

# Am I Schizophrenic?

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Anger welled up from deep within my belly as I descended the stairs. Two new computers totaling four thousand dollars and still I couldn't get them to work properly. Hell, I should have persevered with the old one. In the kitchen I made a cup of tea to try to calm down. I could sense several distinct parts of me demanding to be heard.

“You shouldn't have even bought the computer in the first place.... Stupid move.... When will you listen?”

“Return it and get your money back,” another part snapped.

“Oh well, these things happen,” a kinder part of me added.

“Am I schizophrenic?” most of me genuinely inquired.

Feeling exhausted, I sat down in the lounge, sipped my tea and stared blankly at the wall in front of me. I was still unable to quieten the multiple dialogues running around in my head. Giving up, I leaned back looking upward, resigned to let the voices ramble. As I sat there I noticed that my eyes, quite independently, had begun scanning the ceiling, somehow uninterested in the drama within me. It was smooth and white, in sharp contrast to a wooden beam in the corner. The rich lustre of the wood felt warm and comforting. Further over a window's harsh-looking glass reflected an unmistakable cool feeling back into the room. Slowly though, despite the differences I sensed a feeling of unity in it all. I couldn't help being drawn into the swirling pool of the visuals around me.

By now the computer group's discussion had slowed a little, obviously aware something else was taking place.

I relaxed a little deeper, letting go as my eyes continued their observations. For some reason, although everything in the room had its distinct feeling and flavour, something inside me knew they were intrinsically of the same essence. That understanding deepened as my body relaxed more. A sense of marvel arose as I contemplated the creativity and effort it had taken to form all this into something I call my room. Creativity that had taken many thousands of years of inspiration to perfect. The fact that these items could be structured from the very essence of energy itself became a point of contemplation. The atoms and molecules had been arranged into doors that open and shut, glass that can be looked through and wood that can be polished to expose multiple patterns. I was humbled by the sheer wonder of it all, knowing that all of this was only energy ... energy magnificently manipulated and arranged to create a room within which I could sit and observe.

By now the arguments over computers had ceased. The players understood there was

something more important needing their attention—something that could be seen as a threat!

The Observer in me turned to the group of now silent protesters, and a thought arose. “These guys are also part of this illusion, another bunch of energy assembled into something believing itself to be separate and alone, a group of sub-personalities each with its own agenda.”

Slightly embarrassed, the players were looking at each other with true concern.

“Real ... of course I’m real,” one of them retorted. “I feel frustrated and angry about the computers ... so I must be real.... If I can feel it, it must be true! How dare you doubt my existence!!”

Looking at them, at myself, then my body ... it hit me. Yes, everything about me was also an illusion, a collection of energy compressed into matter. A self perception living inside a group of molecules arranged to be flesh, all intertwined forming an identity that believed itself to be separate from everything else ... individual enough to fear its own annihilation. A collective persona genuinely worrying that the energetics might change and its existence might suddenly dissolve forever.

Dwelling on this I pondered the existence of another group of arranged energy in the form of a woman. Yes, another illusion believing itself to be separate from everything else. And yes, the ultimate joke. This clump of energy that is me, becoming attached to that clump of energy, a woman, and both of us hoping that the connection will remain harmonious and happy forever. All the while the swirling interactions of life vibrate endlessly in a sea of consciousness. The absurdity of it all. Next moment I found myself rolling on the floor laughing uncontrollably at the sheer magnitude of such a hope. How stupid is it that within this interconnected, pulsating, ever-changing cosmic dance, one might hope that something as ridiculous as two clumps of energy clinging together in attraction might ever hope to be sustained for a whole lifetime?

Finally the laughter subsided and I was able to drink the rest of my tea. It was still warm, so very little time had passed ... even though it seemed like hours. A deep sense of acceptance pervaded me together with a feeling of warm connectedness to everything around me. Still chuckling, I climbed the stairs to my bedroom and lay thankfully down to sleep. The sensation of the soft bedclothes contrasted with the knowledge that they, myself and my bed, were all fact hanging suspended in a limitless ocean of vibrating existence.

For the first time in years I slept without any sense of loneliness. The next morning I woke with a feeling of well-being, and I, the room and all its contents had returned to normal.