

Superconsciousness: A Poetic Meditation

A. Chawla

06 April 2026

I only feel like writing today,
Not in a friendly, fleeting way,
But in a cadence that tests and holds,
The tide of thought that never folds.
The sea of mind does not rest,
It moves until it is buttressed,
By walls unseen, by forms unknown,
By whispers of the life that moans.
Yet in this flux, a light appears,
Beyond the veil of mortal fears,
A tongue of fire, a maker's breath,
That speaks of life, that conquers death.
This ugly fellow, this handsome one,
Both dissolve when the work is done,
For vision fails and derision fades,
When Superconsciousness invades.

It is the dawn beyond the dawn,
The lightning after night is gone,
The silence deeper than the sound,
The circle where all truths are bound.
It is awareness past the dream,
The river flowing to the stream,
The stream dissolving in the sea,
The sea returning endlessly.
No thought can cage it, no word define,
It is the pulse of the divine,
The paradox of dark and light,

The hidden root of human sight.

—

We humbly count what is amiss,
We dance the dance of circumstance,
Yet naught has moved, naught has shone,
Until the higher self is known.
Superconsciousness, vast and clear,
Is not confined to what is near,
It stretches past the cosmic dome,
And makes the universe its home.
It is the witness, pure and still,
The quiet flame, the sovereign will,
The axis where all worlds align,
The secret symmetry of time.

—

It speaks in silence, breathes in stone,
It sings in marrow, flesh, and bone,
It hums in galaxies afar,
It glows within the smallest star.
It is the laughter of the void,
The harmony that none destroyed,
The paradox of loss and gain,
The hidden joy within the pain.
It is the tide that does not rest,
The truth that cannot be suppressed,
The song that echoes without end,
The source, the seeker, and the friend.

—

So let us rise beyond the clay,
Beyond the night, beyond the day,
Into the light that does not fade,
Into the truth that God has made.
For Superconsciousness is near,
It whispers softly: "Do not fear."
It holds the cosmos in its hand,
And teaches us to understand.
The ugly fellow, the handsome one,

Are shadows when the work is done,
For in the light of what is true,
All opposites dissolve in you.

Thus ends the song, yet not the flame,
For Superconsciousness remains,
A timeless witness, vast and free,
The root of all eternity.