

THE FORM OF NO-FORM — THE THOUGHT OF NO-THOUGHT

The Alaya consciousness

a poem by Milton Moon.

'...like a discarded cicada shell
the last strands of consciousness
free of knowable form.'

She looked down at her discarded self
without emotion or concern.

No one else was there,
the doctor had been and
confirmed that life was gone.

The ablutions for the dead,
the body washed and dressed,
the final respectful duties performed
before the funeral process,
either laid to rest in the ground or
reduced to ashes in the fire.

The Japanese word *nakunaruyama* came to mind,
a time when old people were carried to a
mountain, to a lonely death with the bones
picked clean by the waiting scavenging birds.
This way is better she thought.

Her ethereal body and remaining memory,
recalled from the remnants of human
consciousness — fading as it always does —
'forty days they say? was that all?'

For some it was quicker— instantly
absorbing and absorbed by
layers of consciousness
as though it was meant to happen —
like floating threads of incense,
soon to disappear in the surrounding air.

Some others retain remnants
of human thought and self
as though reluctant to discard all memory.

Perhaps of some person
or persons, or places;
not as human-recall
but beyond understanding — a form of memory,
a vague phantom of something
unfinished, like some sea animal
unerringly returning to the place
where it first knew life,
even thousands of miles away
and a long lifetime before.

Some know it as the *Alaya Vijnana*,
a place without dimension or description
and of a substance quite beyond
known essence or definition.

Yet it contains all human opinion and
deeds, desires and thought.

The *Alaya* is not only
a storehouse of consciousness
but the collective consciousness
of the storehouse itself.
The present Age, according to many,
is the Age of Mappo a time foretold
when decay and degradation
is the overburden of the *Alaya*.
Nothing is concealed in the *Alaya* —
pretence is impossible —
things are what they are
not what they seem to be
The *Alaya*, beyond the knowledge
or conceit of human understanding
reveals much through the gentle use
of imagination and meditation.
It is our *Karma*, our *Heaven and Hell*.
It is also a place where some wait,
for years if necessary, for the tides of life
to bring within reach, the future
intended only for them, formed
and sustained by their accumulated
aspiration, sincerity and depth of Mind.

*It is the form of no-form
and the thought of no-thought
and was made to become so.
It happens through Jinen —
it happens 'of itself.'*