

# ONE DROP AWARENESS

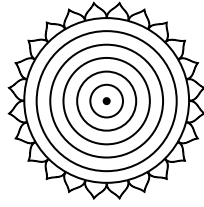
PICTURING ENLIGHTENMENT  
AND NONDUALITY

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Newport News, Virginia

*This is a partial excerpt from chapter one of  
One Drop Awareness:  
Picturing Enlightenment and Nonduality  
By Tom Crockett  
The book is available at  
<https://www.createspace.com/3568877>  
or via Amazon.com*



Chapter One

# Illustrating the Ineffable

Let's begin by agreeing  
that picturing or illustrating  
enlightenment or pure awareness  
is a fool's errand.

I am a fool for attempting it  
and only a fool would read  
beyond this page.





## Musings:



### The game

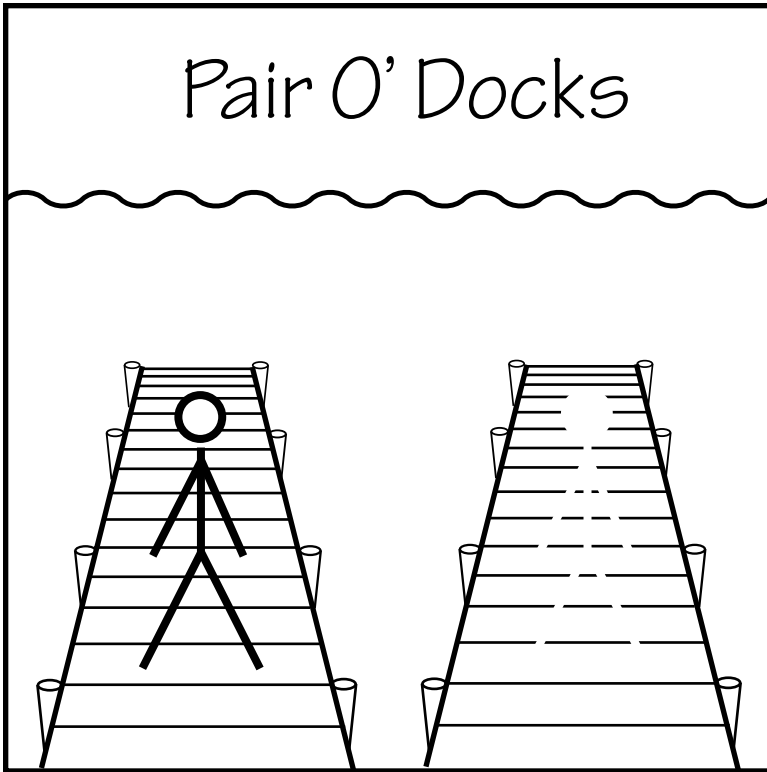
*Forget for the moment everything you know about American football or rugby.*

*What if you dreamed yourself onto a field in which you were handed an odd-shaped ball and were expected to carry it down the field and across a line, while opponents did everything in their power to stop you, including blocking you, chasing you, and painfully slamming your body to the ground? And what if the rules of this contest seemed arbitrary and capricious and the only way you discovered them was by making mistakes and being penalized? And what if there was at once an urgency about the time you had to complete this task and no end to the contest itself? Would this not feel like some outer rim of hell?*

*Now one level of expanded awareness might be to discover the point and purpose of the contest and to learn the rules and how to use them in your favor. This is the motivation behind the entire self-help movement and most of the contemporary spirituality movement. You might get better at the contest. You might even master it, but you are still stuck in the dream of the game.*

*But what if you awoke to realize that this contest was not only just a game, but a dream of a game. What if you woke to the realization that the ball and your team and your opponents and the fans and the game itself and the suffering and the elation were all you, all along. There was never anything but you.*

*Upon awakening from such a dream, many spiritual seekers attempt to renounce dreaming, like an addict swearing off a drug of choice. Some people, however, choose to reenter the dream with more awareness, compassion, love, and playfulness, for the sake of all beings.*

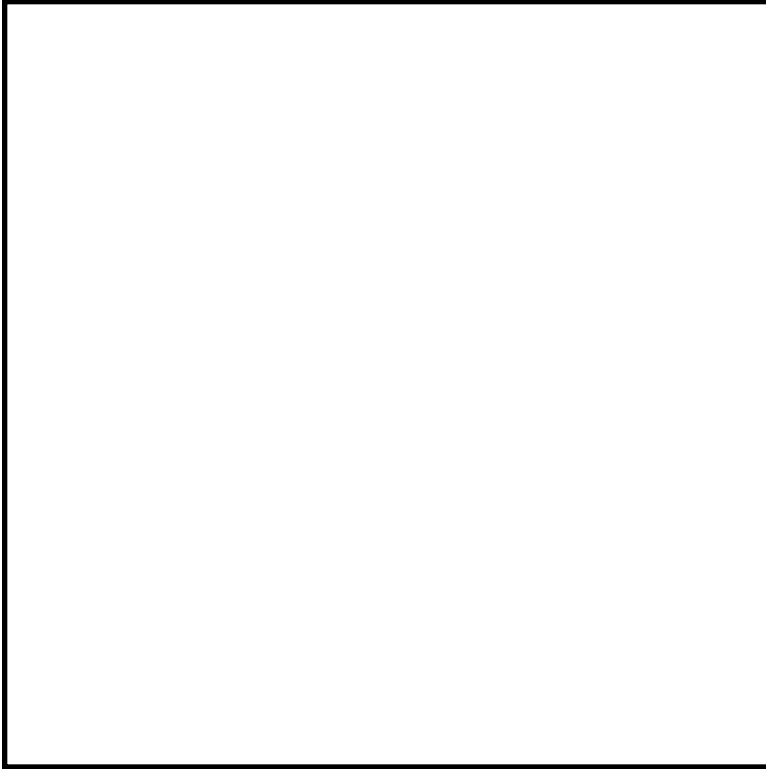


## PARADOX

That we are at once both  
limited and limitless,  
form and formlessness,  
dream and dreamer.

Awakening to the true nature of the game  
is not the same thing as ending the game.

We do not seek awareness  
of the truth of the game  
in order to negate it,  
but rather to play it with greater love.




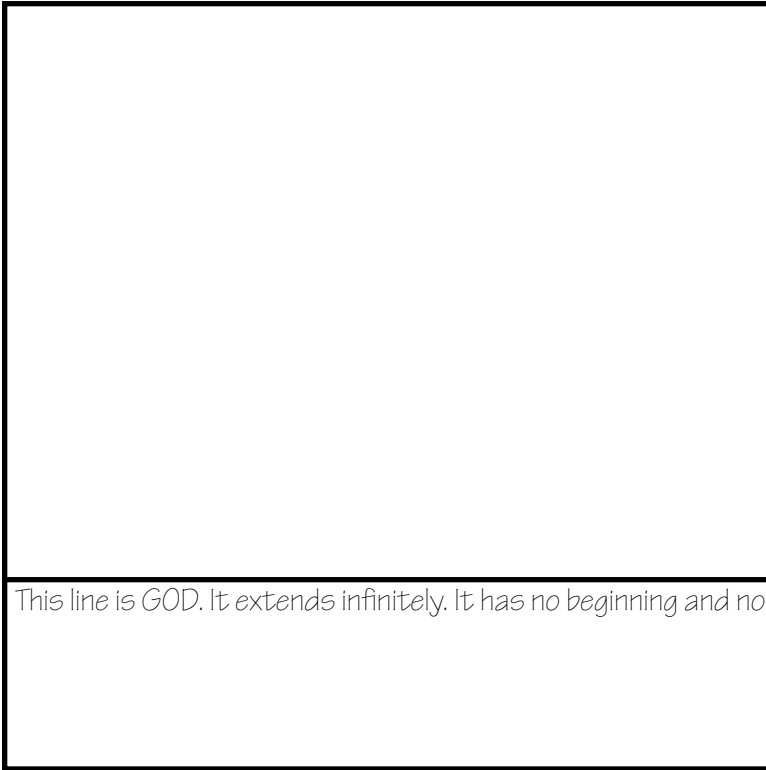
Because I have to start somewhere,  
let's say this is GOD.

Not the square, but what is inside the square and  
what is not inside the square, which is really not a  
square, but a symbol to represent infinite space or  
absolute awareness.

This is not GOD (though it actually is).

It is a picture of what GOD is and what GOD isn't  
combined in nondual awareness.

There, I'm glad I cleared that up. 



This line is also GOD.

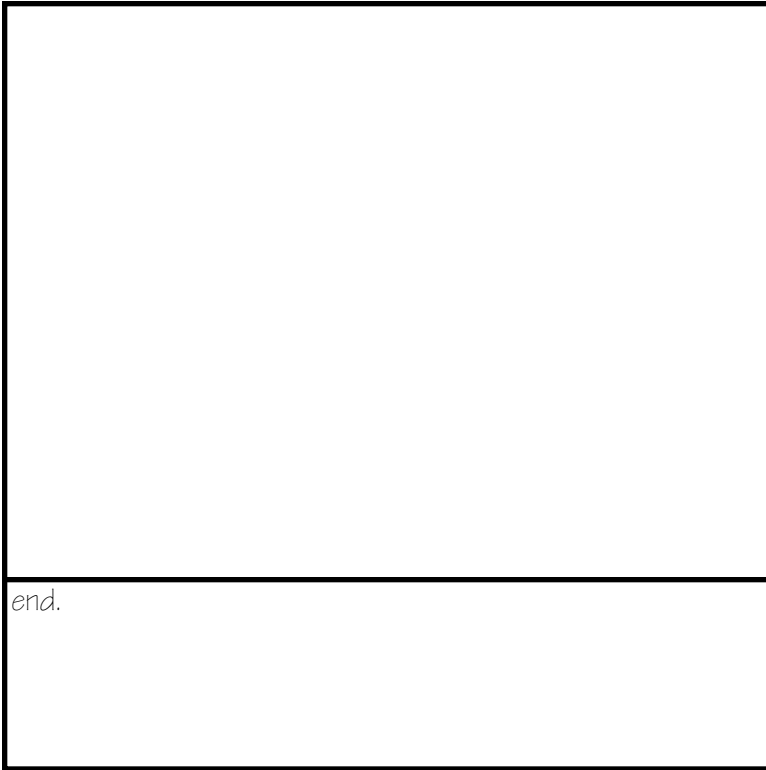
It is pure potential.

There is nothing that is not this line.

There is no form this line cannot draw.

We are all made of the same line-stuff.

Everything is made of the same line-stuff.

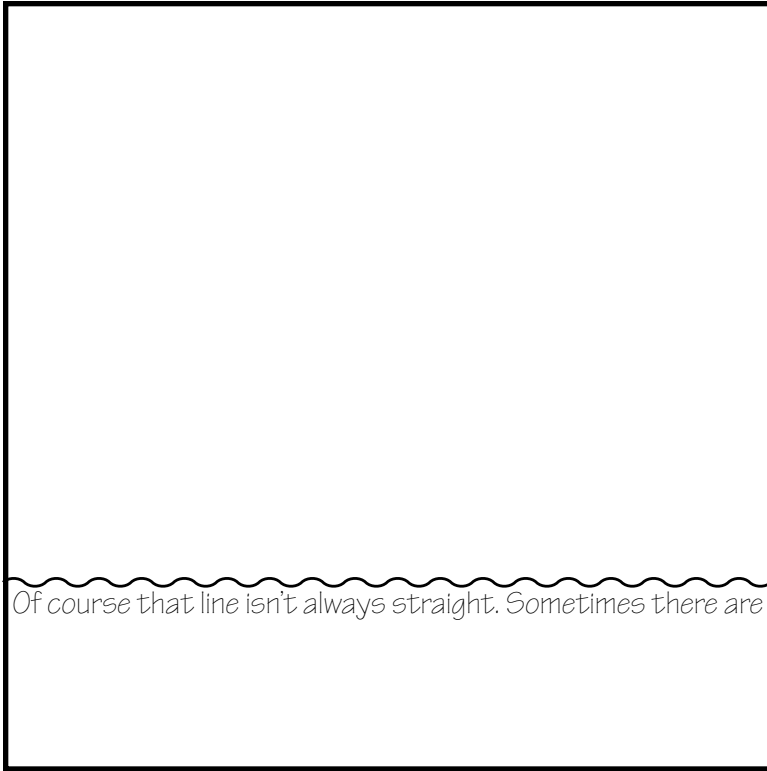


Of course, the moment I say “This line is GOD,”  
you might quite logically ask,  
“What is all of the stuff that is not the line?”

Well that’s GOD too,  
(that’s the challenge of illustrating the ineffable).  
Drawing only works because there is both  
figure (line) and ground (space).  
They are inseparable.

It may be that incarnation in this realm  
also only works  
because there is figure and ground.





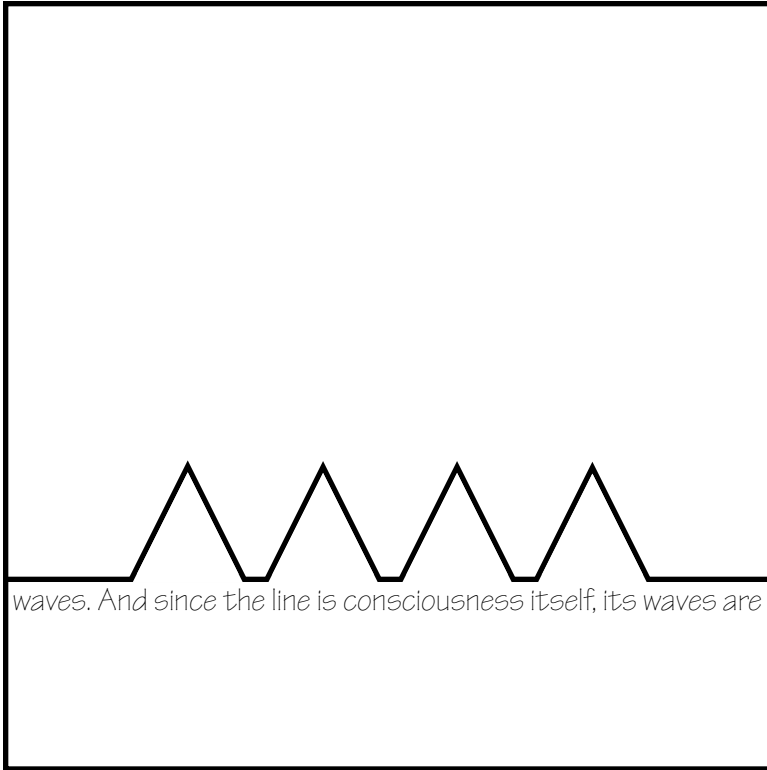
Waves.

Another way of picturing this line  
is as the surface of an infinite ocean  
of consciousness.

In this case GOD is the water—the ocean.

And,  
you guessed it,  
GOD is everything that is not the water as well.

The figure and ground paradox persists.



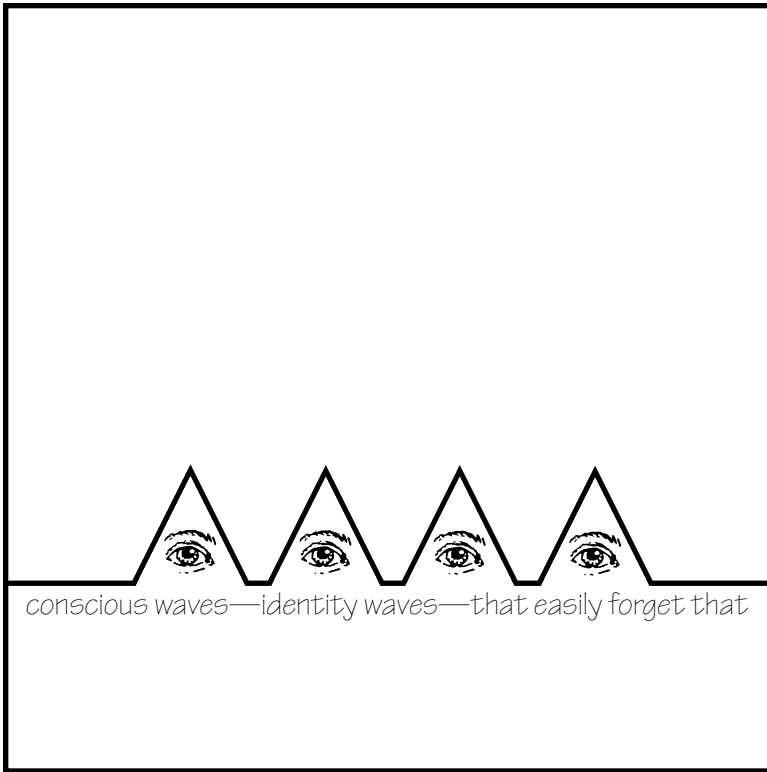
We don't really know why  
GOD makes waves.

Perhaps it is play.

Perhaps "one" really is the loneliest number.

Perhaps forms allow GOD to know GOD.

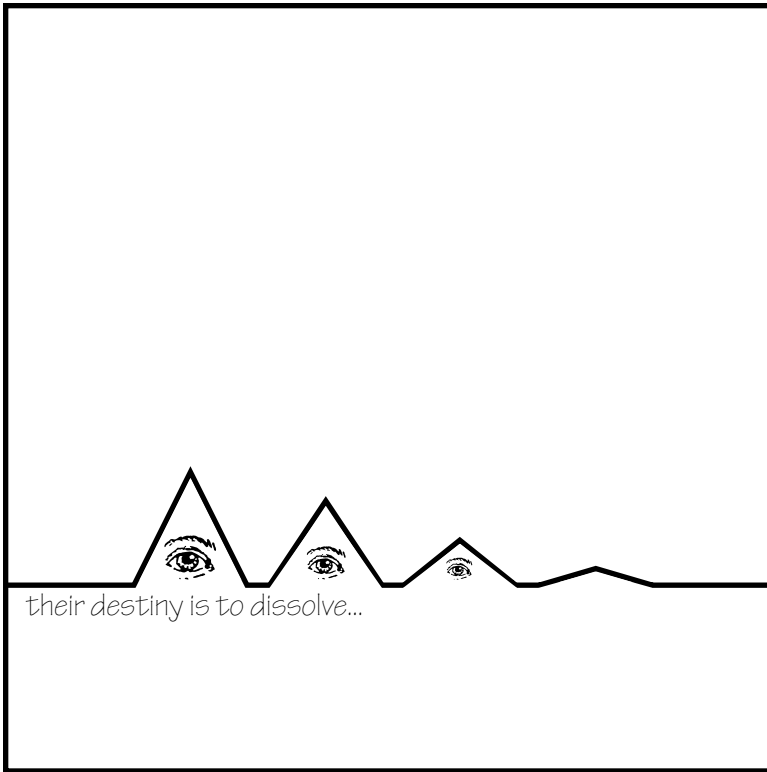
Perhaps the figure ground paradox  
is what waves are all about.



We don't know why there are waves,  
but waves seem to arise.

They *seem* to be separate things  
capable of perceiving other waves,  
capable of acts of painful isolation and separation,  
capable of acts of selfless surrender,  
capable of bliss and capable of suffering,  
capable of forgetting their very wave-ness,  
sleepwalking from trough to crest,  
and capable of awakening to their true nature.

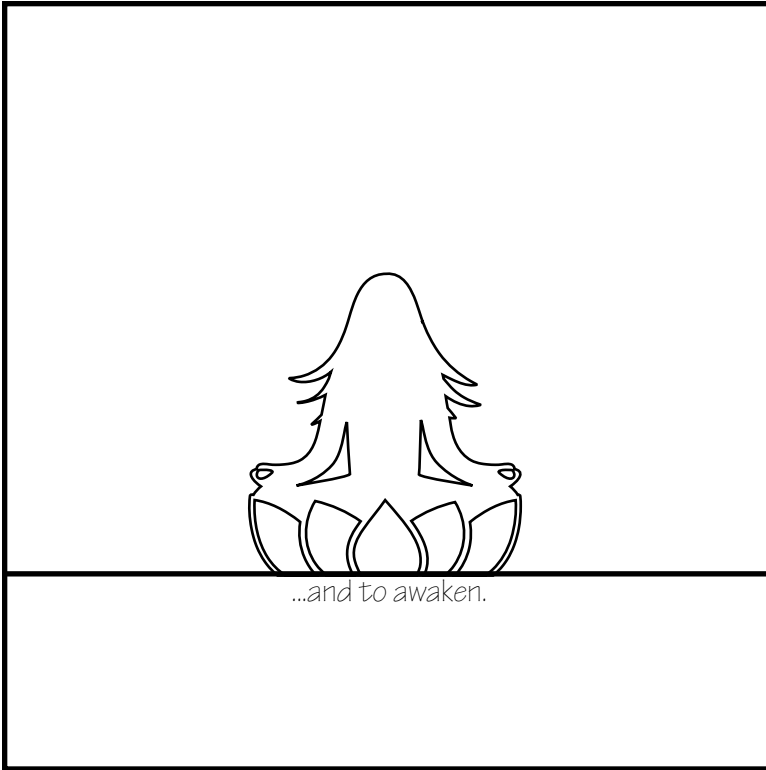
The waves are us.



Remember that there is only the line.  
The line is GOD.  
Every form is drawn from the same line.

If the line is GOD  
and we are unique and temporary  
expressions of the line  
that rises up and dissolves  
like waves on the ocean,  
then we must be the waves  
and the ocean at the same time.

We must be the figure and the ground.



We are the line  
that draws the wave,  
that forgets the ocean.

We place our attention on the figure  
and forget the ground  
that we share with every form  
that we are capable of perceiving.

It doesn't have to be this way,  
but let's not get ahead of ourselves.