

Limitless choice to a single choice.

It pays to not allow the mind to clamp down on one sphere.
It is valuable to exercise it's expansion and fluidity so it becomes acrobatic.
In this sense there is limitless choice.

Yet there is a realm where there really is only once choice.
And the art is getting the mind to rest in this single choice in the face of a seemingly endless array of possibility.

In this way the infinite, the acrobatics stretches decouple the mind from habitual assumptions, and this single underlying choice is revealed a bit more, clearer it becomes, and for a period it is embraced wholly and completely.

And so long as there is no holding on, any insisting, so long as there is noticing only, then there is peace. And this noticing could be in a flurry of activity or the still silent contemplation, or deeper still in complete surrender to the underlying one single choice.

For some this choice is peace, others love, and others still would give it different names, really though it is the same thing, a relaxing into this moment, melting into being, released completely from what was or what may be coming, hanging there at first it may seem precariously, until after more of that choosing one realises there really is no other choice.

Then, anything that flows into this space proposing otherwise can be questioned and revealed, every little nuance of activity, creak of thought, ripple of energy is noted and compared against the single choice, and surprisingly, even after countless experiences, that which is not the single choice vanishes.

