

## A very awake dream-journey through my life during an evening at Babettes kafferi

"Are you thriving?"

I only smiled back – which immediately caused a big smile to break out in her beautiful face, as she was picking up used dishes at a table in front of me. She was one of the few people here who saw me, and where I was. Physically, I was at Babettes kafferi, a wonderfully nice little coffee place, attended by a multitude of nice alternative, cosy, active, healthy, and happy people. But they were all moving around. Talking to each other. Doing one thing after the other. They were here, but they were not seeing me. They were not where I truly was. In one sense, I was perfectly fine with this. I was used to it since many years back. To be alone with myself in the joyful stillness of my almost completely still body. To look out into the world, to see how all others are moving around, and to enjoy the joyful energies dancing around in my body. To be almost perfectly still physically, but more awake than ever. But in some other sense this place was also a bit lonely – and it reminded me of how different I am. In my true being. How, when I am more awake than ever, I see how asleep all others are. And realize that I am right now appearing as being almost asleep in their eyes as well.

One person actually asked me that once. "Are you sleeping?" That was some ten years ago. Then I was sitting at a table with some friends, at a yoga place. I had just meditated, and was feeling wonderful. My body was in a perfect balance, and every breath, every movement, was like a joyful little pleasure peak running through my body. Yet, despite that, the most joyful thing was to be still, to just let the energies run around in my body, and to just use my eyes to look around me. To look at my friends sitting and talking at the other places around the table at which we were sitting. This time, a person I didn't know very well had been invited up to our yoga place. He was a very restless person, living on, or at least almost on, the street, and fighting with everything – and most of all with himself. He was constantly talking, constantly moving about, but never here – always away caught in some argument that he was repeating to himself and all others. As I was sitting observing him, I thought that it was as if he was asleep. "He isn't here, and isn't really awake. He is almost like somebody sleep walking." Therefore it was so strange to hear him ask me the same thing: "Are you sleeping?" But I guess that in his eyes, I was the one who was.

To sit like that was a common state also when I was a teenager. Then I was almost always the observer. Unlike nowadays – when I am talking a great deal and almost always am the center of the groups I am in – back then I was talking very little. "Don't worry about Gunnar, he likes to sit and be still", I could hear my friends say sometimes, when some new girl had entered the little gang of guys that I was hanging out with almost every day – and often long into the nights. I then used to think and wonder how these more popular guys were doing it: how were they acting, how were they talking; how could they so easily attract and talk to and kiss these beautiful girls? Would I ever be able to do the same? And back then these pretty girls would never see me. And certainly not the true me. Not my main strength, the most well-developed aspect of me, the aspect I am most myself in: the Stillness. "I would really like to find a girl who is attracted to stillness", I used to think to myself. In a way, I still think this. I now know so much more about attraction, and have been with many girls.

But still I am not attracting the girls that are closest to me. That are attracted to the me that truly is me. To the part of me that is Stillness.

Actually, this observer me was prominent already when I was a child. I then used to love to be with adults. I wasn't that fond of playing games with my peers, with my playmates, but I loved, loved, to sit and listen to adults talk to each other. To hear my parents talk to their friends into the evening, and to try to stay awake. And to know that I somehow and at some point would fall asleep under the table or somewhere else, and thereafter somehow magically be transported, so that I would wake up in my bed just as usual. This makes me think of a child who was visiting me yesterday, during a TED-evening I had with some friends. This little child was some 2 years old or so, and was also living in Stolplyckan, the big collective of flats where I grew up. This little child was reminding me of the feelings I used to have when I was a child. Of how safe and constantly awed I used to feel.

"I get to go by, when you make believe". The jazz music was playing in the coffee place where I was sitting. A saxophone solo started. Almost everybody had left by now. But I really enjoyed to sit here, to dream – and now also to write – about the things that have been. And about things that are to come.

I suddenly saw a vision of a future moment. One that is awaiting me in one of my many possible futures. I am again sitting in an observer mode. But this time, I am sitting in my own living room, and some other people are sitting there with me. And they are all seeing me. They are all totally getting where I am. I am with close friends. With people who live there together with me. My yoga teaching have at last allowed me to attract people that are communicating in the same way as me – in silence, by their presence and by their being. In another corner a wonderfully close friend is sitting just like me, still, and we smile at each other. But not much – because in silence you don't need to communicate more than by your being, and what normally would be extremely subtle movements, now are fully sufficient, expressive statements. In another part of the room, two other people are sitting, naked, the girl on top of the guy. They are making love, but in a very still fashion. She is enjoying to have him inside of her, close to her, but they are almost not moving at all. Their main focus is on the energy communication and presence that is flowing between them, between their eyes, their bodies, and out into the rest of the room. We are all part of this experience. And we are all communicating wordlessly how much we love to be here together. "I love my home", I think to myself.

Another vision comes to me. Now, my yoga home has expanded into a course center, to which many people come. I am seeing a frenzy of activity around me. And what I see is that my home has become quite a center, to which many people from all over the world are coming. Some are coming for the science, for the research on yoga, for the dancing, to debate politics, or for a wide range of other things. But some people are also here to go deep into themselves, in some of my intense yoga retreats. "Wow, I have really managed to do what I hoped I would do: to create something truly

amazing, and that now is starting to gain massively in attention – just like all ground-braking things are bound to do sooner or later”.

And then I come to my favorite vision at the end of my life. I am now sitting in a yoga room, as so many times before. In the last years, I have mostly been teaching meditation. All the other links to all the other things – to yoga, to research, to music and dancing, to politics and society, to sex and family life, and so on – have been established since many years back. Now my teaching is concerned only with the essence. And that essence will then naturally spread through these bridges out into the rest of the society, into forms where people are most ready to accept them. And, nowadays, I am teaching this essence almost exclusively without words. Just like my old childhood idol, Lahiri Mahasaya, I am now too teaching almost exclusively by meditating myself, and by letting other people come into my presence. When they do, I am totally aware of it, and I am seeing them clearly in all their many layers – and communicating with them on all these levels. I let my connection to my own soul spill over, lean over, into the soul of the other, and in concert with their soul I release tension after tension in the more physical bodies surrounding it. Not because anything is really wrong, but because I can sense how their isolated selves are longing for more true presence in their lives, and because I love to help them to it.

I open my eyes, and realize that it probably is for one of the very last times. This thing I am doing, my favorite pastime nowadays – I don't really need my body to do it.