

What becomes of the broken-hearted: The possession of the illusion of separation.

We are told that to be “broken-hearted” is somewhat of a normal thing. We know people who, we are told, died of a “broken heart” or expressed such emotion over this, or lived a life of sorrow from such a pain. There are those who believe one can heal a broken heart by soothing or healing practises, or by finding someone new and “moving-on” and there are those who meditate to try to see the illusion of it. But what is it? What does it mean? Why do we feel such suffering?

For thousands of years the human being has spoken of love and the broken heart. These two things seem to be inevitable consequences of one another, love represents something that is whole and complete which is life-affirming and the brokenness is seemingly a destruction of this wholeness which is associated with death and decay, much like the Romeo and Juliet image.

However, the broken heart depends on there being someone who “has” a heart in the first place, an “owner” of this heart. This is the key, for if there is no owner to the heart, then all that is functioning is the natural and perfect “mechanism” of nature. There is a draw towards this and repulsion away from that. There is a want for this and a letting go of that. It is simply like a magnetic field, no-one is there to hold onto the feelings. There are of course *feelings* and therefore an instinctive draw to this or that, but these are not owned. People are not owned, things are not owned. This is nature’s expression, it is an in-loveness with everything, and could also be called god, unconditional-love, everythingness or nothingness. The point is that from the perspective of nature the notion of a broken heart simply doesn’t exist, as there is no-one to own a heart so there is no-one who can have a broken one, as expressed through the animal or plant or through the infant child. There is no grief in this state, there maybe a feeling of emptiness but not an actual emotion called grief. There is assertive-heat energy but no anger, there is a sudden spontaneous retraction (not contraction, which is the “me” state only) of energy but no fear, there is excitability but no anxiety or anticipation, *there is no emotion in nature* just feeling, owned by no-one.

But this doesn’t help ...or does it? When we believe and feel strongly that there is a life being lived by “me” here, then it is always blamelessly, about losses and gains. None of this is a chosen state and the “me” (being only an apparition) can’t choose, although it can fool itself for a while that it can. We seem to “lose” a loved-one, we “mourn” a relationship, we are tormented with all sorts of difficulties and very often these tensions go on for years and years with no seeming end.

There is also the “first-love” syndrome that people constantly misunderstand. The first relationship, if it comes from a mutual natural connection **does** affect all the other relationships afterwards, simply because when there is this true connection, it is the first and very often last experience of an unconditional/unknown connection of a person’s adult life. When this connection becomes disturbed by ideals, “practicalities”, mental meddling, and a “break-up” ensues, this expression essentially energetically causes a massive internal contraction around the heart, the “self” has been magnified larger and larger by the effect of this. The previous radiance of a person’s expression is drawn inwards, the light goes internally. The problem is really

that the innocent connection has been distorted by events within or without a person's conditioned psychology. In nature, movement towards or attraction occurs until this energy is spent and then it would be time to shift, but there is no ownership of the situation at all, this would simply be instantaneously accepted as *what Is* and there would be no holding-on, because there is no "me" to say "I broke-up with x", there is no-one at the centre bemoaning that "they don't love me".

So much energy is entrained by the broken-hearted. From music to wars to alcoholism to workaholism. It's all a process of attempting to displace ourselves from an original heartbreak. Most people have a situation in their life that is still filled with tears, a situation in their heart which is still brimming with the original pain of an exaggeration of a feeling of separation. And everyone says, "well all you can do is carry on, it gets better with time" but actually it doesn't, it doesn't get *better* with time. With most people it gets *numb* with time, time and things cover it over but it remains in the background, the background tension of "myself" who is seemingly separate and lost in a separate world. The only time it changes with time is when there literally isn't enough energy to hold the contraction of "me" around this idea of being "broken", and for this to happen means a fundamental shift, it is the death of "me" in fact.

It is true that this can occur from an external event, a meeting with someone who can spark this off, trigger it to open, a healing event etc. but inevitably unless the pattern changes one thing is substituted for another...what was once a lost love is now a found love and then a claimed and held-onto love which inevitably can't be bound or claimed and so inevitably moves on to be a broken heart or "the one that got away" syndrome. Everything is bound up by our experiences of the initial traumas of "self" which take place early in life and for some of us are very deeply and strong, while for others of us are really not like that.

Those who have had less traumatic contraction patterns occurring in their lives simply have easier relationships and can more easily let go. There is more of a naturalness to how they can respond and the "me" is not so tightly bound. These people are simply what they are, and life is easier in many ways...an example being from Jack Nicholson's genius as Melvin Udall in the film "As Good As It Gets":

Carol Connelly: OK, we all have these terrible stories to get over, and you...

Melvin Udall: ...It's not true. Some of us have great stories, pretty stories that take place at lakes with boats and friends and noodle salad. Just no-one in this car. But a lot of people, that's their story. Good times, noodle salad. What makes it so hard is not that you had it bad, but that you're that pissed that so many others had it good."

It has always been the way that those of us who do not experience the deep expressions of trauma early in life and who have constitutions that are robust can deal with much more than those who are weaker, more sensitive and who experienced trauma early on. This is simply how it is. As much as some of us would wish it to be

different, this is a game of the “self” trying to form a perfect world that is always somewhere “else”, and then identifying ways and means of getting there. All of this is driven by the trauma. Those people eating noodle salad are oblivious to this, they just are eating noodle salad, there is no more or less of a sense of “me”, there is just spontaneous response. Not everyone needs to experience “loss” in the way some of us do because of the circumstances of life. There is no good or bad to this, it is just how life is. There is nothing that makes one person more worthy than another, because actually there are no individuals involved, it just seems that the burdens are carried by individuals.

For the broken-hearted, there will always be a song, a smell or a taste that totally bypasses the cognitive mental activity of “I’ve moved on now” or “I’m better now” and which will re-ignite the tension. Sure, over time this weakens as other things take the place of what was lost, but very often it is the initial things that we are drawn to which the “me” then adheres to; the first person, the first toy, the first everything that ignited the heart, these are the things we want, and for which “me” mourns so deeply.

So what help is there? Actually this is the wrong question because *we don't want to let go*, we don't want to let go of these initial feelings, for we know that within the suffering of the loss of these emotional-memories of experience is something important, we know that what we were experiencing at that time was the only thing that was really and truly “good” in our lives, because of how it made us feel. A dog will go to the door for food and whine and howl but if no food arrives eventually he will go elsewhere. There is no mourning the loss of the food, there is simply a shift in energy. With humans however there is an emotion of resentment, anger at being ignored, grief at not getting the connection we need. Until there is an actual “letting go” which simply happens when the tension of the person naturally lets it go, then there can be a re-experiencing of connection. Until this time we are possessed by what the ancient Shaman would call an “evil spirit” but what today we might describe as by a mental pattern of holding-on that is not intentional but is absolutely debilitating. The “self”, which is formed from all these traumatic perceptions of things being separate from a “me”, is like a resistor in a circuit of life. It blocks the flow of energy.

This is why modern-day relationships always need to have a “completeness” to them, and that there supposedly needs to be space between one relationship and another to “get over” the last one. This assumes something that is absolutely true, that the modern human has a hell of a job letting go, therefore if one hasn't then how can one experience another relationship with openness as if it is “new” again. Of course this “newness” doesn't need to have a space in between, quite the contrary, many affairs are about finding the connection to this “newness” through desperation and reaching the end of one's ability to hold back a social conformity of the charade of a relationship's external appearance.

In the end, even allowing for gaps in-between relationships or engaging with someone new over and over again in order to try to feel renewed, or to re-experience the first or initial true connection, is something that is doomed to failure. No matter how hard we try to “get it right” it never occurs like that. The only true connection occurs when you least expect it and occurs in that moment only when there is natural mutual attraction. Whenever something adds onto this or makes it this way or that way or

thinks about it in a reasonable or “logical” way, then it feels like a “loss” and inevitably the connection seems to “break down”.

It seems that even when all the natural parameters are right and there is strong attraction and everything is engaging naturally, still the “me” can embark upon a process of ownership and distortion that can completely upset the nature of it. This is not really surprising as it just takes a man with a saw to cut down trees. The human “self” has always disturbed nature, within his body and in the wilderness.

With each person the time it takes for people to let go is different. Each constitution is unique and has been through a unique set of circumstances in life and from the age of 3 onwards these will have created a strong “self” which might take decades for nature to dislodge. A person may spend their whole life dreaming about their first love and be unable to connect to other relationships no matter how they “try” to be open. A person may spend most of their existence stuck in a contraction of the fear of death and violence, which either prevents other people coming too close or creates angry or anxiety-ridden responses when people do come close. There are those who become very “clear” about what they do and don’t like in a person and try to formulate a check-list of expressions that work for them...often trying to find all the aspects of an initial relationship connection which they have “lost”, or imagining a perfect person and living with that image rather than the person they are with, or simply not having a relationship till they find what they are looking for. None of this says anything of how the “self” defines “connection”, even via routes that are obviously violent and physically pain-inducing, this comes simply from a process of seeking something that can override the state of “me” and put one into an adrenalized pain or pleasure that for a moment seems to deal with the need for connection but then becomes deeply dissatisfying and intangible.

The foundation of all these illusive states of separation, each unique to each body, is focused on the foundational contraction of “me”. There is in fact no let-up until this foundational layer completely falls away. There can be states of softening of the “me” or hiding it under layers of time and avoidances, but while there is a “me” there are always the tensions that go with its sticky adherence to feelings that we call “emotions” or even in the old language “possession”, and thoughts which we might call “delusional thinking”.

It is truly possible that certain people at certain times do drop away these barriers, relationships, healers, members of a family...but then of course these people become idealized in the mind and become the one that “I can’t do without”. In this process of holding on there is also an aggressive attachment which binds the “one who is sick” with the “one who is strong”, something which inevitably can form power struggles and also illusions of a person being put on a pedestal which means one can never be free of feeling separate while that person is the focus.

Basically unless one is talking about a human expression that has no-self, like an infant, any other human connection to another human or object will always to some degree cause a contraction because there is a constant “me” involved in the interactions. “Me” is the beginning and end of all this suffering. There are some possibilities of bypassing the broken-hearted suffering-self by actually having more and more “losses” which can shake the “me” in its shell to breaking-point. This

occurs in some situations of war and of injury or of total annihilation of everything that is known, in a way the “self” can’t cope with the energy of loss so it completely collapses and dies. However the converse can happen which is that the contraction does build up and that it goes inwards and essentially kills the person, expressed as suicide.

Another way will be discussed in the next article about the uses of medical psychedelics in the process of bypassing the defensive systems of the “self” and activating the emotional energy. Here too there is a direct encounter, not with gain but again with the loss itself, and a realization of its illusion simply because there is no reality to the “self” that holds it. There is no difference between the “me” and suffering, between the “me” and being broken-hearted, so it is only as this truly softens and becomes more and more sensitive, or collapses completely that there is any real feeling of an end to this. This is why they say with death that there is a “resting in peace”, which it surely is.

Those who have experienced massive loss and these kinds of aggressive contractions of “me” which for many of us can take most of our lives to finally let go, but none of this is in our control. Sure, things can help for a while but ultimately the foundational loss is feeling separate from all of life, while things can soften and open a little it is only shed through the nature of nature when there is a ripeness to break through the barriers of the “me” that keep everything locked internally. There is no private space for the “me”, no place it can hide away and try to find security in being bound to the past and eventually the energy for this binding does let go. Time does heal, but only simply because the “self” runs out of energy, the “self” is exhausted and this feels more relaxing because exhaustion feels less tense. Most aggressive forms of exercise are about exhausting the tension of the body, but the root of all this cannot be fixed by any person or any process, it is always a spontaneous expression of nature.

The realization at the point of death of “me” is said to be beyond description. In the end the deepest love is never lost, that highlight of connection within a normalcy of life or even within a regime of tyranny, is truly as wonderful as we knew it was, but no-one claims it. It can be that there is love without a one who loves. It is actually the case that there is the draw we have to each other and the sadness we feel on parting can also not be claimed. The connections are realized to never be broken nor to fade but are the movements and changing form of fingers of the same hand of life. There is only one thing happening and love is all there is.

Father’s Fortune

In your room
Where I touched your arms
And they were not yet cold
And your face was not yet old
And your head that rested on your right side
An unmoving sleep in twilight,
I saw you as I wished I’d seen

In times when I was young
A face as relaxed as fallen snow
In the wintertime

I saw looking at your eyes
There was no disguise
The truth of a suffering man
A body that tolerated just what it can
A simple heart and complex mind
A battling brow and a gentle hand.

In a dream you sang to me
Two days before this freedom
And in this simple tune I know
That there need not just be darkness
For I met a woman long ago
You saw me shine so bright
And for a moment smiled right back
As you knew I'd seen this light

Something died, it's true
But it wasn't a man and it wasn't you
It was the lie that it could be better
The idea that we are separated
The illusion that love can be owned or given
And the truth that it is already everything.
Thank you Daddy.

For my father, Victor, (23/8/1937 - 7/12/2012)

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