

Who Am I?

Who am I? What am I? What do I mean by I?
There cannot be an answer since there is no I.
Not an I that is an object to be known.
I am, but have no form that could be shown.

Empty of anything the senses could discern
When Self awakens there is no return
Do not ask why
I am I

My mind rebels against the painful truth
That all its chatter aims to hide, but it's no use
Now that I know this character's unreal
I must discover what is still concealed
Within the silence once the ego dies
I wonder: will a Real Self then arise?

Without the fictions that I once believed
A joyous freedom starts to be perceived
No longer subject to their fears or drives
I feel the shock of being so alive!

I love not clinging to an identity
I love not being a mere entity

Nothing to do, nothing to know
I am no one...I let all go

What still remains that sings this song?
A karmic ember that burns on
Just long enough to tell the tale:
All shall be swallowed by this whale.

Each consciousness shall be absorbed
By what reveals itself as Supreme Lord
Who sends a message through this song:
There is no right, there is no wrong.

There is no death, there is no birth
There is no sky, there is no Earth
All is just a dream in God's own Mind
No other explanation can I find.

It's clear God must awaken soon
To end the horror on the day of doom
And when awake I'll disappear in Light
An endless day without a night.

But shall I dream another Golden Age?
Would I want to sleep again now I'm awake?
Do I prefer adventure to eternal Rest
Is this not God's infinite jest?

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