Silence, by Jean Klein

Silence is our real nature. What we are fundamentally is only silence.

Silence is free from beginning and end. It was before the beginning of all things. It is causeless. Its greatness lies in the fact that it simply is. In silence all objects have their home ground. It is the light that gives objects their shape and form. All movement, all activity is harmonized by silence.

Silence has no opposite in noise. It is beyond positive and negative.

Silence dissolves all objects. It is not related to any counterpart which belongs to the mind.

Silence has nothing to do with mind. It cannot be defined but it can be felt directly because it is our nearness.

Silence is freedom without restriction or center. It is our wholeness, neither inside nor outside the body.

Silence is joyful, not pleasurable. It is not psychological. It is feeling without a feeler.

Silence needs no intermediary.

Silence is holy. It is healing. There is no fear in silence.

Silence is autonomous like love and beauty. It is untouched by time.

Silence is meditation, free from any intention, free from anyone who meditates.

Silence is the absence of oneself. Or rather, silence is the absence of absence.

Sound which comes from silence is music. All activity is creative when it comes from silence. It is constantly a new beginning.

Silence precedes speech and poetry and music and all art.

Silence is the home ground of all creative activity. What is truly creative is the word, is Truth. Silence is the word.

Silence is truth.

The one established in silence lives in constant offering, in prayer

without asking, in thankfulness, in continual love.

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