



Death Ultimate Blossoming of Life

The greatest mystery in life is not life itself but death. Death is the culmination of life, the ultimate blossoming of life. In death the whole life is summed up, in death you arrive. Life is a pilgrimage towards death. From the very beginning, death is coming. From the moment of birth, death has started coming towards you, you have started moving towards death.

And the greatest calamity that has happened to the human mind is that he is against death. Being against death means you will miss the greatest mystery. And being against death also means that you will miss life itself -- because they are deeply involved in each other; they are not two. Life is growing, death is the flowering of it. The journey and the goal are not separate -- the journey ends in the goal.

Death has to be taken as the crescendo. Then a different vision arises. then you don't avoid death, then you are not anti-death -- then you are thrilled by its mystery and you start enjoying it and contemplating it and meditating on it.

And death comes in many ways. When you die, that is only one of the forms of death. When your mother dies, that is a death to you too -- because the mother was involved in you, she occupied a great part of your being. And the mother has died -- that part

inside you has died. Your father will die, your brother, your sister, your friend. Even when your enemy dies, something will die in you, because the enemy was also involved in you. You will miss something, you will lack something, you will never be the same again.

So it is not only in your death that death comes; death comes through many ways. Death is always coming. When your childhood disappears and you become a young man or a young woman, can't you see? Death has happened. The childhood is no more there, the childhood has died, that door is closed. You cannot move back, you cannot recapture it, it is gone for ever: you have died as a child. And then one day the youth moves into old age: he has died again. There are a thousand and one deaths.

In fact, if you look deeply, penetratingly, you will see each moment you are dying, because each moment you are changing -- something is slipping out of your being and something is entering your being. Each moment is a birth and a death. You flow between these two banks, birth and death. Your river of life is possible only because of birth and death -- and it is each moment that it is happening.

It happens very silently. You cannot hear its footsteps, it makes no noise. It goes on happening -- and it happens so continuously that you don't see it, it is so

obvious. The obvious is forgotten, it becomes part of your life. You only take notice of something which happens suddenly, you only take notice of something which is abrupt. And death is continuous -- that's why you don't take any note of it.

And these are not the only forms of death; there are even more subtle forms of death. When you fall in love, you die. Love is death -- death in its purity. And only those who are ready to die will be able to love. If you are afraid to die, you will also be afraid to love. That's why love is missing in the world. People go on thinking about love -- they fantasise about it but they don't move into it. Because love is death. And death frightens you.

Lovers die into each other. And only those who are ready to die into each other become lovers. Others are only playing the game. The game of love is not real love, it is phony. And millions of people go on being phony -- because they are afraid of death, therefore they are afraid of love too. And love always brings death in. Love is a door for death and death is a door for love.

Or when you meditate, then too you die. Hence people are afraid of going into deep meditation. Every day somebody comes to me: 'Now, Osho, it is happening. And I am frightened, I am frightened to my very roots. Meditation is happening; I feel a kind of disappearance. Now protect me.' He was eager to meditate -- when it was not happening, he was very worried about it. Now it is happening; that creates worry. And I know why -- because when he was reading about meditation and hearing about meditation he became greedy about it, without becoming aware that it will lead one into a deep death.

Or you surrender to a master. That is one of the most profound deaths: the ego dies and disappears. These are all deaths, and death is always coming.

You must have heard these famous lines of John Donne: 'Any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind; and therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls -- it tolls for thee.'

Whenever anybody dies anywhere, death knocks at your doors too. And not only a human being: a dog dies, a crow dies, or a leaf becomes pale and dies and drops from the tree -- you are dying. Because we are involved in each other, we are parts of each other, we are members of each other. Man is not an island; we are all in a kind of togetherness. And I around the world. Existence lives

death is happening each moment in millions of ways all around the world. Existence lives through death, existence renews itself through death. Death is the greatest mystery -- more mysterious than life, because life is only a pilgrimage towards death.

And only those who are in love with death will be able to know what life is. People don't live -- they can't live, they are so frightened of death.

I have heard: Ludwig Wittgenstein, a great philosopher, was staying at another great philosopher's house -- Bertrand Russell. 'While staying at Bertrand Russell's home one night, Wittgenstein tramped back and forth, keeping Russell awake. Russell asked the reason. Wittgenstein said he was trying to decide whether to commit suicide or not. Russell said, "Well, hurry and make up your mind, for I want to get some sleep."

Russell joked about it but missed the point. Russell was a very rational man, realistic, pragmatic, logical. Wittgenstein was also a great logician, greater than Bertrand Russell, but he knew the limits of logic too. He knew that there is something beyond logic and he knew that life reveals its mysteries only in death. And he remained fascinated with death his whole life -- he was always contemplating whether to commit suicide or not. By 'suicide' he does not mean the ordinary suicide -- he is asking whether to disappear or not.

And one can disappear in two ways. One, the ordinary way, the ordinary way of dying -- resisting, fighting. The other way is relaxing, enjoying, ecstatic about it. That's what he calls suicide. Voluntarily, dancing, thrilled by the adventure -- that's what he calls suicide. Suicide means being ready of one's own accord, taking a few steps to meet death and embrace death.

This is one of the greatest problems each single individual has to decide. Don't die an ordinary death -- reluctant, fighting, angry, in rage, clinging, greedy for life. Die lovingly. Only then will you be able to understand kabir's sutras -- they are of immense value and of immense splendour.

The Darkness of Night is Coming
Along Fast, And the Shadows of
Love Close in the Body and the
Mind.

A very strange statement.

*Tinvir Sanz ka Gahira Avai
Chhavai Prem Tan-man Men.*

The night is coming fast, the
night is becoming darker and flood -
-*Chhavai Prem Tan-man Men.* But



darker, all light is disappearing. Life is being drowned by death, death is coming like a flood -- *Chhavai Prem Tan-man Men*. But Kabir says: I am surprised that my body and mind are both so full of love. And death is coming -- it should not be so.

Ordinarily it is not so. When death comes your love disappears absolutely. You become dry like a desert, all that is green in you disappears. How can you love when death is coming? Who can think of love when death knocks on the door? How can you afford to think of love when death is so close by? Love is a luxury -- when death is far away you can afford it.

In fact, lovers think that they are not going to die. Lovers tend to forget about death -- they start feeling love is eternal, it is for ever and ever. Love is possible, ordinary love I mean, is possible only when you can think, imagine, that there is no death. Only then is there time and space to show love, to grow love, to



The meeting point of love and death is the experience of God.

reap love. If death is coming...Just think: you are sitting by the side of your beloved holding her hand and suddenly a messenger comes and says that within five minutes you are going to die. The beloved will disappear, she will not be there at all. Your hand may still be in the hand of your woman but your hand will not feel anything at all. Your hand will be a dead hand. You will become cold, all warmth will disappear.

Death is coming. Who can think of love?

That's why only young people can afford to be in love -- death seems to be far away, very distant. If it is going to happen it is so far away, there is no need to worry about it. As you grow old, love becomes difficult because death is coming closer in many ways. Your hair is turning Grey, your face is getting wrinkles, your love is becoming impossible. And if old people are always thinking

body is becoming weak, you are losing something every day. And whatever you lose cannot be reclaimed again. You are dying. As you become old, love seems to be almost impossible. And if old people are always thinking about young people as fools, they have a reason to think so. The reason is, they can now see the foolishness of love. When death is there, love is foolish, love is absurd. If there is no death then love is possible, then love is beautiful. If death is there, what is the point of love? It is only a kind of hallucination. Maybe love is a natural drug that your body secretes; it is chemical.

The old man starts thinking -- as his juices start getting drier and drier, as he starts becoming a desert, he also becomes very wise and he starts thinking that love is foolish and stupid. Only young people are so foolish that they can think of love -- otherwise what is the point? He can't see any beauty anywhere any longer. He starts seeing people as skeletons, he starts seeing people as rotten bodies, as dirty things. How can you fall in love with skeletons?

Just think of your beloved as a skeleton. And hug the skeleton. Just think of the bones... No, you need youth to be fool you -- that's what the old man starts thinking. He is dying. And when death enters from one door, love disappears through another.

That's why I say Kabir's statement is strange and of immense value. He says:

*The Darkness of Night is Coming Along Fast,
And the Shadows of Love
Close in the Body and the Mind.
Chhavai Prem Tan-man Men.*

'My body and mind are becoming over flooded with love.' This is how one should die. If death destroys your love then you have not known real love; then you were really in delusion -- that love was not true love. Then you have not yet found your beloved, then you have not seen God in your beloved. Otherwise, as death comes closer, you will feel full of love -- over flooded, overflowing.

Why? Because now you as a separate entity are going to disappear completely into the Beloved. Then death is no more death, but God. And this is the miracle of meditation, that it transforms death into God. And if meditation can transform death into God, not to meation life? It naturally transforms life into great ecstasy. One should learn how to live and how to die. This is the way to die -- full of love, full of prayer, ready to go on that adventure called death. The body will be going; you as a separate phenomenon will disappear into the whole. But that is the hankering of love -- love

wants to disappear, love wants to die, love wants to become one with the whole. It does not want to remain separate.

This longing to be one with the whole is love.

Remember, if death reminds you of love then you are on the right track. If love reminds you of death then you are on the right track. If your love is possible only by denying death then your love is false. And if the very idea of death destroys your quality of love then you have not yet known what love is.

Death and love go together, they are aspects of the same energy. When death fulfils your love, and when in love you are ready to die -- when they have the same taste and the same flavour -- then for the first time you have really become aware of the mysteries of life, love and death.

Open the Window to the West, and Disappear into the Air Inside You.

'Open the window to the west...' This is a metaphor. The east represents the rising sun, the birth. And the west represents the setting sun, the death. Kabir says: Open the window to the west. Now get ready, open the window to the west, the sun is going to set. Be quick, open the window to the west, don't miss the beauty of the sunset. You have seen the beauty of a rising sun, now dance with the setting sun. You have lived your life, now live your death.

Open the Window to the West, and Disappear into the Air Inside You.

The original is: Dubahu Prem-gagan Men -- Disappear into the inner sky of love. Open the door for death and disappear into the inner sky of love. Let there be a meeting of death and love, let death and love become one. And then one knows what God is.

Yes, the meeting point of love and death is the experience of God. And you go on asking what God is, and you go on asking about God as if it is a question to be answered by some theologian or a philosopher. It is an experience, and only available to the most courageous -- because it is a meeting of death and love.



This longing to be one with the whole is love.

Open the Window to the West, and Disappear Into the Inner Sky of Love.

Then you will know what God is. God is love from one side, and death from another side. And there are two types of religion in the world -- religions

which have taken the love side of God and emphasised it, and the religions which have taken the death side of God and emphasized it. Christianity has taken the love side, Buddha has taken the death side.

Kabir transcends both sides, and says: There is no need to choose. Let both be there -- why choose? Let death and love meet.

Open the Window to the West, and Disappear into the Inner Sky of Love.

Dubahu Prem-gagan Men.

'Be drowned by both love and death.' Kabir has a very transcending insight. Jesus says 'God is love' -- that is the positive side of God. Buddha takes the negative side of God -- his path is the path of the negative, via negative. Christ says yes, Buddha says no. And God is both, yes/no. God is both and yet beyond -- He cannot be confined in the yes and He cannot be confined in the no. Buddha says 'nirvana'. Nirvana means death -- the word literally means 'putting out a lamp'. Nirvana means 'putting out a flame'. Just like that, you disappear in death.

Death is God for Buddha. That's why Buddha chose the yellow robe for his monks -- yellow is the colour of death. The leaves become yellow before they die; the man becomes yellow, the blood disappears from his face before he dies. Yellow is the colour of death.

Kabir is both Buddha and Christ. He says, 'Why choose? God is both.' But why have Christ and Buddha chosen? Because if you don't choose, you seem very illogical. God, both love and death? It looks absurd -- it does not fit with our categories of thinking. God, both light and darkness? God, both creative and destructive? God, both good and evil? It doesn't fit. Because it doesn't fit, we create the devil.

- The Revolution, Chapter #9, The Sword of Love and Death