

Space

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We live in space, we live on space
Space alone lives as pure space
Brilliant, effulgent, indivisible space
But we just don't realize this

The food we eat nourishes us indeed
The unnecessary part of food is flushed out
The gross becomes bones and flesh, the subtle
the mind
But, this is staying on the surface only

Yes, surely food does nourish us
But have you ever stopped to wonder
What nourishes the food I eat?
What exactly is this nourishment?

To nourish means to grow, to support
It also means to be taken care of
For nourishment, there must be contact
Of nourisher and the nourished

'Tis easy to see in the outside world
Mother nourishing the little child
But that is only on the surface
Something deeper is going on below

The food that nourishes all
Is made of the elements you say
But what are the elements made of?
Peek into the cells and atoms and see

Most of the contents of all cells
Is space, but not empty space
Mystery of mysteries it is
How giant oaks come from this space

It must be full, plenum, overflowing
Something our eyes just cannot see
So we call space as emptiness
But this space manifests as the universe

This space gives rise to one and all
This space sustains as a loving mother
This space ends and revives form
This space lives—it is verily life itself

In this space, we are nourished by food
In this space, food and eater meet
In this space, one takes care of itself
To feel this deeply is to feel pure love

Pure love or *prem*, pure oneness
Not physical, mental or emotional
But oneness which is the essence of all
Dancing in varying shapes and forms

Where there is other, love cannot exist
Labels of the mind do not change things
Otherness, division, is love's opposite
Division exists in our minds—never in space

Try as you may—you cannot divide space
Try as you may—you cannot divide life
There is no 'your life' or 'my life' —just life itself
Life is space playfully dancing within itself

This space pervades all and everything
Space is not nothing or emptiness
Universes rise and fall in space
From nothing comes and goes everything

This space is your father and mother
It is best friend, teacher and guide
It is everywhere, why do you look for it?
It alone is—can you *feel* and accept this?

If you could feel this deep down at the core
You would be emptied of separateness
Emptied of feelings of otherness too
As you would *know* unity as the only truth

Our problem is not that we do not know
But rather that we would not accept
That ignorance sustains itself by fear
Understand the bars of mind's prison

Endless logic does the mind throw up
And fears of consequences in every way
Fear can never give security or freedom
Anything based on fear is fear itself

The only thing you lose in giving up fear
Is fear itself—the endless tormentor
You don't have to push fear away at all
Just understand fear and her workings

They say real knowledge will set you free
Where there is light, darkness cannot be
Turn and face the light of reality
And be free of fear and its tyranny

See in the simple everyday acts
The unity that alone is, though forms may be
Root yourself in space where one alone is
In unity experience the dance of harmony

Harmony does not cancel shapes and forms
They are, they appear, just let them be
Accept that differences are like waves
Never changing the ocean in which they be

In space do universes rise and fall
Space takes care of endless galaxies
Space holds the sun at the right distance
Space nourishes all in her seasons

This space is full, abundant, overflowing
You yourself exist just like a wave
Rising each morning from space itself
Falling asleep in the lap of Mother Space

We love sleep not because we're tired
But want to prolong sleep's harmony
No division, no separation and no longing
No feelings of anxiety, fear or sorrow

The same 'I am' in the waking condition
Exists when the mind's light is dimmed
The same 'I am' exists in dream as well
The same 'I am' is existence free from all turmoil

In deep sleep, we rest on the lap of unity
This is why it is indeed most joyful
But it does not offer much as we do not know
The true condition of all and everything

When we awaken, so does all the world
Of differences and therefore of self-interest
Let differences be there but try awakening
To unity's majestic dance as diversity

Arise from the slumber of ignorance
Of true nature and the truth of things
You are in the safe bosom of space
This space is verily the Supreme Lord

Overflowing, abundant in every way
Parent and sustainer of endless universes
The frog in the crack does get his meal
Will you not be taken care of as well?

O child of God—vast, supreme Plenum!
Arise and claim your rich heritage
Enough, enough of drifting poverty
From life to life like from door to door!

Enough, enough of all weakness
The energy that sustains all universes
Sustains you too at this very moment
Child of the Sun—why settle for little sparks?

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