



The Joy of Aliveness

By [Nino Gurgenidze]

"The Joy of Aliveness" is a poetic and meditative essay exploring a deeply personal and universal experience of presence, vitality, and inner joy. Drawing from a moment of profound connection in nature, the piece invites readers to soften, breathe, and remember a natural state of being that transcends effort or achievement. Through lyrical reflection and embodied insight, the essay weaves themes of breath, vibration, and spiritual remembrance, offering a gentle call to return to the innate joy that lives beneath the noise of modern life—a joy that flows through us when we are fully present, alive, and in harmony with the pulse of existence.

As we move through this experience together, I invite you to sit back. Close your eyes.

Feel your breath.

And through your breath, feel your body.

Let yourself soften—your gaze, your thoughts, your effort.

Receive these words not just with the mind, but with the quiet openness of your being.

When the mind becomes quiet and the body softens, we return to a knowing that lives deep within us.

A remembering.

Not of something learned, but of something always known.

A visceral experience of the "The joy of aliveness."

This joy is not a fleeting emotion.

It is not something to be earned, achieved, or chased.

It is the essence of presence itself—

the subtle vibration beneath stillness,

the quiet hum of life when we are simply being.

It is a dynamic state, ever-moving, ever-flowing, ever-alive.

In this state, we don't seek joy.

We bring joy into everything we touch.

Joy flows not from the outside in, but from the inside out.

It infuses our movement, our gaze, our speech.
It walks with us, breathes with us, listens through us.

I remember a moment that opened this truth to me.
I was sitting on a veranda in Mazunte, overlooking the vastness of the Pacific Ocean and the ancient mountains.
The breath moved through me like waves—soft, rhythmic, alive.
With every inhale, I felt my cells light up with excitement, like bubbles of joy dancing in light.

With every exhale, the excitement softened into spaciousness.
I began to hum gently, to sing quietly, and warmth poured through my heart, like a current of love, quiet and steady, always there.

Inhale-aliveness blooming.

Exhale-aliveness settling.

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I saw anew with luminous eyes.
I walked, breathed, existed—in prayer.

I was floating in awe of the magic and mystery of life.
The sweetness of being, teeming with joy.

I had never imagined such an experience was possible.
I hadn't even dreamt it and yet when it arrived, it felt like home—not as a place, but as a resonant field of my essence.

And I realized: this state is not rare.
It is not extraordinary.
It is simply obscured.

Over time, we learn to override this aliveness.
We're taught to chase productivity, to manage our image, to suppress our emotions.
We begin to mistake our thoughts for truth and our tension for normal.
Layer by layer, the light gets veiled—but it never disappears.

Because the joy of aliveness is not an idea—it is a living symphony.

It's the subtle rhythm behind our breath,
the coherence beneath chaos,
the original pulse of life itself.

It whispers, it waits.
For us to soften.
To slow down.
To listen.
And the moment we do, it rises to meet us—gently, lovingly.

From this state, life doesn't struggle.
It flows.
It accepts pain, grief, sadness, and ecstasy as temporary visitors,
passing through the river of our presence.
It turns nothing into suffering.
It holds on to nothing.
It simply is.

It sees with loving eyes.
It touches with a loving presence.
And everywhere it moves, it seeds kindness, compassion, and deep truth.

The breath is our guide on this journey of remembrance.
The sound is our ally, inviting us to return to resonance.
Even silence speaks when we are willing to hear.

It's been said: The journey from the head to the heart is the longest one.
The path from contraction to openness, from resistance to surrender.
And yet—what a sacred journey it is.

When we walk in remembrance of the joy of aliveness,
life unfolds with wonder.
We don't perform—we emanate.
We don't control—we trust.
And we begin to feel ourselves as co-creators,
dancing in rhythm with the great unfolding of life.

We begin to know life—not by thinking about it, but by being it.

The universe is not a backdrop—it is a mirror, meeting us in kind.
The joy of aliveness teaches us that we are not separate.
We are not isolated observers.
We are participants in a symphony so vast and intimate it defies explanation.
Our very existence is a contribution to the harmony of life.

We are vibration in human form.

We are a wave of living light.

We are the joy of aliveness, already here, already whole.

And every breath is an invitation to return.