

A Poem by Rumi

A lover asked his beloved
"do you love yourself more than you love me?"
the love replied
"I have died to myself and I live for You,
I have disappeared from myself and my attributes,
and I am here only for you,
I have given up all my learning,
but from knowing You I have become a scholar,
I have lost all my strength,
but through your power I am able.
I love myself, I love you,
I love you, I love myself.



COME, COME, WHOEVER
YOU ARE;
WANDERER, WORSHIPPER,
LOVER OF LEARNING...
IT DOES NOT MATTER.
OURS IS NOT A CARAVAN
OF DESPAIR.
COME, EVEN IF YOU HAVE
BROKEN YOUR VOW
A THOUSAND TIMES.
COME, COME, YET AGAIN
COME

OSHO & RUMI.
OshO.OshO.OshO.



There is a beautiful statement
of Mevlana Jalaluddin Rumi,
one of the greatest Sufi masters ever.

COME, COME, WHOEVER YOU ARE;
WANDERER, WORSHIPPER, LOVER OF LEARNING...
IT DOES NOT MATTER.
OURS IS NOT A CARAVAN OF DESPAIR.
COME, EVEN IF YOU HAVE BROKEN YOUR VOW
A THOUSAND TIMES.
COME, COME, YET AGAIN COME.

Govind, take it to your heart.

COME, COME, WHOEVER YOU ARE

...sinner, unconscious, living a life which is not glorious, divine, meaningful; living a life which has no poetry, no joy, a life of hell.... Whosoever you are, Mevlana says, "Come, I am ready to receive you. Be my guest!"

The master is a host; he refuses nobody. True masters never refuse anybody. They cannot. If THEY start refusing people, then there is no hope. If you go under a tree, a shady tree -- tired of your journey and the burning sun on your head -- and the tree refuses you, it does not give you refuge, it does not shelter you...? It does not happen at all. The tree is always ready to give you shelter, its shadow, its fruits, its flowers, its fragrance.

I agree with Mevlana -- MEVLANA means the master. Jalaluddin Rumi was called Mevlana by his disciples out of great love. Mevlana says:

COME, EVEN IF YOU HAVE BROKEN YOUR VOW A THOUSAND TIMES.

Intelligent people are bound to break all their vows many times, because life goes on changing, situations go on changing. And the vow is taken under pressure -- maybe the fear of hell, the greed for heaven, respectability in society.... It is not coming from your innermost core. When something comes from your own inner being, it is never broken. But then it is never a vow, it is a simple phenomenon like breathing.

COME, COME, YET AGAIN COME!

Govind, if you want to be a sannyasin, you are welcome. Everybody is welcome, without any conditions. You do not have to fulfill any requirements. Just the longing to be in deep contact with me is enough, more than enough. Just the desire to be close to me, to be intimate with me is enough. That's what sannyas is all about.

And drop this idea of being a sinner, because that must be creating some guilt in you. That guilt is one of the oldest tricks of the priests for dominating people. They create guilt in you. They give you such stupid ideas that you cannot fulfill them. Then guilt arises, and once the guilt has arisen, you are trapped.

Guilt is the trade secret of all the so-called, established religions. Create guilt in people, make them feel bad about themselves. Don't let them be respectful of their own lives; let them feel condemned. Let them feel, deep down, that they are ugly, that they are not of any worth, that they are dust, and then of course they will be ready to be guided by any fool. They will be more than ready to become dependent, in the hope that "somebody will lead us to the ultimate light." These are the people who have been exploiting you for centuries.

The time has come when a great rebellion is needed against all established religions. Religiousness is needed in the world but no more religions -- no more Hindus, no more Christians, no more Mohammedans -- just pure religious people, people who have great respect for themselves.

And remember, only a person who has respect for himself can respect others,

because life is the same. If you are too hard upon yourself you will be more hard on others, obviously. You will magnify their sins; you have to, just to give yourself consolation that you are not the only sinner, there are greater sinners than you. That will be your only consolation in life: that you need not worry, you are just a small sinner, there are great sinners.

That's why people go on creating rumours about everybody else. And people believe rumours very easily. If somebody says something ugly, derogatory about a person, you immediately believe it. But if somebody praises him, you don't believe it, you ask for proofs. You never ask for proofs about derogatory remarks and rumours. You are very willing to believe them for the simple reason that you WANT to believe that "everybody is far worse than I am." That's the only way to feel good, a little bit good, about yourself.

The priests have given you only two alternatives. Either you follow the impossible rules that they impose; then you feel paralysed, crippled, imprisoned. Or, if you want to live a life of freedom and you want to be natural, guilt arises. In both ways you are being exploited.

I am here to free you from all exploitation.

Freedom is the taste of sannyas, the fragrance of sannyas. My sannyasins are not trying to cultivate any character, they are trying a totally different phenomenon: they are raising their consciousness. And then I leave everybody free to live according to his own light.

Osho

come, come, yet again come

chapter 1

question 1



There is a great Sufi book -- I would like to call it the greatest book in the world because nothing is written in it; it is absolutely empty. It is almost twelve hundred years old, and the first man who purchased it was Mevlana Jalaluddin Rumi.

His disciples were very intrigued, very curious, because he never read that book in front of anybody. When all are gone he would close the door and pull out the book, which he used to keep under his pillow, and then he would read it. Naturally it was creating much curiosity, "What kind of mysterious book is it?" People tried in every possible way. Sometimes a few disciples were found on the roof, removing tiles and looking underneath to see what Jalaluddin Rumi is reading, but they could not figure it out.

The day Jalaluddin Rumi died, they were more concerned with the book than Jalaluddin Rumi... and they loved the man. They loved him as Sufis have never

loved any other master. Mevlana means beloved master. That word is used only for Jalaluddin Rumi and for nobody else. In twelve hundred years in the world of the Sufis there has never been a more charming, more beautiful, more loving, more human being than Jalaluddin Rumi.

But even the disciples forgot that their master had died. They rushed and pulled out the book from underneath the pillow and they looked, and they were amazed -- the book was absolutely empty! There was nothing to read. But those who were very close and intimate devotees, they understood the meaning.

Words have to be dropped.

Only then can you have silence.

The whole teaching of the book is be silent. First let the words go, then the sounds, and there remains an emptiness, nothingness, just a pure space. That purity is what meditation is all about. For twelve hundred years the book has not been published because no publisher was ready to publish it. Obviously the publisher asked... there is nothing to publish in it. Finally one Sufi master published it himself. Now it is available -- but it is just empty pages. It is called THE BOOK OF BOOKS.

Move from sound to silence.

Osho

The Great Pilgrimage

From Here To Here

Chapter 21 Question 1



BELOVED OSHO,
CAN YOU PLEASE COMMENT ON THIS BEAUTIFUL POEM BY
RUMI WHICH I LOVE SO MUCH:

"OUTSIDE, THE FREEZING DESERT NIGHT. THIS OTHER NIGHT INSIDE
GROWS WARM, KINDLING. LET THE LANDSCAPE BE COVERED WITH
THORNY CRUST. WE HAVE A SOFT GARDEN IN HERE. THE
CONTINENTS BLASTED, CITIES AND LITTLE TOWNS, EVERYTHING
BECOMES A SCORCHED BLACKENED BALL. THE NEWS WE HEAR IS
FULL OF GRIEF FOR THAT FUTURE. BUT THE REAL NEWS INSIDE HERE
IS THERE'S NO NEWS AT ALL."

Devaprem, the poem by Mevlana Jalaluddin Rumi is beautiful, as always. He has spoken only beautiful words.

He is one of the most significant poets who are also mystics. That is a rare combination; there are millions of poets in the world and there are a few mystics in the world, but a man who is both is very rare to find.

Rumi is a very rare flower. He is as great a poet as he is a mystic. Hence, his poetry is not just poetry, not just a beautiful arrangement of words. It contains immense meaning and points towards the ultimate truth.

It is not entertainment, it is enlightenment.

He is saying,

OUTSIDE, THE FREEZING DESERT NIGHT. THIS OTHER NIGHT INSIDE GROWS WARM, KINDLING.

The outside is not the real space for you to be. Outside, you are a foreigner: inside, you are at home. Outside, it is a freezing desert night. Inside, it is warm, kindling, cozy.

But very few are fortunate enough to move from the outside to the inside. They have completely forgotten that they have a home within themselves; they are searching for it but they are searching in the wrong place. They search for their whole lives but always outside; they never stop for a moment and look inwards.

LET THE LANDSCAPE BE COVERED WITH THORNY CRUST. WE HAVE A SOFT GARDEN IN HERE.

Don't be worried about what happens on the outside. Inside, there is always a garden ready to welcome you.

THE CONTINENTS BLASTED, CITIES AND LITTLE TOWNS, EVERYTHING BECOMES A SCORCHED, BLACKENED BALL. THE NEWS WE HEAR IS FULL OF GRIEF FOR THAT FUTURE.

These words of Rumi are more significant, meaningful, today, than they were when he wrote them. He wrote them seven hundred years ago, but today it is not only a symbolic thing, it is going to become the reality:

THE CONTINENTS BLASTED, CITIES AND LITTLE TOWNS, EVERYTHING BECOMES A SCORCHED BLACKENED BALL. THE NEWS WE HEAR IS FULL OF GRIEF FOR THAT FUTURE. BUT THE REAL NEWS INSIDE HERE IS THERE'S NO NEWS AT ALL.

This last sentence depends on an ancient saying which says: No news is good news. I was born in a very small village where the postman used to come only once a

week. And people were afraid that he may be bringing a letter for them; they were happy when they found that there was no letter. Once in a while, there was a telegram for someone. Just the rumour that somebody had received a telegram was such a shock in the whole village that everybody would gather there -- and only one man was educated enough to read. Everybody was afraid: A telegram? That means some bad news. Otherwise, why should you waste money on a telegram?

I learned from my very childhood that no news is good news. People were happy when they received no news from their relatives, from their friends or from anybody. That meant everything was going well.

Rumi is saying:

THE NEWS WE HEAR IS FULL OF GRIEF FOR THE FUTURE. BUT THE REAL NEWS INSIDE, IS THERE'S NO NEWS AT ALL.

Everything is silent and everything is as beautiful, peaceful, blissful as it has always been. There is no change at all; hence, there is no news.

Inside it is an eternal ecstasy, forever and forever.

I will repeat again that these lines may become true in your lifetime. Before that happens, you must reach within yourself where no news has ever happened, where everything is eternally the same, where the spring never comes and goes but always remains; where flowers have been from the very beginning -- if there was any beginning -- and are going to remain to the very end, if there is going to be any end. In fact, there is no beginning and no end, and the garden is lush, green, and full of flowers.

Before the outside world is destroyed by your politicians, enter into your inner world. That's the only safety left, the only shelter against nuclear weapons, against global suicide, against all these idiots who have so much power to destroy.

You can at least save yourself.

I was hopeful, but as the days have passed and I have become more and more acquainted with the stupidity of man... I still hope but just out of old habit; really my heart has accepted the fact that only a few people can be saved. The whole of humanity is determined to destroy itself. And these are the people... if you tell them how they can be saved, they will crucify you. They will stone you to death.

Going around the world, I still laugh, but there is a subtle sadness in it. I still dance with you but it is no longer with the same enthusiasm as it was ten years ago.

It seems that the higher powers of consciousness are helpless against the lower and ugly powers of politicians. The higher is always fragile, like a roseflower; you can destroy it with a stone. That does not mean that the stone becomes higher than the roseflower; it simply means the stone is unconscious of what it is doing.

The crowds are unconscious of what they are doing, and the politicians belong to the crowd. They are their representatives. And when blind people are leading other blind people, it is almost impossible to wake them up; because the question is not only that they are asleep -- they are blind too.

There is not time enough to cure their eyes. There is time enough to wake them but not enough time to cure their eyes. So now I have confined myself completely to my own people. That is my world, because I know those who are with me may be asleep, but they are not blind. They can be awakened.

Osho

The Hidden Splendour

Chapter 7

Question 3



One great Sufi mystic, Jalaluddin Rumi, one day took his disciples to a field where a farmer had been trying for months to dig a well. The disciples were feeling a little reluctant -- what is the point in going there? Whatever he wants to say, he can say here. But Jalaluddin insisted: "You come with me. Without coming you will not understand."

What the farmer had done was, he would start digging in one place, go ten feet, twelve feet, would not find water and would start digging in another place. He had dug eight holes and now he was working on the ninth. He had destroyed the whole field.

Rumi told his disciples, "Don't be like this idiot. If he had put all this energy into digging one hole he would have found water, howsoever deep it is. He has wasted his energy unnecessarily."

And that's what everybody is doing. You start, you go a little bit, and then you start again sometime later, or some years later. You go a little bit from a different direction.

These little bits are dangerous. Your effort should be concentrated, and once you start, and you have a master in whom you can trust and in whom you can see the realization of a buddha, then there is no going back. Then go on digging, even if it takes thirty years.

Osho

Joshu

The Lions Roar

Ch.4.60 On Digging



BELOVED MASTER,
I READ A POEM OF RUMI THE OTHER DAY
WHICH WENT:

**MOVE WITHIN, BUT DON'T MOVE THE WAY
FEAR MAKES YOU MOVE."**

AROUND THE SAME TIME I AWOKE FROM A
DREAM IN TEARS AND ALL I REMEMBERED
WAS LOOKING AT MYSELF IN A MIRROR,

FACE TO FACE, AND MY EYES WERE FULL OF FEAR.

SOMETIMES IN MEDITATION I TOUCH A BLANK HORIZONTAL SPACE
WITH NO REFERENCE POINT FOR WHO I AM AND THIS SAME FEAR IS
THERE.

CAN YOU HELP ME TO UNDERSTAND AND MAKE FRIENDS WITH THIS
FEAR?

Alima, the words of Mevlana Rumi are immensely significant. There have been very few people who have moved and transformed as many hearts as Jalaluddin Rumi.

In the world of the Sufis, Mevlana Rumi is the emperor. His words have to be understood not as mere words, but sources of deep silences, echoes of inner and the innermost songs. He is the greatest dancer the world has known. Twelve hundred years have passed since he was alive.

His dance is a special kind of dance. It is a kind of whirling, just the way small children whirl; standing on one spot they go on round and round. And perhaps everywhere in the world small children do that and their elders stop them saying, "You will become dizzy, you will fall, you will hurt yourself," and, "What is the point of doing it?"

Jalaluddin Rumi made a meditation of whirling. The meditator goes on whirling for hours -- as long as the body allows him; he does not stop on his own. When whirling a moment comes that he sees himself utterly still and silent, a center of the cyclone. Around the center the body is moving, but there is a space which remains unmoved; that is his being.

Rumi himself whirled for thirty-six hours continuously and fell, because the body could not whirl anymore. But when he opened his eyes he was another man. Hundreds of people had gathered to see. Many thought he was mad: "What is the point of whirling?"

... Nobody can say this is a prayer; nobody can say this is great dance; nobody can say in any way that this has something to do with religion, spirituality...

But after thirty-six hours when they saw Rumi so luminous, so radiant, so new, so fresh -- reborn, in a new consciousness, they could not believe their eyes.

Hundreds wept in repentance, because they had thought that he was mad. In fact he was sane and they were mad.

And down these twelve centuries the stream has continued to be alive. There are very few movements of spiritual growth which have lived so long continuously. There are still hundreds of dervishes. 'Dervish' is the Sufi word for sannyas. You cannot believe it unless you experience, that just by whirling you can know yourself. No austerity is needed, no self-torture is needed, but just an experience of your innermost being and you are transported into another plane of existence from the mortal to the immortal. The darkness disappears and there is just eternal light.

His words, Alima, have to be understood very carefully because he has not spoken much -- just a few small poems. His statement, "Move within, but don't move the way fear makes you move" -- it is so beautiful.

Don't move the way fear makes you move.

Move the way love makes you move.

Move the way joy makes you move -- not out of fear, because all so-called religions are based on fear. Their God is nothing but fear, and their heaven and hell are nothing but projections of fear and greed.

Rumi's statement is very revolutionary: Do not move because of fear.

All the religions say to people, "Fear God!"

Mahatma Gandhi used to say, "I do not fear anybody but God." When I heard this I said this is the most stupid statement anybody can make. You can fear everybody, but don't fear God because God can only be approached through love. God is not a person but the universal heartbeat. If you can sing with love and dance with love... an ordinary activity like whirling out of love.... Joy and celebration are enough to reach to the innermost sanctum of being and existence.

You all have been living out of fear.

Your relationships are out of fear. Fear is so overwhelming -- like a dark cloud covering your life -- that you say things which you don't want to say, but fear makes you say them. You do things which you do not want to do, but fear makes you do them. A little intelligence is enough to see....

Millions of people are worshipping stones carved by themselves. They have made their Gods and then they worship them. It must be out of great fear, because where can you find God? The easier way is to carve a God in beautiful marble and worship. And nobody thinks that this is sheer stupidity, because everybody else is doing it in different ways -- somebody in the temple and somebody in the mosque and somebody in the synagogue; it does not make any difference. The essential thing is the same, that what you are doing is out of fear -- your prayers are full of fear.

Rumi is making a revolutionary, an extraordinary statement: "Move within, but don't move the way fear makes you move." Then what is the way to move within? Why not move playfully? Why not make your religion a playfulness? Why be so serious? Why not move laughingly? -- just like small children running joyously after butterflies for no special reason. Just the joy of the colours and the beauty of

the flowers and the butterflies is enough -- and they are so immensely happy. In every twenty-four hours find a few moments which are fearless, which means in those moments you are not asking for anything. You are not asking for any reward and you are not worried about any punishment; you are simply enjoying the whirling, the going inwards.

In fact, just in the beginning it may look a little difficult. As you move a little inwards you become automatically joyful, playful, prayerful. A gratitude arises in you that you have never known before and a space opens up which is infinite, your inner sky. Your inner sky is not less rich than the outer sky: it has its own stars and its own moon and its own planets and its own immensity; it has exactly as vast a universe as you can see outside. You are just standing in between two universes: one is outside you; one is inside you. The outside universe consists of things, and the inside universe consists of consciousness, of bliss, of joy.

Move within, but don't move the way fear makes you move, because fear cannot enter inwards. Why can fear not enter inwards? Fear cannot be alone, and inwards you have to be alone. Fear needs a crowd, fear needs companionship, friends, even foes may do.

But to be alone, to go inwards, you cannot take anybody with you; you have to be more and more alone. Not only can you not take anyone, you cannot take anything either. Your wealth, your power, your prestige -- you cannot take anything. Inside you cannot take even your clothes! You will have to go nude and alone; hence fear cannot move inwards, fear moves outwards.

Fear moves towards money, fear moves towards power, fear moves towards God; fear moves in all directions except inwards. To go inwards the first requirement is fearlessness.

Alima, you are wondering how to make friends with the fear. One has not to make friends with darkness, death or fear. One has to get rid of them. One has to simply say good-bye forever. It is your attachment; friendship will make it even more deep.

Don't think that by becoming friendly with fear you will become ready to go inwards. Even the friendly fear will prevent it; in fact, it will prevent it more so. It will prevent you in a friendly way, it will advise you, "Don't do such a thing. There is nothing inwards. You will fall into a nothingness and returning from that nothingness is impossible. Beware of falling into your inwardness. Cling to things." Fear has to be understood.

You don't have to make friends -- and it disappears.

What are you afraid of? When you were born you were born naked. You did not bring any bank balance either -- but you were not afraid. You come into the world utterly nude, but entering like an emperor. Even an emperor cannot enter into the world the way a child enters. The same is true of entering inwards. It is a second childbirth; you again become a child -- the same innocence and the same nudity and the same non-possessiveness. What do you have to be afraid of?

In life you cannot be afraid of birth. It has happened, now nothing can be done about it. You cannot be afraid of life -- it is already happening. You cannot be

afraid of death -- whatever you do it is going to happen. So what is the fear? I have always been asked even by very learned people, "Do you never get concerned what will happen after death?" And I have always wondered, that these people are learned. And I have asked them, "One day I was not born -- and there was no worry. I have never for a single moment thought that when I was not born what kind of trouble, what kind of anxiety, what kind of anguish I had to face. I was simply not! So the same will be the case: when you die, you die."

Confucius was asked by his most significant disciple, Mencius, "What will happen after death?"

Confucius said, "Don't waste time. When you are in your grave, lie down and think over it, but why bother now?"

So many people in their graves are thinking! You will think that there seems to be no problem. In every cemetery -- and there are millions of cemeteries -- people are simply lying. They don't even get up to inquire, "What has happened, what is the news today?" They don't even change sides. They are so relaxed.

And when people die, others close their eyes out of fear: "The poor people will go on seeing in the grave." It makes you afraid that thousands of people in their graves are looking -- "Close their eyes."

I had one distant aunt who was unique because she slept with one eye open. She had to, because that one eye was false. But whenever she used to come to our family I would frighten people. Whenever she would go to sleep I would take them and say, "Look, this is what happens: even when she is alive one eye is open. In death you try to close people's eyes, but don't believe it... they will open their eyes and they will look all around, "What is happening?""

Fear of what will happen when you die is unnecessary. Whatever will happen will happen -- and anyway you cannot do anything beforehand. You don't know so there is no question of doing some homework, getting ready for the kind of questions you will be asked or what kind of people you will meet, learning their manners, their language... We don't know anything; there is no need to worry. Don't waste time.

But it is fear, fear that something is going to happen. After death -- and you will be so alone; even if you call from your grave nobody is going to listen. People close the grave completely just out of fear. If you leave some window open and dead people start looking from there, they would make anybody afraid!

Just now I have heard that there is a new phenomenon in America called The Couch Potato Movement...

It was created for people who sit at home all day and watch TV. It was started in nineteen eighty-two, but has recently become a great phenomenon: the home-video revolution. The Couch Potato Movement has published two books: THE OFFICIAL COUCH POTATO HANDBOOK and THE COUCH POTATO GUIDE TO LIFE. It also has a newsletter THE TUBER'S VOICE with a circulation of eight

thousand.

Mr. Armstrong, the founder of the movement is spreading the Couch Potato gospel: "We feel that watching TV is an indigenous American form of meditation." He says, "We call it Transcendental Vegetation."

Alima, out of fear people can do anything. They can even become a member of The Couch Potato Movement. Just sitting for seven and a half hours per day just like a potato on the sofa, and growing fatter and fatter and fatter.... Once in a while they get up to go to the fridge; otherwise, they are doing so much Transcendental Vegetation. It has never been done on such a vast scale.

Why should people watch television the whole day? One has to look into the psychology. These people simply don't want to know anything about themselves. These people are trying to avoid themselves by watching television. Television is a substitute; otherwise, having so much time you will have to look inwards -- and that is a fear. Inwards?... but the fridge is outwards. Inwards?... but the boyfriend is outwards. Inwards you will not find anything. You cannot go shopping... You will just get drowned in nothingness.

This being drowned in nothingness creates fear. But the problem is that this fear is only because you don't know the beauty and the bliss and the joy of drowning in nothingness, because you don't know the ecstasy that opens up as you fall inwards. It needs a little taste.

I don't want you to believe, I want you to experiment.

If thousands of mystics have experienced something inside, at least hypothetically, you can also have a look. Perhaps there may be something that you are missing. There is no question of fear, just a little intelligence is needed -- not friendliness with fear but an intelligence: the adventurer's heart, the courage of those who go into the unknown. They are the blessed ones, because they find the meaning and the significance of life. Others only vegetate; only they live.

Osho

Om Shantih, Shantih, Shantih

Chapter 12

Questions



I thought you would like this poem by Rumi

We are the mirror as well as the face in it,
We are tasting the taste this minute of eternity
We are pain and what cures pain both,
We are the sweet cold water and that the jar that pours.

Prem Prasad, Jalaluddin Rumi is one of the greatest Sufi mystics. He is the only mystic whom Sufis have called Mevlana. Mevlana means, our Beloved Master. A few people I love immensely. Mevlana Jalaluddin Rumi is one of them, and the reason I love him is that he was not life-negative, but life-affirmative. And the meditation that he has found and which has continued for seven hundred years among a small stream of mystics was the meditation of a certain kind of dance. His followers are called whirling Sufis.

You must have seen small children -- they like to whirl; and everybody stops them, because the fear of the parents is that the child may fall, may have a fracture, may get hurt. But in spite of all prohibitions, children love to whirl. And nobody has inquired why children love, all over the world, irrespective of race, nation, religion, why children love to whirl.

Jalaluddin Rumi, seeing children whirl, thought that there must be something that the children feel but they cannot express, and perhaps they are not fully aware what it is. So he tried whirling himself, and he was amazed that if you go on whirling there comes a moment when the center of your being remains static and your whole body, mind, brain, everything, whirls.

And that center which does not whirl, is you, the center of the cyclone. The whirling is almost like a cyclone, but exactly in the middle of the cyclone you will find a point which has not moved at all. Every wheel needs a center on which to turn, and the center has to remain unturning. You see in bicycles, in bullock carts, wherever there is a wheel, there is something in the center which is unmoving.

Once Jalaluddin became aware that you can find the unmoving center of your being, he tried for thirty-six hours non-stop, without eating, without drinking -- he was determined to whirl to his absolute capacity, not to hold back anything... unless he falls, he is not going to stop. Thirty-six hours he whirled, a great crowd watched. The crowd went on changing; people had to go to eat and then they came again. People had to do their work and then they came again; thirty-six hours is a long period. And after thirty-six hours he fell down. And people heard a

great laughter.

Jalaluddin was laughing loudly, and he said, "You think you have seen me falling, I have also seen myself falling. These thirty-six hours I have not moved a single inch. Now I don't have to go to Mecca in search of God, I have found him. In the unmoving center of my own being, he is."

The followers of Rumi don't have great scriptures, don't have any rituals, except whirling, and a few beautiful poems by Jalaluddin Rumi, which he used to sing after whirling and falling. He will get up and he will be so drunk -- in that drunkenness he will sing a song, and those songs have been collected. That is the only literature the followers of Rumi have.

These lines are also from one of the poems of Rumi. Each sentence is impeccable -- not only true, but also utterly beautiful.

We are the mirror, that's what I have been saying to you again and again; that we are not the doer, we are only the mirror. Don't get identified with your doings, with your actions; remain a witness, just a watcher. But we are not taught the most essential things of life, we are taught all kinds of stupid things.

The most essential is the art of watchfulness.

I have heard, a drunkard came home in the night. And however drunk you may be, the closer you come to home, as you remember your wife, you almost start becoming sober... just the remembrance. And that day was special, because the wife had got so tired... in the middle of every night he will come, and she will have to get up and open the door, and then the fight.... So she had given him the key that day and told him, "Now behave! When you come home be as silent as possible."

So he was moving very silently -- and a policeman was watching. He thought, This is strange, it is his own house, and he is going as if he is a thief. And finally the drunk tried hard to find the lock. Somehow he managed to find the lock, holding the lock in one hand and the key in another, but he could not manage to make the key enter into the lock. Both his hands were shaking. He said, "This is strange. Is there anybody to help me? The house is shaking."

The policeman came and he said, "What is the matter?"

He said, "You just hold the house for a moment, so I can open the lock."

The policeman laughed. He said, "You just give me the key and I will open the lock." So the policeman opened the lock.

The drunkard wanted no trouble that day. The wife had been really very graceful in giving the key. But on the way he had been fighting with another drunkard, and the other drunkard had scratched him, and blood was oozing from many places in his face. So first he entered into the house, very cautiously -- but he stumbled, and the wife said, "Who is there?"

Suddenly he remembered his wife's dog, so he just went close to the bed, and started rubbing his nose and his tongue on her feet. So she thought that it was the dog, turned and went back to sleep. Then he entered the bathroom, looked into the mirror and said, "My God, in the morning she will find out; so many places blood is coming, where that friend of mine has scratched...." So he took some

ointment that was there in the bathroom and put the ointment on every scratch, covering it completely, so that in the morning the wife cannot find out. And in the morning when the wife went into the bathroom, she shouted, "You idiot! You come here. Who has destroyed my mirror? Who has painted it with the ointment?" This was his doing. Seeing the face in the mirror, naturally he went on putting the ointment on the face in the mirror.

You are not a drunkard, but spiritually you are all asleep. And unless you become a watcher of your own actions, of your dreams, of your thoughts, of your desires -- there is no way of transformation, of becoming awake, getting out of this rut of sleep which you have continued in for many lives.

Rumi is right when he says, "We are the mirror, as well as the face in it."

We are the watcher and the watched. There is no separation between us and existence. We are part of one whole, just as my two hands are part of one organic unity. I can manage that they fight with each other. I can manage that they are friendly, loving and warm to each other. I can hit one hand with the other hand and wound it.

When you are seeing the tree, or the moon, or the river, or the ocean, you are the mirror and the mirrored too. It is one existence.

This is the basic conclusion of all the mystics, that the whole of existence is one entity, there is no duality. All duality deep down is joined into one existence.

WE ARE THE MIRROR AS WELL AS THE FACE IN IT.

WE ARE TASTING THE TASTE THIS MINUTE OF ETERNITY.

Just be watchful this minute. In this silence you are tasting something which is beyond time.

We are tasting the taste of this minute of eternity. We are pain, and what cures pain, both. We are agony and we are ecstasy. We are hell and we are heaven, because there is no contradiction in existence. They are all joined together. We are the sweet cold water and the jar that pours it.

You can find many contradictions in life. And you can also find that they are all complementaries.

It is something very strange, that all the mystics, whether they were born thousands of years ago, or they are alive today, all fundamentally agree on the essential points of spiritual growth and realization.

For example: the silence, this minute, gives you not an explanation -- but it gives you an experience.

Dancing and singing, allow yourself to be so completely overwhelmed that nothing is left behind. And you have entered into the temple of God, where you are the mirror, and you are the face mirrored in it; where you are the seeker and you are the sought; where you are the devotee and you are the God at whose feet you are offering yourself.

It happened in Ramakrishna's life... a very strange incident. One great painter wanted to paint the picture of Ramakrishna. After great persuasion Ramakrishna

agreed. When the painting was complete, the painter brought it to offer to Ramakrishna. As he gave the painting to Ramakrishna... Ramakrishna touched the feet in the painting with his head. The painter could not believe it. He had heard that that man is mad, but now there was no question: he is certainly mad, touching his own feet with his head!

Even his disciples became embarrassed. A great silence fell. Finally one disciple asked, "It is your own painting, your own picture -- and you are touching its feet with your head? You do such things... people think you are mad, and you give them every kind of evidence. Even we become embarrassed when people ask us, 'Why do you go to Ramakrishna, can't you find anybody else who is sane?'" Ramakrishna said, "Have I committed any wrong? I have not touched my own feet. I have touched the feet -- because the painting is of somebody who is in deep silence, in samadhi, in tune with God. You are right, I must be mad, because now I recognize it is my own picture. But at that moment I only felt that the painter has done a great job. He has not only caught the body of the person, but also his spirit." And Ramakrishna kept that painting his whole life, just behind his bed. It is still there.

While his wife was alive she used to make the bed every day, even after his death. She used to bring food to his room. She used to cook all those delicious things that Ramakrishna liked.

People started saying, "One madman is dead, now this mad woman..." Sharda was her name. Even disciples of Ramakrishna used to ask her, "When he is dead, what is the point of twice every day making food for him, every night, making his bed?." She said, "Should I believe you, or should I believe him? Because when he was dying, I asked, 'Are you really dying?' And he said, 'Nobody dies. And you need not change your dress.'" This is the custom among the Hindus, that the widow cannot use coloured clothes, she cannot use ornaments, she has to shave her head. Ramakrishna said, "You are not to do anything, because I am not going to die, I'm simply leaving the body, but I will be here, now, always."

"So whom I am to believe?" Sharda used to say. "And if he is always here now, I cannot resist the temptation of preparing things that he used to like. I may not be able to see him, but he must be able to see me, and that is what is significant -- not that I should see him, but that he is watching. And for his whole life his teaching was a simple word: watchfulness."

We are the mirror as well as the face in it.

Osho

The Rebellious Spirit

Chapter 23

Miracles Are Mostly Fiction



The great Sufi master, Jalaluddin Rumi, wrote these three lines as his own epitaph:

**NOT MORE THAN THREE WORDS,
MY WHOLE LIFE IS CONDENSED IN THESE THREE WORDS:
I WAS RAW, NOW I AM COOKED AND BURNT.**

THIS IS THE DEATH THAT BRINGS RESURRECTION.

I WAS RAW, NOW I AM COOKED AND BURNT.

Jalaluddin, the greatest Sufi, says, "These three words contain my whole life." If you are separate, you are raw. If you join together with existence, you are cooked. And if you disappear absolutely, without leaving even a shadow of the ego, you are burnt.

Patanjali has called this state NIRBEEJ SAMADHI: seedless samadhi, when the seed is burnt. Now there will be no more misery, no more coming and going, no more constant change of form. Now you will abide in the eternal as eternal.

Jalaluddin also says:

**LISTEN TO THE REED. IT IS COMPLAINING.
IT TELLS OF SEPARATION, SAYING,
"EVER SINCE THEY TORE ME FROM THE REED BED,
MY LAMENT HAS MOVED MAN AND WOMAN TO TEARS.
EVERYONE WHO IS LEFT FAR FROM HIS SOURCE
WISHES BACK TO THE TIME OF UNION.**

"Listen to the reed... everyone who is left far from his source wishes back to the time of union." We are all searching for our source. We are all like reeds searching for the reed bed from which we have been torn.

Jalaluddin had a special love for the reed flute. "Do not ask why God created the flute" goes a folk song. "He wanted the people to understand Rumi." Otherwise how would people have understood Rumi? That's why he created the flute.

When a man attains to the ultimate he becomes a flute. A song is born: a song that goes on and on. Buddha sang it for forty-two years -- day in and day out, year in and year out, for forty-two years he continued a song. Mahavira did the

SAME, AND SO DID MOHAMMED AND BAHAUDDIN AND JALALUDDIN.

AND IT IS THIS SONG THAT WE ARE LISTENING TO AND GOING INTO
RIGHT NOW: HAKIM SANAI.

**FROM WHERE COMES THIS SONG? IT COMES OUT OF SILENCE. IT IS
CONDENSED SILENCE, IT COMES FROM YOUR ABSOLUTE EMPTINESS. YOU
BECOME JUST A PASSAGE TO GOD, A HOLLOW BAMBOO, A FLUTE, AND
GOD STARTS SINGING THROUGH YOU.**

Osho

Walking in Zen. Sitting In Zen

Chapter 16

All moons in the In the one moon.

Question 1



There is a famous poem of Jalaluddin Rumi; I agree with him up to a point and then my disagreement starts. On the really essential point I cannot agree with him. My feeling is he must have written that poem before he became enlightened. He was an enlightened man, but the poem is decisive -- it must have been written before he became enlightened. The poem is beautiful, because sometimes poets say things almost like seers, but remember they are almost like seers. There is bound to be some flaw, it can't be flawless. You may not be able to find the flaw. Listen to the story of the poem.

Jalaluddin says:

**A LOVER COMES TO HIS BELOVED'S HOME, KNOCKS ON THE DOOR.
THE BELOVED ASKS, "WHO IS THERE?"
AND THE LOVER SAYS, "I AM -- YOUR LOVER."
THE BELOVED SAYS, "THE HOUSE OF LOVE IS SO SMALL, IT CANNOT
CONTAIN TWO, SO PLEASE GO BACK. WHEN YOU ARE NO MORE, THEN
COME AGAIN. THE HOUSE OF LOVE CANNOT CONTAIN TWO, IT CAN**

ONLY CONTAIN ONE."

So far so good!

The lover goes to the forest, he becomes an ascetic. He meditates, he prays to God. His prayer is only one: "Dissolve me!" Many moons come and go, months pass, years pass, and one day he comes back. He knocks again on the door, and the beloved asks the same question: "Who is there?" And he says, "Now I am no more, only you are."

And Rumi says:

THE DOORS OPEN AND THE LOVER IS RECEIVED IN THE HOME OF LOVE.

There I don't agree -- it is too early! Then who is the person who is saying "I am no more"? Even to say that "I am no more," you are needed. It is as foolish as if you went and knocked at somebody's house and he leaned out of the window and said, "I am not at home." That is self-contradictory; you cannot say that. To say it is to prove that you are.

Jalaluddin must have written this poem before he became enlightened. He should have corrected it. But these enlightened people are crazy people. He may have forgotten all about the poem, but it needs correction. I can do the correction. I would like to say that the beloved says, "Go back again because you are still there. First you were positively there, now you are negatively there, but it makes no difference."

The lover goes back. Now there is no point in praying because prayer has not helped. In fact, prayer cannot help: in prayer the duality persists. You are praying to somebody; God becomes your "thou." God cannot help. Now he becomes a Zen monk -- not a devotee but a real meditator. He simply goes deep within himself, searching and seeking. "Where is this 'I'?" He tries to find out where it is. And anybody who goes in is bound not to find it because it is not there; it is non-existential, it is only a belief. So he searches and searches and finds it nowhere. So he comes back, knocks on the door. The beloved asks the same question: "Who is there?" And there is no answer because there is nobody to answer. Just silence. She asks again, "Who is there?" but the silence deepens. She asks again, "Who is there?" but the silence is absolute. She opens the door. Now the lover has come, but he is no more; there is nobody to answer. He has to be taken inside the home, taken by the hand. He is completely, utterly empty.

This is what Zen people call "emptied suchness."

VISION IS CLEAR. BUT THERE ARE NO OBJECTS TO SEE. THERE IS NO PERSON. THERE IS NO BUDDHA.

Everything has disappeared. Zen has achieved the ultimate peak of enlightenment;

hence it can say that there is no enlightenment either because if the enlightened person goes on thinking, "I am enlightened," he is not enlightened. If he claims enlightenment then he is not enlightened, because every claim is an ego claim. Enlightenment is not a claim, it is a silent presence.

Baula, don't try to understand Zen. Go within yourself to find out who you are, where you are. You will not find anybody there, just pure emptiness. And then vision is clear. No person, no Buddha. All is silent, utterly silent. There is nothing to say. In that silence one becomes truth. Not only that one knows truth, one becomes truth. That is the only way to know it.

Osho

Walking In Zen. Sitting In Zen

Chapter 16

All The MOONS In one MOON

Question 1



Jalaluddin Rumi, a Sufi mystic, has said:

"SELL YOUR CLEVERNESS AND SELL ALL YOUR KNOWLEDGE AND BUY BEWILDERMENT. CLEVERNESS IS MERE OPINION, BEWILDERMENT IS INTUITION. ONE COMES TO GOD THROUGH BEING BEWILDERED."

Attain to the eyes of wonder, of ignorance, of innocence; attain to the eyes of intimacy. Not knowing, you are tremendously valuable; knowing, you are just ordinary.

Mind functions through logic, reason, mathematics, argument, proof. Existence has no proof. Existence never tries to prove anything, it is simply there. It is just

there. If you are available you will know it, if you are preoccupied you will not know it.

Osho

Zen: The Path of Paradox.Vol.3
Take NO Thought for Tomorrow
chapter three



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