



The Song of Life

Echo of Other Beings and the Music of Spheres

This is the third drop on the theme of the Song of Life, heard by the awakened Consciousness, and the fourth Melody of the Echo of Other Beings, which is perhaps the most powerful in its influence on the flowering of the Soul, on the growth in Love. This is a subtle echo that appears when I really meet another person or another being. Not as an object that I perceive with my senses or as a means to an end, as I easily treat a salesperson at the supermarket checkout if I am absent, but as a unique expression of Consciousness, God.

Until I witness the Now from mental purity, I cannot establish genuine communication with the environment. No one has ever told me this. Closed within ourselves, we hear the words of another, but we filter them through the sieve of our own mental narrowness. Thoughts arise from learned concepts, not from the experience of the natural. It automatically spins around filtering and translating the actions and words of others to match my existing worldview.... what does this mean for me, how does it confirm what I believe, what should I do now... .

Above this is another listening, when Awareness frees itself from mental concepts about what it perceives. This is listening that accepts without converting the expressiveness of the other into my terms of expression and understanding. It allows the other a unique expressiveness within the boundlessness of Awareness in which all this happens and creates an echo of something magical that the smallness of the self fears... that he is not the center of the cosmic drama. Every conscious being is the same 'I' as I am. Everyone I meet has the same living, full, meaningful and True experience of being as I have. The greeting that people often use, but less often we live, "God with us" or in spiritual circles "Namaste", means the Divine in me recognizes and appreciates the Divine in you. It is not easy to move from the mental level of pronouncing these words to their actual living.

When I truly hear the Echo of another Being, I can no longer treat him as a supporting character in my story. The words and actions of another are a unique expression of the Consciousness that Is behind him and flows through him into the current Happening. This completely blurs the form of a person..., male or female, youth or old age. The dryness of the exchange of data that we call relationships becomes a Meeting of Boundless Mysteries.



I stop sorting people and their actions according to my judgment, I stop guessing what they will do, I stop ranking them according to how important they are to me, I stop dividing them into friends and enemies, relatives and strangers... . The next time I meet someone, anyone, I temporarily suspend everything I think I know about them, I stop trying to figure them out, to judge them, I even ignore the content of what they are saying. Instead, I notice the quality of Consciousness that is expressed through them, the special sound of their Being.

Through practice, I find that everyone has a unique sound,
distinctly audible to the Awakened Consciousness.

This sound speaks of a Truth that words can never describe,
that the person before me is not only equal to me and connected to me,
but is, in an indescribable way, me.

The fourth melody of the awakened reveals the fundamental Truth of authentic spiritual teachings, that separation is an illusion, that behind the apparent diversity of form lies a Oneness that, once 'heard', cannot be unheard.

The Spherical Melody or the Buzzing of Universal Being

The fifth melody 'heard' by the awakened consciousness is the Melody of Universal Being, called Om by Zen. The Hindus call it Aum, the Pythagoreans call it the Harmonic Resonance created by the movement of the heavenly bodies, the Sufis call it 'The Music of the Spheres', and quantum physicists call it... the basic vibratory nature of energy and matter. This Melody in particular is one that words fail to describe. This is not a sound in the usual sense either, but once I hear it, I realize that it is there all the time... the original vibration that gives rise to all phenomena, the universal hum from which all phenomena originate..., the primality from which the spectrum of all colors, sounds and shapes emerges.

None of these explanations touch the essence of this Melody,
that it is not a sound out there, somewhere between the orbits
of planets and star clusters, as the names certainly suggest,
it is not something that comes to me.

It is the Melody of Being itself, which includes me.

This is the Melody that I hear when I stop dividing the One Reality into myself and here and the world out there. I know that this is a sound that easily falls into the category of abstract and mystical, but there is nothing supernatural or illusory about it. It is something most Natural, so natural that we do not notice it, just as we do not notice air, which we call nothing, until we pay microscopic attention to it.



The complete ignorance of the Spherical Melody is chosen and willed.

Attention cannot miss It, by itself, it is designed to 'catch' the entire frequency spectrum. To ignore something, it needs a command to do so.

The reason for this kind of deafness is simpler than one might expect, our attention is trained to perceive the objective world, tangibility and appearances, not the Reason of these alone, not the background on which they occur.

I notice a certain object of awareness,
not Consciousness Itself, which perceives the object.

The limitation of perception is certainly necessary in the beginnings of the expansion of Consciousness to keep the body alive, but it leaves me deaf and blind to the Foundation of my Truth. The melodies of the awake are not limited to the five presented and line up endlessly before the attention of the one who has cleansed himself of the whisperer in his head. Regular, multi-day, solitary forest retreats are not a classic vacation that I choose instead of skiing or the sea, where I move my routine of behavior. Solitary retreat is an infinitely more powerful experience that cleanses my energy of learned energy and attention takers. When this is the case and I manage to just Be here for a few days, then there is no greater Gift that can be given to me in this body.

I am only drawn to It by the need for deep peace with myself, without which I would sag under the cross of everyday efforts. Surrendering to a feeling of helplessness and hopelessness, unhealthy surrender to fate, strangled by reproaches and resentments, loss of will to devote myself to Love... are alarms with which the Soul calls for help. No word and no advice helps, but Solitude and Silence, which rise up in the Healthy Spirit like open Hands for me to fall into their embrace.

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(Inspired by Zen)