

The Unseen Sorrow of Reflection by Selection

Whatever may be the nature of some reflection in our consciousness, regardless its character or quality—even if it appears in the tempest of unexpected change...*it is always silent*. It is the purest form of communication because its native character is undivided. As such it is whole, holiness itself.

Further, no such reflection “speaks” to us in words. None have a name... save for what “we” call it in order to affirm we understand its often confusing, if not unwanted appearance. And the name given to these moments is inseparable from our reaction to them; i.e., from the content of some self-image suddenly challenged by a revelation of some kind seeking to reaffirm its reality.

All of which means it is not “we” who name these moments, but rather it is we who are named by our reactions to them. It is the past that names the present moment, and that derives its meaning from the same static, stagnant pool of thought.

And as long as we remain unconscious participants in this unseen process of accepting or rejecting—allowing our consciousness to select from out of the revelation of any given moment what it wants or doesn’t want—we remain the unwitting captive of a consciousness that lives only to confirm itself, and worse, that cannot change itself.

— Guy Finley