
The middle moment

Kusen of Patrick Parnien - Caussens, mai 2010

In this moment, what truly remains?
In this moment, what else is there to live than to be?
Than being fully here, in the intimacy of what IS?

While adjusting your posture from moment to moment, in the body, the spine, seeking the balance between tension and relaxation, breath out slowly, quietly, from all the way down, ending with a slight pressure on the abdominal mass.

While readjusting, breathing out quietly, harmonize with what Master Keizan called the "the middle moment". This moment is neither in the past, nor in the future. This moment of time that is neither in the past nor in the future, is conveniently referred to by using mental constructions as « present » or « the present moment ».

While talking about this present moment, it is important to be aware that these mental constructions shouldn't be an attempt at representing something which cannot be represented, picturing something which can only be lived, experienced within our own fibres.

Breath out slowly, quietly, by doing so empty yourself. Not only from the air inhaled, but from all your views, thoughts, memories, pictures. Somehow, by breathing out in full mindfulness, in full presence, our self consciousness passes out to be born again to the newness of each moment. To live each instant with a fresh mind. Thus breath out quietly, softly, observe all movements, sensations, perceptions, mental formings, phenomena from the outside world, without interfering, without dwelling upon them. Just be fully there.

Master Keizan wrote the following poem:

*White clouds come down and vanish.
Alone high and powerful,
Towerig above, the peak of the green mountain
Overshadowing the hundred hills.
No one can reach the summit, no one can know it.*

We can become this green mountain, this summit. We can know it once there is no one left. When there isn't any more this « I » identity that grabs or rejects, when we are totally available to what IS. It is in such total availability that intelligence from the heart, the clear intelligence can arise and unfurl.

In this moment, what truly remains?
In this moment, what else is there to live than to be?
Than being fully here, in the intimacy of what IS?

Settled in the body, settled right now in the breathing, without grabbing at anything, without fighting, without rejecting anything. Just here in the observation of that which arises, without

interfering, as an empty bowl, open, vacant, heart of the mind available, we are the top of the green mountain.

We are its base. We are its slopes. We are its inside, its center, its periphery. Not need to reach its summit, not need to know it. We are intelligence of the heart.

Absolutely nothing else to live than to be.