

TUNES UNTO THE INFINITE

(Collection of Poems)



- Shri Yogeshwarji

The ultimate aim of human life is Self-realization.



-Shri Yogeshwarji

PREFACE

I am really happy to represent myself in this literary form. The pieces contained in this book were written nearly two decades ago; but they have not lost their stimulating and inspiring quality even today. I am glad therefore they are being republished.

God or the Almighty is infinite and omnipresent. He dwells in the human body in the form of soul. By spiritual practices for realizing Him and by His grace, some ripples were manifested in the ocean of my conscience; and those translated into words form the contents of this book. It is therefore appropriate that the book should be designated TUNES UNTO THE INFINITE.

Some of the verses are addressed to the Lord while some others are in the nature of His utterances to guide the spiritual aspirant or the author.

The book is not to be read in a hurry; it must be digested calmly and coolly; it will then be of help to the reader by providing him with something constructive which can be practiced.

If the universe is to be permeated with happiness and peace, it is necessary to make human life sublime and to illumine its soul. That will bring about a revolutionary transformation of society and usher in an era of new aspiration and fresh air. Most of our miseries can be remedied by sublimation of the mind; and such noble thoughts as contained in the book can bring about the consummation.

These verses are a prism of my feelings, life and realization. I will feel amply rewarded if they will inspire some pilgrim, light up his path and illumine his soul.

YOGESHWAR

Bombay.

Sri Rama Navami Day, 1966

ETERNAL MESSAGE

अवन मेरु सुख.
मेरे सुखमंजु करीये. पाअने सीरम धरीये.
अवन मेरु सरिता.
मेरे सुखमंजु करीये पाअने सुखिन धरीये.
अवन मेरु.
मेरे सुखमंजु करीये पाअने सुखेति धरीये.
अवन मेरु अत्र, बिराट अत्र,
मेरे सुखमंजु करीये पाअने अत्र सुखेति

योगेश्वरम् आशिषि



Life is a flower;

Let's make it fragrant to offer others its fragrance.

Life is a river;

Let's flood it with water to quench others thirst.

Life is a lamp;

Let's make it radiant and show others it's light.

Life is a pilgrimage, a grand one;

Let be true pilgrim and make others blessed.

- Yogeshwar's Blessings

Note

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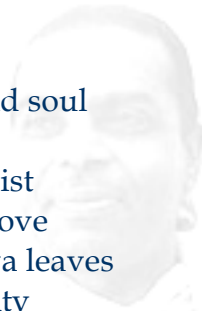
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1. MY POETRY

Behold the beautiful clear sky in the autumn. Likewise is my poetry with a heart simple, open and generous. She is charming like a lotus with her sweet nectar and soft fragrance beckoning to a new life, a new awakening and a new conscience.

She is not ruffled by the wild winds, the tumultuous tempests, nor by the frightful flashes of lightning or peals of thunder. She is ever fresh, blooming and delicate with her sweet silent melody.

She has given up her embellishments and liberated herself from the maze of meter and meaning. Delighting all with her ambrosial sweetness, like a rhythmic river she is abounding to surrender herself to the celestial glory of Thy feet.

Whatever for she is in, she is a humble garland at Thy sacred feet
O my Master Poet! She is an elegant garland of Thy heavenly flowers
dedicated to Thy lotus feet.



2. THY HARP

Let the love strings of my harmonious harp have the touch of Thy holy hands and be twangled by Thy delicate fingers to attain utter attunement with Thee, my Lord!

Embrace it to Thy bounteous bosom. Let it be beautiful by the pretty fragrant tear-flowers of delight and be sheltered at Thy coveted feet. Let it be filled with the melody of Thy sweet song.

Accept this harp vibrating with the melodies of Thy Grace.

None else but Thou mayest touch it. Nowhere else but a place in Thy heart it may covet. Bestow boon on me, O Lord of my life! that it may become Thy possession, Thy soul, Thy Love!

Let the love strings of my harmonious harp have the touch of Thy holy hands and be twangled by Thy delicate fingers to attain utter attunement with Thee, My Lord!

Yes, my Musician, play on it with all Thy grace, till it becomes the beat of some one's heart and inspires and awakens some dead diffident soul, till in the tear drop on an eye it created a rainbow of delight, till it provides shelter to the shelterless, inspires hope in the hopeless, and pervades its musical melodies in this desolate and insipid world.

But O my Eternal Musician, it must have verily Thy knowledge and Thy concentration. Nothing beyond it must see or hear.

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3. I MAY NOT FORGET

Absorbed in the manifold and numberless activities of this world,
O my Lord, I may not forget Thy sweet remembrance.

Many a man is waiting with wreaths of tears in his melancholy eyes; yet others there are whose hearts are throbbing with silent beats of agony. Give me, my Lord, the joy of sharing their miseries surely to lead them on to Thy door.

The fallen deriving strength get up and the stumblers march ahead by the silent healing touch of mine. Still many wander guideless through this long labyrinth of life unable to find their destination. Even so, I crave Thy indulgence, My Lord, Thy little compassion, to enable me to lead them on to their eternal goal to Thy door.

Verily at my touch the drooping petals blossom up beaming with life and light, and lo, someone's soul is survived with a smile; Oh, even tears become some one's wealth of life, and pain provides solace to some depressed heart.

Amidst all these manifestations of grace, give me strength, O my Lord! I may not forget Thee in pleasure and pain, stress and strain, in cloud and rain.

Absorbed in the manifold and numberless activities of this world,
O My Lord, I may not forget Thy sweet remembrance.



4. A PRAYER

Better make my eyes perish the very day they behold not Thy vision and tear away the heart the very moment it makes room for anything else, leaving Thee aside.

Better clip these ears when they no more hear Thy charming music, my Lord! Destroy the very day, the body when it ceases to function as the temple of Thy sacred idol and gives up the path of Thy service and devotion.

Better the eyes go blind than unable to have Thy vision. Better the ears go deaf than unable to hear the melody of Thy name. Better the heart be pierced and broken than have no room in it for Thee. Better the body reduced to ashes than not acting to Thy bidding, my Lord.

Pray, my Lord, grant me that I relish the incense of Thy divine love at each breath, that I be absorbed and lost in the melody of Thy music. Grant, O my love, I may never be separated from Thee.



5. DESIRE OF THE POET

Let the lovely stream of poetry break forth in my harmonious heart and then manifest into words. O my Master Poet, let it bloom in my heart.

Let the fountain of beauty gush forth from the depth of my heart and then sparkle into rhythm and imagery. O my Master Poet! let it gleam in my heart

Let the light of truth illumine my soul and thereby dispel the gloom of my inner self and then vibrate into a song. O my Master! let the light of truth illumine my soul.

To dispel the dark delusion of his eyes Saint Surdas had to blind them. Only then Thou revealed Thyself unto him and made his heart resplendent with poetry and his voice with melody. Similarly my Lord, let the veil of ignorance be lifted from my eyes given to lust and passion, and let the lyric of Thy love and devotion rush forth from my heart where Thou shouldst have Thy throne.

Let my harp be stringed to the tunes of Thy heavenly music and Thy melodies fill the entire universe. Let me listen to Thy celestial tunes and behold Thy marvelous vision. Only then my soul will have attained Bliss and echo Thy tunes in its great ecstasy of joy and delight.



6. THE DUALITY OF THE LORD

In the temple Thou art amidst plenty of adornments, decorations and multicoloured beautiful garments, my Lord! Out Thou standest at the temple door amidst all deprivations, in the ugly, tattered, scanty loin-cloth.

In the temple Thou art amidst all magnificence, dazzling gold and jewellery. Out at the corridor Thy hand is outstretched for a copper coin from the passers by.

In the temple Thou art served in sumptuous delicacies, Thy devotees thronging round Thy idol, offering flowers at Thy feet and singing in Thy praise, bathing Thee in the sacred water of the Ganga. A bony frame of starvation and misery, out Thou standest at the temple door. Spurning and scorning Thee at the sight of Thy begging bowl and stretched palm, the long line of devotees pass out the temple door.

In the temple devotees sing Thy hymns and damsels dance in glee. Out at the temple door abuses are hurled at Thee, poverty and starvation stalk round Thee.

In the temple Thy form fascinates the mind but does not reveal to all alike. Out at the door it transcends the innermost recesses of the heart, touched the very depths of the conscience and snakes the soul.

My Lord, incomprehensible is Thy duality. Yet I am allured to bow to Thee and worship Thee at the temple door where Thou standest - a figure of poverty and deprivation, misery and starvation, scorn and degradation - with Thy begging bowl and outstretched palm.



7. TO A SAINT IN SOLITUDE

Residing in the solitary mountain caves, thou hast passed the whole of thy time observing complete silence in incessant spiritual practices, but what purpose is served thereby if the flower of love has not blossomed in thy heart?

Thou attained powers by which thou could shake mountains, and nothing could remain beyond thy compass but what if the flower of love did not blossom in thy heart?

Thou achieved mastery over all, even over wisdom, but did not acquire love and inanimate and static as stone always preferred sinking in deep meditation: but never tuned thy holy heart's harp to the sweet song of human sympathy. Of what avail is thy Yoga then?

Stop them weeping and provide solace to those that weep and cry. Serve them with bread that are hunger-stricken, sacrifice thyself in order to break the bondages of those that are bound, and render refuge to those that are destitute and weak.

It is thy fortune, O my beloved anchorite, thou hast witnessed the lotus-like face of the Lord, but has failed to realise His magnanimous or magnificent form of the universe.

Tell me then how far is thy Yoga essential?



8. DIGNITY OF LOVE

If you boast of your fully realising the truth let me tell you it is beyond your comprehension and true realisation; and if you claim that you have the highest knowledge rest assured you have no knowledge – the real knowledge of it. As such the incomprehensible or the mysterious is the glory of truth.

If you proclaim yourself to be always infatuated with the cup of love attached to your lips, remember you are not so. And if you imagine yourself to be blessed by the power of pure love, believe me you are not perfectly blessed.

My beloved! How am I to realise the dignity of love? Nobody knows how many an ego started fathoming that extensive ocean and got assimilated therein. Then what to speak of my pure sublime though trifle egoism? Such a moonlight is this that has mingles with her moon. Such a morning twilight is this that has decorated herself with the bloom of the eastern horizon's heart. Such a flute is this that has absorbed herself in the nectar-like taste of the lips, losing her consciousness completely. How can she sing the song of his glory and reveal his dignity?

And it is quite appropriate. Because for those that have realised, their tongue has ceased functioning; and those that have tasted the love's divine nectarean deliciousness have lost their senses forever. They themselves have become exemplars of his glory.

If you are tempted to inquire about the dignity of love even after approaching me, understand then there is something lacking in my love or O my dear inquisitive! your liking for love is less intensified.



9. LOVE AND LIBERATION

I never desire for that emancipation and tranquility unattainable by the sacred bond of love.

I have no liking for the heart and supernatural powers acquired with the help of it – the heart that is harder than thunderbolt and, becoming devoid of emotions, remains unmoved by the aspirations and sensations like a stone, whose shore can never become wet by the almost adjacent ocean of love, O dear ascetic!

I never aspire for that liberation and tranquility which are attainable only at the cost of love.

I have enjoyed the deliciousness of liberation and peace through these fragrant flowers, beautiful bowers, and the sweet music of birds therein. Consequently I cannot but declare that my liberation lies in love. Liberation without love is not acceptable to me. And even if it exists at all, it has no worth, it ceases of its attraction for me.

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10. CANNOT BUT OFFER SALUTATIONS

I cannot but offer salutations to Thee, manifest as Thou art in every atom, every form of this earth.

One may praise or slander me, realising that Thou residest in him also I cannot but offer salutations to Thee. O my beloved, manifest as Thou art in every atom or form of this earth I cannot but offer obeisance to Thee.

One may greet me and offer seat or treat me with humiliation instead, realising that Thou residest in him also I cannot but offer salutations to Thee. O my Beloved, manifest as Thou art in every atom or form of this earth I cannot but offer prostrations to Thee.

I may be garlanded affectionately from the bottom of his heart by one or be beaten by stones and abused by another, realising that Thou residest in him also I cannot but offer prostrations to Thee. O my Beloved, manifest as Thou art in every atom or form of this earth I cannot but offer obeisance to Thee.

Whom should I love and whom should I eye with enmity when it is Thou that smilest and lovest me dwelling in these manifold forms of the universe? Why should I approach one with affection and another with enmity? Whatever disguise in which Thou comest before me, I cannot but offer salutations to Thee. O my Beloved, manifest as Thou art in every atom or form of this earth I cannot but offer obeisance to Thee.

□ □ □

11. INTRODUCTION OF LOVE

'Who art thou here in this lonely land?'

'It is I.'

'What is thy designation please?'

'Why should you enquire about it?'

'Because thou art in excessively poor, pitiable, helpless condition.'

'Then will you provide me with shelter? I am certainly helpless.'

'Of course I will help you.'

'But you know what you will profit thereby? Or what is the significance of giving me alms?' I have eternal, innumerable worries in my right hand and in the left is heart-breaking, incomprehensible, terrible pain. Are you intent on accepting me? For, your entire life you will have to live as my beloved.'

'But I have come to know there is ambrosial sweetness in giving alms to thee!'

'It is completely justified, my beloved! It will certainly give ambrosial sweetness to you. Come then, let me have my choice-marriage.'

'But what is thy name please?'

'Name? Everybody calls me love. You can address me by whatever name you please.'

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12. IMMORTAL DRINK

For listening to Your heavenly happy song one ought to enter deep into my miraculous heart. There pervades the melodious music of Your harmonious harp. And for having Your vision unobtainable even to the Gods one ought to enter deep into torrents of my incessant tears; therein You cleanse Your lotus-like face day and night.

This is Your resthouse and this is Your throne – the throne of my heart. It is the reservoir of tranquility and an embodiment of love. You enjoyed such peace neither in Your heavenly divine abode nor in the Milky Sea on the bosom of the Serpent.

I am in unison with the love of Yours; hence am never perplexed by Your arrival and departure. But You are like a butterfly. You have never entertained Yourself with the deliciousness of my ambrosial affection, accommodated in my heart's lotus, in the three worlds at any time. It is meet therefore that You cannot but remain all the while inside it.

How can I describe this diversion of love? I have nothing of mine. In the initial stage I belonged to love. Then I became master of love; and now only love survives and nothing else. Pressing that love's lovely cup with Your lips and embracing it to Your breast You are often immersed in merriment.

But for this immortal drink how could You have looked after Your universal kingdom? And was it ever possible for You to remain God or become Lord without it?

□ □ □

13. THE CAUSE OF RESTLESSNESS

Look at these flowers smiling with heavenly sweet fragrance. Can't you sink in remembrance of that beloved Lord at their very sight?

Why leave aside your flower-like kith and kin, enter the forest, and suffer hardships for remembering the Lord?

Look at these children with lotus-like cheeks! Can't you behold the fragrant face of your Beloved in them?

Can't you achieve the divine drop of His love in your sweet heart as well?

Why scorn or forsake them, enter into the forest, and begin bewailment for the Lord then?

These twinkling stars and garland-like clouds of the monsoon sky! Can't you realise the supreme sweetness of the only creator of them all?

Why shut yourself up in mountain caves and struggle for love's acquisition by crying loudly?

You have achieved everything, O my dear aspirant! Only you have forgotten one essential. That is why you are hankering day and night after that. For will you please show me even a molecule that is apart from Him and even a fragment of a place where He does not reside? Only your realisation is incomplete. And consequently in your lonely life there is friction, poison has pervaded it, and restlessness has made its permanent abode there.

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14. SHALL NOT BELIEVE THEE TO BE LEARNED

I shall not believe thee to be learned: there is dejection on your countenance. I shall not believe thee to be learned.

Like the enchanting loveliness of the fresh morning twilight thy mind is not beautiful by the light and delight of sweet smile. I shall not believe thee to be learned.

Sorrowful is the universe. And thou makest it more sorrowful by grieving. I shall not call thee a scholar. The experience of incessant, indestructible, inner pleasure is a mystery to thee.

Thou knowest not the art of bathing in the sweet stream of life inherent in everything. Thou hast no merriment nor the pleasure of its sacred philosopher. Thou hast not attained a bit of delight and blessedness resulting from the realisation of the universal unity.

Remaining frank and straightforward like a child thou never derivest joy every instant from thy life; neither enjoyest nor impartest the pleasure of this life and world.

I shall not believe thee to be learned. There is depression, differentiation, sorrow and fear on thy countenance.



15. THE ULTIMATE ABODE OF LOVE

Stepping down from the highest peak of power and prestige, dressed in tatters, I have approached Thee and poured out my egoistic, hypocritical heart in the form of torrential tears at Thy feet.

My head accustomed to be held heaven-high forever has suddenly bowed down in the dust of Thy lotus-like feet and my entire knowledge spreads itself out in the agonising sigh and cry of my soul.

I could not taste Thy love's nectar until recently. For my investigation was terminated within this consecrated food-like world of Thine. But ultimately now when having liberated myself from the clutches of external decorations, I wallow in Thy holy dust, I come to comprehend where the ultimate abode of love is.



16. UNATTACHMENT OF KNOWLEDGE

'Come Ye Lord! Thou art welcome! My little hermitage is purified by the touch of Thy favourite fragrant feet.'

'Yes, I have come here for giving you a present. I have come today to present all the scriptures and the entire knowledge to you. The goddess of learning will, by my grace, become your maid today.'

'But how will it be beneficial to me, my Lord?'

'You will acquire an enviable reputation with the help of your knowledge. You will be able to attain immortality. Why should you ask about its utility?'

'Nay, my Lord! Let me remain illiterate. Let me remain illiterate as I am today. Let the scriptures shine themselves in my humble heart. Let me lead a life that has intermingled itself with learning or intelligence. Let me derive joy from such a life. Only that will make me blessed. Excepting that tell me, O my lord! What shall I do by keeping this burden on my head? What shall I gain thereby too?'

□ □ □

17. SIDDHI AND WORSHIP

She came and stood by my temple door in the moonlit night. I got up by the clinking of her anklets. The charming moonlight seemed to be extremely lovely and beautiful and looked like a lily blossoming in the nectarean lake of the world. With a fine garland in her hands, flowers in her hair, and an aroma wafted from her limbs, she came in the melodious moonlight and stood by my temple door.

Another beautiful girl also stood behind her. But Oh, she was weeping.

She whispered in a while, 'My name is Siddhi and this weeping girl is known as Worship!'

'But why is she weeping?' I enquired.

'For you are ready to accept me today. But this little loveable lady has always suffered from those that have accepted and embraced me. Hence she is weeping.'

'No, no,' I explained. 'The sorry story will no more be repeated now. Both of you shall stay with me as sisters.'

And suddenly their lily-like faces were radiated with sweet smiles. They both garlanded me.



18. THE CAUSE OF FEARLESSNESS

Putting on sandals of discrimination and dispassion we travel in this vast universe. It is possibly because of that that we are not afraid of thorns and pebbles. The track may not be smooth and sweet, but we never get frightened by it.

With the sword of endurance we roam about on this beautiful earth. That is why we remain undaunted even amidst thieves, like merriment with misery, honour with dishonour.

Being intoxicated fully with the nectar-like medicine of love and unattachment we circumbulate the globe. Hence we are never affected by disease of mind, body and heart.

O my dear ascetic! Illuminated with divine effulgence every atom of our body we travel over this extensive universe. Hence we never get afraid of the inner and outward darkness, remain careless of time and condition and breathe unworried even in expiration.



19. I APPROACH THEE

I approach Thee after so much deliberation for looking into Thy eyes unwinking. But no sooner does Thy sweet sight mingle with mine than I lose everything. My soul's invaluable wealth is surrendered unhesitatingly at Thy feet.

I come before Thee with the sole idea of kissing Thy feet fully with the whole of my might. But I completely forget myself by the intoxicating smell of it and cannot but pour my heart on it.

I stand before Thee with all my thoughts for entering into conversations with Thee. But forgetting myself fully I am absorbed in Thee as I listen to the silent sweet melodious music of Thine.

I approach Thee with so much thought in my mind for beholding Thy beauty to my supreme satisfaction and for drinking Thy love's nectar with my heart's cup. But at the very taste of Thy beauty, overwhelmed with joy, I cannot but experience deep ecstasy and become one with Thee.

□ □ □

20. PRAYER FOR HUMILITY

Let the unlimited arrogance of mine be crushed down completely by Thy frequent stinging strokes with the help of Thy hammer-like hand and let me be fortunate enough to stand with folded hands like an embodiment of love and humility, even before the meanest and most insignificant beast on earth.

Let my head soil itself in the sacred dust of Thy feet and bow down forever, the head habituated to remain heaven-high heady with the intoxication of power and fame.

For only the lightest dust flies at the shy. And even water when transformed into steam moves upwards. That I have come to learn from the wise.



21. RIDICULE OF LOVE

When are Thou not easily available in my life? Right from dawn of life Thou comest before me in the form of the Mother and givest the nectar of Thy divine love. But I know not it is Thou: I cannot recognize Thee anyway.

Even after that, in the form of friends and admirers and eventually in the disguise of the dearest damsel, introducing Thy love, Thou approachest me. But I know not it is Thou: I can't recognise Thee anyway.

With many an adornment of nature Thou comest before me hoping for our perpetual union. But I know not it is Thou: I can't recognise Thee anyway.

And ultimately at the time of life's sunset, being disappointed by all, cherishing hope for eternal happiness, I endeavour for Thy grace, and when I proclaim and propagate that I am a lover of Thine, I know not, but how pitifully do I ridicule the eternal, incessant, indefatigable, love-search of Thine?



22. MY BLESSEDNESS

On Thy feet besmeared with sandalwood I rest like a flower. Therein lies my blessedness and peace. Thou can crush me down or make me fortunate for adorning Thy holy head. Do whatever Thou wishest. I am resting like a flower on Thy feet. Therein lies my solace. Thereby I derive peace.

Gazing at Thy tender lovely eyes, absorbed by affection, I rest silently. Thou may pierce me with them or make them ooze with affection. I am gazing at the eyes of Thine. Therein lies my blessedness and thereby I derive peace.

With my heart open as ever, I rest by the side of Thy gateway – the gateway of Thy pleasant holy heart. Thou may reject it, press and rub roughly or convert into the sacred shrine of Thine. With my heart open as ever, I am resting by the side of Thy heart. Therein lies my solace. Thereby I derive peace.

It is because I am aware of my duty and understand the mode of my mind that I am blessed. Thou may greet and bless me with garland of love or never stand before me, but I know my duty. Hence am I blessed and blessedness rests with me forever.

□ □ □

23. DESIRE FOR UNITY

Let my eyes glittering like those of a partridge become steady on the moonlike countenance of Thine. Let them be infatuated by its heavenly beauty, O my Lord! Let my mind, like a butterfly concentrate itself exhaustively on the lotus-face of Thine.

Let my eyes resembling those of a pied crested cuckoo meditate on the cloud-like face of Thine. Let them be infatuated by its heavenly beauty, O my Lord! Make my fish-like mind float in the water of Thy love forever.

Make me prudent enough, O my Lord! that I may dedicate my soul at Thy feet and make it engrossed in their divine taste. Make the river of my mind embrace and become one with the great tranquil ocean of Thine.

Let my grasshopper mind concentrate itself on Thy feet. Let it be intoxicated with their divine taste, O my Lord! Let my mind, like some sound, be accommodated in the universal sound of Thine. Like a flower let it join itself in the garland of the romantic epic of Thine.



24. CONTINUITY OF LOVE

Lo! during dawn – the dawn that like some lovely lotus unfolds itself pleasantly – if Thou findest my eyes devoid of the light of Thy love, please don't shower grace on me.

Lo! during the period of noon – the dreadful noon that has like a steam-engine boiled itself and boils others – if Thou findest my body not wrapped with Thy devotion's impression, please don't make me fortunate with Thy vision.

Have a look at me during the evening twilight too – the fascinating twilight decorated and prepared for entry into heaven; if Thou can't find my little stream-like life yearning for Thee and Thee alone better don't come to bestow grace on me.

Have a glance at me even at night – the charming night waiting like empress with many a melody in limbs: if my eyes are not filled with torrents of love and longing for Thee don't make me blessed by Thy vision.

Behold me during the auspicious, silent, sweet midnight too; if Thou findest not the flow of affection on my excessively happy eyelid, kindly don't come before me.

Behold me during any time or at any place of any kind; if Thou hearest not the murmuring of the inexpressible murmur and the dancing of Thy sacred personality in my heart and in every tissue of my body, better let me be deprived of Thy vision.

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25. STATUS OF HEART

Believe undoubtedly in me O singer reciting my verses! My heart's harp is filled with numerous melodies; it is attuned to innumerable tunes of music. The devout austerity of every moment is accumulated in it's every string, voice and rhythm.

Do away with one frequent style of the musical note's prolongation O singer! My eyes are accustomed always to investigate something new. I have always greeted the fresh and the beautiful with flowers of worship. Lest you should doubt for the shadow of some song sung before and the grandeur of some great personality of the past, this is the explanation.

You may call me magnanimous, a saint of a high order or a superman; my seat is even higher than that. How can I explain to you O dear singer, this is the reflection of not even a thousandth part of my heart?

And that's why, O my poet-laureate, I ponder over the status of heart producing such a magnificent, marvellous melody.

That can never be the subject of song. O my sweet singer! That can never be revealed in rhythm.

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26. THE CHARMING BRIDEGROOM

I kept myself heart-free till now. In the thickest of senses I searched for a befitting bridegroom but could not trace him.

In the midst of innumerable worldly enjoyments I made a quest for my dearest but in vain.

Treasures of luxuries were also investigated but a befitting beloved could never be found.

I could not be get despair even at the door of reputation. And ultimately he was discovered. In the molecule of whose being was moving the entire universe and the elegance of it, I beheld such a charming beloved.

My mind was untrammelled till now. But now I came across its befitting beloved.

Put on garments as fresh as the pleasant effulgence of the morning twilight for the pleasure of your beloved.

Make yourself handsome with all the elegance available with a fascination similar to that of the moonlit night so that your dearest may be pleased and lose his heart at ease.

How do the multitudinous flowers beautify the body of the spring? Beautify your body and soul by a series of such sweet springs for bewitching your beloved.

Like some lovely lotus of a lake dive yourself deep into his love and forget everything else but the beloved.

O my enrapture mind! Approach his temple door in such a way that he may embrace you and you can never, never be separated.

27. CAUSE OF IMPERFECTION

Although tired of pungent penance thou hast not reached the destination of the spiritual pilgrimage. What is the cause of it?

What is the reason thou hast not acquired the haven of inner peace though making thyself captive in some Himalayan cave situated on the banks of the Ganga, even after confining thyself to the super-conscious state for years?

Thou walked in the company of saints and travelled every place of pilgrimage. Still the propitious sweet sound of soul could never be heard. What is the cause?

Although tired of counting rosary beads and disgusted at reciting prayers and hymns the sacred seashore of salvation couldn't come in sight. What is the reason of it?

The reason is merely this; Thou hast not surrendered thyself completely at the feet of that Master of masters – the only real Preceptor and Saviour – in the dust of Whose feet reside the entire sacred scriptures and places of earth; Whose glorious glance is all-sufficient for showering salvation. The cause is merely this.

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28. GRACE OF THE GODDESS

Fascinating were her eyes, more mellifluous than the moon, absorbed into affection. Like an earthen pot of prestige was her face. The earth around was like a lake and she seemed like a lily handsome and fragrant, smiling, therein. Emotion and devotion, beauty and purity, like the waters of the Ganga and Yamuna flowed from her limbs.

Like the youthful poetry of the poet of poets of the globe she seemed to be fresh and delightful.

Her hair reached to her feet. Sweet smiles adorned her lips. Oh, the earth was surely enriched by her clad in charming clean clothes.

She was resting in the Malti bower. Flowers had prepared her bedstead and the god of wind was fanning incessantly for her.

Our eyes met at golden time of sunrise and I couldn't imagine why but her eyes brimming over with emotion radiated with rays of love.

Those tender, elegant eyes asked me: 'Will you marry me? I am an apostle of love. Love between man and man, man and nature, man and the master. I am the mother of all sorts of love. Will you offer me a corner in your generous heart?'

'But what purpose do you intend to serve by staying in my little heart?'

'That need not bother you. You are eminently suited to me and by manifesting myself in your humble heart my mission will be fulfilled. Are you willing?'

A smile lit up my lips like a rainbow in the sky. Her beauty was undoubtedly beyond comparison; her words were also incomparable, supernatural and sweet.

‘What shall I acquire thereby?’ I asked further.

‘Peace, joy and immeasurable pain,’ came the reply. ‘That very pain, restlessness or pangs of separation will enable you to enter the divine temple of liberation and accomplish innumerable deeds helpful to humanity.’

‘Well my goddess, I shall enshrine you in my heart, praise you and your great glory in my poems, keep evergreen our present glorious meeting’s memory in the form of a perfumed poetic garland that will never wither.’

With a smile of satisfaction she got up and disappeared. Her last words were: ‘Don’t suffocate me by the narrowness of “You”. I shall get fresh by the lovely rain of “Thou”. In your lovely life I shall manifest myself a number of times.’



29. POET'S CONDITION

Undisputedly do these twinkling stars of the sky know how my heart breaks into many pieces for Thee and this silent, meditative earth is also aware of so many torrents of tears washing her soul simultaneously.

Beaming with love, full of devotion, is the solitary soul of mine, and I have to move about in this vast world accompanied by it. My songs are nothing but echoes. Each and every fibre of this penance-grove comprehends correctly how my soul is filled with melancholy and pathos and still rejoicing.

Never mind still, if someone derives enlightenment by another's burning, acquires nectar through somebody's poison, and accumulates pleasure at the cost of somebody's weeping, incomprehensible is the fate of his. But, O love-intoxicated Lord! Kindly forget not this ambrosial music of mine is powerful enough for making the heart nectar-like; the tranquil stream of melancholy is singing silently in this permanent pleasure of mine.



30. BLESSEDNESS OF LOVE

She is justly proud of her beauty, proclaim these people; she shall never accept servitude at thy feet.

The eyes long for beholding her beauty with great anxiety. But that pretty, proud, woman's heart is just like a stone. She has no leisure for casting even a glance at thee!

Thy countenance and lips resemble the petals of the lotus. They with great excitement yearn for becoming one with her lips and drink their nectar like this bee. But that lovely lady's heart is harder than iron. She seldom gets any time for even a glance at the yearning in thy countenance; she seldom has any time.

Ocean-like is the heart of thine shedding tears ceaselessly to engulf her heart. But that arrogant woman's heart is built of stone. It has neither any concern for thy heart's pangs nor does it melt even a little by the sobbing of thine.

This is the purport of their proclamation. But helpless as I am, I have surrendered myself and everything of mine completely for her. Her heart's string may not twang forever, my love's string will never be broken. Even a single drop from her love's ocean may not rain, my tears' stream shall never be dammed!

My soul's bliss lies in gaining her in the guise of love divine!

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31. PERSONIFICATION OF MYSELF

A delightful monsoon night it was. It has ceased raining. Stars like lustrous lamps began to illumine someone's way and the moon also shone out parting the curtain of cloud from behind the yonder mountain ranges like some handsome shy woman removing the veil from her face.

The forest was absolutely calm. Only the little river, absorbed in devout ablutions, singing sweetly, passed nereby. The glow-worms loitered about in the mountainous region playing with the goddess of forest. That was the outward scene. Inside my hermitage prevailed peace in abundance. In my lonely room, the night with her darkness had lodged for play.

My heart was shaken by the distant voice of the cuckoo. Oh! that solitary dark night! A benediction for lovers. I could not make out when but my consciousness was lost in its stream.

Suddenly there was thunder and my heart began to quiver. Lightning like some heavenly nymph moved after somebody. Coming out at the door I saw the outward beauty. And lo! She came instantly and looked lovingly at me. Filled were her body in a pretty piece of cloth. There was a fresh garland in her hand also. Was she the goddess of forest?

'I, the goddess of love, intend to meet my lover,' she exclaimed with a captivating, sweet smile and added, 'having strolled out as usual I have reached thy temple door today.'

'Hast thou come for my sake?' My eyes began to sparkle by the drinking of her beauty.

'Yes', she replied at once, 'I can't but approach the door of one who renouncing everything for me lives for my memory and breathes for me only. Lonely and forlorn was I till now.'

And she sat with me on my bedding. Interlacing her lotus-like, tender fingers with mine she spoke, 'This is grace for my love and concentration for me. I can't translate anyhow my heart's gratitude but this little image of it - an echo of appreciation.'

Garlanding me in a moment and putting the dust of my feet on her head she exclaimed: 'Lord, believe me thy maid from time immemorial, until eternity. My mind and body is thine. I am thy maid from today.'

And with an embrace she said, 'I have dedicated myself to thee, entered deep into thy consciousness at ease.'

'But tell me thy name, please!' came my words spontaneously.

Rearranging the hair playing on her rosy cheeks she said, 'Art thou still ignorant of me, O my poet-laureate? I am born through the very self of thine.'

Certainly that monsoon's first month's night became indelible in my life: became unforgettable.



32. WHEN YOU ENTER MY LIFE

When You enter my life for the sake of showering love, even though in an ordinary, worldly form, I shall not look at You with contempt nor treat You with ridicule; but beholding You very self shall love You; O Honey of my life, I shall surely love You.

When You enter my life for the sake of showering love, with an ardent desire for deliverance and happiness of heaven or fear from bondage, downfall and agony of hell, I shall never show indifference to You and walk away to the forest; but shall pleasantly taste your bewitching beauty and bathing in the heavenly nectar of Your love breathe lightly; O Honey of my love, I shall breathe merrily.

I am convinced You will hide the fundamental self of Yours. But I shall never make mistake in recognising It - Your beautiful, charming, luminous like dawn, and vibrating with fervour, Form. In whatever place and dress You offer You love to me, recognising Your very Self in that disguise, I shall love You. Beholding You in the woman-dancer in the temple or in the strolling woman-beggar I shall love You, O honey of my life, I shall surely love You.

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33. PREFERENCE TO THEE ONLY

If the accumulated wealth of the entire universe is pitted against a drop of Thy love I will give preference to the tiniest drop of Thine.

If on one side is stored up the beauty of the whole world and on the other is kept a shadow of Thy sacred presence, I shall select the shadow resulting from the sweet, sacred frame of Thine.

If in one corner is gathered grandeur of the grand globe and in the other is exhibited the dust of Thy fragrant feet, I shall certainly prefer that dust indeed.

Since I have realised that beauty, wealth, grandeur and power are subordinate and only a portion of Thine, I shall choose only Thee. O my soul! I shall give Thee preference all the time under all circumstances or stages of happiness and misery in life.

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34. MY RIVER OF DEVOTION

My river of devotion has not passed through the torrentuous wild way of suffering. She has flowed forward through life full of frankness, facility and peace. My river of devotion has not passed through the torrentuous wild way of suffering.

Neither by the unbreakable wall of rules and regulations nor by the strict shoal of the sea of restraint has she lost her liberty. She has always played like an ebullient child and flowed at random ease. My river of devotion has always protected her liberty.

Never has she kicked love and beauty nor has she shown distrust in the fundamental universal form of Thine. Yes, she has been an ascetic girl breathing from the beginning in a penance-grove. Yet from every side of her trickles the beauty of the universe like the moonlight from the moon. In her limbs is accumulated the fragrance of varied flowers and her heart has become a triple confluence of limitless love, complete compassion and perfect purity.



35. LIFE AND THY LOVE

But for the fortune of becoming worthy of Thy love my life would have been no more than a bitter draught of poison.

It has been converted into a cup of nectar by Thy love.

But for the fortune of becoming worthy of Thy love live, desolate like desert, would have lost its charm. My body would have been burnt by its smouldering cinder and the hot wind blowing on it would have made me restless.

IT has been transformed into an oasis by Thy love.

But for the fortune of becoming worthy of Thy love life would have been for me an edition of death.

Nourished with the help of Thy love it has now become a pleasure of immortality.

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36. SOURCE OF LOVE

I am not attracted by Thee on account of mere contemplation of beauty. For outward appearance is insignificant in my eyes. I am not attracted towards Thee on account of the contemplation of beauty.

Even the majesty of Thy merits and Thy grandeur and glory have not inspired me to love Thee. It is also not so much valuable to me. It is not for the majesty of merits and Thy grandeur and glory that I have fallen in love with Thee.

It is for love's sake that I have fallen in love with Thee – love without which life is meaningless and which is more elegant than beauty, loveliness and which is more elegant than beauty, loveliness and merit. And therefore O Ocean of Love! I hope to fulfill myself with Thy grace, casting my eyes filled with collirium of affection at the favourite feet of Thine.

Neither beauty nor luxury but love is the source of our love. And they both like everything else dwell where love resides.



37. UNCHANGEABLE LOVE

Everything is subject to change in this mutable world of ours. The bees dancing and playing over the rose and the jasmine pass with the same affection in their eyes to the *kadamba*.

The ocean leaping and forgetting itself in a moment with the embrace of the moon's rays without hesitation embraces this river with the same love and forgets its pain very easily.

Making me Thy lover till now, for Thy pleasure, Thou art also on an exploration for someone else. But I neither grieve nor lament nor have I any complaint. For on what authority should I wish Thou love me forever and make me and none else save me Thy perpetual lover?

Yes, I shall proceed with the discharging of my duty. It is just similar to that of the *saras* bird that maintains love during life and even after that remains faithful to one to whom it dedicates its heart. And so unparalleled is the delight derived from duty discharged that if the story of Thy transformation ever comes to be true, I shall not lament that.

On hearing those love-purified sacred words tears rolled down His cheeks and He said: 'Shall I ever forget thee? Thou art my life, soul, everything. Shall I forsake thee and love another? My love, even though I am the Ocean of Love, am I ever competent enough to break its natural phenomenon? The leaping tide at the sight of moon is deprived of love that flows from the river's embrace. And the bee of the rose is devoid of delight which the *kadamba* bee has. This thou should never forget.'

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38. HIS VOICE

Thy voice travelling from across the mountains strikes my conscience continuously. I understand what Thou whisperest: 'Come O my dear, liberating thyself from the fetters of bondage, come for meeting me!'

The snow-covered Himalayan peaks stand before my mind's eye with their glamour. From there so far comes the message and strikes my conscience. I understand what Thou whisperest: 'Com O dear, liberating thyself from the fetters of bondage, come for meeting me!'

Mounting on the clouds gathered in the sky Thou despatchest Thy errand through the ceaseless shower of love. And I understand what Thou whisperest: 'Come O my dear, liberating thyself from the fetters of bondage, come for meeting me!'

I also send a message to Thee for keeping a little patience now. Engrossed as I am in the preliminary preparations for meeting Thee, keep a little courage now.

But such an astonishing flow is Thy affection that Thy message never terminates. And there will really rise one lucky golden day of our meeting when called I shall stand before Thee for Thy concentration and union.

Thy voice soaring across the heavens and infernal regions, earth, wind, water and fire, strikes my conscience continuously. I understand what Thou whisperest: 'Come O my dear, liberating thyself from the fetters of bondage, come for meeting me!'



39. THE WORSHIP

High, very high, on the frost-covered mountain glittering with the golden rays of the sun shines the temple of Thine and keeping my tottering foot on the first step of its mountainous footpath I am waiting for a while.

Birds send me communications and with affection greet the wind. The pilgrims who have traveled on foot to a great extent look at me with pity. But I am not concerned about it.

Giving up indolence and dependence on other I have made a resolve for ascending the footpath of the holy temple of Thine.

High, very high, on the frost-covered mountain glittering with the golden rays of the sun shines the temple of Thine and keeping my tottering foot on the first step of its mountainous footpath I am waiting for a while.

Since I myself have been transformed into a temple I have abandoned my intention to visit it. In the attractive temple of mine incessant, eternal worship of affection is taking place before the shining image of Thine. Neither a single flower nor sandalwood is available for worshipping. Nothing for incense also. Whence would I bring water for washing Thy fragrant feet? I hardly possess any intellect for performing prayer or chanting hymns. How shall I offer worship?

At that very moment, coming forth into existence on the mountain range from within the idol, inspired by powerful love, Thou proclaimed loudly: 'Tie me no longer tightly in the illusory fraud of rites and ritual. Wherever thou standest, with the whole of thy being only fall at my feet. Thy worship will be over and my grace will also be secured.'



40. COMPASSIONATE CONDITION

Thou dwellest in the fine fragrant garden making vain exertions for the fragrance of flowers. Thy condition is certainly pitiful.

The sweetheart is standing by thy side with a captivating cup of spirituous liquid attached to thy lower lip. Still thou makest an uproar of it. Oh, certainly pitiable is thy condition.

Thou residest in the midst of sweet tranquil tunes of music becoming uneasy for sweetness and tranquility. Thy condition is certainly pitiful!

Thou seest not or hearest not. Either smellest not or drinkest not. Otherwise thou shouldn't have prayed for the attainment of emancipation or heaven. Certainly pitiful is thy condition.

And that is why I cannot but exclaim that though living in water, the fish is thirsty; the bee is deprived of deliciousness even in the land of lotus, and utterly unfortunate!



41. TRIUMPH OF LOVE

That day when seated near the window of my mansion I used to endeavour for Thy attention, Thou took no trouble to cast a single glance at me.

I used to drop my golden and perfumed love letters on the passage for Thy arrival and departure but Thou walked away spurning them.

Stringing together my loving heart and every particle of my body in a multicoloured garland, I used to scatter on the sacred path of Thy palace; and like a miser sometimes desired for Thy favour. But no footprint of Thine was ever to fall on it.

Translating my dreams into poems full of pleasant tunes of music I used to make efforts for Thy hearing. But even my poem's resonance was never felt on Thy heart.

*Though prettier than the wife of Cupid,
Thou looked like a monument of pride.*

I used to spend my morning and evening waiting for Thee. But Thou wast ever careless about it.

And on that auspicious day when I porponed off sitting near my mansion's window and taking the begging bowl of heart in my hand began to ask for alms, I couldn't understand whence or how Thou came silently and with a cascade of tears fell on my feet. I couldn't comprehend, but yes, I was relieved of my royal adornments and my body was besmeared with ashes of unattachment.

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42. SECRET

My soul has established complete harmony with the great mystic tune of the flute-player. Its music has automatically come to a close. This is the secret of my silence.

My soul's bee seated on the lotus of creation while sucking the juice of it has completely forgotten the consciousness of itself and the world. This is the secret of the steady tranquil state of mine.

In the earth's extensive supreme sea my soul swims like some flake of snow. Sometimes it sinks and sometimes it becomes steady. This is the mystery behind my self-complacent state.

You will be bewildered and perhaps resume reverberation beholding the delight and divinity of my face. But you know not O my dear recluse, this ambrosial pleasure's taste is not gained by cutting the tongue and attaching it to the palate. The beloved's lovely cup has been drunk wholeheartedly. That is the secret of the pleasant, joyous state of mine.

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43. QUESTIONS

So many springs and rivers with their water wealth disappear in its heart but the ocean never transcends limit. When will you acquire modesty and tranquility of that kind?

The flame of an earthen lamp is a place without wind doesn't dance and the crab sat after withdrawing limbs even after numerous blows swerves not. When will you attain such supreme steadiness and unattachment of mind?

Creation after creation develop and enter jaws of death. Children more delicate than flowers and youths, many a manifestation inanimate and animate, take birth, blossom and fade away on earth. But the earth, entering into peaceful meditation, looking them all, remains unmoved. And the sky also smiling a little at that transitoriness shines as always. When will you be able to absorb yourself in an ecstasy of blessedness of that type?

And look at this wasp! These lotus petals are kissed by it. Its humming noise has become quiet and its senses have come to a standstill. Besides have a glance at this child whose emotions and fickleness have been rested by drinking the sweet milk of the mother. When will you attain such unity? Plunged in the inner self when will you breathe in this world forever?

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44. UNREVEALED LOVE

The heart is attracted. Someone pulls it as it were with myriad ropes. Tremendous is its pain too like thousands of thorns thrust in it. But it is futile to deny that the heart is attracted.

Tears are flowing incessantly down the cheeks. Nights are spent sleeplessly and the extremely uneasy mind is not interested in performing ones duty. Everywhere is seen her smiling sweet self refreshing the recollection. But it is difficult to realise that the pain is excruciating.

Excessively melancholy is this music and highly soul-piercing are the silent repercussions of it. Still it is impossible to tell that such heart-breaking is the pain of love.

We meet and depart. An on her heart's stage too is played such a melodious drama of love; it can be comprehended. But it cannot be said that the soul is love-sick. And therein lies the real rejoicing. Love is an unmanifested deity. It seldom needs revelation with the help of words.



45. BLESSEDNESS OF LIFE

When your remembrance is in abundance and your reminiscences are extremely intensified I become motionless and dumb. Only my heart flows from my eyes as a testimony of your affection.

The spectators look at me with great astonishment. But what is the remedy? My eyes are not so blind as not to behold the fascinating form of yours and the heart is also not powerless that it can never listen to your divine melody pulsating from every pore of my body. By your remembrance I become speechless.

I desire not the nearness of yours nor have I any hunger for your company. Yes, I find ambrosial sweetness in your recollection and best of the drinks in love. Though my knowledge is very little, I find blessedness of life in tears; a few tears rolling down my cheeks and instantly trickling from the eyes owing to the sweet remembrance of yours.

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46. OMNIPRESENCE OF THE LORD

When you climb this mountain tossing my head here and there through the green grass I greet you. Can't you realise that?

And pervading in this pleasant wind's guise, like a mother expressing affection to her child, I express my affection to you. Can't you understand that?

Flowing forward in the form of this rivulet that sleeps silently in the desolate forest's side, I offer our love's introduction and make my heart revealed through the pretty colours of dawn and evening.

And when the whole world sleeps soundly and slowly blows the breeze like my messenger breathing from among those twinkling stars seated like children on the waist of night I utter and send the same message that we are one. Can't you comprehend this?

Otherwise in their intoxication you could not but have become peaceful, pleasant and affectionate. Otherwise sitting in the very lap of mine on the green grass of the mountain, you would not have struggled so far in vain for my propitiation and vision; nor would have endeavoured for breaking the night's silence by loudly repeating my holy name, instead of beholding myself in the yonder stars.

You would have become blessed; and for salvation's sake would not have entered some other world at all. And coming in front of dawn would you have dared to restrain breath? And sitting on the bank of Ganga would you have ever committed folly by closing the eyes of your?

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47. WAY TO BLISS

It was told by them that Thy eyes are providing nectar to the moon and giving tranquility to the heart. But I have never with insolence attempted for the meeting of my eyes with them. That idea has never struck me.

It was told by them that Thy lower lip is just like an abode of nectar and a gateway to heaven. But I have never with insolence attempted for putting my lips on it. That idea has never struck me.

It was told by them that Thy heart is the celestial shrine of the goddess of music and the universe has been manifested from it. But I have never with insolence attempted for my heart's meeting with it. That idea has never struck me.

It was told by them that Thy bosom is solacing to the fatigued conscience and enabling to enter the superconscious state of mind. But I have never with insolence attempted for its repose. That idea has never struck me.

They all were wonder-struck. But my worship was fundamentally unique. Blessed by the vision of the universal mother in Thy very Self my eyes transcended the thought of Thy body and my creeper-like body twined round the lotus-like feet of Thine. Was I ever fortunate to experience such peace and bliss before?



48. CAPABILITY FOR SERVICE

'Who is my comrade?'

'I myself, my Master!' replied one clad in tattered clothes.

'Art thou my comrade, O the poor, penniless lover?'

'Yes my Lord! I am undoubtedly prepared to stay by You Majesty's side. I have faith and determination for breathing and dying for the sake of You.'

'Then, for my universal mission....'

'Yes, my Saviour! I shall not shrink from annihilating my body when working by Your side; shall turn blood into water.'

'But thou knowest not thou shalt be insulted and looked at with contempt. It is most probable thou shalt be treated like Christ, Socrates and Mansoor.'

'In all those circumstances, O my Lord! Your love will work as a blessing for me. That's why I am waiting.'

'Then rest assured, thou shalt certainly be accepted, shalt surely be mine.'

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49. GRATIFICATION OF LOVE

Same was the morning today. The temple doors were opened, the worship was over and the Lord showered special grace on the devotees. I sang my favourite song and all were fortunate as if to have a glimpse of the Master's Majesty. The devotees commenced covering His grandeur. Some garlanded Him, some became glad by clasping hands around His waist and others proclaimed their proprietorship pronouncing 'My Master, my Dear One!'

Ultimately the Lord observed me with His sweet fascinating eyes that looked like phials of nectar. They made me wet with showers of love. And He told me, 'O my dear singer, are you not affectionate at all? Don't you wish to become my favourite and also a master of mine?'

'Nay, my Lord!' I replied, 'let Your eyes full of fascination be fixed on mine. Let me bathe in sweet stream of Your love. A drop from Your affection's ocean is sufficient for me. Let me complete this noble task peacefully and without murmuring.'

The Lord then cast His eyes at His feet. And becoming blessed by kissing them I stepped out of the temple doors with the same musical song of prayer.

On that occasion these were the last lines of my song: 'O love! O the dear Lord! I have never desired nor dreamt to become Your master nor do I approve of living like a slave too. You were manifested by my song in the idol and my love made You ecstatic and merry. That much gratitude is enough, certainly sufficient for me.'



50. THOU ART MY WHOLE AND SOLE

There is an incessant flow of the Ganga in Thy eyes; why should I go elsewhere for cleansing the dirt of my mind?

An apostle of affection Thou art; where else should I wander in quest of affection?

The universe breathes in Thee; Thou breathest in the universe as well; in the universe, where else should I travel for the sake of Thine?

A cup of love, a goddess of peace, Thou art; where else should I roam for the discovery of love and peace?

Certainly by the drinking of Thine one transcends the limits of life and death. Such a cup of divinity Thou art.

Why has the love been born so abundantly? That is an improper question and shall not be raised by me.

I cannot but come closer and closer to Thy spirit like the yonder river flowing towards the sea.

Nevertheless I admitted it and such is the stream of Thy love that annihilates the impurity of heart, gets rid of trivial, hostile aspirations or thoughts and one becomes purified by its laving.

Why should I control breathing, utter the holy name, and closing eyes endeavour for concentrating my mind at all? Thy countenance smiles into the tears of mine and I taste its loveliness. That much accomplishment is enough for me.

Thou art my accomplishment; where else should I endeavour for it? For the attainment of emancipation and perfection where else should I go when Thou and none else but Thou art my emancipation and perfection?

51. UNIVERSAL REALISATION

Opening the innumerable eyes of stars Thou gazes at me and makest me hear the divine communications of Then. My heart leaps up and bathes in the endless ocean of agony. Through the innumerable eyes of stars Thou demonstratest the heart of Thine.

In the guise of cuckoo Thou singest sweetly from within the complete, quiet, tranquility of midnight and my heart becomes perplexed. In the complete midnight tranquility Thou sendest me a call.

Personifying Thyself on the petals of flowers and in the boundless beauty of dawn and evening Thou touchest my conscience suffused with attachment. My soul begins to yearn for meeting and assimilating with Thee, Thy very Self. With the help of the beautiful colours of both dawn and evening Thou painest my soul always.

The heart is uneasy, feels Thy attraction everywhere and realises Thee in the mysterious from of love; beauty, wealth and sweetness; but longs for beholding Thee in person or is anxious for accommodating itself into the heart of Thine.

Thy soul vibrating through the entire universe paints my soul with love.



52. PEOPLE CALL ME AN ATHEIST

People call me an atheist but what can I do? I neither have any knowledge of Thy worship nor do I know the singing of Thy praise. Curling incense before Thyself also is absolutely unknown to me. Owing to the realisation of Thee in the entire universe my speech has become silent and I myself have become the flower of Thy worship.

People call me an atheist but what can I do? I am neither interested in keeping Thy garland round my neck nor have I any liking for saffron or ashes on the forehead. The loud and long prayers conducted for Thy sake are also beyond my imagination. Mad after Thy fragrant feet, I wander after Thee and hope to become the favourite garland of Thine.

People call me an atheist but what can I do? I don't know how to anoint or perform rituals. I possess no intellect for the comprehension of penance too. Seated in my chamber's dark corner, with tear0flooded eyes, I behold the fascinating face of Thine and pass the valuable days of my life. In the divine delight of witnessing Thee in the universe I pass the days of my life.

People call me an atheist but what can I do?

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53. VISION OF THE DEITY OF LOVE

In the endless, joyful, aspiration of love I wandered to and fro singing the various songs of mine. It was my endeavour to get vision of the deity of love in every flower and every tree.

I was accustomed to visit temples everyday and my time was spent in numerous regular rites of worship. For the vision of the deity of love I struggled. It was for that purpose that I performed such a ritual of spiritual worship.

I used to pass night after night on the solitary sea-shore and made efforts for the savour of His countenance's honey deep into the soul of the stars. My effort was certainly pitiful.

And that very night, on the yonder solitary sea-shore, when I sang a song of love, the listener – that affectionate listener – asked me to look into his eyes. What was seen was beyond my comprehension but he told me it was love.

And undoubtedly there in the tears of those affection-lashed eyes I was lucky to obtain the vision of the deity of love. I could understand the secret of his vision.



54. WORSHIP WITH THE VILVA LEAVES

Today also I visited the temple early in the morning. The scholars and devotees were assembled there in the uncountable number. Sitting around Shiva in the form of a phallus, they recited the Vedas and some of them chanted the other hymns too.

Lamps were shining like the incandescence of an ascetic's austerity and the Vilva leaves were scattered on the image. It was an auspicious day and hence such a glorious demonstration of devotion.

The head of the scholars offered me a Vilva leaf and instructed: 'Worship with as many leaves as possible for the Lord's propitiation. I fulfilled my desire for worshipping Him with a lac and quarter of leaves just now. Worship you also.'

Accepting only one or two of the leaves I replied: 'This much is sufficient for me. If only I can decorate the Lord with the help of it, it shall be sufficient.'

The scholar could not follow me. But the extremely experienced philosopher standing in the neighborhood explained: 'Yes, if one leaf or even a petal can be dedicated in such a manner that the Lord cannot but accept it, if a single tear can be dedicated to that supreme state of mind, then that will suffice, that will be too much.'



55. BOON FROM THE ALMIGHTY

'If God becomes glad, manifests himself before thee, and desires to bestow a boon, what wilt thou ask for? Wilt thou pray for salvation?'

'No, not for salvation.'

'Then wilt thou ask for heaven?'

'No, not even heaven.'

'Then wilt thou ask for wealth?'

'Never shall I wish for wealth also.'

'Wilt thou ask for nothing then? He will be displeased by thy behaviour.'

'I shall only pray to Him: O my Lord! Make independent and happy the holy mother of Rishis of yore whom you have so long kept unhappy and in bondage.'

'And if He rejects thy prayer?'

'Then I shall ask for exchanging what little power of penance I possess.'

'And yet if thy offer is not accepted?'

'I shall solemnly request the Lord to be kind enough to get away from my sight.'

One autumn morning, in some hermitage on the bank of the Ganga, the above conversation between a father and his ascetic son took place. Most of the fighters for the country of independence were in prison at the time. But after listening to that conversation, my doubts were removed.

The motherland could not take long time for liberation, I was assured by the testimony I came across.

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56. INITIATION OF LOVE

In the silent monsoon night, the sound of somebody's footfall was heard near my temple door. The sky was thundering and shining with flashes of lightning. In the silent night of Sravana, the second month of monsoon, I heard the sound of somebody's footfall.

Coming out of my abode, I saw some goddess. With fresh flowers and garland in her hand, hope and zeal in her eyes, and affection in her limbs, she stood there; a daughter of divine of some deity.

With water and flowers in offering, I again returned to greet the guest and offering them at her feet waited for a while; and she expressed readiness for her body's dedication for my services instantaneously.

There was horripilation in my body. With folded hands I expressed my gratitude and said: 'I cherish no desire for the body. Clasp hands round your tender waist, I wish not to plunge into merriment.'

Then she brought her face forward and again I felt horripilation. With tears in eyes I replied 'My beloved! I don't desire for picnic of kisses too.'

'Can't you appreciate my love then? Are you not ready to accept this ordinary love-gift of mine?' she inquired.

'I am indebted for the love of yours,' I replied, 'but too deep, mysterious or incomprehensible is the dwelling place of my love.'

'When the consciousness was restored, I saw her fall at my feet. Putting the dust of my feet on her head she said, 'I came for initiation into love, and received that initiation.'

Suddenly such novel, mysterious, incident occurred during that quiet night of monsoon.

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57. SINCE THAT VERY TIME

During that enchanting evening full of bloom on the yonder sea-shore, Thou poured nectar into my eyes. Since that very time Thine was the soul of mine.

During that dark no-moon-day's star-spangled night, Thou despatched Thy messages from every star that twinkled. Since that very time I have become Thine; before that time too Thine was the soul of mine.

Manifesting from that blossoming fragrant flower of the solitary garden, Thou demonstrated the brightness of They sacred Self.

In the tremendous heat of the summer's noontime, Thou drenched with perspiration, approached me in that old man's guise. Since that time I have become Thine; before that time too Thine was the soul of mine.

Rolling round my feet from among those child-like waves of the ocean, Thou bestowed love on me and worshipped me. Since that very time I have become Thine; before that time too Thine was the soul of mine.



58. THOUSANDS OF GOSPELS

There is thunder in the sky and again spread the milky white clouds all round. Chatting with them some bird is loitering about. In an atmosphere like this let me close my book and put it aside. Thou hast opened thousands of gospels for me.

The lightning with silvery heel is dancing in the midst of clouds and the enthusiastic spectators, stars, secretly express delight with applause. Let me close and put my book aside now. Thou hast opened thousands of scriptures for me.

Thy heart begins to melt ultimately and spreading out crores of hands in the form of innumerable rivulets of rain, Thou demonstratest love for me. In an atmosphere like this let me close and put my book aside. Thou hast opened thousands of volumes for me.

In this open playground sitting on the wing of wind Thou pervadest, and taking the form of waterdrops glitterest in the garden flowers. In the morning twilight unfolding Thy heart Thou playest. On such an auspicious occasion let me close and put my book aside. Thou hast opened thousands of gospels for me.

Rinsing the eyelash with affection, in this joyful child's form, slept Thou art by the side of mine. Let me close and put my book aside now. Thou hast opened thousands of scriptures for me.

And cast a glance at this stream too! Inviting me for floating Thou art floating in it singing slowly but sweetly. In an atmosphere as this let me close and put by book aside. Thou hast opened thousands of volumes for me.



59. THROUGH THE SPRING I HAD TO PASS

From the scattered feathers of this dancing, singing, pretty peacock when You disclose Yourself and rock the heart of mine, I cannot but laugh a little at the thought that I trod mountains, forests and farms for the quest of Yours.

From this lovely girl's eyes more artistic and delicate than lily when You invite me for an embrace manifesting Yourself in the sacred stream of love, attempt to sanctify the self of mine, I cannot but laugh a little at the thought that I trod mountains, forests and farms for the quest of Yours.

Through the sweet twittering of birds when You send communications, and from within the enthusiastic eyes of friends travel into the nectar-lashed eyes of mine, I cannot but laugh a little at the thought that I trod mountains, forests and farms for the quest of Yours.

In the minutest water-drops of this garden's multicoloured fountain, making me hear the eternal, melodious music of Your affection, when You touch me, and from these fascinating flowers and rainy showers unfold the everlasting supreme Self of Yours, I cannot but laugh a little at the thought that for Your sake into the mountains, forests and farms was the quest of mine!

Through the spring I had to pass but the of the ocean I had dreamt!

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60. REALISATION OF THE SIGNIFICANCE

A single draught of Thy grace fell on me and the thirst of so many births was quenched; a single ray from Thy light was released and my age-old heap of darkness was burnt.

By the mere shadow of Thy loveliness all my ugliness was effaced.

By a single shaft of Thy beauty all the disorderliness was destroyed. As Thou cast a little flash of light from Thy eyes on me, all my confusion was terminated; and by falling of a single drop of Thy eye's nectar, my decades-old thirst was ended.

In the milky ocean of Thy grace all the rivers of spiritual practices merge; in the holy, vast waters of Thy compassion treasures of devotion gather and assimilate. I came to realise that significance only today.



61. AN EXTRAORDINARY STORY OF LOVE

Thy bewitching beauty!

The elegance of crores of sun and moons is the consequence of only the thousandth fraction of it, and its shadow is a lac of times superior to the glory of beauty in the universe.

The lotus-like feet of Thine!

The mere shadow of their rosiness is the source of the morning twilight's loveliness; and in their lustre lies the inspiration of these fragrant flowers!

The beautiful women of earth are beautified by the molecules of their redness and the mere shade of their fascination resides everywhere in the form of attraction.

Though so supreme and glorious, Thou lost consciousness on looking at me; being infatuated made me infatuated and became a bowl of love for me. It is an extraordinary story of our love indeed!

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62. MAKE ME FORGET EVERYTHING

Unload the head of mine of the burden of scriptures. That is my earnest appeal to You.

I may forget the hymns of the Vedas, the jewels of the Upanishads and even the glorious sentences of Gita or the Holy Gospel. Whatever I knew, read and heard, may also be forgotten by me.

Yes, forgetfulness will be the alms for me. I am asking You for the alms.

If you wish that the actual honest love of mine should come forth into existence, let me forget everything; yes, the consciousness of the world too! Keep nothing but the countenance or lovely image of Thine in the heart, eyes and every limb of mine!

Make me forget everything except You.

Unload the head of mine of the burden of scriptures. That is my earnest appeal to You.

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63. END OF THE EFFORTS

I could not understand Thee till that time and hence renouncing the palace walked over the track of desolate forest for acquiring needful qualification for the grace of Thine.

I could not comprehend Thee till then, and hence for becoming worthy of Thy love and blessed by the grace of Thine concealed myself in the mysterious mountainous cave indefatigably for years together.

I was not fortunate enough to realise the celestial love of Thine till that time and it was therefore that the intricate lanes of devotion and knowledge, penance and spiritual practices puzzled me.

But today I could realise Thee and then I could comprehend that everything is contained in the silent heart-breaking lamentation of Thine; all the efforts are concluded therein.



64. PRIDE AND FORTUNE

I am a gypsy-soul belonging to the barren earth and an empress of the fragrant, grand garden Thou art. Why should I not take pride for coming a lover of Thine?

I am a pilgrim of dry land and a beauty queen of the evergreen region Thou art. Why should I not consider myself fortunate for falling in love with the Self of Thine?

I am an individual monument of ugliness and a great goddess, an ornament of loveliness Thou art. Why should I not feel proud of the fascination Thou felt for the sake of mine?

I am penniless and a captive bound by worldly bondages and a wealthy, liberated, queen of loveliness thou art. Why should I not take pride in becoming an ornament of Thine? Why should I not consider fateful the self of mine?



65. SUCCESS OF SPIRITUAL PRACTICES

In considering the most mysterious, intricate yogic practices for spiritual illumination I passed the golden period of my life and sitting in the solitary cremation place, by chanting the holy hymns, shortened nights.

I never looked behind when meditating and worshipping and inspired by the glory of prayer and pilgrimage, spent the most of my lifetime by circumambulating the universe.

I plunged into profound perplexity at the seashore of knowledge and bathing in oceans and rivers endeavoured in vain for the everlasting joy's experience.

But on that very day, beholding Thee in that little delicate girl that looked like an abode of beauty, with nectarine voice of affection, I became a flower of Thy worship. It was only then that my spiritual practices succeeded, my great pilgrimage was completed.



66. REALISATION OF THE TRUTH

Thy impervious heart would not have fallen in love with anybody; nobody would have been fortunate enough to become the deity of it; that was what I believed before.

Others composed and sang Thy songs, and worshipped, so that Thou might be propitiated. Thy adorned Thy image and thronged before Thee in various ways for a single favourable look of Thine.

But I was poverty-stricken, had no knowledge of the language of love, and was absolutely ignorant of its blandishments too. How could I understand worship, service and adornments?

If Thou had stretched forward Thy hand for embracing me then, I would have collapsed. Even Thy smile would have acted as a fall of thunderbolt upon me. I was a prey to timidity and believed Thy approach utterly impossible.

But, anyhow, on that auspicious day, we suddenly met each other and our eyes became one. Since that very day I became courageous and began to live like the invaluable consecrated food of Thy worship.

And afterwards when we met frequently and Thou untiringly drank my love without being satisfied, I could comprehend and comprehend only then that Thou wast more delicate than flower, longing for making everybody the beloved self of Thine.

Nobody approached Thee for becoming worthy of Thy love. Consequently Thou seemed impervious to charm. Thou wast enamoured of those that cast even a glance at Thee.

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67. OUR LOVE

How powerful and profound was the love of Thine to that of mine, Oh, how powerful and profound was the love of Thine!

I remembered Thee at the time of leisure only. But Thou walked after me day and night purifying Thyself with the dust of my feet. Oh, how powerful and profound was the love of Thine!

It was only during periods of peace that I recollected Thy memories. But Thou with Thy head down, used to wait at my door for the alms of Thine. Oh, how powerful and profound was the love of Thine!

When stumbling over the pebbles, falling into pits and down from the hills, and when wounded by thorns, I unhesitatingly blamed Thee. But Thou with blood-stained heels wandered after me. Oh, how powerful and profound was the love of Thine to that of mine, how powerful and profound was the love of Thine!

When clouds of calamities besieged me I couldn't but get annoyed. But Thou wept and felt restlessness for a single glance of mine. Oh, how powerful and profound was the love of Thine to that of mine, how powerful and profound was the love of Thine!

I desired for Thy vision only. But Thou wished to become a garland of my heart, to be enshrined in my heart, for that everlasting enjoyment. Oh, how powerful and profound was the love of Thine to that of mine, how powerful and profound was the love of Thine!

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68. MY PRIDE

If there is anything worthy of my being proud about it is Thy charming face like a fleecy cloud of love, and the sweet name of Thine, whose pleasure can be tasted by me incessantly and with complete harmony.

If there is anything worthy of my being proud about it is the soft, beautiful throat of Thine, around which I entwine the delicate garland of my hands, and through my eyes can travel into the eyes of Thine – the eyes that are symbols of godliness or personified holiness.

If there is anything worth taking pride for me it is Thy smooth breast as an abode of affection, on which by placing my chest I can still mischievous storms of mine. It is by nestling on that fragrant breast of Thine that with complete harmony of my harp's tunes I can enter into mysterious and concrete conversations with Thee.

If there is anything worth taking pride for me it is Thy benedictory bosom unobtainable to the gods also in which I can scour like an infatuated affectionate child, become liberated in a while, and forget anxieties of every kind.

If there is anything worthy of my being proud about it is Thou. Thou art my pride, only Thou, and whatever Thou possesseth. Beside it all the universal loveliness and wealth is secondary. Therein lies the purport of paradise and supernatural powers, salvation and earthly enjoyments, and lies also the pride of the universe.

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69. FOR THEE I LIVE

Even though the whole world looks at me with contempt, I shall neither grumble nor grieve. In every condition and on every occasion, Thou art prepared to greet me.

What if people, believing me to be sinful and mean, wretched and distressed, don't throng before me or even forsake me, I shall never lament that. I shall be ever sacred in the eyes of Thine and privileged to take rest on Thy peaceful breast at anytime, I am assured.

Even though nobody is prepared to protect me from the fierce fire and nobody feels pain by beholding the incessant tears of mine, I shall never care. Thy affectionate, lovely lap will always be open for me; and it is also utterly true that wiping out my tears Thou shall reveal the love of Thine.

Consequently I live for the sake of Thine. Thy nectarine divine eyes are the very source of my life and Thy every open lap is my wealth in scarcity and strife.



70. OUR WORLD

Some have said that the world is poisonous and others have called it a maze.

Some have taken it to be false and few others have considered it a mirage.

Some have preached that it is transitory and just like a long dream, whereas others have compared it to a bubble of water or a stream.

Howsoever it may be for them, for me it has become full of beauty and happiness like heaven, because it has been an important instrument for the sacred meeting of Thine. It is by breathing therein that life has merged itself in the vast ocean of Thy love, and although flowing independently as a river has forever become Thine. It has been transformed into a paradise, has become Thy handsome, everlasting abode for me.



71. SIGNIFICANCE OF THE DEDICATION

On what grounds did Thou dedicate Thy nuptial garland to the throat of mine? I am certainly surprised.

To a person like me, pinched and dressed in tatters, how did Thou cause to drink of Thy lovely cup of love is an astonishment for me.

I possessed nothing like loveliness and certainly was ugly. I was devoid of intelligence, and really was illiterate. I was even without wealth and in fact penniless. Still how did Thou make me Thy beloved is a matter of surprise for me.

Those were my reflections formerly; but now I have understood that I was prepared for offering my heart and hence had become Thine. I was dedicating the whole of mine and consequently had become Thy lover.

To him Thou offerest heart that loses heart for Thee. Is there even an iota of doubt about it?



72. TO A SWEETHEART IN SEPERATION

Filling the eyes with tears looking like fruits of jujube tree, what is the cause for feeling pain for the vision?

Illuminating the lonely temple with a lamp, waiting day and night for Him, what is the reason for being perplexed, feeling depressed and miserable?

Thy satisfaction should rest with agony; and in streams of tears should by thy life. For neither transaction nor compensation this is.

O my sweetheart with the face lovelier than lily! Derive pleasure from this silent pain of thine! Thy beloved will never be able to loose the good luck of bathing into the river of thy love. And surely, in course of time, thy beloved also will not be able to breath without the self of thine.

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73. FREEDOM FROM ANXIETY

I have no grief for the past, neither anxiety nor allurements for it. Like a careful mother Thou hadst prepared the drama of life for me. Why should I grieve when it has been wound up by Thee? I have no fascination for the past.

Like an earnest lover it was Thy endeavour at every moment for the accomplishment of Thy soul's union with me. It is therefore that I am satisfied. I have ample satisfaction about the period that has passed.

I neither have any grief nor allurements, not even any anxiety for the present. Like a careful mother, with great care, Thou preparest life for me. Like a beloved it is Thy endeavour at every moment to manifest love for me. It is therefore that I am satisfied. I have ample satisfaction for the time that is passing.

I have neither apprehension nor anxiety for the future also. Like an affectionate mother taking care of her son, Thou keepest me under Thy complete protection always. It is Thy endeavour to make me absorbed in Thy love. Besides every moment is indicative of the external celebration of that auspicious, melodious meeting of ours. It is therefore that I am satisfied. I have ample satisfaction for the time that is still to be passed.

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74. THE BLESSEDNESS

Oh, this fascinating face of Thine!

Could I have ever come across even a thousandth portion of its beauty in the countenance of the lily-like ladies or even in those worldly girls with faced glittering like the morning twilight? I have had the singular good luck of becoming absorbed in its loveliness.

Oh, the nectar-filled eyes of Thine!

Could I have ever attained even a thousandth fraction of their enchantment in the elegant-eyed beautiful women of the globe or even the ladies with eyes resembling those of the Chakora bird? I have been fortunate enough to drink ambrosial deliciousness.

Oh, this bewitching body of Thine!

Could I have ever acquired even a thousandth portion of its beauty from the fairies of the universe or even in the bashful young ladies looking like bouquet of flowers? I have had the good luck to become it adoration.

Oh, this pleasant, delightful heart of Thine!

Could I have ever come across even a thousandth fraction of it in the delightful, charming women of earth or even in girls proud of their youth? I have been fortunate enough for kissing its petals like a bee. I am assured of a seat in it.

And it is my greatest blessedness that although I have unreservedly handed over my heart to Thee, Thou too hast dedicated Thy all to me!

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75. THE SILENT SHARE OF MINE

Inspired by the ambition of achieving the most valuable and sacred present of Your divine love and light, I live in the tranquil, lonely mountainous land of the Himalayas. I am unaware of the devotees of yore, but my devotion is somewhat unique. I am profoundly pained by slavery and the mournful tunes of humanity's pains, restlessness and yearning are being played upon in the solitary harp of my soul.

I desire that this nation which reached the highest peak of civilization should get freedom as soon as possible from the sufferings of boundless bondages, and the whole world may become harmonious by the nectarine musical tunes of tranquility. For the fulfillment of the same desire I pray.

Consequently my conscience will be shining with smiles when the bound becomes free and the restless finds peace. The share of mine and even that of Thine will not be of little importance in that auspicious accomplishment.



76. I WOULD NOT SCORN THEE

When pain and distress begin to lash like torrents of rain, it is possible that the heart gets disheartened and mind becomes desperate. Even in such a critical time as that, losing faith in life, I would not retire into forest, O my Love, putting on the clothes of an ascetic, I would not retire into a forest.

When abuse and insult lose bounds, the fire of calamities burns on all sides, and dear ones too become hostile, even then, cultivating distrust for life and getting uneasy, I would not retire into a forest and sing lifeless songs of listlessness.

My confidence, hope and courage would remain unaffected and indomitable forever, and my soul like a flame of lamp keep glittering in the sacred shrine of Thy grace. Thy affection's nectar would be poured on me everywhere and at every time.

O my Immortal! I would not forsake Thee for any reason but be blessed by beholding Thee everywhere in the universe.



77. TO A SPIRITUAL ASPIRANT

His feet are infinitely softer than flower or lotus. Forget not to make thy heart perfectly pure and soft lest He should get hurt by the grains of dust left in it.

His eyes are brimful of affection and more tender than anything else. Forget not to make thy eyes crystal clear, softer than butter and sweeter than honey, lest their impurities should spoil Him and He should float away in the stream of tears – tears of the inner self.

Exceedingly enchanting, quiet and melodious is the music of His soul. Forget not to fill thy soul with enchantment, quiet and melody lest His heavenly musical note should get spluttered, His love song should be broken by disharmony.

His feet are infinitely softer than flower or lotus. Forget not to make thy heart perfectly pure and soft lest He should get hurt by the grains of dust left in it.



78. EXTREMITY OF LOVE

Every moment You cause me to drink of the nectar cup of Your love and make me absorbed in the supernatural taste of it.

You have converted me into a cup of love and by its drinking feel gratification and intoxication of the highest order. Every moment You drink it empty and again fill it.

Day and night, morning and evening, near and far, You do it. The impediments of time and space cannot obstruct our path of pilgrimage. You drink and cause me to drink of the bowl of Yours. Our entertainment never ends.

And surprising is the fact that our identity and transformation has taken place to such an extent that we are unable to recognise each other. Neither of us is powerful enough to separate from each other. So unique is our unity.



79. SIGNIFICANCE OF LIFE

When you begin to walk on the lovely land, breathing from across the dust, I kiss the sweet-smelling, smooth feet of yours. Are you aware of it?

Whenever you cast a glance, I savour the sweetness of the nectar of your eyes. Can you realise that?

Hearing the candid sweetness in your speech, I begin to feel excited when you speak, and when you smile or feel blessed, I suck the nourishing juice of our confluence on the bed of contentment.

When you retire for sleeping, keeping your head in the tender lap of mine, I sing the melodious music of our love. Can you listen to it?

In that way only the spontaneous, natural resonance of our loveplay is designated by you as life. Are you conscious of it?

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80. DOST THOU KNOW?

Every atom has in it a nucleus of godliness inspiring the inner self, dost thou know it? And can thou comprehend that every stone is nothing but an image of that energetic, everlasting love?

Every word or sound is the scattered and measured tune of the universal music and every action is nothing but worship or devotion of the supreme; dost thou know that also?

That is beyond thy knowledge. Hence the world is described by thee as a dark dwelling place and thou art deprived of the divine, extraordinary, heavenly happiness.



81. LORD'S UTTERANCES

At the time of dawn the morning twilight illumines the eastern sky. Similarly I manifest myself on the fact of your relatives in the form of smile. Don't' reject or treat it with contempt. I tremble even at the very thought.

In the affectionate words of your kinsmen I flow like a stream of love. Guard yourself lest you should taint it with the poison of bitterness; for sweet, excessively sweet, I am.

Like the fragrance of lotus I reveal and pervade myself into you, introducing ourselves from a lover's heart. Kindly never spoil it by looking towards it with venomous eyes of yours. The very thought also creates terror in my heart.



82. THE SECRET OF LOVE

Every morning brings with it the memory of our yonder ancient temple of love. On witnessing the evening twilight's unfolding I cannot but remember the wealth of Thy Soul's love and become utterly uneasy.

Either man or woman, tree or creeper, bud or flower, the heavenly stars or the lofty wavelets of the ocean, the earthly dust or the source of a rivulet; by beholding them all, I remember Thy enchanting handsome heart and cannot but have a glimpse of Thine.

The heavenly happy music is heard in the form of various words and whatever is seen by me is seen as Thy manifestation only.

While breathing I breathe always the perfume of Thy love and in every touch feel that cool fragrant touch of Thine thrilling the lyre of me heart.

That is the significance, the secret of my life. Thou art asking every now and then for the explanation of my tears and pain but here is the reply.

Nevertheless I never pray for Thy mercy. For this is the nectar of my life and in this lies the bliss.

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83. SAME MAY BE MY CONDITION

The life of a fish depends upon water and it can't at any cost survive without it. My condition may be like that, O my soul, the same may be my condition!

On beholding the clouds of the first month of monsoon the peacock becomes intoxicated and in the deep delirium of love cannot but dance. My condition may be like that, O my Soul, the same may be my condition!

Whether a water-drop is available or not and the rain hears its silent scuffles with thunder, the ascetic-like pied crested cuckoo renouncing its penance, never drinks even a little drop of water. My condition may be like that, O my Soul, the same may be my condition!

The night sweet on account of the beloved's meeting terminates in a moment and the whole day of separation seems to be lengthy aeons of ages. Still, the Chakora partridge, delighted by the pain, looks at the sky, utterly unaffected by the body's fatigue and the neck's aching. She swallows live coals hoping that the breeze would take her upward. There if she is lucky enough to meet her beloved, it would place her on the forehead and provide place in its heart. My condition may be like that, O my Soul, the same may be my condition!

And how abundant is the love of the deer? The hunter playing on his harp is standing with an arrow in front of it, but it has lost consciousness. It desires to intermingle in the supreme sea, excessiveness of love. Oh, that loving deer's love! My condition may be like that, O my Soul, the same may be my condition!

O my Life! Before Thee I have hardly anything for revelation. Like a loadstone and magnet we have not but felt attraction for each other and like water and milk shall never be separated.

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84. SHALL NEVER FORGET

A day may come in my life when people consider me as the crown of their heads. The fragrant fountains of fame may on all my sides sprout in all directions. And what even though my life becomes glorious by the most valuable glory unobtainable even to gods? In such circumstances too, I shall never forget my true self, Thee, my life's all and Thy love; I shall never forget the grace of Thine.

Such a celestial magnificent morning may pervade my life when the entire universe considers me worthy of homage; my vision, touch and conversation become beneficent for others; many people's hearts experience eagerness and impatience for seeing me. And what if poets by praising me and many others by spreading flowers of eulogy on my path, make themselves blessed and honour me? In such circumstances too I shall never forget my true self, Thee, my life's all and Thy love; I shall never forget the grace of Thine.

Power and pomp may be the perpetual maids of mine and wealth and supernatural powers serve me like slaves. In this universe I may get the good luck of forging and nourishing innumerable people's destiny. And what though my monumental life surprises and decorates the whole world? In such circumstances too I shall never forget my true self, Thee, my life's all and Thy love; I shall never forget the grace of Thine.

I may achieve miraculous powers like flying in space, entering the infernal regions or being the master of the past and the present. And what though there is nobody on earth more fortunate than me In such circumstances too I shall never forget my true self, Thee, my life's all and Thy love; I shall never forget the grace of Thine.



85. INTOXICATION OF LOVE

Where should I kiss Thee, O my lovely Sweetheart? No sooner do I bring my lips to Thine and bend a bit then I sink in deep meditation and lose consciousness of the body as I gaze at Thy fragrant face!

My hand is lifted and brought forward for touching Thy beautiful body filled with the gentle, mysterious moonlight. But it stops abruptly in the midway. So strange is the superconscious state resulting from beholding Thy beauty.

The eyes drinking the nectar from Thy eyes totally forget winking. Currents of joy are springing from them. Such an incomparable, extraordinary one is the intoxication of Thy loveliness.

Such is Thy love. Thou art fundamental, real beauty and others are Thy symbols simply. Other beautiful women can tingle the sense only by their proximity whereas Thou producest more and more powerful flow of love as Thou goest farther.

Blessed are those that have even for a while lost their consciousness with Thy remembrance.

One striving for Thy propitiation and vision travels beyond senses and in the long run automatically beholds Thy fascinating face everywhere and every time.



86. MARCH FORWARD

March, march forward, O my soul, the only protector of my life!
Kindly march ahead on the path of progress.

Life is passing and passes everything. Day and night, morning and evening, infancy and youth, autumn, spring, summer and monsoon, everything passes. As a member of that endless caravan, playing on the flute and making tunes, march and march ahead, the only shelter of my life! Step forward on the path of perfection.

Streams and brooks, rivers and seas, these lovely breezes spreading the fragrance of flowers and this group of stars, all are proceeding, and proceed you as well the only strength of my life! Kindly march ahead on the path of progress!

Step forth from untruth to truth, and enmity towards love; from ignorance to knowledge and from darkness to illumination; from fear to fearlessness, from death to immortality and from bondage to freedom; O my soul, burning inertia or illusion of every sort, step forward on the path of perfection!



87. CAUSE OF LOVE

Perhaps such a tremendous stream of love for Thy sake would not have commenced flowing from my conscience, but it was only that very day that its buds blossomed fully.

I could make out how unendingly, uninterruptedly and excessively overflowing was the love of Thine. Thou used to offer me heart; would I not offer Thee a molecule? Thou used to infuse life into me; would I not offer the body for Thy service? Thou hadst dedicated Thy entire wealth to me; would I not dedicate anything to Thee? Right from that day. O my Soul, Thy every tune enters the heart of mine, I have become blessed since that very time.



88. A MISSIONARY'S MISSION

You have to progress while living in the midst of the naked and dressed in tatters and learn to feel god in their pulse. A whirlwind of ignorance and doubts is pervading around you. Through that you have to emerge and arrive at the destination of yours.

You have to discharge the duty of a gardner in such a hot and barren dessert where no flower bushes and dust also can't sleep silently all the while, You have to fill it with perfume.

And your path must be of that type. Otherwise how can you be tested? But you are a loving son of mine. What more should I speak of you?

'Never mind, my beloved Lord! The scorching hot wind is nothing but a soothing shade for me and the forest of conflagration an ocean of happiness. In the everlasting companionship of Yours I have no botheration, nothing like hindrance, no grief. Your eternal presence is my only rejoicing.'



89. WORSHIP OF THE GODS

We never worship gods in the form in which they represent themselves before us but are accustomed to worship their images on stone; so worthless is our worship.

We decorate them by the best of the fragrant flowers and apply scents and many a perfume on their bodies; whereas insult and sometimes also abuse them that as our guide come to cleanse our path; such worthless worship we have.

Even after devotion of decades they neither tremble nor utter a syllable. Yet with quaint faith we go on worshipping them; but treat with contempt or hate and never greet them that strive tremendously for the eradication of our evils or elimination of impurities with the help of affectionate, sweet words raining the showers of nectar; so worthless is our worship.

Those who live with or around are never even looked at by us. Those who shed tears, labour, and become an oblation for us are not even known by us; and we worship the far-off gods; such a blind worship we have!

Gods are the embodiments of truth, love and purity. We never honour where we witness them; but for those gods we weep, endure hardships and give up life also; so unworthy is our worship!

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90. MY DISAPPROVAL

The might that is available at the cost of humanity, the acts as an annihilator of humanity, is not approved by me, O my Lord, is never given preference by me, I have no liking for it.

I don't like that might which doesn't melt on seeing the distress of the distressed, which is never affected by the afflictions of the afflicted, doesn't become we with tears of weeping ones, and s never touched by the forlorn's lamentations; O my Master, that strength is not approved by me.

The energy that is acquired by making the life inanimate is not approved by me, O my Lord, is never given preference by me.

What purpose will be served by such strength which will decorate only myself and will never be beneficial to others? What shall I gain by getting mastery over such supernatural, extraordinary Yogic powers? In the midst of misery and poverty, calamity and depression, despite possessing power for their eradication, what shall I gain by sitting silently, O my Master, what shall I gain by having eyes which see not?

Nay, I shall endeavour for making Your creation more and more heavenly and like Your gardener fill the world with verdurous grass. Protecting humanity, shall give life to them that live without any activity, spirit or emotion. Give me strength only if you accept this; otherwise let me remain powerless; for the strength available at the cost of humanity, thta acts as an annihilator of humanity, is not approved by me, O my Almighty, is never given preference by me. I have no liking for it.

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91. EFFORT FOR SPIRITUAL UPLIFTMENT

The sprouting of lust should be nipped in the heart, O dear mendicant, without that the mission can never be complete.

The offshoot of desire should be sundered from the conscience, O mendicant, without that effort for spiritual upliftment can never succeed, the course can never be complete.

Make the heart soft, softer than flower, and let it be spongy with the floods of obstacles or misfortune. Make it affectionate to such an extent that it remains humble even by the touch of every soft insignificant molecule.

Let love and beauty break forth from thy veins! Let the speech flow like the nectar-like Ganga purifying those that are filthy and fallen! And apply everywhere the love flowing from thy eyes. Anoint the Deity in the celestial temple of mind and guard lest anybody else except Him should be enthroned on the seat of the soul! Make the beginning for such a spiritual enterprise, O my dear mendicant, thou shalt become the perpetual peace, the benedictory track of bliss, and whatever thou wishest will all be easily achieved!

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92. DESIRE FOR HAPPINESS

Let this undying conflagration of my heart remain alive as it is and let my sight too remain overlaid with the same intoxication; the sight fortunate for beholding You in the form of the universe.

Never mind if You leave without care the flower of love grown in the heart and shake hard on the delicate, handsome, lotus of life!

I desire for Your happiness. I never with You should strive, should be unhappy even for a while, for my happiness. You have cast the sight with the help of eyes cooler than moonlight and have awakened the sleeping harp of my heart. That is the great valuable remembrance of mine. The stream of love offered by You and Your alms-giving of this whole time silent agony; this permanent wakefulness and the shade of Your beauty entering the soul at every pace, is the invaluable gift of Yours. I shall perhaps strive to forget this also, but You may enjoy peace; You may rest in happiness and bliss!



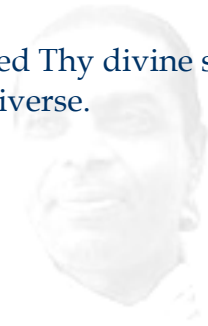
93. THE FASCINATION OF HEART

Thou hast fully fascinated my heart from the very beginning and now has no time even for casting a glance at it? Thou hast since infancy made this heart Thine.

Pervading in the pretty crimson colours of the morning twilight right since the infancy of life Thou hast overcome and despatching Thy ancient errands in the sweet musical twittering of birds abducted it.

Rolling across my feet in the disguise of the lofty wild sea waves Thou hast created churning in my heart and when retiring for sleep, taking my head from over the pillow in Thy lap, has incessantly sung Thy melody.

Having fully recognised Thy divine self how can it feel content by the external objects of the universe.



94. IMPEDIMENTS OF LOVE

You know not but practices like these obstruct our path of love; things as such obstruct our path of love.

You pluck flowers and offer at my feet for my appeasement, but you know not plucking the very ornaments of my body, you offer at my feet endeavouring for making me beautiful and fragrant.

For satisfying your conception of worship you engrave and prepare my image from stone; but know not that wounding my own secret self, try to forge me with the help of hammer.

You take shelter of sacrifice for my propitiation, but for propitiating me you now not that you slaughter the self of mine.

Overwhelmed with affection you never shed even a tear for me and not even a fraction of your heart yearns and becomes sacrifice for my propitiation. Hence I appeal to you for discovering a place of love where nobody else would be dwelling save you and me or where nothing else but love is residing.

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95. STATE OF FLOWER

'You are extremely attractive and handsome!' exclaimed the passerby, 'your fresh fragrance is charming to the conscience like the fresh youth provided by an angel.'

'Oh, you neither possess any attractive appearance nor sweet special smell,' uttered the other on hearing it.

But the flower neither greeted the first nor looked with contempt at the other.

Such a self-absorbed state or ecstasy wherein the great transcends even the idea of greatness - my continuous prayer may be for that, that sublime state of mind!



96. EVEN ONENESS

Count not my uproars and pain nor take into account the prayers of mine until there remains in me even a little of desire and greed, and approach not for showering grace on me until my yearning heart does not flow in incessant streams resulting from Your sweet remembrance.

Let my transformation be absolute by diving deep into the ocean of Your love. Come not until Your sincere craving arises in my heart and keep me deprived of You grace till all my impurities are swept away.

As I aspire for experiencing absolute unity with You, Your divine vision alone shall never suffice.



97. VISION OF GOD

'Where does God reside?' Is that problem still unsolved to you?

By pungent penance you seem to have been tired and by living long in solitude some sore of indifference has crept in your mind. Oh! such a tremendous struggle for Him? Is the problem so intricate and perplexing?

Come ye my friend, I shall show you the Lord. In the vicinity of the temple the labourers strive hard. In their melancholy eyes and in the continuous sound of their instruments, come, I make you hear the music of the Emperor of the Universe.

And behold the toilers breaking stones from the mountains. Their limbs are fully filled with perspiration and the villagers are gazing with meek innocent eyes. Can't you recognise your Beloved in them all?

If you can't meet your Master in the hungry, thirsty and uneasy, you shall not perceive Him forever.

Some look lovingly at you and other appeal for favour. Some behave humbly while others desirous of grace stretch hands at you. On such occasions if you can't recognise the Lord, He will never meet you.

Whatever course you have followed hitherto, you will have to change your path now. For you ought to know your Beloved is waiting for you more eagerly. You have failed to recognise Him for His garb is simple, humble, pitiable.

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98. SECRET OF SALVATION

Salvation? Who is to offer you salvation? It is already attained by you.

See lest you should waste the whole of your life in mountains, on the river banks and in jungles for the sake of salvation! See lest you should forget to cast sight at the earth and taste the sacred stream of life!

Salvation? Salvation is your very nature. But like Lord you also have to come forward for your acting, and on the stage of life have to accompany Him. You have to propagate love, peace and delight on earth and unite the nations with one, unbreakable thread of family spirit. You have to make your holy water's offering at the feet of that human-god whom even our Beloved has chosen to worship. He has put aside the profound pleasure of paradise and salvation for that noble task.

Salvation? Yes, like many others if you too had not entered this earth with heart filled with fountain of love, mercy and compassion, the solitary life would have become possible for you. But now.....

Salvation? We have to follow the will of the Lord. He may put us in the midst of the world or keep apart from it; in all circumstances we have to follow Him without murmuring. At every moment we have to enjoy heavenly happiness in the presence of our Beloved.

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99. BLESSEDNESS OF SPIRITUAL POWER

I may become tall like a palm tree and by spiritual power become lighter than a molecule; and what even if I attain such power as to become little like a dwarf? What even if I can make myself delicate like a flower and heavy like Himalayas as well?

What if I float over water, fly in the sky, achieve mastery over fire and wind and conquer death also? Although able to accomplish whatever I wish in this world, what purpose will be served thereby?

If my soul is not sanctified by the sacred love for earth, let me admit it is certainly insignificant. My spiritual power is nothing but an adoration, burden and perhaps weapon of destruction if not channelled into the service of the universe. It is therefore that when resuming the pilgrimage for perfection, I have sung in my first song, O my sublime soul, let each and every atom of thine be filled with the harmony of the universe, with the harmony of love and service! Let it be resounding with miseries of the miserable and happiness of the happy! Let thy worship be always for the Lord and His magnanimous monument-like universe.



100. THE SECRET KEY OF LIFE

In my solitary Himalayan hermitage came a robber and asked me, 'What is the significance of your death? People call you immortal. You possess vast knowledge like an ocean. Will you die by robbing you of the same?'

'No,' I replied.

'Then by taking away your intelligence?'

'No,' I replied again.

'Then by your profound patience and dispassion..... it is not that without them you will expire at once?'

I answered again in the negative.

'Then by making you deprive of your penance and the supernatural grandeur gained thereby?'

'No,' I once more replied.

'Then by taking away the extraordinary virtues of yours?'

'No, no,' I emphatically exclaimed; 'Love is the only secret key of my life; and because of that I am immortal, undaunted and full of delight.'



101. GLORY OF LOVE

People say: 'For the manifestation of love one ought to utter nectar-like sweet words and become proficient in gestures; one must worship one's lover vividly and sing songs of praise filled with the fragrant love.'

But it is not true.

On that auspicious day torrents of love began to flow from my eyes by the very remembrance of Thine. How could I have ever sung my love more beautifully than that?

But how can the people understand that love's epic is written in silence, and its pleasure and devotion rest in the everlasting music of its pangs?

Then I could comprehend the real glory of love.



102. A PRAYER

O Lord, I possess the only deity enshrined in my heart's cave, the only flower that I have. Every petal of it is saturated with enthusiasm and fragrance. It is nothing but an image of the deity of love.

Let it be offered at the feet of Thine! May that little love be dedicated to Thee and none else but Thee alone! That is my only prayer, the only desire.

No other ambition do I cherish. This is my only prayer, O my compassionate Lord!



103. NOTHING LIKE MINE!

'How is it that you sing so sweet, O dear flute, what is the significance of your sweetness?' asked someone from the arbour.

'There is no wonder about it,' replied the flute. 'I have surrendered unreservedly and that is the significance of my sweetness.'

The judicious gentle listener consented.

I ponder and concentrate over those utterances and become bewildered by the significance they disclose. You are completely conscious of my everyday life. Nevertheless when you too enquire of the same, my answer would be that I have nothing like mine.



104. LABOUR MAY SUCCEED

Imagine the beautiful blissful art of the morning twilight! The task at her discretion was very difficult. Yet even dwelling in the midst of hostile atmosphere she completed it.

The gardener too delicately decorated the whole garden with supreme sweetness.

The musician and the sculptor also manifested the melodies of beauty, peace and pleasure.

Many a lotus in the adjacent lake blossomed and beautifying the forest danced merrily.

Just like them all, the meagre or mighty forces equipped with enthusiasm persevere to make the world tranquil, prosperous and heavenly. Their indefatigable labour may be crowned with success and in that noble task my life may be helpful. That is my earnest prayer this sacred magnificent morning!



105. MY LAND

Liberate my land from all the fetters of misery, poverty and slavery,
O my Merciful and Ever-liberated! Let it be wealthy with prosperity,
wisdom, good conduct and virtuous actions! May me auspicious, celestial
country favourite even to the gods acquire freedom from all bondages!

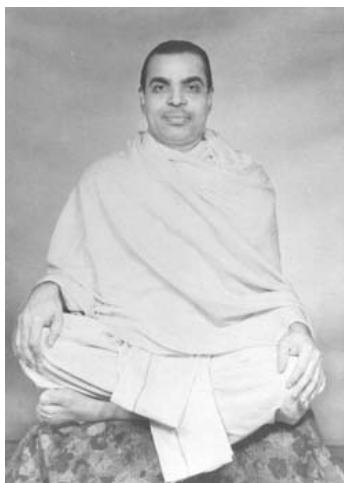
The fresh breeze of the spring's early morning pervades
everywhere as an angel and fills freshness. Similarly fill the sluggish with
freshness and impart life to the lifeless, O my Merciful and Ever-liberated!
Wave incense before the poor, mean and contempered and embrace
eternally those that are forsaken and forlorn.

May every country on this earth, small or great, happy or unhappy,
get freedom from all the bondages of slavery. Enrich the humanity with
sweetness and service. Sacrifice my little life for the noble mission.

Liberate my land from all the fetters of misery, poverty and slavery,
O my Merciful and Ever-liberated! May my auspicious, celestial country,
favourite even to the gods acquire freedom from all the bondages!

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About the Author



Mahatma Shri Yogeshwarji was a self-realized saint, an accomplished yogi, an excellent orator and an above par spiritual poet and writer. In a fascinating life spanning more than six decades, Shri Yogeshwarji trod the unknown intricate path of spiritual attainments single handedly and put immense faith in the tenderheartedness of God in the form of Mother Goddess.

Shri Yogeshwarji dared to dream of attaining heights of spirituality without guidance of any embodied spiritual master and thus defied popular myths prevalent among the seekers of spiritual path. He blazed an illuminating path for others to follow.

Born to a poor Brahmin farmer in a small village near Ahmedabad in Gujarat, Shri Yogeshwarji lost his father at the tender age of 9. He was taken to a Hindu orphanage in Mumbai for further studies. However, God's wish was to make him pursue a different path. He left for Himalayas early in his youth at the age of 20 and thereafter made holy Himalayas his abode for penance for nearly two decades. During his stay there, he came across a number of known and unknown saints and sages. He was blessed by divine visions of many deities and highly illumined souls like Raman Maharshi, Sai Baba of Shirdi among others.

Yogeshwarji's experiences in spirituality were vivid, unusual and amazing. He succeeded in scaling the highest peak of self-realization

resulting in direct communication with the Almighty. He was also blessed with extraordinary spiritual powers (siddhis) illustrated in ancient Yogic scriptures. After achieving full grace of Mother Goddess, he started to share the nectar for the benefit of mankind. He traveled to various parts of India as well as abroad on spiritual mission where he received enthusiastic welcome.

He wrote more than 100 books on various subjects and explored all form of literature. His autobiography 'Prakash Na Panthe' - much sought after by spiritual aspirants worldwide, is translated in Hindi as well as English. A large collection of his lectures in form of audio cassettes are also available.

For more than thirty years, Yogeshwarji kept his mother (Mataji Jyotirmayi) with him and thus became a living example of well known Sanskrit adage 'Matru Devo Bhava' (Mother is a form of God). Yogeshwarji was known among saints of his time as Matrubhakta Mahatma. Mataji Jyotirmayi left for heavenly abode in 1980 after receiving exemplary services at the hands of Yogeshwarji and Maa Sarveshwari at Bhavnagar.

Shri Yogeshwarji left his physical body on March 18th 1984, while delivering a lecture at Laxminarayan Temple, Kandiwali in Mumbai. Shri Yogeshwarji left behind him a spiritual legacy in the form of Maa Sarveshwari, who is now looking after his manifold benevolent activities.

It has been ages since we have come across a saint of Yogeshwarji's caliber and magnitude. His manifestation will continue to provide divine inspiration for the generations to come.



Books by the same Author

Articles	Aradhana Atma Ni Amrutvani Chintamani Dhyan Sadhana Essence of Gita (Eng) Gita Tatva Vichar Jivan Vikas Na Sopan Prabhu Prapti No Panth Prathana Sadhana Chhe Sadhana Tirth Yatra Yog Mimansa
Autobiography	Prakash na Panthe (Full & abridged) Prakash Path Ka Yatri (Hindi) Steps towards Eternity (Eng)
Bhajans	Aalap Aarti Abhipsa Dhyuti Prasad Swargiya Soor Tulsi Dal
Biography Comments	Bhagwan Raman maharshi - Jivan Ane Karya Brahma Sutra Gita Darshan Gita Nu Sangeet Gita Sandesh Ishavasyopanishad Upanishad Nu Amrut Prem Bhakti Ni Pagdandi (Comments on Narad Bhakti Sutra) Srimad Bhagvat Yog Darshan
Divine Experiences Inspirational Incidents	Divya Anubhutiyo Shreya Ane Sadhana Shreya Aur Sadhana (Hindi) Dhup Sugandh Kali Ma Thi Phool Mahabharat Na Moti Parab Na Pani Sant Samagam Satsang Sant Saurabh
Letters Novel	Himalay Na Patro Aag Agni Pariksha Gopi Prem Kadav Ane Kamal Kaya Kalpa Krishna Rukmini Parabhav Ni Preet Raksha Samarpan - I & II Parikshit Parimal Preet Purani Prem Ane Vasana Raseshwari Uttarpath Yoganuyog
Poems	Akshat Anant Soor Bindu Gandhi Gaurav Sai Sangeet Sanatan Sangeet Tarpan Tunes unto the Infinite - I & II
Poetic Renderings	Chandi Path Ramcharitmanas Ramayan Darshan Saral Gita Shiv Mahimna Stotra Shiv Parvati Prasang Sundar Kand Vishnu Sahastra Naam

**Question &
Answer**

Quotes

Songs

Short stories

Lecture Text

Translation

Adhyatma No Arka | Dharma No Marma |

Dharma No Sakshatkar | Ishwar Darshan

Parabadi | Sarva Mangal

Phool wadi | Himalaya Amaro | Rashmi |

Smruti

Roshani

Amar Jivan | Karma Yog | Patanjali Yog

Darsahan

Raman Maharshi Ni sukhad Sannidhi Ma |

Bharat Na Adhyatmik Rahasya Ni Khoj Ma |

Himgiri Ma yogi



*Where there is spirit to climb
No mountain is too high.*



-Shri Yogeshwarji

For more information
On the life & works of
Shri Yogeshwarji



Please visit
www.swargarohan.org

