Eyes are being filled with tears looking for such a friend. "Me-ness" is dying naturally by its own burdens and battles. Ego is getting weakened and trembling to vanish into oblivion for the Enlightenment to fill in.

**Jai Sage Tagore.**