

Nothing of You Will Remain by Robert Cergol

The following piece was in response to a writer's comment about feeling disconnected and unmotivated.

... I know this much: it's all based on a LIE. If you looked at that mood as a whole and perhaps in your case – I'm just going on what was typical for me – saw that that mood was the result of your realization or thoughts – right or wrong – that all your ideas about searching have been for naught, a complete waste – and that all you've thought you've been doing is also for naught – a complete waste – a game to pass the time because you have nothing better to do – well understandably this sort of inkling is not inspirational – it is deflating. But it is only deflating because YOU still have a DESIRE to get the answer, to become better than you, etc. More precisely, you still believe that you could cheat death somehow. IMPOSSIBLE. NOTHING OF YOU WILL SURVIVE. If you could admit that you've been kidding yourself – the ultimate form of self-honesty – that you will live and die in ignorance – because there is NO HOPE for you – just where WOULD that leave you? What would you do then?

The truth is ... that you, and everyone else, NEVER WILL have an experience. Who you really are is not an experience. The self you identify with IS the "experience." Your real Self observes it. Your real Self just IS – is ALL there is. So as Pulyan said, after death, "Nothing of you remains."

Perhaps all that's needed is one more small step to letting go.

As I see it, the ego is a fiction, a lie, a contraption – born of the body – and the experience of self-consciousness is only made possible by THAT which animates all form. (The light shining through the pumpkin animates the pumpkin, so the pumpkin speaks: "I think, therefore I am.")

The ego cannot accept the truth because it is based on the body's wiring, which wants to survive – in spite of the obvious future evidence to the contrary. The ego secures itself like an oyster with layer upon layer of constructs – it's automatic and inexorable.

Analyzing the constructs is useful – but is literally just scratching the surface. This sort of activity easily, naturally, automatically becomes outward focused. It becomes a device used by ego to maintain ego (ego 1 looking at ego 2). It is NOT looking at the looker – except for maybe an instant – when there is a momentary newness to the effort and amounts to asking "Who am I?" We constantly need new shocks to literally be startled by the question or observation – otherwise the "Who am I?" becomes a meaningless mantra, or mental noise.

Rose said, "It is the task of the seeker of eternity to die while living."

Pulyan said, "You must quit the egocentric position."

I think we underestimate our belief in the body. We THINK we understand that we are not the body and associate with the mind. You are aware of identity. From where does that identity spring? A long, long time ago, experiences began happening to a body (that had a light shining through it). Those experiences created identity. Memories were recorded. Memories reinforced and built identity. There is a long history to that identity you know and love so well and take as you.

Well, you should know that the body dies and is dissipated. Know, too, that the mind, which is at all times one with that body, likewise is dissipated. NOTHING OF YOU will remain.

Can you accept that? Right now?