

# *If I could do it all again*

Sometimes in life, we have this thought: “What if I could do it all again?”

## Unknowable miracle

This thought implies that we think we did it once before - but I am not at all sure about that. In my perception, it is more like it all happened with little or no real control on my side, as a spontaneous unfolding of cosmic magic. I could not have imagined in my wildest dreams when I was, say 12, everything that happened after that and the life I am having now. And if I could have, I would not have had a clue about what to do or not to do in order to make it happen and to get there. And I don't have a clue about what it is, here and now, me, life - no one really knows. It is the miraculous Unknowable we so desperately try to grasp, reject or take for granted with every of our small thoughts and feelings. But let's play the game anyway and see where it leads me.

If everything was free, I would not want anything imaginable, but something real fresh and entirely unknown to me. For instance how would it be, to be a molecule of carbon once made in the explosion of stars, or oxygen, or hydrogen and be at the root of universal formation? Or what is it like to be a spark of electricity, a beam of light, a ray of warmth? Or rather even something really so unimaginable that I could not even describe it because it would be totally outside the realm of my current perception.

On the other hand, if reality is always what it is, and all there ever is and was – all the appearances and the underlying current beneath everything known and unknown - then it would be impossible to imagine the unimaginable to be outside of reality, it would always be inside because there is only the one reality.

## I Am

In fact, I am the molecule of carbon, oxygen and hydrogen (and some other elements) united as they are in my body. I am the spark of electricity in my every sense. I am warmth and light. And even after the demise of the body, this will all not change. I can never escape reality as it is, only change form, but never really get lost, being not only the appearance but rather the force of manifestation behind it. There is no way to escape reality or that what is. This is ancient knowledge, but also timeless: “I am that I am”, was the answer to Moses’ question, and Jesus said: “Before Abraham was, I am”. It was also expressed before that in the Upanishads as “Aham Brahma Asmi” (I am Brahman) and “Tat Tvam Asi” (That essence are you). If you dive into other religious core texts or early philosophies, you will find the same.

I am also the cloud, the ocean, the stone, the flower and the dolphin. Is not all that ever was in evolution - from the first sparkle of energy, appearance of subatomic particles, the first biological life and (on this planet) up to homo sapiens - somewhere encoded and expressed in our DNA in some evolved or rudimentary form? So what remains to think or wish for, that we not already are, do or did? All manifested and unmanifested is nothing less than the twinkle in the eye of the Unknown, shining forth in some appearance, or hiding in the ungraspable possibility that it might appear in space and time.

## Siddhartha

Let me end by quoting the great German writer and poet Hermann Hesse, who wrote in his wonderful book "Siddhartha" (translation from the German by me), speaking as Siddhartha:

*"This stone is stone, it is also animal, it is also God, it is also Buddha, I honor and love it not, because it could once become this or that, but because it already is and always was everything - and exactly this, that it is stone, that it appears to me now and today as stone, exactly therefore I love it, and I see value and meaning in every one of its lines and curves, in the yellow, in the grey, in the hardness, the sound that it makes when I knock on it, in the dryness or wetness of its surface. There are stones that feel like oil or like soap, and others like leaves, yet others like sand, and they are all special and reflect the One in its own way, they are all Devine, and at the same time and exactly so it is stone, oily or soapy, and exactly that pleases me and feels wonderful and worthy of worship".*

We cannot help being, or even dream of being other than, a worthy stone in the realm of the Unknown.

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