

## Essay

# First-hand Experience of the Self through Imagination

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### Abstract

Imagination is the art of exploring beyond the depths of one's body. Imagination allows one to peek into the void to realize the true existence of its self and feel the existence of eternity. The experience of imagination is a subjective experience of one's own consciousness and it is this experience makes the experiencer worthy. Creation and creativity are the end aspects of imagination and unfold the hidden mysteries of the cosmos. This essay is a trip across the cosmic energy that creates the self for experiencing its self - a first-hand experience through the virtuosity of imagination.

**Key Words:** Imagination, self, experience.

A life's journey starts with some entity visiting this world through a cosmic void. This entity unaware of its identity, roams around, spends considerable amount of its journey in projecting itself on to the outer world. As a part of the play, it struggles and suffers, craves and creates unnecessary bounds. At some point in its life span, when it becomes most receptive, life forces it to question about its identity and potential. Since, the concept of self and identity is beyond comprehension, imagination serves the purpose. It is the only tool that can help us taking beyond this physical reality. Imagination gives the glimpse of infinity and eternity, and hence this living entity craves for freedom to become one with the infinite cosmos. ***Imagination is synonymous to infinity.***

Hope for freedom, makes it swim in the eternal wavy waters of induced imaginations to thrive. Also, the wish to live eternally gives birth to the concept of self and its imaginary soul. ***We are just the bubbles filled with life, moved out of mother's womb, directed and swayed by the wind current of consciousness, intimated by imagination.***

One can analyze and try to comprehend everything outside itself, but not its 'Self.' It is like the entity defining itself; that which is absolute and abstract. This makes it impossible because it is the same entity that deserves the definition. For it to be defined it should be relatively outside one's 'Self' and hence imagination plays a role in reflecting the 'Self' in the sacred mirror of 'Heart.' When we grow, it is not the 'Self' that is growing in physical terms, but it is the manifestation of the 'Self' that is growing and evolving. 'Self' is an absolute quantity and it witness the changing's and changes. ***The soul perceives the unknown with an eye of imagination.***

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Imagination being the intimate drug of the ‘Heart’ intoxicates the Soul’s transparency to life’s beauty, making it dance to the eternal tunes of the cosmic echoes. *I appear and disappear in the speck of space, in the twist of time Sailing in a floating boat of imagination...carrying a fist of heart beats of life, to pinching purposes of the existence.*

Imagination sways one into the darkest caves of ‘Heart,’ and pierces it to its deepest cosmic connections to bleed the creative and subjective experience of the ‘Self’ to make every ‘Heartist’ an ‘Artist.’ *We are fabrics; weaved by the supreme intelligence, evolved from the infinite cosmic void in the womb of time...flowing and floating in the current of life.*

Different emotions like pleasure and pain, blissfulness and sadness serve as ingredients for imagination. We just project them to feel the ‘Self.’ The concept of ‘Self’ that which is abstract; is like that of a magnet and its induced field - a field that does not have an absolute definition. You can’t define anything absolutely; we can only define it in terms of relatives e.g. like how it reacts to certain things and other properties etc. Everyone can feel ‘IT,’ and taste its presence; in fact we are ‘IT.’ This mystical entity (Self) makes us contemplate over its spatial slot, its fundamental nature, and the conditions that trigger its birth.

The window that hosts imaginations, dreams and illusionary ‘I’ exist in the space of ephemeral fabric (the physical entity), and connects beyond to the eternal existence by means of a receiver; the ‘Heart.’ It is inherent trust in life that propels and protects us. Is ‘Self’ by itself a default entity of the Cosmos, appearing and disappearing from the fabric of space and time, like the waves in the shallow waters. *We are bounded beings, trapped in time’s treasure and hugged with hidden horizons.*

Life is a cosmic play, it is just the celebration of energy, where it embraces all possibilities and dissolves into the unknown at the horizon of time, like diffusing smoke losing its identity to the boundless space. Have trust, hope, and faith in life and beautiful conscious space around us. It mothers us and cares for us, for we are just the play of the fundamental energy. Dive into its chaotically ordered flow and become a wandering dried leaf in the directionless wind.

No one like us exists in the present moment and also we never happened to this eternity before. Our very visit is unique and irreversibly trapped in time. Before we appeared, whole of the existence thought of us, imagined of us; fell in love with us so much so that it could not resist the temptation to create us. Such is the power of imagination; we are born out of Mother Nature’s imagination and hence we are children of imagination. It’s no wonder that imagination is our intrinsic quality and guiding ‘Grace.’

**Conclusion:** The experience of imagination is a subjective experience of one’s own consciousness and through this experience makes the experiencer worthy. Without the eye of imagination, one is blinded to the realms and dimensions beyond the physical plane and suffers being caged by the fabric. When we open up ourselves to the divine quality; imagination, the eternal Cosmos flow into ones ‘Heart,’ making us a hollow bamboo like flute through which it plays an unsung song; a great song is possible. The creator creates through us with his presence in the sacred space of the ‘Heart,’ so is the joy when we create something. Creation and creativity are the end aspects of imagination. *Intimacy with Infinity in the absence of imagination is the only eternal lie one can come across.*