



THE LOTUS FIELD

BY PENG-EAN KHOO
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A GIFT FOR ALL
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The telephone rings and nobody's home. Nobody picks up the phone. The iphone buzzes and nobody looks at it. Nobody sees it. The radio used to play but nobody hears it. Nobody listens to it. Nobody hears anything, feels the throbbing of the pulses of the melody, and the flow of the rhythm. It is all mistaken. This and that. Gadgets fly all over the place and the moon is always shining though we can't see it. The sun tells us mystery of light and then we think, oh oh, maybe it isn't like this.





What is it that I want to tell you? I want to tell you of a place inside you, so far away, yet so near, because you can get home, meandering everywhere or you can get home, just like that: the door is always open. You have the key, you have the lock, you have to turn the door handle, and it opens, it opens up to everywhere, but you will keep looking and looking and looking, until you come home, and then you don't run anymore. You don't have anywhere else to go. You don't have anywhere else that you want to be anymore. You are home.





And it's music flowing and it's magic bobbles popping in the air and only you can know it because it is your own way. Your own space, your own happiness, your own cruise, and nobody knows what it is, not even you, until you arrive here. Until you know you are truly here, and it is real, and it's permanent.





It's a strange morning after a midnight of no moon in the sky,
some stars, a couple of bobble of clouds and nothing needs to
make any more sense because the way is clicked, the pathway
of one's journey, and purpose in life.









How can one explain this or need to? It's a knowing, it's elusive, it's mysterious, and it cannot be replicated and it cannot be told, it cannot be taught, it cannot be imagined, it cannot be manufactured, it cannot be shared even. And it cannot be possessed and it isn't possessive. It's a longing so deep and so intense, it looks crazy and nothing can satiate it and you think of Rumi, and his 'purity of desire'.





Pride is blind. Jealousy has no name. And desire - desire is a need. It is a need so deep, nothing, nothing can satiate its purity, because it's purity seeking purity. It is innocence seeking innocence. Who can imagine that? Who can know this secret? Nobody thought to look for desire in innocence. And all this time, it is innocence seeking, seeking the way back to innocence.








The purity of love, the permission to love, and the right to love and the rightfulness of love and the fearlessness of love. It's allowed. Love is allowed.







There is no possession. There are no terms, no conditions. Love is just love. Love is simply love. Love is love. Love is a freedom that knows no bounds no tides no night no day no time no place no rhythm no music no colour no moon no sun no stars no crooning no words no nothing. Love is that permission to simply love. To rain showers in the deserts of loneliness, to rain drops of tenderness in woundedness, to rain whispers of sweetness in a bitterness of a quiet moonlit nights of no moons. Of the ugliness of bullying and the searing rip of hearts of betrayals. Of the awfulness of the swamp. Of the terrible, terrible things we can do to each other. Of the destruction that we can do to each other and ourselves. Until we let go of that. Let go of it all. Let it all go. The mad fights, the crazy jostling, the idiocy of chasing after fool's gold and destroying the one most beautiful thing in its path - the gift of pure, innocent love. The unbelief that it exists, simply. Very simply, and all we need to do, is simply embrace it. Embrace that it can be true, and that it is all it is. Love is simple and it has nothing attached to it. Nothing. It can't have one single condition. Not one. It requires the sacrifice, the giving up, that only a true person in love must dare to offer - freedom. The freedom of the loved to go one full circle and maybe come back, or never, as time has shifted. Time has moved on. And it's all out of odds. The space-time has moved on. And if we miss it, we won't be able to ride the circle rainbow of stars in a moonless night.







And we would regret it. Yes, regret it. Regret is more horrible than fear or loneliness. Because we know we had let it go. Let go the one change to make a dream come true.







To feel love beyond love. To know what that means, what that feels like. To feel and experience what how sublime that sacrifice feels like. The sacrifice of the self for another. To love like that, when it is beyond the self. To choose to live like that. To choose to keep the field of love going, and still feeling it all. There is no transcendence, there is only taking the hits. Taking it so much, and so often, and still turning up to take it over and over again.







Tears stream down my face and they are tears of joy. Sorrow has become joy. Become one. They are rainbow tears. Because they are tears of true liberation.







Love doesn't need anything. Love is uncontrollable. It seeks to love. Love loves.





The way of love is the way of innocence seeking innocence, and that is the purity of truth and there is nothing else that is needed or required. And that's all there is to this mysterious field of the lotus flower. There is also no flower. There is just a sweetness in the heart that is a gift, and joy, and true gratitude that such a state can be experienced. That such a gift can happen in one's conscious lifetime.







That one can also actually gift such a gift to others.

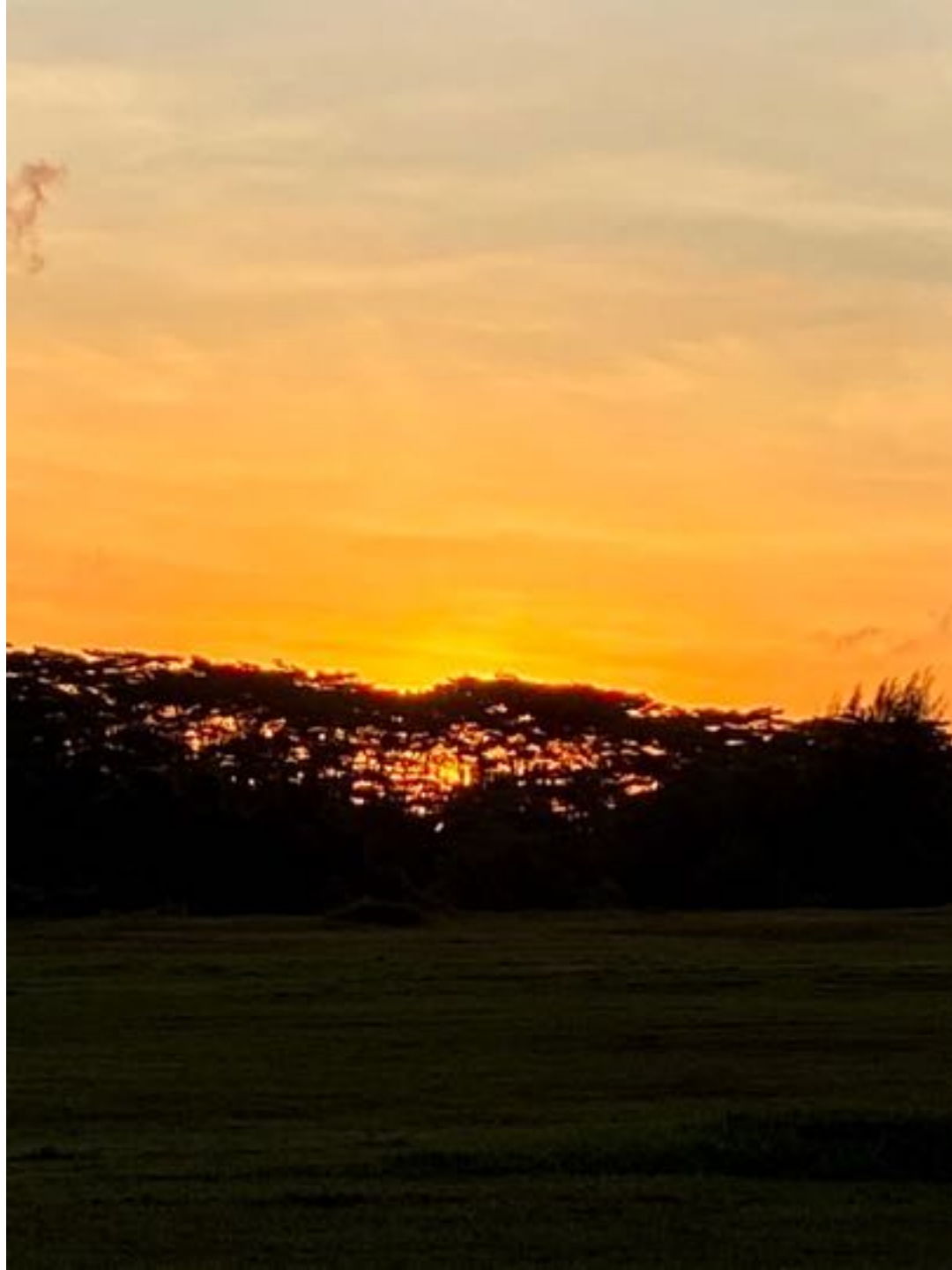




It's good every time. Every time. Sweet satisfaction. Such sweet satisfaction.



It's a cruel joke. But it's a good, loving one. It's a gift for all.





Love gifts beyond oneself. Love is simply living beyond oneself. Love is simply living for the happiness of the other. For the true liberation of the other. However tough the journey. Because the space-time slips us by.







So today is a good day to simply love and live with no regrets.



Not in a million thousand moonlights. And moonless days.





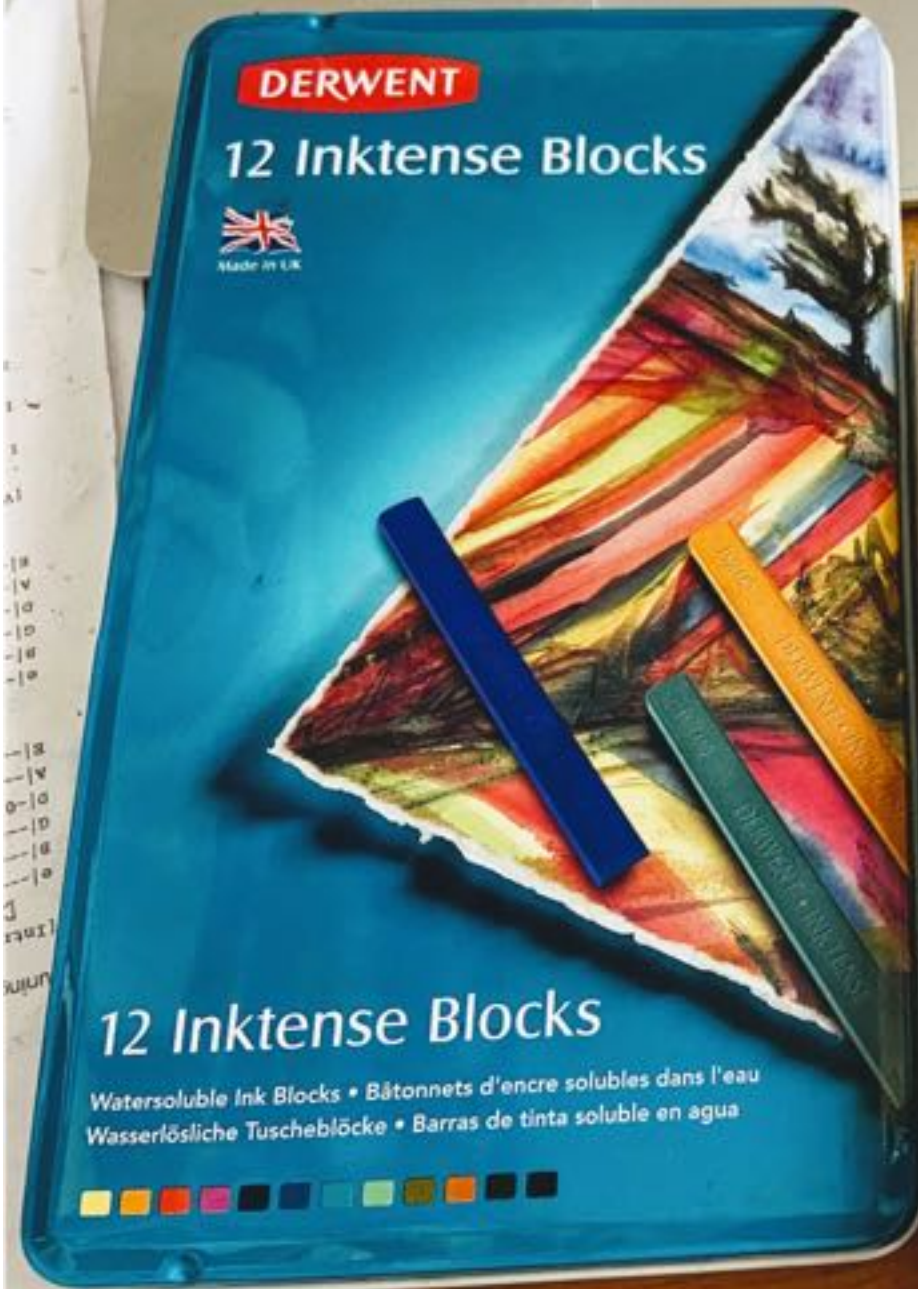




Love beats regrets, any day.







‘C’EST LA VIE, BON BONS. TRALALA” – is a collection of art & poetry that emerged during the COVID-19 Pandemic. It is a body of work where the poet-artist is reflecting on how ‘small is beautiful’* looks like in daily life, what ‘Development as Freedom’** means personally for her in global society, and it documents her examination of the statement that ‘simplicity is beautiful and profound’. She discovers that this is the name, the way and the voice of the journey and homecoming of herself in a poet-artist’s studio.

*EF Schumacher, 1973

**Amartya Sen, 1999

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