

OSHO

Never Born  
Never Died

Only Visited this  
Planet Earth between  
Dec 11 1931 - Jan 19 1990



TEARS  
OF THE  
MYSTIC  
ROSE

*fragments from*

rajneesh reveals osho



i left my house in the early hours and have never returned  
i was sixteen years old...just my jeans and t shirt on my back  
penniless on the streets of bombay at 2 am

no more to become a businessman...i hated that word  
no more to become a movie star...i hated fame  
not wanting to become rich...i hated such people  
i just wanted to be free and wander

i had lived from the ages of six to sixteen in the mountains  
visiting my home for only three months holiday each year sheltered in a cosy  
mansion in tinsel town...where the beautiful people lived partying every night

i was still living in the innocence of the himalayas  
still a dreamer and rebellious with no actual clue to the harsh realities  
that lay ahead of me...of the real world out there

one morning in november 1977 i woke up to see the newspapers announced  
the untimely death of my mother and under mysterious circumstances  
no one was with her at the hospital at the time of her death  
and as my father and that side of the family  
were prevented from seeing her due to a court order  
her body was taken for cremation unfortunately with none of us present  
such a tragic story...that a famous movie star was cremated with very few  
people present for the last rites

her sudden and tragic death was obviously a great shock for me  
i remember i promised myself then that i would make something of my life  
in her memory and remember her that way  
i must understand where i was going in life and what i was doing and why

her death formed many new questions in my life and i started to question  
the very meaning of life and how one should live  
the priorities and values of society and people  
spending nights and nights trying to solve these questions for myself  
all alone with no one to speak to nor anyone as my guide



i remember as if it just happened yesterday

the very moment i saw the sannyas magazine with his face on the cover  
those eyes and that beard  
it was as if time had suddenly stopped  
my heartbeat became rapid  
everything in the room began to reel and spin  
i almost fainted in a state of shock  
wow...what was i seeing in front of me  
was it a dream...or was i awake

the very same eyes that had haunted me every night for the past four  
months were staring at me from the cover of this sannyas magazine  
what seemed like a million flashes  
hundreds of images passed before my eyes  
it was all there instantaneously  
i knew i had found what i was searching for

he was my search...he was my life...this was the meaning to my life  
everything fell into place...the puzzle was complete  
i had found the man i was born for

i knew it all somehow  
i knew all these people  
i knew the place as if i had been there  
and then the first words i read

the ordinary man is tao

i was still in shock and began to cry with joy  
crying and shaking  
without stopping for over an hour  
i simply could not stop  
my head began to become light and empty  
and a pressure started to build up into an explosive pain  
again the room began to swim  
the floor began to sway and move  
what was happening  
was an earthquake coming

poona february 1981 i arrive in heaven  
wearing my orange robe immediately go to the ashram  
it is evening...i manage to walk onto the ashram road...wow  
seeing so many absolutely stunning and beautiful sannnyasins with so much  
joy and celebration written all over their faces...all over the streets  
i felt such an upsurge of energy and wanted to be part of this for the rest  
of my life...my stomach pain suddenly becomes settled and my head pain  
disappears as if by magic...what is left in its place is a sweet taste in the  
mouth of pure intoxication and a warm and honey like flow all over my body  
my nostrils fragrant with jasmine...i am floating over the ground  
in an expansion that i never knew before



it is too late for visitors  
so i walk around outside the ashram just looking at the sannnyasins  
spending the entire evening and night walking the streets  
every street corner is filled with people dancing and playing on their guitars  
in many places a cassette of his discourse plays  
his divine voice speaking softly and sannnyasins sitting drinking and  
drowning into his each and every word like nectar  
deeply listening to the hiss in his words

my god...i wish i could bring the whole world to his feet  
i dream that this is just the start  
and i imagine that bhagwan will actually transform the entire world

if they will only come here and listen to his magical voice and feel and  
drink this divine bliss that is pervading the entire space all around  
the air is thick with a fluid...flowing like divine bliss...this is simply paradise  
these people are the most blessed on this earth

i look in amazement at sannnyasins who have been around bhagwan  
i only wish i had arrived here a few years earlier  
what a blessing for them to sit at his feet  
why was i not born earlier...i should have been here sooner

i am in love with everyone i see...i love them for being here and feel  
connected to each and every face i see  
i am in love for the very first time



the very first thing i did was to go to a wood workshop  
make a wooden locket exactly like the poona mala...get wooden beads  
cut out a black and white photo of bhagwan  
take my sannyas under a tree in the lodhi garden

i buy a photo of bhagwans feet...i place my mala onto it each night  
place the feet and mala over my headrest  
sleep peacefully under his feet  
each morning wake up to place the mala gently on my neck  
just the way he gave sannyas and bow three times

buddham sharanam gachchhami  
sangham sharanam gachchhami  
dhammam sharanam gachchhami

this would be my daily morning and nightly remembrance of him

i remember that morning 29 october 1985  
i received a phone call at about 9.30 am  
i was sleeping in my relatives house in pasadena los angeles  
wake up...turn on the tv...see the news

bhagwan is arrested  
the commune is destroyed

in disbelief i turn on the tv in the drawing room  
in the news bhagwan smiling coming off a plane with handcuffs  
fbi agents surrounding him with guns

what the hell...am i in a nightmare

i pick up the table lamp and smash the tv  
i am furious and could have killed anyone that moment  
how can they do this to bhagwan  
handcuffs and body chains  
absolutely horrific  
and totally unacceptable  
to chain a fragile divine being  
do they know what they are doing  
can they not see his divine presence  
chains on his graceful  
and delicate hands  
guns surrounding him


bhagwan smiling  
radiant and graceful  
his face utterly calm and a sparkling  
twinkle in his eyes

first thing that morning  
i still remember that image

the world has gone mad

my life has come to an end  
now there is nowhere to go  
no oregon  
no running after bhagwan





no need to make money  
a wall in front of my eyes  
and the image of him  
in chains handcuffed

i am a dragon breathing fire  
outraged with nowhere  
to vent this anger  
mind frozen  
what am i going to do

in sheer explosive anger  
i close my eyes for the first time  
and hear a silent voice

your enlightenment is all you can give to me

your anger can be used positively  
burn the candle at both ends

be total  
go in

your enlightenment is my only protection

i got the message loud and clear from bhagwan

go in...just go in

i call the commune  
no one is really answering the phone  
saying they do not know what is going to happen  
it seems it is the end of the commune

i wanted to leave america and return to india  
i disliked america and what they had done to him  
to the commune  
to my sannyasins whom i loved and adored  
their collective blood sweat and tears to build  
the greatest oasis on earth of a living buddha

they had destroyed the future of millions of seekers

i was like a person on death row  
absolutely resolute that i was on a mission  
i wanted to be total and focused...no idle friendships...no talking to anyone  
just there to meditate and absolutely nothing else...full stop

i leave behind all my possessions...have only one orange robe stitched  
completely plain...buttonless...straight and simple  
a pair of bata chappals  
and take the newspaper photo of bhagwan chained and handcuffed  
my own handmade mala...his feet

i want to have no distractions whatsoever  
be simple and live simple and focused...no more postponement  
i must reach enlightenment...do or die

i could still feel the air thick with bhagwan  
the ashram was vibrating with his presence and for me it was heaven again  
i could be there with no hindrance allowed to move anywhere  
to walk behind buddha grove

where bhagwan lived  
the sacred lao tzu gate always etched in my heart  
everything stops for me whenever i come to this gate

the gate is open...but i do not walk in...it is too sacred  
i feel that only when i really deserve will i pass through these gates  
i walk silently by...this gate has become a standstill  
the deepest moment for me

i open my eyes...the picture of bhagwan stares at me...him in chains  
i am furious again...i close my eyes angry with myself  
i am just spineless and weak...cannot even sit  
and angrily tell my body to shut up and get used to the pain  
there is no other way...there is simply no choice  
just ignore the pain...discipline myself...if one has to die then just die  
a huge struggle and war over mind and body  
each time losing  
opening my eyes to see bhagwan in chains  
unbearable to see this image  
closing my eyes and continuing to dive in...in...in...in



i recollect some experiences on walking slowly

i now walk every day two to three hours behind buddha grove  
the gentle slope rising...the gentle slope descending...a perfect pathway

i feel like a huge pillar passing through my body  
and at the same time begin to experience  
a ball floating above me  
the huge ball rolling in the wind above me

just like a tall pillar waving the body below  
my feet continue walking in a strange movement  
i cannot feel my feet on the earth  
just a sensation of hovering above the ground

both feet have become one  
the right moving the left and the left moving the right

it is a strange slow motion  
yet has a balanced slow rhythmic movement  
you must follow its paces

a tall and thin pillar waves the walking body below  
a huge ball suspended above balancing the back and forth motion

i have to walk very slowly otherwise the ball loses balance  
the pillar loses the rhythm and i must stop walking

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