

The Alaya — a premonition, memory or imagination by Milton Moon

It was an odd feeling, but not frightening;
I can see my body below me,
I'm floating above myself. I certainly feel
that my life, the one below, had ceased.
The body lying there *is* me, or *was* me
but it looks peaceful. It is curious
I know *that* person is no longer
living the life it once lived
but I, surprisingly, don't feel unwell.
Gone is the grotesque pain of the illness
and no longer feel sick nor old.
I'm not youthful again but I am mature.
How old am I? Difficult to say.

I recall the words:
*'...like a discarded cicada shell
the last strands of consciousness
free of knowable form.'* I looked down
at my discarded self without emotion or concern.

I know what those words mean,
I am alive, but in a different world.
I remember someone describing it as
an 'after' life that follows the 'before' life
as one life follows the previous life
as it goes on *ad infinitum*,
not as the person you were before
but as a different mixture from the 'after' life.
It feels neither a 'before' nor 'after' life
but rather a dreamlike continuum.

My brain is dead but, surprisingly
I can still observe things: it is curious,
everything here feels in slow motion.
I can still think at the moment
but not in the way I thought before;
my thought is not contrived but real.

Does the Mind and consciousness
exist separately after life ceases
even momentarily, in a physical form?
Or does it exist as long as
a form of determination exists,
either self-willed or 'other-willed'?

I recall someone saying "... as long
as you keep communicating with someone and
they respond, even in thought, there is
a on-going form of life." Or is this a case
of making my life-studies a reality? A
wish fulfilment, as it were?
According to ancient thought
the Alaya-Vijnana is the storehouse of

consciousness: who knows how old
the concept is or how many brilliant minds,
over centuries decided, modified
then inscribed it as a doctrine?

Thoughts and actions are recorded in
their complexity, encompassing a myriad lives.
Is it like the Oceans everywhere
consisting of many different waters
some pure, some impure, and some polluted
and to a high degree, even dangerously toxic?
(None more so than the human conceit
of a closed mind that believes
'what I don't know doesn't exist.')

I am dead in human terms but, strangely,
I am alive in a world of ghostly consciousness:
there is a bustle of people coming and going,
like a busy street but in total silence,
the faculty of familiar speech is absent
and people fade away before ones eyes.

It seems my consciousness is changing
but still retains remnants of what I was
and still am — a memory of what
I thought, but it is a fading memory felt
rather than spoken. This new life seems
a misty layer, a residue of physical form
but changing all the time,
ephemeral rather than of substance.

I am an observer on the outskirts;
It is like being in a foreign country
and I am curious but cautious. It is odd,
people lose their human form
as though disappearing in the mist or
dissolving into some sort of essence.

I wonder whether that will happen to me?
Where they go is a mystery,
but, where and how and why they go
is a little frightening, as though
obeying some communication, and
changing form in a way we know nothing about.
I am aware there are occasional putrid smells
and also there are pleasant and wafting scents
but changing all the time.

I am now aware of very pale colours,
a mist of merging shades. Suddenly
I'm a little uneasy now because
I realise I am a part of this new life
and there is a feeling of the extremes,
of repulsion and attraction and the subtle grades
in between, as like attaches to like
but only momentarily, as thoughts change. I realise

that I have no control of my future

There is no deception here as in ordinary life,
no personality to shield behind.
It is strange at first observing this; still with
the remnants of human consciousness
but exposing my actual essence,
behind this shell which I have constructed
with such care during my other life.
I now know it must be discarded, as it
dissolves away, even though reluctantly,
still clinging, with a tenacity beyond understanding,
as though struggling to breathe before
being drained of the present life.
I too will become something else, but in a place
or space not defined in human terms and
filled with mystery and also foreboding.

This place seems crowded full,
not of people, but of consciousness,
but expressed in changing but muted colours.
It seems an odd question but which colour am I?

Forget the seeming purity or impurity
of the opposite extremes of black,
associated with darkness and mystery,
and white, for open-ness and purity.

Forget the pastel-muted colours,
from clarity to turgid opaqueness,
and suggesting human traits with colours,
of envy, or spite, jealousy, greed,
generosity, even hatred or love —
or the seeming lesser human faults of
covetous, shallowness of thought,
or secretive-ness, vulgarity, mean-ness
and these colours changing with
kaleidoscopic multi-coloured variety
reflecting the ever-changing conditions
as colours mixes with colours

If consciousness of the *Alaya* was *only*
in colour, and *smells* and *scents*,
both ranging from the extremes of each
it would be only a register to those responsive
to the particular sensory acuity.
But if *thought* itself also was an indication and
measure of what and who we were,
reflecting both the secrets within and all about us
it would be a personal testament of us
as we really are, with nothing hidden,
not only as individual but also as a collective,
it would be a reflection of what we truly are.
In the *Alaya* storehouse (whatever and
wherever that might be) but where we *all* go,
the purpose to dissolve away an earlier life only

leaving a foot-print or seeds of what we were
for others to plant in their soil or
put their feet in the foot-print you left behind.
But it is never the same and they have no choice,
as do those whose ghostly presence hesitates in
that limbo world before
final relinquishment is possible.

If the after-life is, as some say,
colourless, and formless and beyond our
understanding, it is not beyond imagination.
From early school-days I recall,
if Hydrogen and Oxygen combine,
it takes two atoms of hydrogen with one
atom of oxygen when bonded
to make one molecule of water.

The knowledge of molecular bonding
is relatively recent and the general
acceptance at one time would have been met
with some derision. The present idea
of the Alaya-vijnana, although pondered,
by speculative philosophers
some thousands of years before this time
is open to present-day similar doubt
and even derision.

Streams of thought entering the ocean
of consciousness is not the end,
anymore than endless drought takes
the ocean into the atmosphere
and it is gone forever?

Everything goes somewhere,
nothing is wasted and inevitably
every-thing becomes some-thing.

The past and the present
is also the future;
the seeds of who and what we are
at all times and beyond times.
Ancient thought and Buddhists claim,
we are entering or have entered the
the Age of Mappo, an Age of inevitability,
where the predominant proportion of
human interest at this particular time will
outweigh, if not smother, others.
It is said in more godly times God exists, in
which-ever or what-ever form we know but
in ungodly times, the I-Me-My-Mine Self
looms larger, even to the extremes of
expected and accepted criminality, often
to political corruption and social insanity.

Scarcely anyone, in fact *no one*, escapes the Law of Karma and even thinking you have escaped increases the burden of Karma.

Even thinking about Karma has an affect, either on the retribution you might suffer or the rewards that it might afford

This time now is both my ending and my beginning, my Alpha and Omega, as I leave my *before* life and now my *after* life.

Who knows who and what I have been, or what I am to become or what I believed or not believed.

This time I am Buddhist, and have been several forms of Buddhism, and make no judgement as to what dictated the depths of my understanding, or the changes I have made, both within and quite beyond my intelligence or intellect.

I am what I am, whatever my past lives dictate. Now *self-help* must acknowledge *other-help*, as *Self-power* yields and becomes *Other-power*.

Namu Amida Butsu

This is the *nembutsu*, so said the present Buddha, the Tathagata, Gautama Siddhartha who has himself trodden the path to enlightenment and realised the pitfalls to deliverance.

The nembutsu

Namu Amida Butsu

invokes and points the way ahead how ever long it takes, to reach the *Buddhist Pure Land*.