I Am, a Metaphor

An Inner Journey Through the Ancient Metaphors
of the Human Soul

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of the Human Soul

Michiel A.M. Arens



Author: Michiel A.M. Arens
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uitgeverij@jupiternederland.nl
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To the Reader

You have probably opened this book because you are searching for answers. Perhaps you are interested in spirituality, in Gnosis, in consciousness, or in the meaning of human existence. Perhaps the title *I Am, a Metaphor* has awakened your curiosity, or perhaps it is precisely this title that has raised questions in your mind. Whatever has brought you here, I would like to invite you to approach this book differently from the way you are accustomed to reading.

Most books seek to convey knowledge. They explain how something works, defend a particular perspective, or attempt to persuade the reader of a certain point of view. This book, too, contains thoughts, insights, and reflections, but conveying these is not its essential purpose. Its purpose is not to offer you a new belief, but to invite you to look at reality once again.

That may sound simpler than it actually is. From the moment you are born, you begin to discover the world through words. You give names to everything you perceive and gradually become convinced that these words describe reality. Yet you soon discover that words never fully coincide with that to which they refer. No description can capture the richness of a landscape, no definition can encompass the depth of love, and no theory can ever fully contain life itself. Words are indispensable, but they always remain an approximation of something greater than the language through which you attempt to describe it.

Perhaps this is even more true of that which, throughout the centuries, human beings have called God, Being, the Source, the

Logos, or the Divine. How can you describe a reality that escapes every limitation?
How can you speak of that from which everything arises, when every word you use is already part of the very reality you are trying to understand?

Perhaps this is why the great spiritual traditions so often make use of stories, images, and metaphors. Not because they wish to conceal the truth, but because they recognise that certain realities can be approached more readily than they can be defined. A metaphor does not seek to replace the truth. It points towards it. Just as a finger pointing towards the moon is not itself the moon, so a metaphor refers to a reality that can never be fully captured in words.

This book therefore invites you to read metaphors not as ornaments of language, but as windows through which a deeper reality may become visible. The stories of the Divine Spark, Pistis Sophia, the prodigal son, the pearl, the grain of wheat, the caterpillar and the butterfly, or the words *I Am*, are not presented here as historical or religious objects of study. They are different attempts to make the same reality visible from different perspectives.

While writing this book, I discovered that my own words, too, are no more than provisional approximations. I therefore make no claim to possess the truth. On the contrary, I have become increasingly aware that every description remains limited and that, ultimately, this book itself is also a metaphor. It does not seek to replace reality, but to invite you to explore it for yourself.

I would therefore ask you not to read this book with the question of whether everything it contains is true. Perhaps

another question would be more fruitful. What happens when you do not immediately judge the thoughts developed in these pages, but allow them to accompany you for a while?
What insights might then gradually begin to emerge? Which experiences from your own life might take on a different meaning? Which connections might you begin to recognise that you had never noticed before?

If you are willing to read in this way, this book may become something more than a collection of chapters; it may become a journey of discovery that we undertake together. Not because the writer and the reader possess the truth between them, but because they are learning together to look at a reality that will always remain greater than any description they can give of it.

That is the deepest intention of this book. Not to proclaim a new doctrine, but to awaken a renewed sense of wonder. Not to replace old words with new ones, but to learn to listen beyond the words to that which they seek to express. Not to construct a new belief, but to create space for a new way of perceiving.

And when that happens, you may gradually discover that it is not only the ancient stories that are metaphors. You may come to recognise that your own life, too, is continually pointing towards a reality greater than anything you will ever be able to describe in words.

That is the deepest meaning of the title of this book.

I Am, a Metaphor.

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Part I — Why Do You Think Words Can Describe Reality?

Chapter 1 — Have You Ever Truly Looked?

You probably believe, like almost everyone else, that you know the world in which you live, and that is hardly surprising, because from the moment you began learning your first words as a child, you gradually learned to give a name to everything around you, until a tree became a tree, a bird became a bird, water became water, and the sun became the sun, transforming what was once an unfamiliar reality into a world so familiar that you came to believe you truly understood it, even though the question remains whether giving something a name has ever been the same as truly seeing it.

Have you ever asked yourself, then, whether you are truly looking at the world around you, or whether you are mainly looking through the words and concepts you have acquired throughout your life, so that although your eyes still see the same world they saw when you were a child, your attention is drawn almost immediately towards what you already believe you know, allowing the unfamiliar to disappear unnoticed behind the familiar?

Pause for a moment beside a tree, not because you want to identify its species or admire the beauty of its leaves, but because you allow yourself to look again, as though you were encountering a tree for the very first time, and then ask yourself how it is possible that a tiny acorn can eventually become a mighty oak.

It seems to know from the very beginning what form it will take, how deeply its roots will reach, when its leaves will appear, and how its branches will develop over the years, even though no one has ever explained to it what it is supposed to become.

Where does that knowing reside?

Is it contained within the seed itself, waiting for the right moment to become visible, or does something reveal itself during the process of growth that was already present from the very beginning, although it could never have been perceived by our eyes, and if that is so, what does it actually tell us about the way we look at life?

Perhaps you have learned how a tree grows and can explain the roles played by sunlight, water, nutrients, DNA, and countless biological processes, and there is no doubt that such knowledge is valuable, because it helps us understand the interconnectedness of nature more clearly, but does another question not remain, one that seems to reach beyond every scientific description, namely why an acorn always becomes an oak and never something else, as though a particular direction were present from the very beginning, gradually revealing itself as growth unfolds?

It is therefore interesting to turn your attention from the tree to a newborn child, because when you look at a baby, do you really see only a small human being who still has almost everything to learn, or are you looking at someone who already carries within them something that will gradually become visible throughout an entire lifetime, even though no one can yet say what choices that child will make, what talents they will discover, which people they will meet, or what influence they will eventually have upon the world?

And if that is true for every child, why would it not also be true for you?

When someone asks you who you are, you will probably give your name without hesitation, explain what kind of work you do, where you live, how many years you have lived, and perhaps say something about your family, your education, or your past, but have you ever asked yourself who you would be if all those descriptions were to fall away for a moment, leaving behind neither your name, your profession, your memories, nor even your expectations of the future, but only yourself, and would you then still be able to put into words who it is that remains present behind all those descriptions?

These are not questions that call for a quick answer, but questions that invite you to carry them with you for a while, because some questions are not meant to be resolved immediately, but to gradually transform the way you look at yourself and at reality.

When you look up at the stars one evening, do you realise that the light from some of those stars has been travelling for millions of years before reaching your eyes, so that you may be looking at a star that no longer exists in the form in which you now perceive it, and if even the night sky, which seems so unchanging, is in reality a window into the past, how much of what you call reality today is reality itself, and how much is the way your senses allow it to appear to you?

And when a melody touches you deeply without your being able to explain why, when a scent suddenly carries you back to a memory you did not even know was still alive within you, or when a sunset leaves you silent without anyone ever having taught you precisely what beauty is,

through what do you actually perceive these experiences, and who or what recognises within them something that cannot easily be described in words?

Reality is greater than anything your eyes can see, your ears can hear, or your mind can explain, and the same is true of you, because you, too, are greater than the stories you tell about yourself and greater than the words others use to describe you, and it is precisely this possibility that invites you to learn to look again.

That is why this book does not seek to convince you of a new theory, offer you a new religion, or provide a definitive answer to the great questions of existence, but rather to invite you, throughout the chapters that follow, to pause from time to time and look again at a tree, at a child, at the stars, at an encounter, at a memory, and ultimately at yourself, in the hope that along the way you may discover not so much a new reality, but that the reality which has always surrounded you will gradually begin to reveal itself to you in a new way.

This is how every genuine search begins. Not with finding an answer, but with the courage to look again.

Chapter 2 — Do You See What Is There, or What You Have Learned to Recognise?

Have you taken a moment since reading the previous chapter to pause beside a tree, look up at the stars, or ask yourself a question you had not considered for a long time? And did you discover, perhaps, not so much that the world itself had changed, but that it seemed a little less self-evident than before, as though the very same reality you passed by yesterday without giving it much thought had suddenly begun inviting you to look at it again? The world has not changed, but something in the way you look at it has shifted.

And when you look again, do you truly see more, or do you still see primarily what you have become receptive to throughout your life? The question is not so much how much of reality reveals itself to you, but how much you have learned to recognise within it.

Perhaps you recognise this experience: someone tells you that they have bought a particular type of car, and from that moment onwards you begin noticing cars of the same make everywhere, even though they had hardly attracted your attention before. Or someone close to you is expecting a child, and suddenly you begin noticing pregnant women, prams, and young families wherever you go, not because the world has changed overnight, but because your attention has opened itself to something that had been quietly present all along without your truly noticing it.

Reality did not change.

Your receptivity changed.