

I ponder life looking for answers. I look into the eyes of people around me, in some I see hope and love. I look into others and see fear and sadness. What do I see when I look into my own eyes?

Do I see hope and love or sadness and failure? I don't even see that sometimes when I look into my eyes I see emptiness. Is that the present moment? Is that bliss? Am I fooling myself? I talk to people, I tell them be in the present moment, I tell others 'be at your address'. I look into my eyes in the mirror and I have to look away, I cannot stand looking at them. I see what a horrible person I am.

The Buddhists say in between the past and the future is bliss: the present moment. Experience everything as if it is the first time. Feel the energy of the present as if it is the first time: hear it, see it, touch it.

Wait, whose eyes am I looking with? When I look into the eyes in the mirror, who can truly judge them? Who can say they are empty or full, loving or hateful, or that they are the eyes of God, or the glare of Satan?

The only thing that can look into my own eyes like that is my judge: my lies, my thoughts, all looking to find fault. My thoughts allow me to be only so good. My thoughts allow me to go only so far in my success.

I say rejoice! When you hear the judge's voice remember how it sounds. Feel how the words sting when you listen to them and remember. Remember they are lies, they are the falsehoods, and they are the words of the judge. Our judge is like a thief in the night stealing our lives from us. Our judge does not live in the present moment. Quiet that voice and live free.

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There is a time in people's lives that they look into themselves and they don't like what they see. They see all the things that they wish they could change, the things that they should have done, the failures in their life that they just keep repeating. People look into their life and they see what they are not.

People look into their own eyes and see who they are not.

Some day I am going to look into my eyes and understand that I cannot relive my past even if it was a second ago.

But I can live this moment, stare into a mirror and see my eyes in the present and see that they do twinkle, they do shine.

They do have hope.

And they do deserve a pat on the back at this moment because,

I am all right.

The End.

