

Sometimes.....

Sometimes, in meditation or sitting quietly in a comfy chair; I feel a mind state come and envelope me – inexpressible clarity of centered being. As the ‘I’ agenda melts, urge and anxiety give way to settled mind and steady body. The senses sharpen as time slows – each precious moment there to be savored.

Sometimes, in meditation or sitting quietly in a comfy chair; I feel a mind state come and envelope me – agitation of mind and restlessness of body. Gripping to the ‘I’ notion a storm of swirling thoughts and physical discomforts test my resolve – each second feels like a minute, each minute like an hour.

Sometimes, in meditation or sitting quietly in a comfy chair; I feel a mind state simply present, the quality is known but not indulged, and I remember the three characteristics of existence – impermanence (anicca), suffering (dukkha), not self (anatta) – Ah, this is how it is!

Staying present to the reality of my experience, not attempting to reject its irritations and difficulties or to hold to its pleasures and joys – none are me or mine. Remaining resolute through them all is to honour the fact of impermanence and see into its rich tapestry. It is to touch suffering with compassion and care. It is to remain self-less.

Sometimes I burn with inner discomfort, with a mind that seems on a journey of its own; swept along by a restless turmoil, like a wild untrained horse running up and down a fence line. Yet, another part just watches and patiently waits, not buying the impulsive desire, not propelled to intervene too soon. The rising tendencies to change, to become, to chase the ‘I’ narrative toward the promise of a false ease – all dissolve in their own time.

I see, I learn, I wait. The dynamics of existence and this human condition unfold before me. Perhaps a guiding thought or movement is tentatively offered to ease the discomfort – but that is enough.

Sometimes, in meditation or sitting quietly in a comfy chair, I feel mind states come, stay awhile and go; I watch them dance – now gracefully, now wildly, but dance they must for that is their nature. Sometimes I can but smile and give thanks for this precious life.

Rowan Holden