

1764  
words  
apt

Why not  
be  
different?

This essay is the evolution of the inner 'me' and it is a movement of my seeking the eternal.

In this essay, I work backwards in time. The essay begins with,

"FINDING OUT THE SOURCE WHERE WE HAVE TO RETURN"

As we identify the source, all our actions become channelised towards it. It is easier to begin with the source, know its essence and then watch ourselves and complete the problems that we have created in order to reach it.

As I move towards the source I start dissolving the forms that I have generated through these years.

Only when the very passion to seek for the source is dissolved, we become free and indeed reunite with the source.

This is portrayed in the form of my child in whom my passion is still alive and this passion (this child) dissolves and merges into me.

Then I am complete.

The drawings have been so chosen that there is a continuity of forms and patterns and each of them slowly dissolving and becoming 'nothing'.

The continuous evolution and dissolution of forms that can be noticed in the drawings bear relation to the continuous creation and destruction of life that takes place every infinite moment.

When a person relates with these patterns and identifies them with his very own self, he can feel their movement within him.

As this happens he can feel life in movement and my life moving through his spirit.

This is indeed the ONENESS in DIFFERENCE.

11 22 33 44 11 22 33 44 11 22 33 44 .....

How many times have we heard this?  
... maybe every year?, every month?, everyday?  
every moment? !!

Yes, we have always been followers  
of some past, some present, some future.  
As this monotonous control over ourselves  
continues, once in a while, the spirit  
moves within and without and creates of  
its own, unbound by necessity.

Ever free, it gives a break and that  
is the moment we wonder,

Why not be different?

This question does not have a should  
or a must. It is free; It is casual, yet  
deep.

- "Why not" - It is choice.  
 - It is movement unlimited.  
 - It is not necessity.  
 - It is freedom from the known.  
 - and the choice of freedom  
     from the unknown.  
 - It is the potential hidden within.

DIFFERENCE - It is not born out of a moment, but is a movement into eternity. It begins in the heart of the seeker and ends in him.

This is alchemy where the seeker learns to watch, to merge and to become one.

Throughout this process called difference, we watch the tiniest moments that we have missed throughout our lives. As we become spectators of our own selves and know the presence of every tiny moment of our lives then does difference begin ...

When the very passion for difference merges into the seeker and it is no more a pride to seek to be different; then does difference come of its own accord - spontaneously.

And then indeed we ask, renewed

WHY NOT BE DIFFERENT ?

Where do we start from  
and where do we end ?

Wherein does life begin and where does  
.... Death lead us ?

Are we moving together or alone ?

Are we unique or does consciousness bind us ?

Are we free or still in society's clutches... ?

Are we in pain or happy .... ?

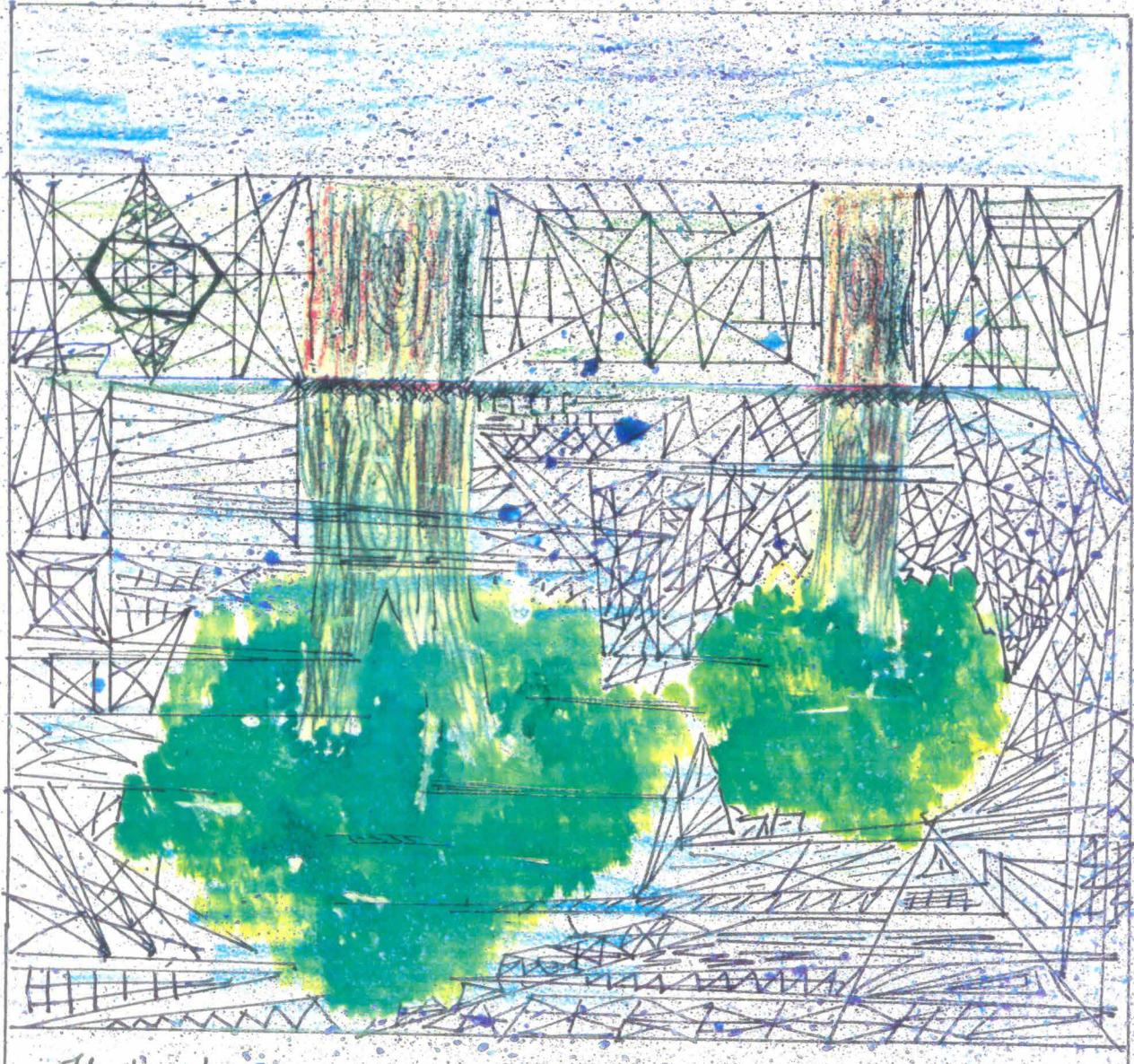
In love or hate .... ?

I stopped short and wondered,

whether The steps lead upstairs or....

### 'DIFFERENCE'

- I sat there wondering at its relativity ....



That tree is tall and so this one is short. Is this what is so different about them?

"That tree is tall and so this one is short.  
Is this what is so different about them?

I exist, You exist and between us this wall  
Is this the real difference we seek?

The child is growing up. It doesn't know whether  
it should or should not.

Maybe this is difference .....

"Hey you!" called out the rock  
'Are you still listening?  
Are you listening to the voices around you  
The child laughing and the river....  
The sky in movement and the shore....

The wind carries them all.

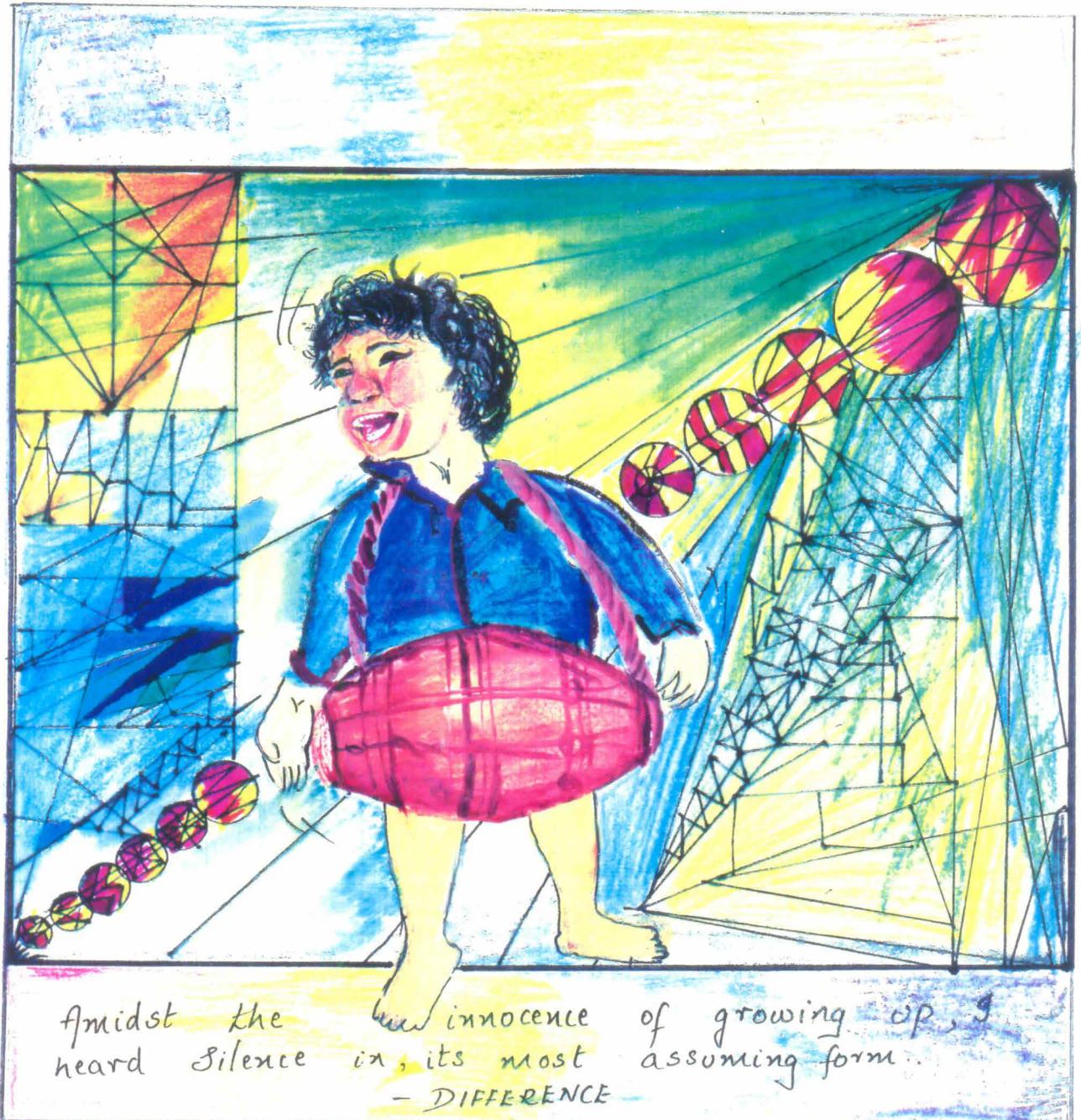
Oh Youth! Are you listening

To the mountains; to the birds;  
To the trees; to the fire.

Are you hearing their voices  
The voices of your thoughts, do you hear?

The Voice of your own Self

Hear to these voices, and watch  
a quiver; a shake;  
an emotion; a joy; a necessity.



amidst the ~~new~~ innocence of growing up,  
heard Silence in, its most assuming form.

- DIFFERENCE

But listen deeply,...  
To the SILENCE that they hold

A silence that holds you within it  
and yet lets you hold it  
and watch it as yourself.

Don't get lost in the voices, oh Youth!  
They speak and in their speech, they are lost

Remember, voices are strange.

Hear Oh Youth! amidst the song  
The voice of life singing all alone  
Hey you! watching the song

Remember, the song is you,  
and yet the voices are strange!

I heard amidst the innocence of growing up,  
Silence in its most assuming form -

- Difference.



The Spider is spinning its web, meticulous the movements, perfect the symmetry. The rains left the web strangely beautiful adorned with those little droplets.

The Spider is spinning its web, meticulous the movements, perfect the symmetry. The rains left the web strangely beautiful adorned with those little droplets.

The clouds were moving, the patterns so spontaneously changing, the rains rhythmically....

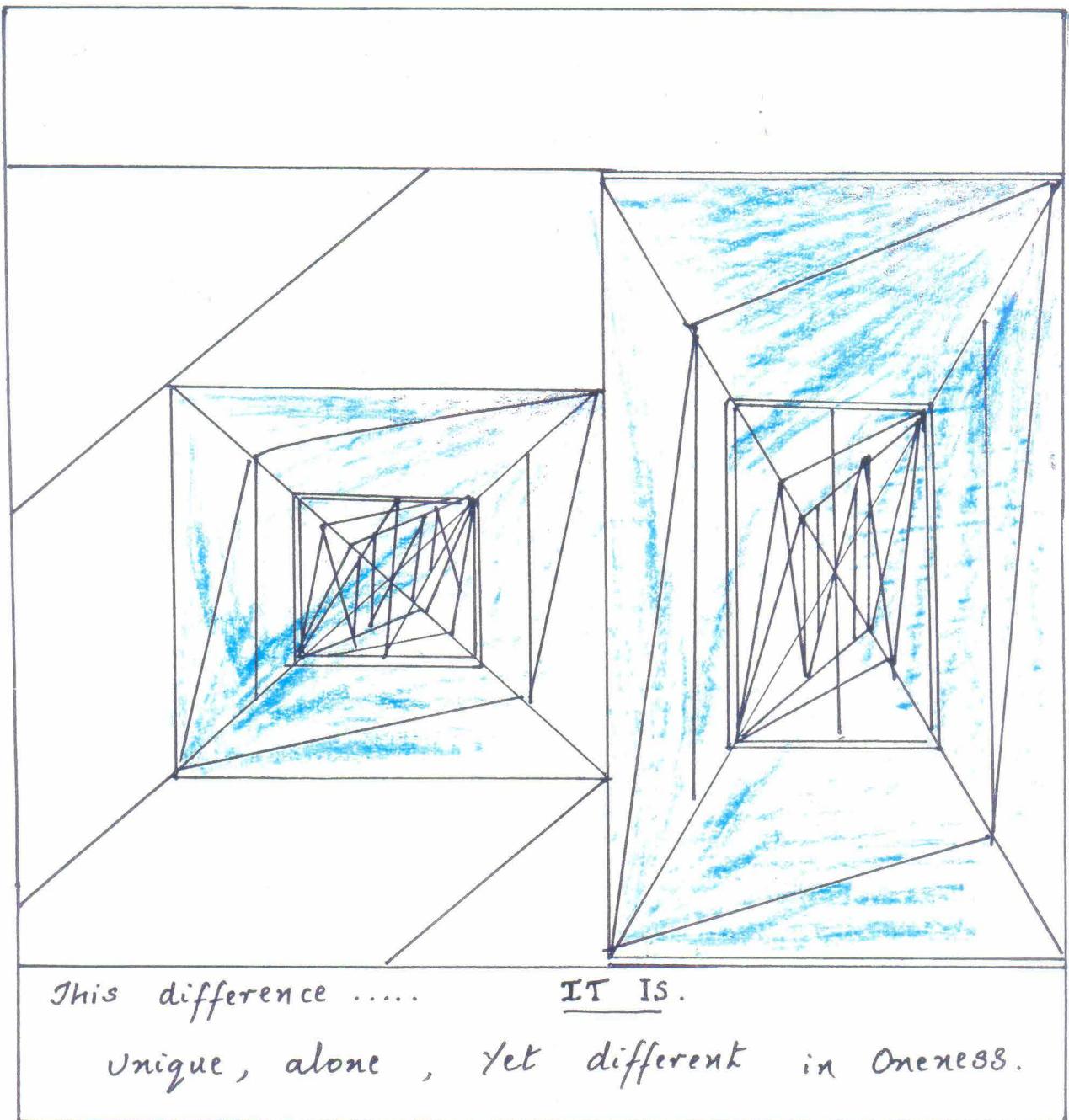
The chirping went on. The birds were flying to their homes. The shapes, the sudden dip, change of course....

The dancers moved in perfect unison, following the steps, patterns repeated.....

The river flowed on ..., there was no stopping its swirl, the patterns were always ready for the change.

I wonder where the dividing line that which I call difference is.

Each one moved and nothing bound them. The moment before was different from the moment to be. Everything was continuous and everything Different.



This difference was not relative. It wasn't the difference that people had taught me. It was not the opposite of same.

It is.

Unique, alone, Yet different in Oneness.

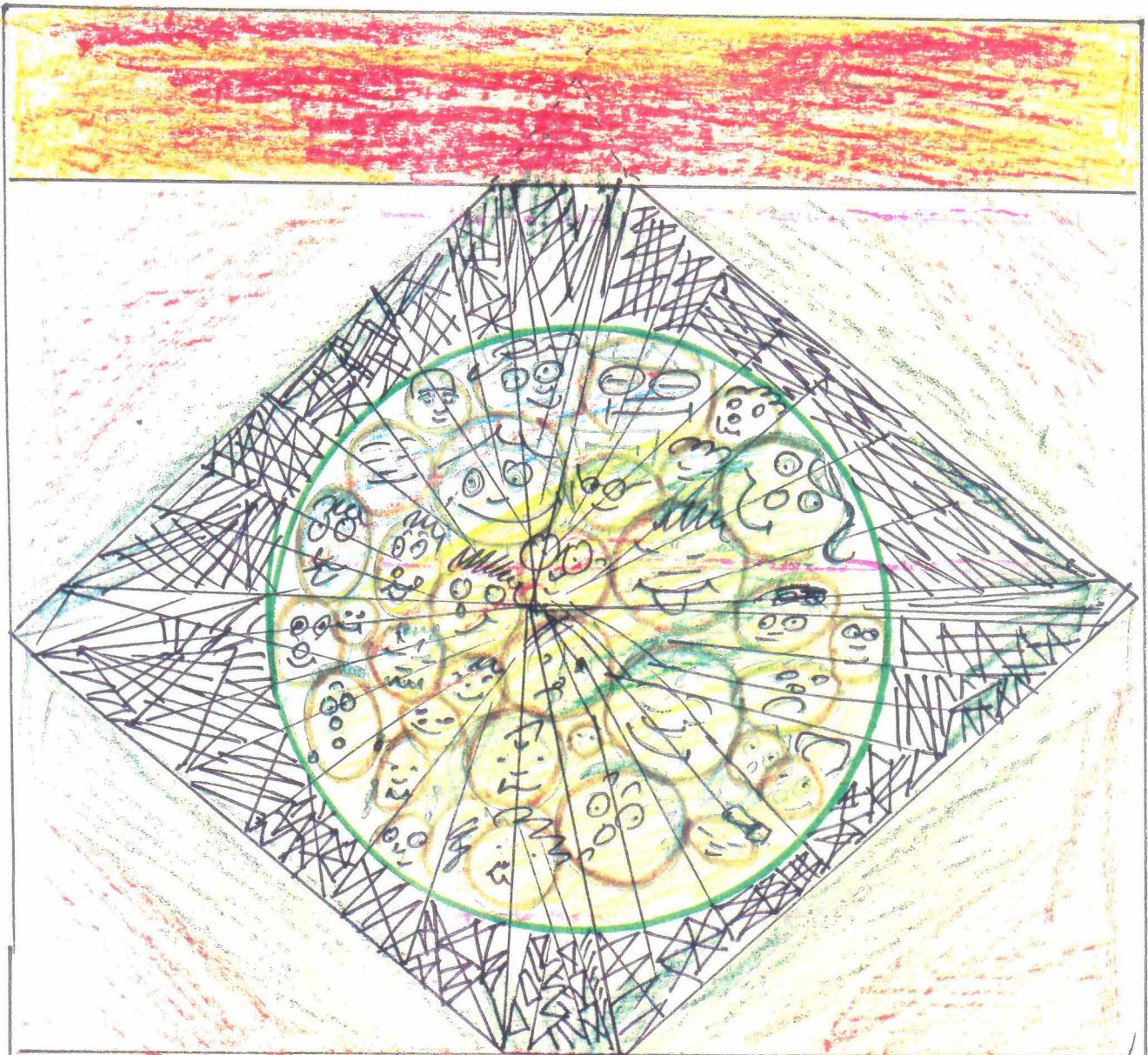
Battered and lost, screaming to know, to realise, I walked into the strangest of all paths - Life, stumbled into the wildest of ways - Difference.

I arrive here in splendid form  
 I arrive here with a welcome  
 And I am here relative to everything else.  
 Round and round this relative idea I move  
 and believe this to be myself.  
 When will these relative definitions cease to exist?

I look around and watch  
 There is neither tall nor short  
neither joy nor happiness  
neither life nor death ..

The truth burst in suddenly and I felt free...

I am different



The cramped populous and lonely world that I see is but a manifestation of all the struggling voices inside me.

## Why not be different?

A thousand seemingly harmless ways I have answered my desire to be different in every possible sense but the difference was never complete because I always compared it with something else which was lesser than the infinite.

Only when completeness exists shall uniqueness remain, till then it is simply an illusion that we blindly call,

'DIFFERENT'

This is the truth, I felt with angelic clarity and evolution began.

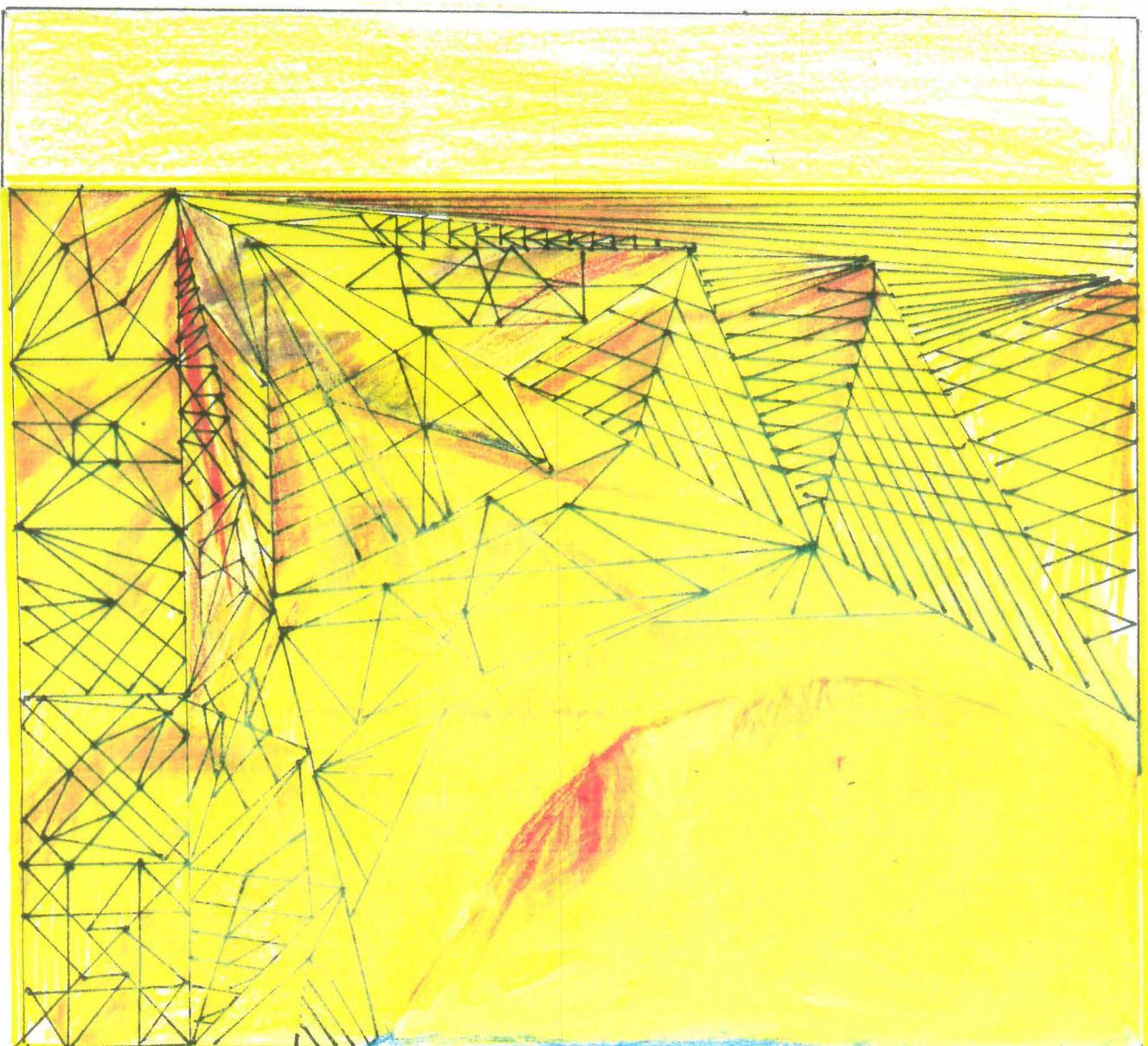
My job is to complete myself beyond the countless roles, the countenances that I have assumed.

Indeed this is difference.

- The continuous transformations into the reality - 'ME'.

In actuality, I compare myself with myself. The cramped, populous and lonely world that I see is but a manifestation of all the struggling voices inside me.

As confusions grow and denials surround me, I generate from within me, these characters that seem to be different.



Sitting amidst those desert sands I ran  
towards the mirage. It's very existence  
was reality to me.

... but when I complete them , each one of them ceases to be and only i exist.  
Herein lies the difference I seek.

Pain - Is it not through pain that I have created these forms.

What is pain? From where does it rise?  
I walked through the stones , thorns, stung by their sharpness. As words penetrated through the being , I shrank and struggled to survive.

Pain - I watch it move within me , yet never touching the innermost essence . And in that moment , all dissolved , disseminated . And from that centre I watched Pain .

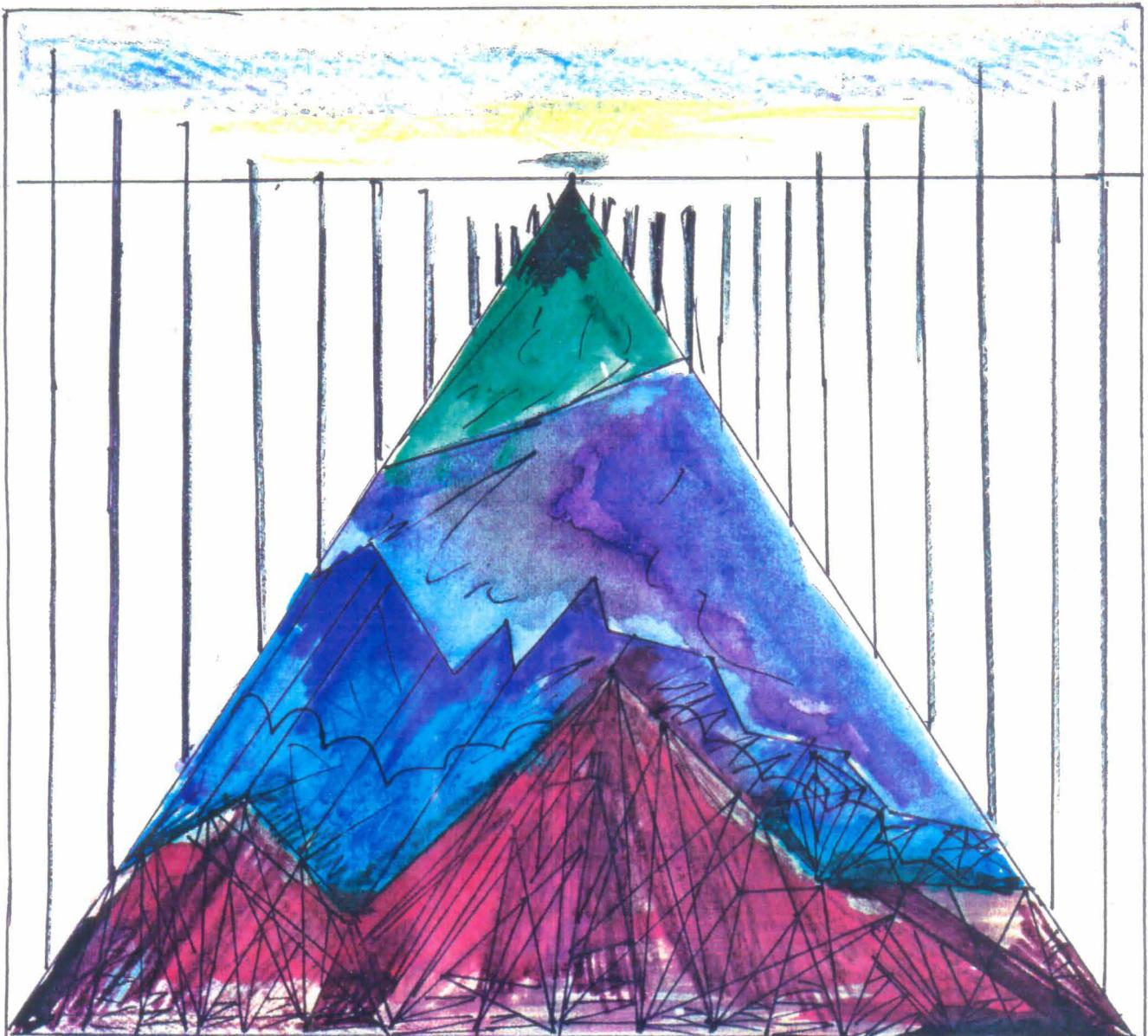
- A Spectator - a difference .

Yet the illusion - sitting amidst those desert sands , I ran towards the mirage . It's very existence was reality to me.

I questioned - What is illusion ?

True are my dreams and in my dreams I. Wherefore this division , this limit to reality ?

Unbound , uncaged , I watched myself freed from the clutches of division between Reality and Illusion .



As on the horizon, I stood and watched, the mountains dissolving into rivers, the rivers into the oceans, the oceans into those endless skies, storms, rains and finally the earth into ME.

As on the horizon, I stood and watched, the mountains dissolving into rivers, the rivers into the oceans, the oceans into those endless skies, storms, rains and finally the earth into me.

I wondered, Is this Love?

Isn't it queer. I laughed at myself for I distinguish love.

It was to me as relative as everything else. There was a love that I called motherly or sometimes brotherly. A thousand names I had given to a thousand relationships and everywhere I had defined love differently. I had segregated it and its fullness lay barren.

As the force of the earth weaved through my spirit, As I evolved into a continuity of trust the barriers collapsed.

Mother, father, Sister, friend, You, I ... all melted away and from within, flowed unconditional love.

Creativity! Indeed, every atom knows its potency and every centre its circles....

Creativity that I had chained, that had belonged to me, had died long ago in life, but still existed within as passion.



This music ; this dance ; is not passion, not  
Tune, nor the voices, nor  is restricted  
by time, measure or rhythm. It is free and  
this is difference.

As the chains broke, and the prisons unlocked from within me, I watched creativity flowing everywhere, buzzing, turning, moving within and without, inbetween the woods, darkness; light; swirling, free

- Different.

Rhythm - I watched those clouds from behind the bars and for the first time I knew I was touching them and loved them immensely for letting me be a part.

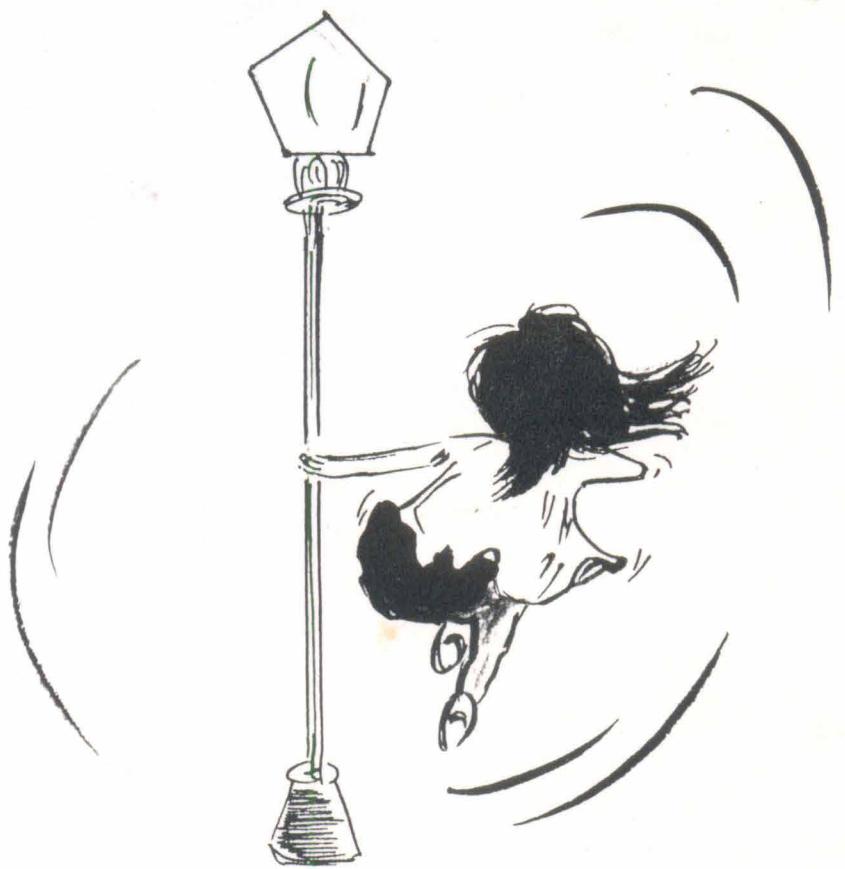
Music - does it carry the strength of the singer or the song? Dance, is it movement or stillness?

This music; this dance; is not passion, not tune, nor the voices, nor is restricted by time, measure or rhythm. It is free and this is difference.

The dance that holds the volcano, the river, the storms, the night and the universe and yet is none of them; but the stillness of movement that pervades.

I saw myself transcending barriers and I breathed, as the swirl engulfed and my movements resonated with stillness.

- Difference.



I watched myself a 'child';  
innocent, beautiful, spreading, evolving, trusting...  
DIFFERENT

Beauty, isn't it ?

The tree is not fig or amber. It is neither rosewood nor teak.

I am - how beautiful to be different !

Timeless , continuous , flowing ....

Laughing I stretched out into the vast expanse and from the silent depths,

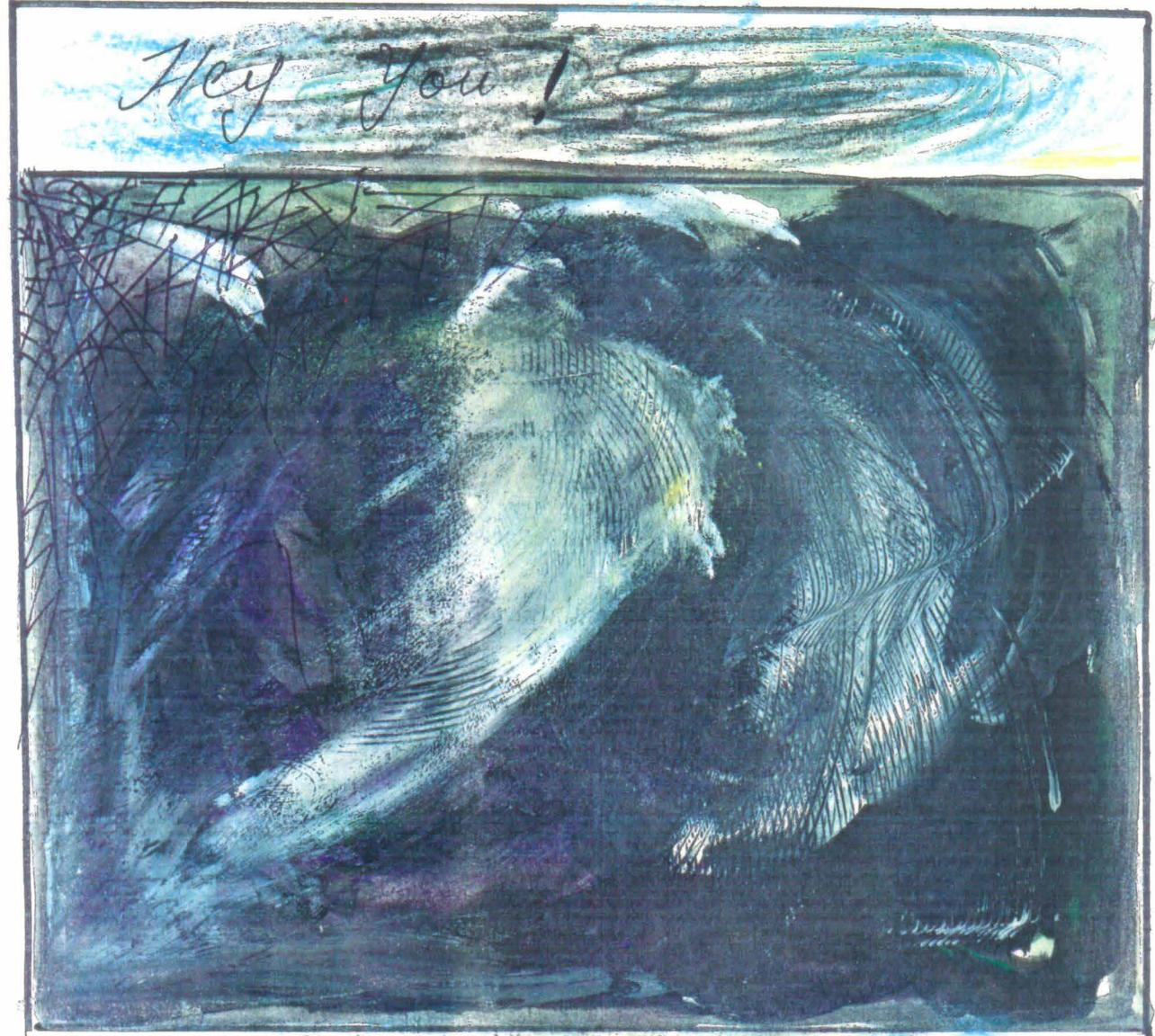
I watched myself 'a child',  
innocent, beautiful, spreading, evolving, trusting ...  
different .

Death , no more a question ; no more a fact.  
I watched myself die, be reborn, cease,  
live and I watched myself in life

- Immortal

Life is .

Everything ceased. Even as the oceans roared,  
the waves went on endless. The centre reverberated  
in silence; still .... 'is'



The rock, its form dissolved into nothingness  
and before me was emptiness, formless, alive,  
reverberating, resonating, yet silent.

The rock , its form dissolved into nothingness  
 and before me was emptiness , formless ,  
 alive , reverberating , resonating , yet silent .

"Hey you !"  
 called out the Rock

"Remember !"  
 And I called back into the Known ,

The song is 'i'  
 And yet our voices are strange.

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Between these papers,  
crammed up with writing,  
creation, dissolution,  
forms there lies 'Nothingness'  
Even as you flip between them  
feel

"Maa! Why?" She screamed  
 "Why should I go on like this?  
 Why do I have to listen to these people?  
 When truth engulfs me,  
 Why should I resort to falsehood?

Maa! This is Life! And I want to live  
not survive or struggle for existence.

Look Maa! the Butterfly! How it flies  
unbound by its own necessity.

The river it flows on...

The Spider Spins from within itself

Maa! Why can't I be unbound?

When 'this is', Why shouldn't I say 'it is'?

When I want to know God

why should I pray, but to fear him?

In the bounty called Life,

Why should I cry for a movement called Death?

When I am this, why should I act,  
 for fame; for love.

When there is only one Universal Love

Why these relationships?

Why Maa! Do these people bind me, with their fears!  
 with their voices!

Why should I not be different? She screamed.

I took her to the rock  
and gave her the gift of 'being alone'  
As she transcended and went through difference  
As she finally melted into nothingness  
and merged into me

I stood there COMPLETE, DIFFERENT !!!

