

The Uncoiling

You were never behind. There was nothing to catch up to.



"Happiness is your nature."

– Ramana Maharshi

Life is not a series of bangs. It is a slow uncoiling – not a bucket list, emptying, but a bowl that fills itself again, endlessly, because it was never separate from the pouring.

The big moments are not required. They are simply weather, passing through something that was always still. What waits beneath them is quieter – dust turning in a beam of light, rain falling past a streetlamp, the warmth of skin at someone's neck, a scent that returns the self to itself before thought arrives to name it home.

These are not small. Smallness is a story told by a mind that has forgotten it is not separate from what it sees.

Consider a life – its failures, its unmet longings, its colors, its half-finished dreams, its hungers. Seen through the eye that divides, it looks like lack. Seen without that eye, it is complete already – a fragment that was never actually apart from the whole, a speck of dust dancing in a sunbeam that is, itself, the sun.

There is nothing here to hold. There is only the holding – warm, cupped, aware – which was the universe, all along, closing its own hands around itself.

-One Tusk