

## *Nothing but truth*

*(An interpretation of Jnyāneshvara's Cāngadeva Pāsashtī)*

All value comes from just one truth  
that's hidden in the world it shows;

but then takes all the world back in,  
to shine itself, by its own light,  
the same that it has always been.

*from*  
1

Wherever truth is evident,  
appearances are not perceived.

It's hidden in appearances  
whenever they are manifest.  
At least, that's how they make it seem.

But it does not itself appear,  
nor does it ever disappear.  
It is untouched by all  
appearances and disappearances.

*from*  
2

Becoming many seeming things,  
it there becomes their nothingness.

Without becoming anything,  
it's here, in truth, as everything:  
as all each thing can ever be,  
as all the world's reality.

*from*  
3

Though gold has taken different shapes  
in different kinds of ornament  
which it is seen to have become,  
it is still gold. It's being gold  
continues unaffected here.

So too, that which is seen to have  
become the changing universe  
is still itself: just as it is,  
and just as it has always been.

In all of the becoming world,  
it never suffers any loss.  
In all that happens everywhere,  
it's always unaffected here.

*from*  
4

What sight perceives as changing waves,  
which form the surface of a sea,  
are only water in themselves.

This water is self-evident,  
quite open to our direct view.  
To see it there is just no need  
to take away or change at all  
the waves through which it shows itself.

So also nature, as it is,  
shows its whole truth quite openly,  
to direct view. There is no need  
to try removing nature's show;

no need to change it in the least,  
as world's appearances are formed.

*from*

5

A group of matter particles  
is not a barren waste, devoid  
of meaning, to a physicist.

For every particle displays  
an underlying principle  
of matter common to them all,  
thus making their behaviour and  
their interaction meaningful.

So too reality, from which  
the many-seeming world springs forth,  
is not then veiled by barrenness  
that covers up and hides away  
some meaning buried underneath.

*from*

6

The moon itself does not feel lost,  
as it is seen to get obscured  
behind the changing counterpane  
of phases that show it to us.

And fire in itself is not  
made different, by seeing its  
appearance in some flaming light.

*from*

7

In just this way, all differences  
between what's seen and that which sees  
are only mere appearances,  
produced by seeming ignorance.

In my true self, I do not know  
of any such duality,  
which could make objects different  
from this reality in me.

There's only one reality:  
the same that's seen when looking back  
into the sight of seeing 'me';

the same again that's seen when sight  
looks out towards a seeming world  
of objects seeming to be seen  
by seeming sight of seeming 'me'.

In truth, there's only that which is,  
beneath all seeming differences.

There's nothing else but this same 'I',  
existing by itself alone;

identical with that one same  
reality which everything,  
throughout the world, must always show.

*from*  
8

Just as a 'saree' is a name  
for fibre spun in different threads  
seen manifest as woven cloth;

just as a pot is only clay;

*from*  
9

so too, beyond the seeming states  
in which some see-er sees what's seen,

there's only seeing by itself:  
completely pure and absolute,  
made manifest in seeming forms  
of 'see-er' seeing something 'seen'.

*from*  
10

As what gets to be called by names  
of ornaments is only gold;

and as the many-seeming acts  
of various parts show just one whole;

*from*  
11

so too, in various different kinds  
of seeming things – from God in heav'n  
to objects thought of small account –  
pure consciousness shines equally,  
the same in every seeming thing.

*from*  
12

A picture painted on a wall  
produces an apparent show  
of something that's not really there.  
What's there in fact is just the wall.

So too, there's just pure consciousness:  
 which always shines by its own light,  
 shown by all pictures of the world. *from*  
 13

When sweets are moulded into shape,  
 it's not their sweetness that get's shaped.  
 It's not affected by the ways  
 that moulds give sweets their seeming forms.

So also, consciousness is known  
 for what it is, in its own light:  
 unshaped by any kind of form,  
 quite unaffected by the ways *from*  
 in which the seeming world is formed. 14

As many draped and folded shapes  
 may manifest what's only cloth;

or as just space is manifest  
 both in the vast expanse of sky  
 and in the bounded region that  
 seems formed within a little pot;

so also all appearances  
 of seeming world are nothing else  
 but pure appearance: breaking out  
 into appearance of itself.

Seen thus pulsating into world,  
 each seeming moment time appears,  
 this pure appearance is but light  
 whose very nature is to shine.

It's nothing else but consciousness  
 whose only being is to know: *from*  
 to shine itself, by its own light. 15

Remaining always quite untouched  
 by pain or pleasure, it appears  
 through momentary energy,  
 at every instant all at once, *from*  
 to have come forth before itself. 16

What thus appears to be in front  
 is spoken of as 'happening'.

It is the happening of what  
 is 'seen', in the apparent world.

And here, in the apparent world,  
we attribute to consciousness  
the qualities of something seen  
that somehow also sees as well.

Thus we conceive of consciousness  
as just a 'see-er' in the world,  
perceiving things outside itself.

Appearing 'seen' before itself,  
reflected consciousness appears,  
in see-ers who look out at things  
seen by reflecting consciousness.

As seeing seems thus to reflect  
between a see-er and what's seen,  
reflections of them both appear.

But what they are is consciousness:  
the underlying principle  
that each reflection truly shows.

*from*  
17

Pure consciousness is just itself,  
always unchanged; as it goes on  
illuminating for itself,  
entirely within itself,  
what's seen in the apparent world.

It thus displays all of these three:  
a *see-er* somehow looking on,  
something *seen* that's looked upon,  
and *seeing* happening in between.

*from*  
18

A button made of knotted thread  
is nothing else but thread inside,  
just like the cloth on which it's stitched.

So also with this trinity  
of see-er seeing something seen:

there's nothing else but consciousness  
in all that is experienced,  
inside, outside or in between.

*from*  
19

When just a mirrored face is shown  
as all that happens to be seen,  
it then gets thought that 'seeing' things  
like this is rather meaningless.

*from*  
20

Without itself experiencing  
 division into any parts,  
 pure consciousness seems to appear  
 in these three different-seeming ways.

It's only thus that this threefold  
 analysis is rightly known:  
 established in the final ground *from*  
 of plain, unmixed reality. *21*

Some superstructure of the seen  
 gets taken as a see-er, in  
 the flow of changing happening  
 that makes a world appear perceived.

In seeing this apparent world,  
 such sight becomes disqualified  
 from knowing what the see-er is *from*  
 apart from that which has been seen. *22*

When there's no seen, then what is there  
 for sight to see and take back in?  
 If there is nothing to be seen, *from*  
 then just what could a 'see-er' be? *23*

It's only in the happening  
 of something seen that faculties  
 of sight can operate, so that  
 some see-er could appear to see.

When happening has disappeared  
 and is no longer seen, no sight *from*  
 nor any see-er can be here. *24*

One thing alone becomes all three.  
 When they have gone, the one remains:  
 just as it is, self-manifest.

The three are merely passing things  
 that come and go, illusory. *from*

The one alone is true, and real. *25*

The face that looks into a mirror  
 is still here, just in itself,  
 before and after looking on.

And while it looks, can it become *from*  
 some other thing than its own self? *26*

As sight looks forward, one appears  
to be a 'see-er' in this way:  
perceiving objects out in front.

But this is a false trick of sight  
producing a deceptive view.

*from*  
27

For at the very moment when  
an object is in fact perceived,  
this object is not known outside,  
apart from some perceiving self.

Instead, it's known as taken in  
to consciousness, where it is nothing  
else but this same consciousness.

In truth, as actually known –  
at that same moment when it's seen –  
each object is pure consciousness.

There is no separation here,  
no see-er different from what's seen.

There's only plain reality:  
where what is known is one's own self.

*from*  
28

Like sound that's known as sound itself,  
unlimited by any tone  
or melody that gets produced  
through any kind of instrument;

like fire known unlimited  
to any tongue of flame produced  
by any burning piece of fuel;

reality exists within  
itself alone, as consciousness:

which stays unchanged, while taking in  
all the particularities  
of objects that appear perceived.

*from*  
29

It can't in truth be spoken of  
as anything conceived by speech.

Nor can it be made known at all,  
by any intervening means.

It's only known self-evident,  
as that which always must be here:  
whose being carries on, unchanged,  
while seeming things all pass and change.

*from*  
30

Despite the faculty of sight,  
no eye can see its own eyeball.

Our faculties are all like this.  
Not one of them itself perceives  
the place where it originates.

One who has realized the self  
is at that central origin  
where every faculty dissolves.

This origin is consciousness  
which has no capabilities.

All faculties are only forms  
expressing knowledge in the world.  
The knowledge which is thus expressed  
has in itself no faculties.

*from*

It's this that's realized as self.

31

That which is knowledge in itself  
does not have ignorance mixed in.

It must be free of anything  
in which the smallest ignorance  
gives rise to partiality,  
confusing what seems to be known.

But when we speak of 'knowing' thus,  
one may well ask just what is meant.

*from*

What could such knowing really be?

32

The answer only can be said  
by speech returned to quietness:  
to silence where all words dissolve,  
as what they say is understood.

This silence is pure consciousness:  
which has become all seeming things  
without becoming in itself  
anything but what it is,  
where time and change do not apply.

In truth, there's no becoming here.  
There's nothing to attain at all.

It's only this one needs to know:  
that though attainment seems the goal,  
there never is nor ever was  
there anything to be attained.



All that is wished to be attained  
is always here, and always was. *from*  
33

From this one same reality  
arise our seeming views of truth,  
related to the differing  
perceptions that we seem to see,  
like waves where water takes on shapes *from*  
34  
that each succeed its previous shapes.

It is pure subjectivity:  
the common see-er in us all,  
existing by itself alone,  
unmixed with anything that's seen.

It's one's own self, self to itself,  
just as it is, uncompromised. *from*  
35

It is pure being: unbecome  
in anything that comes to be.

It is pure seeing: quite unchanged  
in anyone who comes to see  
or anything that is perceived.

It is unborn experience:  
not affected in the least  
by anyone or anything  
that may appear to undergo  
or somehow to condition it.

It's pure enjoyment: always free  
of anyone or anything  
that might appear to limit it. *from*

It is uncaused and absolute. 36

Each personality is an  
expression of pure consciousness,  
which is the same reality  
that's found expressed in everything.

This same, unchanging consciousness  
is that one common ground on which  
all personalities relate.

'Your' personality and 'mine' seem different;

but we are one in consciousness, *from*  
37  
which is what we both really are.

All talk between a 'you' and 'me'  
is based upon this common ground  
of underlying consciousness:

from where our words draw meaning out,  
and where we each take meaning in  
to understand what has been said.

Thus, as we talk, one consciousness  
speaks through our personalities  
and grasps its own expression back:

a little like an empty hand  
that opens up and closes in,  
though all it shows and holds thereby  
is nothing else but its own palm.

*from*  
38

In talk between a 'you' and 'me',  
it is a little as if speech  
were listening to speech itself;

or as if taste were tasting taste;  
or light alone were seeing light.

The meaning of a word is heard  
by listening to it within,  
from where its meaning rises up.

The flavour of experience  
is tasted at the source of taste.

To see the light of seeing, sight  
must turn around and look back in,  
to that one source of seeing where  
pure light illuminates itself.

*from*  
39

It is as if a touchstone, used  
for testing gold, were gold itself,  
revealing everything as gold.

This touchstone, showing all as gold,  
is light which shows all seeming dark  
as only light: expressed in shades  
that do not need to be transformed  
to show the light of which they're made.

It's like a self-reflecting face  
that is a mirror to itself.

The face that mirrors back itself  
comes home to truth: self-evident  
in all the ways that we relate,  
in all we say and think and do.

*from*  
40

That sweetness which becomes an object  
easily gets cloyed and stale.

But where a genuine sweetness tastes  
itself, for what it is, how can  
it here be compromised, contained  
within its own experience?

What changing flavour could arise  
where sweetness is returned to taste  
of pure experience, in itself?

The love we feel between ourselves  
seems cloyed where it becomes perceived  
as tasting something different  
from the experience tasting it.

For love is only genuine  
where its enjoyments are enjoyed  
just in themselves; here at the ground  
where all experience tastes itself,  
through every seeming difference.

*from*  
41

When meeting someone who is loved,  
the mind delights; but also fears  
that any unity achieved  
in meeting thus with other minds,  
may be disturbed and suffer loss.

*from*  
42

In its desire to see what's loved,  
the mind takes form; and in this state  
it seems that mind gets to obstruct  
the very sight for which it longs.

*from*  
43

No matter what is done or is  
not done, nor what is said or not,  
nor what is thought or is not thought;

no such activity nor any  
inactivity applies  
to one's own nature, as it is:  
within the seeming faculties  
through which it's seen to be expressed.

*from*  
44

Though 'doing' and 'not-doing' are  
attributed to someone who  
is called by a specific name,

they simply don't apply at all  
to what that person really *is*:  
not seen outside, but known within.

What is there here to say or think?

No personal identity of any kind  
remains to speak a single word,  
to claim a thought, or see a world. *from*

No sense of separate 'me' can hold. 45

If salt goes down to plumb the depth  
of water, it is there dissolved.

What then can tell how deep the water  
is, how far the salt has gone? *from* 46

So too, when some apparent 'me'  
goes looking down into a 'you',  
for what is both 'your' self and 'mine';

then this apparent 'me' dissolves  
and is not looking any more. *from*

So how can any 'you' be known? 47

Whoever sees the depth of sleep,  
while still remaining wide awake,  
sees only consciousness: unmixed  
with any kind of seeming thing.

There is no separate see-er here;  
for there is nothing to be seen,  
no objects to be separate from.

Thus freed from any last remaining  
trace of see-ership, I stand  
identical with what seems seen.

And here I see you as you are:  
as what I always am, without  
myself becoming anything. *from* 48

When someone looks where it is dark,  
then sunlight isn't present there.

But one thing never disappears.  
This is the knowledge that 'I am'.

It's here in all experience:  
whoever is thought seeing it, *from*  
whatever is thought to be seen. 49

And here I find all sense of 'you',  
together with all sense of 'me',  
is swallowed up entirely.

Here only oneness can remain:  
dissolved in its own unity. *from*  
50

Remaining on its own home ground,  
perception of its own accord  
becomes the picture it thus sees.

But it is not disturbed itself  
through its own pictured picturing. *from*  
51

This is our meeting, 'yours' and 'mine':  
here thus unborn, before the birth  
of thought conceiving words and speech;

unbroken into pictured sight;  
without a trace of 'me' or 'you'. *from*  
52

It's only this that we enjoy,  
relating it in different ways,  
but always coming back again;

to this immediate meeting ground  
where 'me' and 'you' are swallowed up:

as mere, 'put on' appearances  
that stand dissolved in what they show. *from*  
53

Good food, well eaten, is a means  
through which one may enjoy oneself.

A mirror is a means by which  
sight is reflected back as seen,  
to show what one already is. *from*  
54

So too, in talk of unity,  
our statements point back to a truth  
that cannot be made understood  
through any intervening means.

For here all words are known dissolved  
in their own ground of quietness. *from*  
55

It's here that self is realized;  
as though a light sees light itself  
and sees that seeing *is* just light:

where all that's seen is known as light,  
as one's own ground reality. *from*  
56

Whatever has been said may thus  
 be used to open up one's sight  
 to one's own inner unity,  
 of self at one with what it is. *from*  
 57

When anything is understood,  
 it's known dissolved in consciousness,  
 where all the world is taken in:

as though one vast, unbounded flow  
 of ocean water has engulfed  
 all trace of its own happening.

In truth, there is no other way  
 that anything gets known at all. *from*  
 58

Returning home to one's own truth,  
 directly known for what it is,  
 there is no trace of name or form.

There's only uncreated life,  
 whose own enjoyment of itself  
 is what we seek as 'happiness'. *from*  
 59

As knowledge keeps returning home,  
 it finds itself at last complete:

here, where each knower and what's known  
 are found to rest on common ground  
 that shows they are not different. *from*  
 60

All search for truth is love itself:  
 expressed in longing where it's missed,  
 or in delight where it is found.

But both are gifts that show us love,  
 as it experiences itself. *from*  
 61

Two different seeming persons are  
 both mirrors to an inner sight.

As they reflect each other's sight,  
 there's nothing else but seeing here.

Thus merged as seeing in itself,  
 they've lost their seeming differences. *from*  
 62

Whoever uses thought like this,  
 reflecting back to truth within,  
 must come at last to happiness:

where self experiences itself,  
at one with everything it sees.

*from*  
63

Of this unmixed reality:

we cannot know what it is not,  
for it is truly everything.

Nor can we know how it may look,  
for it cannot be seen by any  
faculty of sense or mind.

Nor can we even know it seen  
from the inside, for when it's reached  
it has no outside nor inside.

Where it is known, there's nothing else;  
it doesn't look like anything;  
and there is no division left  
between what's out and what is in.

*from*  
64

It's known only by being it:  
as unconditioned consciousness  
whose very being is to know.

It simply knows, by what it is.  
For it, to know is just to be,  
with nothing added on at all  
that could affect it in the least.

It is just light that lights itself,  
without the need for any act  
that makes some seeming object seen.

Thus in deep sleep, where seeming things  
do not appear, it shines alone:  
the underlying ground of light  
beneath sleep's seeming nothingness.

It's here in depth of seeming sleep,  
just as it is in waking world.  
It neither sleeps, nor does it wake;  
such states do not apply to it.

In wakefulness of seeming world,  
as it lights all appearances,  
it only knows them as itself.

Known thus, as only consciousness,  
all seeming things are taken in  
to that one same reality  
where change and difference don't apply,  
nor name, nor form, nor quality.

And here, true wakefulness is found:  
awake in depth of deepest sleep,  
asleep to the obscurities  
that cloud perception in the world.

*from*  
65