

Soap Bubbles by Paul Constant

For a moment, in your mind, picture an image of a floating soap bubble. Outside of this special bubble, everything ostensibly stretches to infinity. On the inside, nothing exists, but this Nothingness is unlike anything the mind can comprehend.

The bubble perseveres because the thin film sustains itself through a delicate balance of tension across the film and between the pressure on the inside and the outside. Upon closer examination, this film reveals a vibrant color dance, flowing to and fro, varying across the color spectrum as the filmy substance shifts randomly around the bubble's circumference.

In many regards, the world as we experience it is like the soapy film. Our individual mind, residing in a multitude of opposing forces—good and bad, positive and negative, light and dark—maintains itself through a system of life-tension. It witnesses the stimulating activity of everything reflected on itself, falsely believing that everything exists as a thing apart but not understanding that the mind-substance is the very medium of the reflection. Convincingly, all apparent life forms seem to be in agreement concerning most qualities of the bubble film. The "dancing colors" even give the illusion of movement across space, which in turn produces the illusion of time. In some cases, the human mind is vaguely aware of the interior Nothingness, but it is addicted to the color dance, which grips it with a seemingly endless buzz of activity. In truth, the mind is unaware of its thin delicate position at the half-way point between Nothingness and Everythingness.

In rare instances, a "seeker-mind" intuits the finite qualities of the bubble film. It exerts Herculean effort, stretching to grasp the bubble-center that incessantly exudes a homecoming call, a longing tug. Stretching inward, the mind senses something watching it—a transitional area of awareness that lays between the incomprehensible Nothingness and the observable mind activity. The seeker-mind does not yet recognize the true Source of the awareness. One day, inexplicably, the inward stretching overcomes the tension and the bubble pops in an instant. And in that instant, Nothing and Everything merge and become a boundless One.

Just as inexplicably, the bubble-mind reasserts itself, but now it recognizes a single Source of awareness. This Experienced mind retains a memory but cannot plausibly expound upon the boundless Nothingness that encompasses All. Ah, if only words could describe such a paradox to those who remain enamored with the mind realm...

~ For more essays and articles by Paul Constant, visit SearchWithin.org.

