

The Path to Realization is a Love Story.

GLIMPSES OF HER

by T.R. Cordon

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T.R. CORDÓN

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T.R. Córdón

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Dedication

To Her for whom I breathe,
who pierced the form of the Asura
with Her spear,
who is my North Pole
who is my Companion,
and whose name is always in my lips and heart
Unconditionally.

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Section I – Because She Asked

I Am Nobody

From the ONE comes everything. In fact, in a way nothing has ever left the ONE.

This ONE stirred and all these forms sprang forth, while the ONENESS remained unchanged. Our words are a very poor vehicle for this Truth.

Truth is there being, always. The most obvious and at the same time unintuitive fact of life is that TRUTH is not something we need to go look for, because Truth IS. It can't be the result of work or merit, because Truth is all that there is.

In the Canvas of this Truth, IT expresses ITSELF through forms.

IT is all there is and will be, but out of JOY (Ananda) it stirs to manifest ITSELF though ALL and creation comes about.

To my readers I would like to warn about this: I am nobody. The 'I' that I can refer to when I say 'I' am is not even permanent. I don't know anything and I am not authority. I have no qualifications, no achievement, I am no master or senior at anything. I write this words for ONE REASON only: The Fire was Burning and pouring over and SHE asked me to let it out in the written form, and so I am doing this for HER and HER alone. If others come to read these words please understand I am not teaching anything, I am just letting the Fire out to express itself, because it burns and it pours over, like a song comes out of the heart for no utilitarian reason.

Many have expressed their 'opinions' that everything happens for something 'useful' or 'utilitarian'. Yes, indeed, life is AWARE JOY that EXISTS (Sat-Chit-Ananda) and the final and ONLY true Purpose of IT is this JOY (that EXISTS and is AWARE).

And so, this song comes out for Her.



Because She Asked

She asked me to write and so I write. I don't need to or wish to or feel inclined to consider anything else. She is my Companion, my Saathi.

In the morning, I feel the breeze of the ALL ring in my ears and at night I hear Her song.

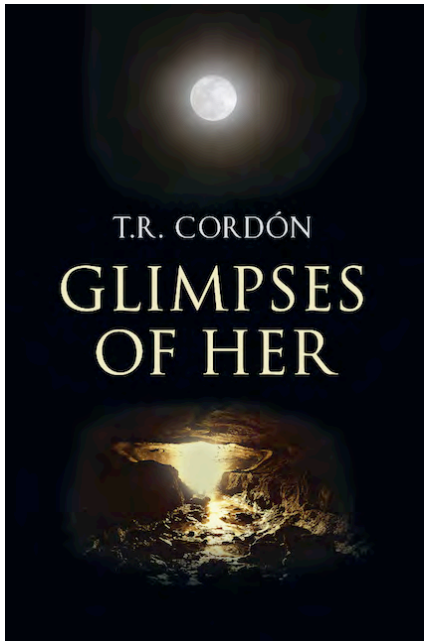
The song takes the form of words and the words become this story.

This is a Story of Love, for Love is all that glues creation together and Love is all we (all of us) have ever cared about through multiple embodiments in various forms and places. Our outer life is the Canvas in which we long, seek, express, manifest and experience Love.

In 'human' terms this Love Song has no point of origin. It has always been and will always be.

But as Awareness spreads ITSELF 'down' (symbolically, as there is no up or down in Awareness) through various layers of manifestation we create the concept of time as a point of reference, and using that point of reference I will say this Story started many thousands or years ago, when we (She and I) were already individual entities, but so close that we breathed one breath, sang one song. Just that very first layer of 'separation' that is enough to be there for enjoyment, for Shiva to enjoy Shakti, and nothing else.

And so, the Story goes on from that point....



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