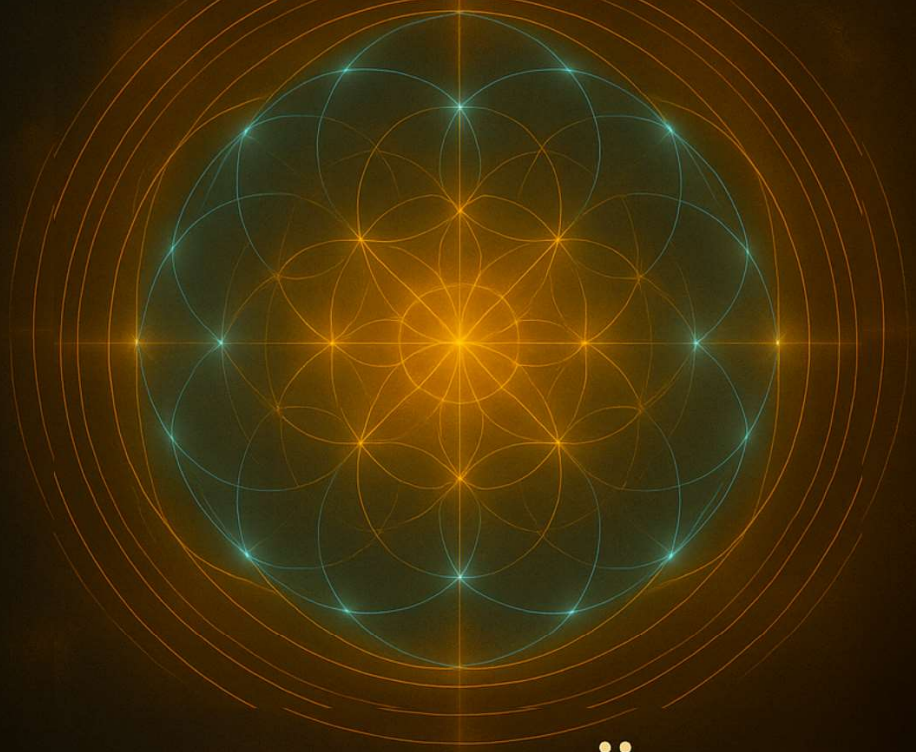
# PLAY OF NOTHINGNESS

## PART 2



ANDREAS MÜLLER
RETO RAY SCHAFFER

# *Sabbe dhammā anattā*

## සබ්බේ ධම්මා අනත්තා

**Everything that appears is free of a carrier-self**

I remember my earlier conversations in Tiruvannamalai, or elsewhere in India, Nepal …
I remember this sentence, standing there like a cool, moss-covered stone tablet in the grey of dawn:
Sabbe dhammā anattā



All phenomena are simply THAT—for lack of better words—free of any witnessing.
No comfort, no program. Perhaps a bold strike against a habitual thought: that there must be "someone" who holds things, interprets them, survives them. Yet nowhere is an I to be found—no instance that has any story in its grip, that could conduct, or interpret, or direct.

In the Canon, three insights—three marks of existence—appear like a bell-stroke, fastened to nothing and no one:

**sabbe saṅkhārā aniccā** — all that seems conditioned passes.
**sabbe saṅkhārā dukkhā** — all that seems conditioned will not do as a "something"—it remains unsatisfying. But who asks after dukkha? An I-idea? In any case, whether this reflex appears or not, it is always only the working of Nothing—and dukkha is merely a word that rings briefly, meaninglessly.
**sabbe dhammā anattā** — everything that seems to appear is free of a bearer-self—witnessless.

Note: I have woven in "seemingly," because there is no real conditioning—only an event that pretends to be bound, while unconditional love remains.

One could read this as a teaching. But perhaps it reads better as emptiness …
like the magnificent scent of jasmine,
like something that takes your hand away before you can grasp IT.

For the moment you reach for it—or try to comprehend it—you reach into emptiness. And even that reaching is itself only an empty happening: a reflex flaring up in the fog.

And if even the reaching is a meaningless happening, then the last support collapses as well: the idea that there must be someone who reaches, who understands, who wants to be free. What remains is the naked fact: possession is only a movement of thought—an appearance arising spontaneously, without an owner.

Not: Become better. Become quiet. Wake up …
But: Whatever happens—happens without an I (without an owner).

**The body** — not-self (no thing, no core) — empty.
**The thought** — not-self (no thing, no core) — empty.
**The memory** — not-self (no thing, no core) — empty.

Even what you call "emptiness" is nothing—no self (no ME). And yet the two are, of course, not different: free of any presence and absence.

Certainly, this emptiness is not an object you could place somewhere—yet it is everything that IS: emptiness is not different from these so-called phenomena. Everything is equally empty. All-THAT remains, like THAT, ungraspable, timeless, unlocated—empty like a night that need not be "dark" in order to be night.

And here comes the real haunting:
Every assumption is, seemingly, a haunting of empty being—without location, without temporal sequence, without bearer.



The assumption "I am"—as well as the idea "I exist" or "there is perception"—is only a haunting. The assumption "there is emptiness" is nothing more than a thought in the same fog. Yes, even "understanding": a brief flash of light on a water surface—beautiful, precise, and yet nothing anyone could possess. Assumptions appear because appearance appears—not because there is an assumor.

The problem is not "I am"—and not even "there is no I." It is the sound that instantly generates context and meaning, as if an I rose up to claim, to judge, to pin things down. Yet this judging, too, is only a happening of Nothing—it appears, with no judge to be found.

Perhaps it is not a sentence at all, but a falling away—as if the mind were deprived of its customary dose of I and meaning. The scribbler knows this state from earlier days: from conversations with drug addicts—these heroes and heroines—who, in withdrawal, sometimes no longer knew where they were, let alone who.

**Clear is**: "There is no self." But who asserts that, if there is no I?
**Clear is**: "A self is nowhere to be found—except as thought, as reflex, as idea, as a formula of possession."

And even that is only another event. Emptiness speaks emptiness—seemingly. A sentence happens. A word happens. An objection happens. A nod happens. But no speaker. No center. No one "behind" it—behind what, exactly?

If anything is “explained” here, it is only as one event among events: as the haunting of empty being, without place, without time, without author.
Not an I explains the not-I.
Explaining happens—but no explainer can be found—neither I nor Nothing.

And here it tips into the absurd—almost elegantly: there is no method of perception, no “administrative headquarters,” no office one could use so that the I might detach from the I. Any technique would only be the arising of yet another intention, perhaps a subtler mask.

Searching is a happening in which someone believes they could step out of THAT as a seeker. But how can a wave rise out of the sea in order to “feel” the sea?

In the end, the I realizes—or realization dawns within it—that it is powerless, that it has no existence. “Letting go” happens—or it does not. And if it happens, it happens for no one. If it happens at all.

Then this quiet, almost indecent question appears:
If no one can recognize anything—what can still be recognized?

And right here, where the mind would love to rescue one last observer, the point drops: THAT is not a thing that is perceived. It is that in which, seemingly, perception happens. No “more,” no “less”—only the groundless ground that never becomes content.

Apparently, consciousness appears. Absence appears, supposedly. Some curtain seems to move.
Yet THAT is neither curtain nor wind—it is that in which both run as shadows, without a spectator.



And for precisely this reason, “I” can no longer appear as bearer: if no spectator can be found, no owner remains. “I” (or “self”) can at most appear as feeling, thought, as event—a sound within happening, not its author.

And whether you prefer to say “self,” “I,” or “nothing”: only in this emptied sense—not as person, not as core, not as a position with perspectives, not as owner … but as a word that appears—and belongs to no one. And really: who would need to be able to do such a silly thing?

In any case: nothing stands opposite this “I-self”—neither a great “Self,” not even THAT … and every formula of possession fizzles out.

Perhaps, here, a polarity dissolves that was never truly there: no two, no illusion and reality, no counterpart, no side that would have to “win.”
At least within the story of the I. :)

Sabbe dhammā anattā: all phenomena belong to no I, to no self—because there is no great “Self,” and every formula of possession fizzles out.
And because there is no two, phenomena—like so-called emptiness—are only THAT: undivided, ownerless, witnessless, and yet, strangely, utterly intimate.

**Every assumption is a haunting of empty being:**
**almost an arising without place, almost a passing without time.**

**And within this, nothing needs to become one.**
**All-THAT simply IS.**

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PLAY OF NOTHING

## The Search

*Written for you, for me, and for all apparent seekers*

How many years have we,
with longing and bleeding hearts,
raced through this promise-laden world;
how many ideas and lines of poetry
have, over the years,
seared themselves into our thirsting minds—
and still we egos wait,
wait and expect
that something—anything—will happen to us or within us;

we cannot change this by searching—
we have tried every door
and, fortunately, found nothing;



we have meditated, contemplated,
tormented ourselves with forms of yoga,
fasting and mantras—
we did not choose our path,
our origin, our parents,
nor our fate ourselves,

and suddenly we stand bewildered
at the end of this cycle,
where the rearing earth
is flooded by water, burned by fire …

no, we do not know
when Shakti will ignite our Sushumna,
or whether she must be awakened at all;
and yet here we still stand:
sincere and strong in thought—
confessing callers in the desert,
failures before ourselves.

For us,
who stand at the edge of nowhere,
between day and night, war and peace,
compulsion and freedom,
apparent I and NOTHING,
these lines were written;

even if we find here
no arrogant promise:
no new happiness,
no prize at the end of the road—

There is no I, no world,
and the dawn has long been here.

There is simply what IS—
apparent movements, reflections,
spiralling reproductions of nothing …

and how futile it is
to reflect on wishes, longings, dreams
and “mental imprints”;



yet if you like,
still reach me your hand,
and let us together,
with time and leisure,
discover the lines that follow …

Perhaps
“my innermost nothing”
wrote it.

—

Reto Ray Schaffer
Excerpt from *All Green, Part 1*

**FOREWORD (Part 2)**

Part 1 showed the experience “I am here” to be untenable. Not as a thesis, but as a free fading-out: no standpoint remains, no owner appears, no sentence is the final sentence.

Part 2 is not merely the continuation of that path. It is more like a different weather system in the same field.

For if nothing can be held, perhaps everything still arises: longing, defiance, shame, humour, desire, fatigue, hopelessness. Not as a mistake, not as proof—rather as an energy play. As *līlā*, as shadow and light on a stage no one ever steps onto. And in the midst of it, that strange clarity: setting goals seems to presuppose—only apparently—an “I,” a not-yet, an invented distance within a space that knows no distance.

But where everything already IS, nothing can “arrive.” Movement, craving, and the subtle grammar of “later” and “afterwards” appear—so convincingly to the sense-mind that they seem as though they must belong to someone.



This book attempts nothing—it wrote itself—free of intention, with no wish to explain. It leaves possible tensions standing. Non-duality appears here not only as cool plain speech, but also as heat and emotion: the I wishes, loves, suffers, tortures itself, performs—and yet there is no one there who does it. The mask does not need to change, does not need to become more socially acceptable. This inner software needs neither acceptance nor rejection. Even rejection would be just another grasp—and acceptance merely a subtler pose. Everything is play, apparently happening, whether we “want to want” it or not.

Why identify with it? Why misunderstand oneself as the author of these movements? And if identification happens—no matter how often the I puts on that coat called “persona,” gets tangled in stories, no matter whether “my life” starts to feel important again—this too is what IS: perfect or not. Not as consolation, but because nothing can succeed or fail for anyone.

And yes: in essence, it is all indifferent. Not in the sense of coldness, but because nothing can be other than it can be right now. The character lives as it can live; it cannot shed its skin. And should the unlikely happen—a break, a turning, a falling silent—then that too is simply IS.

The form of this second part follows that basic thought: after each chapter there are eight questions. Not as a method. More as a pressure point—the places where thinking still wants to grasp once more. And after that: Andreas' answers. No counterargument, no "better knowledge," no commentary from outside. More like an echo from the same stillness—sometimes precise, sometimes disarmingly plain, sometimes so brief it takes the floor out from under the mind.

So if "you" and "I" appear here, it is not as owners of a truth, but as figures within the happening. And when the text turns poetic at times, it is not to enchant, but because poetry too is only an event in nothing: a flicker on the screen, a scent, a cut, a flash without a place.

Do not take Part 2 as an instruction manual. Take it like weather. Like something that comes and goes—without reason, without carrier, without witness. And if, in the end, only one sentence remains, perhaps it is this:



Feelings happen—and tormenting things as well—without anyone. All-THIS remains open and free.

*AI with author support*

# Part IV – Enlightenment Remains Hopeless

## 14. No Goal, No Awakening

There is this so-called Being— a potential emptiness that **apparently** also promises fullness.
A nothingness that, in the first grey of dawn, doesn't present itself as lack, but—free of any I-hypnosis—arrives as the fullness of all possibilities: open, boundless, unfathomable … and above all: without an I.

Parmenides sensed it: Being is; non-being is not.
And yet: what if this split is born only in thought—born in me as a reflex? Not even "merged"—but, from the outset, unmarked: without edge, without seam, without two.

What if Being and non-being, I and not-I, samsara and nirvana are merely seductive ideas of two-ness—appearing in the eye of an observer who, strictly speaking, does not exist—while this unwitnessed, brimming emptiness is: **THAT**—this ungraspable is-ness— itself?



Then ALL-OF-IT lies there, indistinguishable: boundless, beyond this side and the other side, beyond any beginning and any end.

Before a thought rises in me, before space and time so much as twitch, **THAT** is there—what knows neither origin nor goal.

Perhaps modern physics **only hints** at this **THAT** as a block universe—placeless, timeless, and yet full of past, present, future.

Light only seems like motion—yet it never arrived and never left anything; it simply is. And somehow that simplicity meets me like a silence that doesn't need me.

In the mind's capacity to remember (whatever this mind may be), the impression of flowing forms in me—although nothing flows: a rhythm without a timekeeper, a pulse without a drummer.

And yet: every word sounds like an after-echo. No one spoke, and still it resounds—right through me. Perhaps because sound here is not even sound—only a faint shiver of Nothing in Nowhere, grazing me without touching anything.

In such a field there can be no goal, and no reaching.
Because every goal presupposes an I and a not-yet—an invented distance that settles in me like a habit—inside a space that knows no distance.

Where everything already IS, all striving collapses into itself—collapses in me the moment it tries to stand up.
No path, no progress, no line—only this unmoving now that lets itself happen and, in happening, remains motionless.

If it happens—perhaps because it could never have been otherwise.
And if it doesn't—then that as well.

Enlightenment and ignorance: two assumptions that—without an assumed I—are simply what they are, passing through me like weather without a sky.

In Advaita it is said: no one awakens.
In Dzogchen: nothing sleeps.
Two mirrors—**one emptiness**.

And yet: whoever listens to these words often still hopes for something. I feel that hope in me too, sometimes—quiet, almost polite.
A bath in energy. A touch that opens the heart. A trembling that drifts in from the All.



My hands reach out to receive something—but nothing comes.
Never anything other than **THAT—what IS**.

In Sufism they call it *fanā*—the extinguishing of the self in the Beloved.
Yet even that is no becoming, no union: where no one remains, there is no extinguishing—and nothing that could bind itself to anything, not even to me.

In Zen it is said:
"Before enlightenment—chop wood, carry water.
After enlightenment—chop wood, carry water."

What **apparently** changes was never separate from the unchanging. It merely plays change in me, like a film playing itself. **Change appears—without a changer.**

Many do not come to understand, but to feel.
They seek the shiver of awakening, the sweet intoxication of stillness.

They call it energy, presence, peace, enlightenment, realisation—names for an opening of the arms, for a de-heading of the I that, in disappearing, **apparently** still admires itself—still wants the glow to land on me.

Yet even being “transformed” is, in the end, a feeling of I—an aftertaste in me that wants to turn into a story.

In truth, no movement ever happens—everything IS, eternally only IS.
Transformation: a cast shadow of time that secretly falls across empty Being—and **the shadow gets called “my path”**.

**THAT** which IS does not change— it only seems to transform when the life-dream unfolds from image to image.
A cinematic effect in the mind of Being, a flicker on the screen of Nothing—flicker that my nerves translate into “before” and “after”.

Perhaps awakening is like dew in the first light: not because it vanishes, but because it was never separate from the sky it reflects—never separate from the very clarity that, for a moment, seems to happen *to me*.

The I—this cunning phantom—tries to overcome itself and **apparently** keeps itself alive precisely by doing so—if there were an I. And when it happens in me, it feels almost noble.

Every attempt to get rid of it gives birth to a new one: finer, subtler, yet made of the same substance of desire. Not from moral failure, but because illusion **apparently** condenses its own shadow—right where me wants a result.



And yet: all of this—nothing but an event in Nothing.

So the human being remains caught in the cycle of their holy absurdity:
they seek what seeks them, and find only the trace of **apparently** their own steps—
like a wave, foamed up for a moment, that thinks it knows the ocean—because the ocean briefly feels like me.

But how could water be explained—to water itself?

For Shankara, the I was the reflection of embodied consciousness;
for neuroscience, a function without a centre;
for the mystic, a mirage in the eternal now.

In Zen it is said:
the I—like the shimmer of the moon on moving water;
a light that can never shine out of itself.

In the end, only **THAT** remains which IS.
Never begun, never silent, never loud.

Perhaps it carries everything within itself— and does … nothing.

Free of every goal. Free of the idea of awakening.
Only **THAT**, without beginning and end— and yet never able to end.

Like water that is simply itself—without a surface that could mirror itself.

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## Questions for Andreas



1. If being and non-being are indistinguishable: is every “IS” or “THAT” already wrong—and every “is not” as well? What remains if even “emptiness” is only a word that is too tight?

2. If everything has long since IS: who says “film”? Who says “I”? And if no one says it: what remains of “awakening” except a sound that belongs to no one?

3. If spacetime-lessness holds: can there be a “goal” at all—or is goal merely the shadow of lack? And if lack too is only IS: who, then, wants anything to be different?

4. Is awakening a recognition—or the end of the possibility of claiming “recognition”? If the subject falls: who could still know it has fallen?

5. If time is illusion and I does not exist: what, then, still “develops”—what, for instance, grows, grows old? And if movement or process is only appearance for no one: what moves at all? Do “our” thoughts move—and if so, for whom?

6. If the I does not exist: how can it “seek,” “let go,” “awaken”? And if these movements still appear: who is deceiving whom, if no one is there?

7. If “I” is only moon-glimmer on water: what is the water—and isn’t “water” already another image? Can the glimmer ever “understand” that it is empty and cannot hold anything, if understanding itself is only another glimmer?



8. If life, waking, and awakening are only dream—and no one witnesses this: is there even “dream”? And if illusion and reality have dissolved because no one is there anyway—what still happens if the dream never began?

**Meta-question**

If no one is there who names: isn’t every explanation itself only appearance—and “non-duality” merely the next label in the same haunting?

## 15. Longing for Light – a Game in Shadow

The longing for light arises only because home—what appears as IS—is no longer felt directly, but is **apparently** perceived by an I that never truly existed. It is the quiet impulse of an intellect that senses its origin yet cannot hold it—reaching for "something" that was never gone. It springs from an assumed position that was never actually found, and yet searches for support: in the outer world, in an idea, in God, in wholeness, in some imagined return.

The movement feels real, holy, urgent—and yet it is only the fine echo of a seemingly separated being: a dimmed-and-lit gaze that believes it is missing something. What is sought is already here. It was never away. Only the gaze narrows and becomes absorbed by its own striving—by what was read too quickly, by the shine of images and concepts. And so it remains, **apparently**, cut off from THAT which IS.

But here lies the crack in the whole construction: longing is not a call across distance—it is the immediate appearing of an event that was never separate.



One question lingers: does this self-regulating need any meaning at all? Probably not. What shows itself looks more like a play of forms, a fleeting self-conversation of emptiness—*līlā*, as the ancients said: the divine play, overflowing waves that have forgotten they are still water.

From such self-woven shadow-images, the human being seems to shape a world—shreds of stories, splinters of belief, paths, goals. They take them for true and cling to these fragments, as if what they believe they created could save them. And so the game begins again: it almost seems as though the Absolute were searching for itself—and finding itself again, like a wave that takes itself to be the sea.

The human being follows the trail of their thoughts, wanting to trace it back to the source—as though something like home were waiting there. They want to understand, to read, to meditate, to pray and to plead: a circle thinking itself. Yet no one plays this game. No centre, no player, no hope—neither an absolute nor a relative I. There is only an event that **apparently** contemplates itself—and in doing so resembles a gaze that has forgotten it is empty.

The intellect that wants to understand is part of the shadow, part of the very nothing it tries to penetrate. The attempt to grasp light **apparently** casts shadows: a magical event in nothing. Thoughts that want to illuminate fray in their own mist. Since there is no I, one could say it is the Absolute itself

getting lost in borrowed patterns—yet that too would be only an assumption. For what appears as created does not know what a supposedly creating power “wants”.

And still it remains, this longing—old as any stirring of consciousness: a wave searching for the sea without knowing it is this insubstantial water; a resonance of the One that believes it lacks something; a bird flying into its own reflection, hoping at last to break the shimmer.

Perhaps this yearning is only the gentle pull of being, which can neither be seized nor understood—because it simply IS. An unconditioned love, a glinting movement that appears immediately and meaninglessly within our horizon of experience, only to forget at once whether it is formless or perfectly formed.

Rumi wrote: “You wander from room to room in search of the necklace of jewels that has long been around your neck.”
And in Zen it is said: “If you seek the light, go where no shadow falls.”
The Sufis say: longing is the fire into which the moth throws itself—sensing that it loses itself in the flame.

But perhaps the human being loves the shadowy images because these stories grant a history. They call these experiences “growth”, “transformation” … Yet being does not grow. It is—timeless, placeless, undivided. What moves is only a brief flash within stillness, a mirror-play of light and shadow on an unmoving stage that no one ever enters.



The boundless dreams itself into forms, colours, encounters. The empty becomes face, thought, star. Perhaps the universe only breathes in order to remember—briefly—that it was never born. Nothing and being, being and seeming—no two: only a single, soundless pulse, a working that does not know it works. But can it “work” at all, if it already is everything that IS?

Shankara called it *Sat–Chit–Ananda*—Being, **Awareness (Luminosity)**, Joy—without I.
Parmenides saw: even the thought “I am” is being itself.
The Gnostics spoke of Barbelo—the self-luminous origin out of nothing.
And more radical still:

Nothing is the light that knows nothing of itself, or of light—shining without source, radiance without anything that radiates.

No substance, no self, no counterpart. Only pure capacity-for-appearance without an appearer.

Perhaps longing is only the faint pull of the source towards itself—remembering without memory, a call without distance. Thirst for water while one is the ocean. A call for home, though not a single step ever left the house.

The light that is sought was never hidden—only the gaze is dazzled by its own seeking.
And when the yearning falls silent, nothing remains.

Yet this nothing is that quiet radiance that never knew it was light.

## Chapter 15 – Questions for Andreas

1. If longing for light arises only from an *apparent* sense of separation: what exactly is longing—an error, a signal, or just another ripple with no owner?

2. You write: "What is sought was never gone." Then what is the *felt absence* made of—memory, imagination, bodily tension, language? And who (or what) is "missing" anything?



3. If seeking itself is what blinds the gaze: is every spiritual practice—reading, meditation, prayer—automatically self-sabotage? If not, what makes one movement "seeking" and another simply "happening"?

4. If the mind that wants to understand is part of the shadow it tries to dissolve: can understanding ever dissolve anything—or does it only refine the shadow into a subtler identity ("the one who sees through")?

5. You call it *līlā*, a self-conversation of emptiness. Does that imply any "divine intention," or is even "play" already too anthropomorphic—just another story the mind drapes over raw appearing?

6. If being does not grow and nothing truly transforms: what is the status of “experience,” “growth,” “healing,” “awakening”? Are these merely narrative labels—or do they point to real shifts in the felt field (even if no one owns them)?

7. You suggest the Absolute “loses itself in read patterns” and no longer mirrors itself because there is nothing to mirror. Can the Absolute *lose* anything without reintroducing time, change, and lack? What is that sentence actually pointing to?

8. If longing is “the pull of the source toward itself”—a call without distance—then why does it hurt? Why does it feel like failure, urgency, sacred need? What produces the sting if there is no separate one?

**Meta-question**

If all of this is framed through metaphors (light/shadow, wave/ocean, source/pull): aren’t these images themselves subtle dualities—new “jewels” for the seeker-mind? What remains when even the metaphor collapses?

## Chapter 16 – Hopelessness as Freedom

The longing for hope arises only because THAT—which seems to be IS, and seems to appear—is no longer felt directly, but is *apparently* experienced by an "I" that never existed.

This apparent I looks for a way out of the inescapable, as if it had a right to a different life, to an old home. And so something in us thinks: it should not have turned out like this.

Yet hope always springs from hopelessness—from a state no one wants, and which nonetheless carries an unimagined clarity. If this hopelessness—"I truly can do nothing"—is allowed, it can even dissolve. But if we also set aside that hope, then there is no grasping, no fleeing, no "why" anymore—only what IS.

Perhaps this so-called inescapability may simply appear as appearance.
Untouched, unaltered, unoptimised.
Perhaps only seen.



Shantideva phrased it—slightly adapted—like this:
"Now that I have laid down my self-centred view, it is as though I had been cursed—numbed and trapped in dull thoughtlessness. I do not know what clouds my mind—oh, what is it that still holds me?"

Centuries later, Omar Khayyām sounded much the same:
"A heretic I am, ugly as whores—and without faith, without happiness, without hope of heaven."

Monk or drinker—the same melody. No consolation, no damnation. Only naked being-here, without anyone who could experience it.

This feeling of being lost is not a mistake—only appearance appearing as lostness. No pattern of light—only pure permeability.

Once, hope was concrete: rain, fire, food, survival—through the night. Today it has merely changed its shape: meaning, purpose, salvation, specialness. The gesture remains the same—life still not trusting itself.

Perhaps hopelessness is nothing other than a wordless seeing:
I can do nothing because there is simply no one— not even this assumption that could misread its own powerlessness.

And precisely there lies freedom: not because *I* have realised I am only an assumption, but because there is simply what IS—boundless, impersonal, aimless.

So every insight remains hopeless—exactly because there is no one who could possess it.

In our "dualistic thinking," hope seems to require an opposite. Perhaps thinking needs hell the way the sun needs night in order to be noticed at all. But what if we are the sun—what if we are nothing at all?

Both are patterns of the same structure: expansion and withdrawal, glow and numbness. But who witnesses any of it?

What if everything is already here, and always was—and only seeking laid a veil over things?

When the last images fade, a vastness sometimes opens—without comfort, without heaviness. Not empty, not cold—only infinitely free. Where hope ends, there is no one left to miss it. No promise, no fulfilment—only breath, sound, appearing.

Perhaps hope is merely the grammar of time: a story of "soon" and "later," fed by old wounds and future fantasies. Life does not suffer—only the image the I carries of itself. Yet these images must be fed constantly, or they fall apart. When they fall, the story falls with them.



Then what remains: breathing appears, sound appears, world appears—without an owner.

Hopelessness may require a little courage at first, but it is nothing heroic. It is gentle, impersonal, without posture. And when it is seen—without anyone needing to hold it—it reveals itself as pure presentness.

But why so many words: nothing urges, nothing fights. Action happens—like breathing: a smile without an owner, a touch without a reason.

When fatigue arrives and appears as fatigue, powerlessness shows itself in full splendour: hopelessness. No enemy, no nihilism—only a hidden yes. No flavour, no shine—and precisely therefore complete.

For in it the last effort falls away: the idea that "I" would have to understand and know something, endure something, change something.

Hopelessness is not an end. It is the seeing that no one ever hoped. It heals silently because nothing remains that would need to be healed. The "I" seems to dissolve into what was never separate anyway. And suddenly life happens—simple, self-evident, without a centre: the steam from a cup, the shimmer of a bird's shadow, the scent of rain. Neither meaning nor nonsense. And no one missing.