



The Song of Life

Melody of the Original Face or the Melody of Thought without Words

On a day when after many years there has been enough snow for children to play again, and with a deep cold that should stop the most persistent, it is a perfect time for the drop about melodies of the awakened. When the Command of Love to rest is so obvious, when it forces me to adapt to the circumstances, I ask myself what is really important.

Spiritual wakefulness is the goal of every Soul, whether it wants it or not. All experiences serve to clarify me. Wakefulness does not cause something new to suddenly appear, it is the discovery of what has always been under the surface of Consciousness and I only now notice. Wakefulness is the expanded Consciousness of the Ocean, and I is the narrowed Consciousness that seeks water in the middle of the Ocean. It must thoroughly stop "my doing", because who am I who works. Zen delights me with the Melodies of the Awakened, which I squeeze into a drop or two for my, and maybe for someone else's delight...

The Melodies of the Awakened are obvious when I know about them, and imperceptible when I don't. But they are always there. Why modern man doesn't rank them among the important ones is another question, but it is true that I have learned to ignore them. I am learning to discern which aspects of Truth deserve my attention. An almost cruel joke with my perception is that everything that Lives and Gives me Meaning is precisely in these neglected aspects? What if, like a radio tuned to only one station, I have lost the entire spectrum of the Truth?

Awakening is not so much the capture of the entire spectrum of Truth as the non-selectivity of what is perceived. It is connected with listening of a kind that our society does not cultivate. The primitive people I was lucky enough to experience invited me to reflect, have I ever listened without waiting for the sound to end so I could continue with my routine of thinking? Have I ever completely surrendered to hearing what is? Have I ever listened to Life purely, without comment?

No, I haven't! I haven't really listened yet. This is something that no one has ever done with me or beside me. Listening is not part of education, not even at home. The only teachers are those beings who do it instinctively... trees, animals and plants, but because I have no experience of listening, I don't hear their Songs. This realization is the beginning of my listening adventure..., coming to terms with the fact of how deaf I am to the Song of Life, without self-pity or finding fault. I come to terms with the fact that I learn selective perception, which excludes perhaps the most important aspects of the Truth.



Listening to the Song of Life does not require learning, but a deliberate forgetting of it, to become silent at will (see The Art of Silencing). The Song of Life shakes Perception again when I realize that I perceive what I pay attention to, and then I stop controlling it and directing it according to my criteria of importance.

The melodies of the awake are not written by sounds that the ear could hear. They are rhythms and waves that are somewhere between physical vibration and something that could be called Meaning or Awareness. Let's take an example.... is music just the vibration of air molecules? Of course not. The same vibration of air molecules is sublime music for someone, meaningless noise for another. There is no music in the vibration of air molecules at all. It happens only in the relationship between this vibration and the Awareness capable of perceiving it.

This is the first clue why the melodies of Life are accessible only to the awakened Consciousness. It is not that others cannot physically perceive them, but they do not have the developed quality of attention that would transform the vibration of the Melodies into Meaningfulness. The limitation is not in the sound, it is in the receiver. The melodies of the awake are not metaphysical, mystical, nor exotic, nor intended only for the tastes that suit them, nor are they hallucination. They are aspects of the One Truth, accessible to any Consciousness that can perceive them. They are mundane and at the same time extraordinary, they are constantly revolving.

"Listening" without resistance

Listening without resistance is a quality of attention that does not judge or interpret what it perceives.

This "listening" is willing to be transformed by what it is perceiving, rather than changing what is perceived according to its own criteria.

Listening without resistance comes from a Soul that is brave enough to place Itself unprotected and vulnerable before the fierceness of Life.

This "listening" stops the very thing that the "I" clings to... the idea of what is True.

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The first melody heard by the Awakened Consciousness, which has acquired the quality of "listening" without resistance, is thinking without forming words. We all have a natural experience of the certainty of knowing that we cannot put into words, but have been taught to ignore, that which we cannot articulate. The first melody is the discovery of the magic of Life, and it sets off a domino effect on all the other overhears of the Song of Life. What I call thinking is an internal dialogue, a stream of words taken from the memory of the known. Beneath the layer of verbal stringing of thoughts lies a broader Awareness, a form of Knowing that precedes language and is not bound to it.



This pre-verbal Knowing has its own sound, its own melody, which is not the vibration of air molecules, but a psychic vibration that the mind perceives when it is not judging, or the Consciousness that does not sift what is perceived. Zen calls it the “melody of the original face.” This is my original face that I wear before I was named, before I learned to speak, before the world was explained to me. This melody is created by a voice that is not human speech. It is silent Knowing, it is inner clarity, it is something most natural, that connects me with the primal nature, which is Life Intelligence without learning. As if I suddenly recognized that I had exchanged a map and a road plan for an adventure. Wording was never True. The Truth is inexpressible. I am True when I do not put into words what is Happening. No one can explain Love, yet I recognize it immediately when I experience it.

The melody of the Original Face is the discovery of wordless Knowing, this direct perception that does not judge. As it begins to conquer me, I am amazed that I did not notice long ago how it showers me with feelings, insights and clarity that smoothly bury the shallowness of thinking under the abundance of its obviousness. The word intuition is too small for this intoxication, which is much more the Foundation of Consciousness itself, from which thoughts and words only arise. Once I hear this Melody, I realize that I never needed words to understand Life. This is the melody of Reality before bottling and it has been with me from the beginning.

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(Inspired by Zen)