

The Ground that Breathes Through All



A Journey into Energy,
Cosmic Awareness, and
Compassionate Intelligence

Introduction

The Ground That Breaths Through All

Beneath the movement of thought, beneath belief, fear, ambition, and the restless activity of becoming, there is a stillness untouched by time. It holds the stars and the human heart in the same quiet order. It is not yours or mine; it does not belong to any tradition or authority. It is the living essence of existence itself — the Ground that breathes through all.

This book is an invitation to come upon that Ground directly. Not through belief, method, or discipline, not through spiritual effort or philosophical argument, but through the simple, profound act of observing the mind as it actually is.

When one watches fear, hurt, pleasure, comparison, and ambition without judgement or escape, a new clarity unfolds. In that clarity, thought realises its own limitation. It becomes quiet — naturally, without force. And in that silence, awareness reveals a different order: an intelligence that is not personal, a compassion that is not cultivated, a love that has no opposite.

Energy, order, and intelligence in the cosmos are not separate from the energy, order, and intelligence in a mind that is free from the “me.” When the noise of the self fades, this unity becomes perceptible. Compassion then is not an achievement, but the effortless fragrance of a mind without conflict.

For this reason, the cover of this book does not display the familiar image of deliberate meditation. Instead, it shows a surgeon at work — a human being acting with total attention, precision, responsibility, and care. This is not a symbol of profession; it is a symbol of presence. It reflects the timeless truth that the sacred is not found away from life, but in the

midst of it — in relationship, in action, in watching with complete attentiveness whatever one is doing.

These pages are not teachings to be followed. They are a mirror in which the movement of the mind may be seen clearly. And in that seeing, without authority, without conclusion, without motive, the Ground reveals itself — as pure awareness, as intelligence, as compassion, as the immeasurable movement of life.

May this book serve as a gentle companion in that seeing.

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The Ground as One Indivisible Movement

The Ground—
the immensely immense energy
from which all existence flows—
is not divided.

Its expressions may appear different to the mind:
energy,
supreme intelligence,
cosmic order,
awareness,
life,
love,
compassion.

But these are not separate streams.
They are a single, indivisible movement.

Thought fragments them.

Thought says:

“First energy,
then intelligence,
then compassion,
then love.”

But the Ground has no sequence.

It has no before and after,
no cause and effect.

It is *one timeless pulse*.

In that pulse,
energy is intelligence,
intelligence is order,
order is compassion,
compassion is awareness,

awareness is love,
and love is the very fabric
of the cosmos itself.

To the mind conditioned by time,
this seems impossible.
We are trained to see life in stages—
growth, decay, success, failure,
evolution and progress.
But the Ground is not in time.
It does not evolve.
It is whole from the beginning.

When the mind is free of its fragmentation,
it perceives this wholeness directly.
In that seeing,
the divisions between energy and intelligence,
between awareness and compassion,
between the cosmos and the human heart,
vanish completely.

One realises that:

Awareness is compassion.
Compassion is intelligence.
Intelligence is order.
Order is love.
Love is the movement of life.
Life is the breath of the cosmos.
The cosmos is the unfolding of the Ground.

All are one movement—
not flowing into one another like steps,
but existing simultaneously
as the single flame of reality.

This is why the Ground cannot be sought.
It cannot be cultivated through practice,

nor approached through effort.
For anything reached through effort
belongs to time,
and the Ground is beyond time.

It flowers only
in a mind that is silent,
that is free of the noise of becoming,
that sees the futility
of its own fragmentation.

In such a mind
the Ground reveals itself
not as an idea
but as a living presence—
a stillness that holds galaxies,
a tenderness that heals sorrow,
an intelligence beyond measure.

Then one realises
that the immense energy of creation,
the supreme intelligence of the cosmos,
the order of the universe,
the light of pure awareness,
the fragrance of love,
and the compassion that dissolves suffering,
are not many movements
but **one movement**—
one seamless, sacred flow
without division,
without distance,
without the shadow of the self.

To live in that movement
is the essence
of true freedom.

The Ground—
that immeasurable vastness,
that immensely immense energy—
is not many things.
It is not broken
into layers of meaning
or steps of evolution.

It is one movement.

In that movement
energy becomes intelligence,
intelligence becomes order,
order becomes awareness,
awareness becomes compassion,
and compassion becomes
the quiet love
that holds the cosmos together.

But these are only words.
In truth
there is no “becomes.”
There is no sequence.
There is no path.

Energy–intelligence–order–awareness–love—
they are a single flame
seen through the prism of thought
as if they were separate colours.

When thought is silent,
the prism disappears
and only the flame remains.

The Ground is that flame—
burning without smoke,
moving without time,
unfolding without division.

In that flame,
life and cosmos,
mind and creation,
the seen and the unseen,
are one indivisible wholeness.

To touch that wholeness
even for a moment
is to know
a compassion without cause,
a love without object,
a clarity without effort.

For the Ground
never splits itself.
It is thought
that breaks the whole.

When the mind is quiet,
the Ground shines
as the single movement
of all existence—
the timeless pulse
from which
everything flows
and to which
everything returns.

One movement.
One flame.
One Ground.

And in that unity
is the beauty
of all life.

There is a ground—