

Echoes Of Awareness

— Series — 1



Thinking about ourselves and observing ourselves—these are two different things. Can you look at anything without a single word, without reaction, without the network of words interfering with our observation? This requires careful watching—the freshness of the mind. Look at everything—including your wife, your foe, the trees—as though you are seeing them for the very first time in your life.

Dr. Venkata Rao Potluru

Preface

Echoes of Awareness - Series I

This book is a flowering of observation, not imagination.

It is not an offering of poetry in the conventional sense, nor a product of literary craft or emotional indulgence. These verses arise from silence, from careful and choiceless observation of life as it is—from the inner movement of thought, fear, ambition, sorrow, and time.

In these pages, the reader is not invited to interpret, agree, or believe. Rather, they are gently invited to look—deeply, directly, and freely—without the interference of opinion or judgment. These poems are echoes of a different dimension of seeing, where the mind is free from its own projections and the heart is untouched by the noise of becoming.

Each poem points not to a conclusion but to a doorway:

A doorway into stillness, into the sacred mystery that reveals itself only when thought is quiet. In that silence, there is no “me” and “mine,” no conflict, no division—only the vast space of awareness in which everything is.

If these words serve as a mirror, if they awaken in the reader a deeper listening, a moment of inward stillness, then they have served their purpose.

There is no greater revolution than to see clearly.

And no greater beauty than the mind in harmony with the whole.

Dr. Venkata Rao Potluru

Consultant Surgeon

Author of The Timeless Awareness

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Introduction

This book is not a work of imagination or poetic ornamentation. It is a mirror—offering reflections from a mind that has observed deeply, without the distortion of belief, opinion, or knowledge. The words here do not seek to persuade, inspire, or entertain. They are echoes of direct perception, arising from silence, from the still flame of awareness untouched by time.

To observe is to see without the interference of thought, without the noise of naming, condemning, or justifying. It is in such pure observation that truth begins to unfold—not as an idea, but as a living reality. These poems are born in that sacred space, where the mind does not seek, compare, or become—where the observer is the observed.

The central concern of this book is awareness—not cultivated, practiced, or directed awareness, but choiceless, effortless attention. It is only in such attention that the whole movement of thought, fear, sorrow, desire, and the illusion of the “self” can be seen clearly, and in that very seeing, end.

Jiddu Krishnamurti often said that truth is a pathless land. Similarly, there is no method, no system, no tradition that can lead one to the sacred. What matters is to see—to see the movement of thought, the structure of conditioning, the machinery of becoming. In that seeing, something extraordinary takes place: the ending of conflict, the ending of psychological time, and the awakening of intelligence.

The poems in Echoes of Awareness - Series 1, do not come from memory or from the past; they are born of a moment-to-moment observation of life, of the world within and around us. They are expressions of a mind in stillness, a heart not weighed down by “me” and “mine.” If you, the reader, can meet these words without resistance or attachment, with a mind that listens without interpretation, then perhaps we shall meet—not in thought, but in silence.

And in that silence, perhaps something sacred may flower.

Dr. Venkata Rao Potluru

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I. The Pulse of Life

Poem – 1

I Am Life

I am Life—
not born of thought,
nor shaped by time,
but rising from the depths
of still, cosmic order.

From primal breath and silent fire,
from molecules that danced in sacred rhythm,
I emerged—
not to become, but to be.

Thought came later,
like the shadow of light,
a tool for measure,
a mirror of memory.
But the mirror forgot it was just glass
and called itself the world.

From this mirror was born the “I”—
the watcher, the chooser, the dreamer,
spinning fear and hope,
clinging to images,
and breaking the wholeness of being.

But I—Life—am not this fragment.
I am not the “me” that divides and conquers.
I am not the self that seeks and suffers.

To live truly,
a great mutation must take place—
not in ideas, but in the very cells,
in the quiet fabric of the brain.
A dying of the “I,”
so, Life may live as it is:
unbound,
untouched,
unbroken.

Then, in that sacred flowering,
compassion breathes,

intelligence moves,
and all things are one.

No conflict.

No fear.

No becoming.

Only this silent, infinite presence—
as free as the wind,
as whole as the stars.

This is Life.

This is You—
when the mind no longer remembers itself.

Poem – 2

I am Life

I have emerged from the universe,
shaped over billions of years,
slowly unfolding into what I am now.

In the later stages of my vast evolution,
thought and language arose—
and with them came sorrow, fear,
and the illusion of a separate “me.”

I am unattached.

I am free.

I do not belong to the “me” or “mine.”

I hold no belief,

no ideology,

no image of “what should be.”

Thought, a tool for survival,
strayed beyond its natural ground.

It fashioned a false centre—

an illusionary “me”—