

# **Rising Sun Melting Mists**

**Knowledge of Self dispels ignorance**



Earlier published as  
**WHISPERS HEARD WITHIN**

**Dwaraknath Reddy**

**ZEN**  
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I  
THE BLIND ONE

*The mind is created by and contained in concepts of relativity, and the world as it is known is the total of sense perceptions. The ultimate reality is an Absolute, beyond the grasp of senses which can only operate within relativity. Words deal only with mental concepts. Complete and lasting happiness (called Bliss) is found in self-awareness which is independent of sensed knowledge.*

If a little girl born blind were to ask you: “What colour is the wind?” how would you answer her?

So asked one lady of me at a party and whether I replied at all I do not now recollect. I presume that in the manner of casual conversations, one subject followed so close upon another’s heels that questions were not intended to elicit answers.

When I thought I was alone again, the little blind girl stepped out of dreamy imagination, sat smiling by my side, turned up to me an unseeing face, and gently asked: What colour is the wind?

I said to myself: What is ‘colour’ to her? She knows not what she talks, but uses words as she has heard others use them. My world is composed of experiences derived from the five senses of touch, taste, sight, smell and sound. She who was born blind has a world composed of four perceptions only. Yet her world must be as complete to her as mine is to me. How mistaken is he who would grieve for one blind from birth, thinking “Alas, must this one remain year after year in darkness?” For, what is darkness to such a one? Awareness of light and existence in darkness, would have been an awesome burden to bear. One who lost sight during one’s life, and retained the memory of vision once enjoyed, might suffer from recollections, but one who has never known light is free from the choking bondage of darkness too. You, little girl, have no sorrow, but only confusion over words that were not intended for you. Never mind, we will make those sounds suit your perceptions. Let the words that were developed as symbols for five senses be endowed for you with connotations of your four senses only.

Oh God, help me now. What I am saying is as true as any truth that can be known by the mind. A mind that is the product of four senses is no less perfect than the mind produced by five. Indeed, it may well be closer to Perfection. Give sincerity to my voice that this blind girl may know my answer is completely true and truly complete and that I do not speak in jest.

Then I turned towards her, and without sadness said: I will tell you what colour is the wind. It is the colour of the softness of a rose petal upon your cheek. It is the colour of the coolness of a mountain stream in spring. It is the colour of the song of birds timidly knocking upon the doors of silence as you lie half-awake. It is the colour of the fragrance of summer showers upon the thirsty land. Such is the colour of wind, my child.

And she smiled radiantly, saying: “I know”. Yes, she knew it all along, for what else could have been the colour of wind?

Lord, what trickery is this? Is my world complete because I can see, smell, hear, touch, and taste? Can I ever know in what ways I am incomplete? If five senses are possessed, are fifty not possible? My world has no greater claim to perfection for being the total of five senses, than the world revealed to the blind, or the deaf or the mute. The world is not an absolute reality, but is what is known to be. There is cause for neither sorrow nor joy in this. Happiness is independent of knowledge of things, for it abides in Self-Awareness, whereas mental knowledge rests in relativity.

As she rose to leave, she clasped my hand which lay in her lap and said: Thank you.

I watched her go... Did you hear that, good Lord? – She is thanking me! It is I that must thank you child, for you have made me realize only now that I am blind.

