

# The State of Perfect Faith

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The young boy was in a state of perfect faith.

He couldn't readily explain how; there was no how, much less a why, he hadn't followed a path nor read any recipes, but he was in that state. He didn't even know it (as it didn't depend on knowledge, or any conscious effort for that matter) so he couldn't speak about this particular state without compromising it.

Grown men jeered at his forced attempts to explain his state, pointing out its uselessness; they believed he was idle, contemplative, unproductive. But the young boy didn't believe in anything, he had risen above, he was everything.

The young boy had answered the most important questions. Thus, he was blind to grown men's blindness; they spent their lives torn between the guilt of a selfless action left unrealised, and the remorse of a realised selfish one. The young boy struggled to see the difference between himself and what was not himself. He saw only actions, lacking any particular instigator, but which could propagate good or evil. Helping himself or helping others made no difference – he would certainly die, insofar that he might've been born.

And this may be the most remarkable aspect of his faith: the young boy doubted his birth every day, seeking a broader basis to his faith than reasonings he could only hold during the short period spanning his physical birth to his spiritual death. Yet he was never spiritually born, so his flesh could physically die.

However, he was a reflection of grown men's liveliness, he created the illusion that he, too, has grown very much attached to his body. But he wasn't his body, he was a character on a sheet of paper, a picture for the mind's eye conjured by magic words that speak to the Soul. The young boy only existed if you believe he did, but remember, he himself never believed in anything, he had risen above, he was in everything and everyone.

The young boy was in a state of perfect faith, and the grown man believed what he wanted to. But the grown man had forgotten that He was never born, and only hubris could've tricked him into identifying with his body. The young boy saw the world as it was, but not through his own eyes. The young boy was the world.

Only grown men that had killed the young boy inside were unable to see him everywhere they wished.