TO A MAN WHO IS CONSTANTLY DYING, THERE IS NO DEATH.

Questioner: What is death?

KRISHNAMURTI : What is death? This question from a little girl!

You have seen dead bodies being carried to the river; you have seen dead leaves, dead trees; you know that fruits wither and decay. The birds that are so full of life in the morning, chattering away, calling to each other, by evening may be dead. The person who is alive today may be struck down by disaster tomorro r. We see all this going on. Death is common to us all. We will all end that way. You may live for thirty, fifty, or eighty years, enjoying, suffering, being fearful; and at the end of it you are no more.

What is it that we call living, and what is it that we call death? It is really a complex problem and I do not know if you want to go into it. If we can find out, if we can understand what living is, then perhaps we shall understand what death is. When we lose someone whom we love, we feel bereft, lonely; therefore we say that death has nothing to do with living. We separate death from life. But is death separate from life? Is not living a process of dying?

For most of us, living means what? It means accumulating, choosing, suffering, laughing. And in the background, behind all the pleasure and pain, there is fear—the fear of coming to an end, the fear of what is going to happen tomorrow, the fear of being without name and fame, without property and position, all of which we want to continue. But death is inevitable; so we say, "What happens after death?"

Now, what is it that comes to an end in death? Is it life? What is life? Is life merely a process of breathing in air and expelling it? Eating, hating, loving, acquiring, possessing, comparing, being envious—this is what most of us know as life. For most of us life is suffering, a constant battle of pain and pleasure, hope and frustration. And can that not come to an end? Should we not die? In the autumn, with the coming of cold weather, the leaves fall from the trees, and reappear in the spring. Similarly, should we not die to everything of yesterday, to all our accumulations and hopes, to all the successes that we have gathered? Should we not die to all that and live again tomorrow, so that, like a new leaf, we are fresh, tender, sensitive? To a man who is constantly dying, there is no death. But the man who says, "I am somebody and I must continue"—to him there is always death and the *burning-ghat*; and that man knows no love.

Life Ahead, 1963. p.105-106