

Consciousness

This bit of consciousness
this small, circumscribed, braying thing

What *are* you?

Pure consciousness
infinite, eternal, non-fluctuating awareness
the sea floor of the entire heaving mass
the silent witness

That I grok

But this niggling, nagging little chigger
needling, nudging, nullifying
from whence it comes?

Some call it ego
endless in its machinations
throwing up
God knows what
unsavory nugget
for me to chew on

I get the smut
We poor men slobs
wired to desire
Don't let it take over
Move on to something else
Let it go

You know where indulging it will take you

But the others
the mind
the iotic, cringe-inspiring, near and far remembrances
and the random

How many such a day?

And their content!

I *think* therefor I *am*?