

Echoes of Awareness

Series – 4

Meditative Awareness:
The way of Living

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Introduction

Human life is woven from the movement of thought. Thought builds cities, schools, and systems; it also builds the divisions that limit our hearts. It creates the image of the “self” — a centre that clings, fears, compares, and constantly seeks continuation. But life is far larger than the narrow boundaries created by thought. When one begins to question this movement deeply, the fragrance of a different order begins to permeate awareness.

This fourth volume of *Echoes of Awareness* continues the journey of looking inward, not to cultivate belief or authority, but to understand the workings of the mind as it actually is. In these pages, we explore the subtle creation of the “me,” the fragmentation it breeds, and the conflict that naturally springs from such fragmentation. We speak of the quiet flame of awareness that exposes this whole movement effortlessly — not through discipline, suppression, or practice, but through direct perception.

The chapters touch on many central themes:

- the poisoning effect of thought when it moves beyond its practical field,
- the self as mere residue — only ash revived by memory,
- the tiny fiction of identity claiming the vast cosmos,
- the purification of function when unburdened by the self,
- the flame of choiceless awareness,

- living in the present without resistance or psychological conflict,
- relationship without image,
- the wasting of life's energy in comparison and ambition.

Each theme is approached as a quiet inquiry. The dialogues invite the reader not to accept but to observe; not to follow but to question. The poetic interludes bring the same truths through the door of beauty. Together, they point to the possibility of a life in which thought remains in its rightful place, and the mind stands still, without the noise of becoming.

Awareness is not personal; it is not “mine” or “yours.” When the centre of the self subsides, awareness flowers naturally — silent, spacious, whole. In such seeing, there is neither the observer nor the observed; there is only life in its indivisible movement. It is here that true compassion is born, not from effort, but from the ending of fear and separation.

This book is not meant to be understood through analysis alone. It asks only that you watch — the stir of thought, the rising of feeling, the subtle formation of images. In the very watching lies transformation. Nothing needs to be achieved; the seeing itself is the ending.

Let these reflections serve as a mirror in which the mind sees its own movement. In that clear seeing, the illusion loses its grip, and the self — built from time — quietly dissolves. What remains is a wholeness that cannot be named, yet is the very foundation of life.

In the final movement of this volume, the inquiry naturally widens. There, it points beyond the psychological to the

immeasurable – to the recognition that the awareness within us is not separate from the vast order that governs the stars. In that meeting, the flame of compassion and the rhythm of the cosmos are not two.

May this volume accompany you gently into that stillness where awareness is, and where the sacredness of existence reveals itself.

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The Poison of Thought

Human thought, born of memory and experience, has built the world of civilization — its science, art, and technology. But it has also divided man from man, and man from nature. The same instrument that invents the microscope and the temple also creates the bomb and the border.

Thought is mechanical, limited, conditioned by the past. Whatever it touches, it shapes according to its own image. It seeks security through power, through belief, through possessions; and in that very search, it breeds conflict and fear.

The danger of thought is not in its use where it belongs — in daily utility, in learning, in communication — but in its usurpation of the field of life. When thought becomes the ruler of relationship, of love, of action, it poisons the roots of human existence. Then there is jealousy called love, competition called progress, killing called patriotism.

The cosmos, in its vast intelligence, moves in order — stars are born and die in harmony, the seed becomes the tree, the wave dissolves into the sea. Only man, lost in his thought, lives in disorder.

So thought, when it tries to organize life, becomes the most dangerous poison — subtle, respectable, glorified — because it separates and corrupts the wholeness of being.

The ending of this poison is not through suppression or control of thought. Control is still the movement of thought. The ending comes through seeing — seeing that thought, being limited, can never bring about total harmony. When this is seen clearly, not as an idea but as a fact, thought naturally falls silent.

That silence is not the opposite of thought; it is the awakening of intelligence — an intelligence that is not of time, not born of knowledge. In that silence, there is no poison, no division, no centre.

Poem

Thought built the city
and the prison.
It carved the god
and the gun.

It says, I will bring peace,
and sows war.
It says, I will find truth,
and makes temples of illusion.

The cosmos breathes in order,
yet man, lost in his own echo,
spreads confusion like smoke.

When thought sees its own limit,
it bows,
and in that humility
a new fragrance begins —
the perfume of silence,
untouched by poison.

Question: Sir, you have often said that thought is limited, even dangerous. But thought seems essential — it has built our world, advanced science, made communication possible. Why then do you call thought a poison?

Answer: Sir, thought is essential — in the field where it belongs. You need thought to build a house, to speak a

language, to operate a machine. But when thought enters the field of relationship, of love, of understanding life, it becomes destructive.

Thought is the response of memory, of knowledge stored in the brain. Therefore, it is always old, never new. Whatever it touches, it colours with the past. When you say, I love you, and thought is there, that love is already burdened with image, possession, comparison, fear.

Question: But can we live without thought, sir? Without it, wouldn't life be chaotic?

Answer: No, sir. It is thought that has created the chaos. Thought divides: my country, your country; my belief, your belief; my ambition, your success.

Look at what this division has done — wars, competition, endless sorrow. The cosmos moves in order — the seasons follow, stars are born and die in harmony. Only the human mind, governed by thought, lives in disorder.

Thought is mechanical, and whatever is mechanical can never touch the living. Yet man, through thought, tries to control, to organize, to improve upon life. That interference is the poison — subtle, respectable, glorified — yet deadly to love and peace.

Question: But surely thought can be used rightly — for good instead of evil?

Answer: When thought tries to be good, it is still acting from its own limitation. The opposite of evil is born of evil. The “good” created by thought is still within the same field of time, the same self-centred movement. So, sir, thought cannot purify itself.

The ending of its poison is not through resistance, not by saying, I must not think. That again is thought's trick. It ends

only when you see the whole movement of thought — its beginning, its motive, its futility in matters of the spirit. That seeing is not of thought; it is insight.

When the mind sees completely, thought falls silent. In that silence there is order — the order that exists in the cosmos itself. Then life is no longer separate from the whole; it moves with the vast intelligence of creation.

“Thought has its place — in the field of the known. But when the known invades the unknown, there is corruption. In the ending of that invasion lies the beginning of innocence.”

“Thought is the past seeking continuity; in that pursuit lies the root of disorder.”?

Where Thought Is, disorder begins: The Order of the Cosmos and the Disorder of Thought

The cosmos moves in perfect order. The planets do not collide; the seasons come and go in their rhythm; birth and decay follow one another without confusion. There is harmony even in destruction — the dying star gives birth to new worlds. Everything in the universe is interdependent: the cloud feeds the forest, the forest gives breath to the air, and life renews itself endlessly.

This vast order functions without a controller, without a centre directing it. There is intelligence in the very movement of existence — an intelligence not born of thought, not the product of time or experience. It is an order that is spontaneous, creative, whole.