

Echoes of Awareness

— Series 2

*Reflections on Seeing,
Silence, and Truth*



Dr. P. V. Rao
Consultant Surgeon

Beyond the known

Preface

In a world where the mind is constantly driven by ambition, division, and the endless movement of becoming, there arises a gentle call to pause—to observe, to listen, and to see without the interference of thought. This book, *Echoes of Awareness Series - 2*, emerges from that timeless invitation.

The reflections contained within are not teachings, not doctrines, and not prescriptions for a better life. They are mirrors—offered not to guide, but to reveal; not to instruct, but to awaken the flame of seeing. In these verses, the reader is invited to encounter life directly, without the filters of belief, tradition, or authority.

Inspired by the insights of Jiddu Krishnamurti, these writings explore the nature of thought, the illusion of self, the burden of becoming, and the quiet sacredness that flowers when the mind is free from conflict. They seek not to add to the weight of accumulated knowledge, but to point towards the vast stillness that exists when the known dissolves.

True freedom, as Krishnamurti reminds us, is not in becoming something, but in the ending of the desire to become. In that ending, there is clarity. In that clarity, love is born—not as sentiment, but as pure attention, as compassion, as the intelligence of life itself.

I offer these reflections not as one who knows, but as one who observes. May the reader approach these pages not as a seeker searching for answers, but as a silent observer, open to what is.

Dr. P. V. Rao

Consultant Surgeon

Contents

<i>Introduction</i>	6
The Illusion of “I”	8
Brahman Is, I Am Not	12
The End of Separation	15
The Futility of Seeking	19
The Illusion of the Supreme Self	24
Art of observation	31
On Clarity	38
To Observe Is to Be Free	42
The Flame of Timeless Awareness	49
The Flame of True Freedom	54
The Sacredness of Not Becoming	61
The Mirror of Desire	67
The Mind That Is Free	73
The Flame of Intelligence	75
The Art of Listening	81
What Is Not Religion	85
Religion and Truth	89
The Flame of Discontent	92
The Room with the Narrow Window	96

The Whole Sky, Not the Spoke	100
Why Do You Want to Be Famous? (1)	103
Why Do You Want to Be Famous? (2)	106
The Flame That Has No Ambition	108
The Art of Seeing.....	112
The Mirror of the Mind	116
Like the Rain Upon the Dust.....	120
Let Love Do What It Will	124
The Joy of Being Together	129
Leave the Pool, Enter the River	133
The Beauty That Has No Mirror	137
The Flame That Learns Without Smoke.....	140
From Loneliness to the Flame of Being.....	143
The Beauty That Does Not Pluck.....	147
The Courage to See	151
When You See the Cobra	154
When You Want Something, It Is Not Love	157
The Seed of Conflict	160
The Veil of Yesterday.....	163
The Flame of Total Attention.....	166
True Revolution	169

The Silent Flame of Aloneness.....	172
The Ending of Violence	176
The Cage of the Known	179
The Death of Yesterday	182
The Silence Without Continuity.....	186
The Golden Path of Silence	189
The Dullness of a Preoccupied Mind	193
To Watch Without the Watcher.....	196
The End of Ambition.....	199
The Presence Without Concept.....	202
The Weight of Knowledge.....	204
When Thought Divides the Flesh	207
The Ending of the False	211
When Thought Touches the Timeless	213

Introduction

The mind of man has, for centuries, sought answers to the fundamental questions of existence: What is truth? What is freedom? What is love? In that search, we have invented belief systems, constructed religious traditions, and followed countless teachers — all in the hope of finding some lasting certainty.

Yet, as Jiddu Krishnamurti profoundly pointed out, truth is not to be found in the corridors of organized knowledge or in the structures of accumulated thought. Truth, he insisted, is a pathless land — something that can only be discovered when the mind is free from the authority of the known, free from psychological time, and free from the burden of becoming.

Echoes of Awareness Series - 2 is born from this understanding. These writings do not offer methods, systems, or conclusions. They are not meant to be studied for intellectual agreement or disagreement. Instead, they are invitations — quiet doorways into observation, into the direct seeing of life as it is, without the screen of judgment, desire, or fear.

In these pages, themes such as the illusion of the self, the movement of thought, the ending of conflict, choiceless awareness, and the sacred beauty of pure observation are

explored in a poetic yet direct way. The reader is encouraged not to follow the words, but to look beyond them; not to collect ideas, but to see freshly, for oneself.

It is my deepest intention that these reflections serve not as teachings, but as gentle companions in the inward journey of seeing. In that seeing, there is a profound silence — a silence that holds within it immeasurable freedom, compassion, and intelligence.

May the reader approach these pages not to acquire, but simply to observe. In that very observation, perhaps something beyond words may unfold.

Dr. P. V. Rao
Consultant Surgeon

POEM – 1

The Illusion of “I”

“I” —

this tiny pronoun we worship,
this centre of craving and conflict,
does not exist in truth.
It is a shadow born of thought,
a whisper echoing in the chamber of memory.

In the stillness before language,
before the division of sound and silence,
there was only the vast —
unnameable, indivisible —
the One without a second.

With the birth of words,
with the evolution of thought,
the illusion of separateness took root.
A boundary was drawn where none was,
and from this boundary emerged the “me,”
the observer, the seeker, the sufferer.

But the thinker is the thought.
The observer is the observed.
There is no thinker apart from thought,
no soul apart from memory.

And thought, however noble it may appear —
even if clothed in the robes of Buddha,
even if speaking in the voice of Christ —
is still of time,
still born of the known.

Thought is the past pursuing the future,
a movement of fragmentation.
It can build temples and invent gods,
but it cannot touch the sacred.

Action born of thought
may bring order,
may bring temporary good—
but it is not holy.
It is entangled in motive,
in fear, in reward.

But action that arises from silence—
not cultivated, not rehearsed,
but spontaneous like the bloom of a flower—
is of a different dimension.
It is whole.
It is free.

Such action comes
not from knowledge,
but from seeing;
not from effort,
but from understanding.

In the deep stillness of the mind,
when thought no longer interferes,
there arises a flame—
not of this world.

That flame is love.
That flame is compassion.
That flame is intelligence—
untouched by thought,
unspoiled by time.