

REALITY: A Philosophical Poem

John Clark Smith♦

Reality has no borders.
Humans thought borders
and made territories.
In reality,
no lines separate.
All of it belongs to all.
Reality is not one
or two
or any number.
In reality
all are not one
or two
or any number.
In reality,
there is no sameness,
or difference,
neither peace
nor conflict.
One is not the beginning
or the end.
Reality transcends
the many and the one.

Reality has no nations
or places
where one tribe starts

and another stops.
Humans created lines,
and the tribe arose.
Nations and tribeness
are not real.

In reality,
each is
neither the same
nor different.
Reality is,
without colors,
cultures,
history or tradition.
Reality has no races.
Race separates,
causes conflict.
Conflict fragments,
creates limits.
There are no limits
and fragments
in reality.

Reality has no species.
Life is one,
interdependent,

♦ **Dr John Clark Smith** lectured at the University of Toronto, where he received an MA and a PhD. He also earned a graduate diploma in Creative Writing at Humber College. His poetry has appeared in several journals since 2016, his published short stories were released in a collection *Taking Action* in 2019, and his novella *Orange Dawn* in 2020. His second novel, *In Quest of Mystery*, is forthcoming. Email: joclsmiii@gmail.com

incessant,
 random,
 seamless.
 Life shares,
 cooperates
 enlightens
 and creates.
 Life is real.
 Ant, daisy, and water
 live from it,
 but ant, daisy, and water
 are not separate.
 For what is real,
 even if it could be split,
 remains real.
 The mind fabricates
 difference,
 division,
 its own "reality".

Reality has no hierarchy,
 no better or worse,
 no higher or lower,
 no superior or inferior.
 What is simple
 is often complex.
 What is powerful
 is often weak,
 the part is often the whole,
 what falls can rise
 and what dies can live again.
 Like a Persian rug
 with complex patterns
 expressing its creativity,
 imagination,
 and profundity,
 no pattern important
 without the whole

or the rug itself,
 and yet the whole embraces each
 without losing the dimensions
 or extensions,
 reality does not discriminate,
 order,
 approve,
 or select,
 and recognizes
 neither equality
 nor inequality.

Each is.
 Each is real.
 Each contributes.
 No one wins
 and none lose
 in the great universe.
 To be is the reward.
 Uncover being,
 uncover an identity in reality.
 Find and join
 the meditative stream—
 the blood,
 will,
 connection,
 and enlightening force
 of reality.
 Only the real
 finds the real,
 without interference
 without assistance.
 Find the real alone,
 within oneself,
 through oneself,
 through the meditative stream,
 of reality.

Community is real,
all live for all
without opposites
in reality.
Community transcends survival,
creates the womb
for all to find and join
the meditative stream
and welcome reality.
Community eschews division
from hierarchy and
condescension,
survives without rulers or rules,
without class or advantage,
but welcomes the individual
and avoids manufactured
thoughts—
like “freedom,”
“equality,”
“justice,”
and “law” —
which cannot exist
without their opposites
and force the mind
to trip on itself
and let tyranny
eat away at community.

Reality,
not thought,
exudes the meditative stream.
Thought has fences.
In thought,
ideas start here
and end there.
In reality,
ideas start there
and never end.

In reality,
there is nothing
to sense, be sensed or sensing.
There are no senses,
only the meditative stream
of reality
that transcends “sensing.”
Sense experience
is not the meditative stream
but fragmentary,
crippled thought.

The meditative stream is real,
discontinuous,
without vocabulary
or borders.
No general,
no particular,
no shadow,
no restricting layers,
its light is real
and clear.
Seeking or using
thought-making thought
blurs reality.
To find and join
the meditative stream,
the way and blood of reality,
a shift of being begins
that stands within
and without
and sees a universe
without limits,
because reality
has no limits.

There is no thought
without rules.

There are no rules
without reason.

There is no reason
without argument.

There is no argument
without conflict.

There is no conflict
without doubt.

There is no end to doubt
without proof.

There is no proof
without logic.

Logic explains thought,
but logic is thought.

Thought has limits.

Logic has limits.

Reality has no limits.

Reality is without logic.

The meditative stream
has no logic.

Reality has no ideology.

Ideology,
closed and motionless,
stepping on itself,
a tautology,
self-serving,
subjective,
temporary,
opportunistic,
self-equating,
and self-defining;
unlike the meditative stream,
open,
breathing,
exploring,

searching,
wondering,
changing,
without limits,
without meaning,
the real heart of being
and harmony.

Rulers make rules
yet rulers die and rules remain.
Rules keep rulers in power,
yet rules age
and lose their meaning.
Rules and rulers
are temporary.
The way of reality
is the meditative stream
that flows beyond time,
unruled,
without rules to define it.

Reality has no authorities.
Authority is fabricated
from desires,
needs,
borders,
ideologies,
rules,
tribe,
and tribeness.

The resources of the universe
belong to all.
Authority creates
structures,
traditions,
and rules.
The past is the tyrant.
Tradition is the tyrant.

Survival is the tyrant.
In those who find and join
the meditative stream,
there is no tyrant
because there is no tyranny.
No idea dominates,
no act tyrannizes,
no tribe decides,
no ideology is favored.
Deception and tyranny
have no foundation
in reality.

Reality does not see
“perfection,”
for there is no model.
To be perfect
is to be imperfect.
Perfection
infects the mind,
destroys diversity,
leaves its victims heartless,
and ill from illusion.

Reality has no “truth.”
Truth manufactures hope,
division,
despair,
pretension,
and arrogance.
Truth builds fantasy
and illusion.
Following truth
manufactures lies
and error.

There is no fear
in reality.

Reality is harmonious
and interdependent
and cannot breed fear.
Fear is an illusion
of existence
without meaning.
Simple and direct,
too profound to explain,
a mystery but not a threat,
life cannot fear reality,
for life cannot fear itself
and does not breed cowards.

Reality needs no instinct,
intuition,
or special link
for communication.
To be real,
the meditative stream,
not thought,
will suffice.
The meditative stream needs
no method
or education.
Neither natural
nor sophisticated,
neither primeval
nor modern,
beyond age
or gender,
without a favorite person,
creed,
or tribe.
The meditative stream happens
without effort
by living to be,
by discovering reality
beyond manufactured thoughts.

Reality has no line
 between here and there,
 mind and thing,
 being and nothingness,
 being and becoming,
 language and the world,
 appearance versus reality,
 noumena and phenomena.
 To be is to belong to reality.

All is real.

Nothing separates.

Nothing moves first.

Nothing becomes.

Everything becomes.

No shadows,

only light.

Lines,

mirages,

magicians,

and structures.

are concepts

with definitions

that serve existence.

Other concepts

outside the box of thought,

such as unity,

are real

and serve reality,

and without the lines,

separators,

and thought definitions

that miss reality.

Reality has no knowledge.

Knowledge is a maze

hovering above life,

seducing the innocent.

Like a flame

it burns brightly for a time

but, without substance of its

own,

does not endure.

Knowledge is darkness

that steals

then swallows light,

a storyteller,

a maker of the fictions of truth,

ever boastful of words

a bottomless pit

without reference,

with a sewage of words

and abstractions.

The light of awareness is

elsewhere.

Knowing

is not the meditative stream.

Without the meditative stream,

no one can find

the meditative stream.

Reality has no "nature."

Nature is a concept

to explain

what has no explanation,

reference,

or existence.

Where is nature?

Organic and inorganic

have no distinction

in reality.

There is always a place

where the forest and the sky

meet,

where the hand touches the air,

and the bee pollinates the flower.
The universe expresses itself,
reality is the source,
and nature is an expression.

What exists is real,
but existence is not reality.
The real swallows existence.
The source is reality,
existence an interpretation.
Each interpretation exists,
but none is reality.
What exists
is real,
not the seed,
not the root,
not the fruit,
but one of the branches,
that attempts to reach out.
Reality has no scars
but many profound accidents.
Existence is an accident,
but endures,
contributes an aspect of being,
makes its mark,
and seeks another expression.
What is real in existence,
remains real,
but none more real than another.

The god of existence is not God,
The meaning of that god
is cloaked in meaningless,
undefinable,
and opaque words,
the mask of the insecure,
insubstantial,
and irrelevant tricksters.

None can know God
when no knowledge
can unpack divinity.
There is no knowledge
because there are no words
or images
or sounds
to unpack divinity.
Story disguises
knowledge and words
and creates god's existence.
The story reveals little
because what it tells is not real.
What is this god
if it is only a god of existence
and the knowledge only
of a god in existence?
This god and its existence
are inventions
of fear and dreams,
an explanation,
an interpretation
to support ignorance and hope
about the universe.
The mind in existence has
created this god.
But God may be real
and not exist.
Existence does not define God.
By first seeking reality
and being
by not seeking to know,
by not trusting verbal thought,
the reality of God may reveal
itself.

Religion struggles within
existence

to know reality
 and God,
 but evolves
 into a maker of walls
 to confine what walls do not,
 will not,
 cannot
 understand about the universe
 or God.
 Religion does not understand
 because religion creates its own
 god,
 lives in its box
 and does not experience
 what it admires,
 but seeks through and applauds
 its ignorance
 by a medium
 that sees only itself,
 like shuffling
 the same cards
 in a different order.
 Reality has no religion.
 Life,
 not belonging to the box of
 religion
 or the tyranny of thought,
 arises when humans need to be.
 To be is to be real,
 Not to be is only to exist.
 When the human is human,
 to be human,
 the human is real,
 discontinuous with existence,
 and yet existing.

None "know" the human,
 none "know" ants or daisies.

To be outside identity
 is to be outside being.
 Being precedes knowing.
 By seeking to be,
 being opens to reality
 and in reality has identity
 and enlightenment
 and finds the meditative stream.

Reality has no belief.
 Belief invites unbelief,
 blindness and ignorance.
 Reality believes nothing,
 knows nothing,
 judges nothing.
 The mysteries need
 no agent,
 no words,
 no invitation,
 no knowledge,
 except seeking.
 Like the sun always shining,
 the universe produces
 the meditative stream,
 awaiting those to find and join it.
 The "mystery"
 is how to find it.
 Reality awaits
 and will oblige.

Reality is not realness
 or the real.
 Reality has no abstractions,
 forms,
 patterns,
 models,
 shadows,
 or imitations.

The real dog
is dog,
not dogness;
the real human
is human,
not humanness;
the real color
is color,
not colority.
The mind creates
its own existents,
but they belong
only to mind,
mental art works
the mind uses to create
its own world.

Reality is
both itself
and its expressions,
both itself
and its life,
without separation,
without degree,
without comparison.
The quest is
to find reality
in its meditative stream,
in the cells
of its expressions
and life.
Who can put laughter into
words?
Reality intends no mystery.
It stands obvious
and available
for those who find,
join,

and live
the meditative stream.
Reality screams
for attention
and awaits all
without obstacles
or discouragement
to find it and join.

Reality
and the meditative stream
have no language
and cannot confuse.
To speak,
to write,
to think
is to make thought,
but to not-think
is to join the meditative stream.
Language struggles
even to reveal existence.
To reveal reality
asks language and thought
to trigger the ineffable,
to go beyond thought,
a Herculean task.
Yet reality intends no mystery.
Its clarity only seems cryptic,
its silence deafening,
its fog struggling to enlighten
through blurred images,
muffled sounds,
shifting forms,
and fragments of thought,
because word-mind
wants to manufacture
its own “reality.”
Words

images,
 sounds,
 and movements
 do not define reality,
 The unsaid in art speaks.
 The real language of the mind
 is wordless,
 hidden behind
 and deep in the expression,
 without noun or verb,
 subject, predicate,
 or syllogism.
 Mind yearns for the real,
 imprisoned
 in the word and its logic.
 Yet when artists do join
 the meditative stream,
 their art flourishes
 with their own path.

The little mind fears evil,
 the big mind defines evil,
 the mindless transcends evil.
 The little mind worships good
 the big mind defines good
 the mindless transcends good.
 The mindless,
 not without mind,
 but unruled
 by mental existents.
 The mindless
 have the real mind
 that moves with reality.
 Who else can transcend
 the assumptions,
 fears,
 and opposites?

The real mind is clay
 awaiting the hands
 and meditative stream
 of reality.

Reality is virtuous
 without virtue,
 moral
 without morality,
 a kaleidoscope
 of dimensions
 cooperating and teaching,
 awaiting the meditative stream,
 a community
 belonging to,
 learning from,
 one another.

Reality is one
 and not one,
 two
 and not two,
 three, four, five to infinity
 and beyond infinity,
 finite becoming infinite,
 infinite spiraling to finite,
 its numbers beyond numbering,
 its oneness beyond unity.

All that exist are real
 yet reality remains elusive.
 All that exist are real
 but cannot control reality.
 All that exist are real,
 and yet ignore the real.
 All prefer to make thoughts
 instead of to not-think,

and not find and join
the meditative stream,
and thus miss the mystery
in real life and community.
Quiet like a lake,
wild like a river,
rooted like a mountain,
bending like a twig,
reality envelops all,
reality touches all
but all do not welcome its touch.
Reality greets all,
but all do not welcome reality
and the meditative stream.

A child welcomes reality
yet does not comprehend it.
A child practices complexity
with simplicity,
A child is on the path,
because it never leaves
or knows it.
Reality has no layers.
Copy reality.
Obstruct not,
force not,
harm not,
enjoy uniqueness,
seek harmony,
yet retain strength and
individuality.
Copy reality.
Like a tree
that bends in a storm
but stays rooted,
like a sail
that seeks wind
and guides the boat

to align with the sea,
like an animal
that eats when hungry
and only what it needs,
like a leader
whom no one notices
yet serves the people;
like thinkers
who never stop
broadening their visions
to reach
the way of the universe.
Copy reality.
Limit not,
remain soft,
spread openness,
swallow the opposites,
let the river of contradiction
drown them.
Ignore not the venerable.
Live not only in this world
or with this people
or for this culture.
Embrace what awaits
beyond the planet,
with what the universe holds.
Expect unity and oneness.
Seek God,
turn away from god.
Embrace the meditative stream,
not thought.
Turn not away from reality.

Welcome reality.
Those who welcome reality
discover the meditative stream,
live more really.
Living more really,

they see
beyond existence
or knowledge
or thought,
and move with reality.
Moving with reality rewards
with enlightenment,
empathy,
oneness,
and the life of reality.