



**THE LIGHT OF DEVOTION, OF
KNOWLEDGE, OF BRAHMA**

K V S RAMA RAO

THE LIGHT OF DEVOTION OF KNOWLEDGE OF BRAHMA

***GURU SIDDHA NATH'S LOTUS
FEET SERVANT***

KVS RAMA RAO

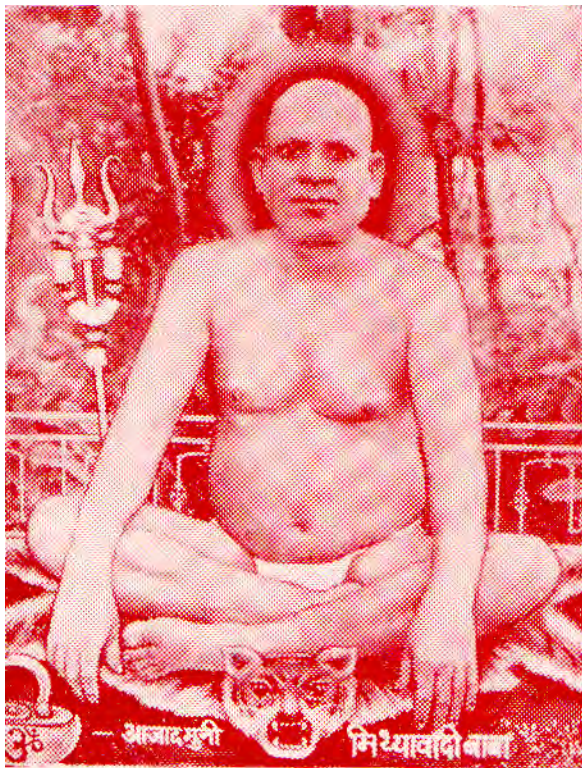
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KNOWLEDGE OF BRAHMA**
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THE LIGHT OF DEVOTION OF KNOWLEDGE OF BRAHMA



***Azad Muni Baba**

He is the Guru of Bhuvani Nath. He has many names. He is known as *Mithyawadi Baba, *Masthana Jogi, *Mouni Baba and *Baba Saheb. He is the author's Pardada Guru (Greatgrand Guru or Guru's Guru's Guru). He wrote many books in Hindi.

(*See Glossary)



Guru Bhuvani Nath

He is the Guru of Siddha Nath. He is the disciple of Azad Muni Baba. He is the author's Dada Guru (Grand Guru or Guru's Guru).



Guru Siddha Nath

He is the author's Guru. He is the disciple of Guru Bhuvani Nath. He is also known as Kanhaiah Ram Nath. He calls Himself as Kanhaiah Ramdas. He is addressed by people as Kaniram. By His grace, the author wrote this book.



Nava Nath

These are the Nine Natha Yogis of Natha Sampradayam established by Adi Guru (the first and foremost Guru) Lord Dattatreya. Guru Matsyendra Nath is the disciple of Guru Dattatreya and Guru Goraksha Nath is the disciple of Guru Matsyendra Nath. Adi Nath (the first and foremost Nath Yogi) is Lord Shiva. The author's Guru belongs to this lineage.

Table of Contents

S. No.	Description	Page No.
1.	Part One	9
2.	Part Two	45
3.	Part Three	79
4.	Part Four	114
5.	Part Five	150
6.	Glossary	186

Part One

THE LIGHT OF DEVOTION OF KNOWLEDGE OF BRAHMA (Part-1)

This work to my Guru I have dedicated,
By His grace it was meditated,
Containing 108 poems of a divine necklace.
Initially I named it as 'The True Guru's Grace.'
My Guru gave the present title
And said, "This work to the Impersonal God I entitle."
It is difficult to count
The divine necklaces; at His lotus feet, I mount,
Because His grace is paramount.

Guru Siddha Nath's lotus feet servant
(Rama Rao Das)

OM GURAVE NAMAHA
OM TAT SAT

1

Lord Brahma lost,
Lord Vishnu lost,
Lost are Lord Sesha and Mathaji's Lord.

The knowledge of the *Gita*, too,
So are the *Vedas*, the *Koran* and the *Bible* too,
But victory for the Guru's word.

2

Never question your Mentor,
But surrender, surrender, surrender.

3

There is no place for logic
Where there is the Guru's magic.

4

He is thine Guru true
Who sees you through;
Who is always with you;
He is thine Guru true.

5

These hands have done many a wrong.
Now for the touch of the Guru's lotus feet they long;
By that, they get purification,
And my heart gets satisfaction.

6

Some poems do come from my heart;
It is not that I am smart,
Nor is it my ego—
Lost at the Guru's lotus feet long ago.
It's no emotion
That hath roots in devotion,
But the Guru's grace, grace, grace
And His love for love's face.

7

Many a wrong did my mind,
At the Guru's lotus feet solace I find.
In Him, my heart I bind,
Then bliss I find, find, find.

8

When the Guru is near,
For the Guru thou dost shed tears,
He becomes thine dear.
Thou hast no fear

When His speech you hear.
For Him thy heart does wear,
To His lotus feet thy hands adhere,
Thy head becomes crystal clear,
Then thou art the Guru's dear
And Govinda's very dear.
Thou dost see Guru and Govinda right here,
Very near and quite clear.

9

On thee, no disaster does dare to fall;
Always for the Guru thine heart does call.
He is thine soul pal,
He is God in all,
All in all and above all.

10

Om is the letter absolute,
Guru is the truth absolute,
He is the consciousness absolute,
He is the bliss absolute,
He is the absolute for absolute,
He is the Om and more than Om.

11

As I hear my Guru's kind tone,
Neither am I lonely nor alone.

12

By a disciple's duty,
Shines the Guru's beauty.
His wrath;
The most dreaded wrath.
His grace;
The most blessed grace.
His pleasure;
A disciple's treasure,
None can measure.

13

All the forces in the three worlds will do no harm
If thou hast the Guru's charm.
He is God in form.
By His grace, I got calm.

14

At worldly duties my body perspires;
Then I sink deep in despair.
When my Guru's speech inspires,
The world meseems in despair.

15

If the Guru true uses on you His stick,
Why not it be even dust to lick?
Never think of shame;

It's only endless fame.
A mother uses the stick
For children to click.

16

My obeisance to the Guru mine,
My respectful salutations to the Divine,
And at my Guru Kanhaiah Ramdas' lotus feet fine.
My obeisance at the lotus feet of the Fore-Gurus of mine.

17

I had teachers many—
Like my Guru true, any?
They're after one thing—money.
He's the One in many.
They taught me matter finite;
He makes me God Infinite.
I found myself a fool,
To compare, I have no tool;
How to compare a tiny ant
With the mighty elephant.

18

God is the ultimate to be thought.
The Guru is the ultimate to be sought.
Love is the ultimate to be brought.
The Guru's feet are the ultimate to be caught.
Fame is the ultimate to be bought.

The Guru's service is the ultimate to be fought.
Then peace our lives
Find, so are five fives,
Peace to Him
And not to Him.
All merged in Him.
He is all in all
And above all.

19

Neither do I have a master's degree
Nor do I have a bachelor's degree,
But I taught myself to be carefree.
With me, scientists don't agree,
'Cause I'm neither a doctor
Nor am I a professor.
But all education the world possesses,
My Guru's grace compresses.
These poems of my heart
Surely a mastery of art,
At grammar they may fail,
But true devotion ever they hail.

20

Betwixt the Guru and God,
"I prefer Guru," says God.
He is mother, father, and friend.
Thus is the blessed trend.

On Guru's love my soul does bend,
For poetry, there is no end.

21

Science is not always apt
'Cause some scientists are corrupt;
Their projects are bankrupt.
Science can neither interrupt
Belief, nor it can disrupt.

22

Mother Nature creates babies in the womb,
Scientists change it to a baby's tomb;
Truth they never try to comb,
But they make an atom bomb.

23

Darwin became a foolish donkey
To declare his forefather a monkey;
In God, they have no belief,
So they never get relief.

24

My eyes long for the Guru's majestic walk,
My ears long for His melodious talk.
If thou hast His smile,
None can beat thee in style.

God keeps top most thy file
If thou dost bear the Guru's trial.

25

These works of my heart's feat—
They came from my Guru's seat.
With Him, when I could meet,
Only my Guru can say if they're neat.
These truths no heart can beat;
I offer at my Guru, Kanhaiah Ramdas' lotus feet.

26

Seek no Guru selfish.
Take him to be devilish;
By taking your cash,
He will give you ash.
As seeking peace in wealth
Spoils only your health,
Is an effort in vain,
Multiplies only your pain.
The world sees you in stain,
It's a woes' train,
You're bonded in time's chain.

27

Oh! my Guru holy!
I love You truly!
You are a saint in truth;

I met You in my youth.
It is my life You demand,
Gladly I respect Your command.

28

He is my divine soul.
There is no play foul
In my thought, word, and deed;
It's absolute truth indeed.

29

For Guru I cry,
To Him I fly,
For Him I try,
For Him I die,
To the world, I say bye.
You know why—
There truth does lie.

30

My Guru says,
“Never mind, you smoke,
But thy nose into others, never poke,
It is not a joke;
People, like frogs, croak
As their throats choke.
Chase them with a spoke,
Thus the wise spoke.”

31

My Guru says,
“Never mind, you booze,
But never let your character lose.
Thy heart with God you fuse,
Never become a silly goose.
All wine will automatically diffuse,
This body is a refuse.
Do My sermons confuse?
Never your queries I refuse.
In My Guru I take refuge.”

Thus I reply,
“By Your grace, them I use,
But never dare to misuse.”

32

Hate none,
'Tis no fun.
Love all—
Is God's call.
Keep silent,
Lest you lament;
Lest you faint;
'Tis the Guru's comment—
You get God's compliment.

33

A hundred poems that I commenced—
Not even half, I am convinced;
I found myself run out of letters,
But my love for the Guru becomes better.
As my heart for the Guru's love does long,
Words will themselves throng.

34

Where people are busy,
There I was very lazy.
About God, when I was crazy,
Meeting the Guru came easy;
Now my soul is cozy.

35

Those lives have a meaning,
Whose minds have done cleaning,
Whose heads at the Guru's feet leaning,
Whose faces by the Guru's grace gleaming.
Those lives have a meaning.

36

The Guru's words are the *Vedas*' sublime,
His words are the *Bible's* line,
His words are the *Koran's* outline.
His words are the *Holy Song of the Lord*,

His words are sharper than a sword.
He is the individual soul,
He is the Universal Soul,
He is the One in all
And more than all.

37

Feel for the Guru with emotion—
What's emotion without devotion?
It puts God in motion;
He gives you promotion.

38

Let destiny put me in a deep well,
Or in Yama's hell
Where departed souls dwell.
By Your grace, all is well.

39

Let fate put me in a tavern,
Or in heaven, else in a cavern.
I know by Your grace,
I can easily face.
Fate will lose in the race,
Only God can trace.

40

Leaving me are thirst and hunger,
Relieving me are lust and anger,
Love and bliss I feel,
Increasing are patience and zeal.
As my love for You gets stronger,
No wonder, it makes me live longer.

41

My education found its worth
When in praise of my Guru I put it forth;
As I write these poems, while facing the North,
My Guru gets endless fame henceforth.

42

I'd been timid and cold;
Since Your lotus feet gold
My hands did hold,
I've become brave and bold.

43

I never allow my hands to fold
Before anybody, I'm told,
If my body be sold
Or if my head be rolled,
I never allow my hands to fold,
As my hands did hold

The Guru's lotus feet gold.

44

Let my head bleed,
I never plead.
This is my Guru's order
That I honour.
This is my pledge
For His knowledge.

45

These poems to some people I showed,
They loudly laughed, laughed and laughed.
They asked, "Poems or prose?
Any of them is like a rose?"
And said, "They are bad,"
And called me mad.

Unless you're mad about God,
There is no other way to God.
I know how to fare,
By my Guru's grace, I don't care.

46

Knowledge contains both good and bad.
The bad is taken by fools who are mad;
The wise take only the good with their minds fixed,
Like royal swans sip only milk though the water be mixed.

47

My life was dark like midnight,
Through knowledge, He gives me light.
He removed my plight
By His kindly sight;
I've become very bright.
Reaching life's height
Will only be His might.

48

This world gave me fright.
His lotus feet ever in my sight;
Against the world, when I fight,
The world seems to me light.
My Guru is always right.

49

My Guru wears clothes white,
To make sure He reflects light,
On the knowledge packed tight.
All my poetry is His right.

50

His left hand is always on my shoulder right;
Fear is afraid of me, even at night.
Ever I win by His grace,
Whatever be the case.

Time has accepted his defeat,
As I tightly hold His lotus feet.

51

By the Guru's grace, have I experienced ever
The most dreadful diseases and fever?
My mind grows old and wise,
My body grows otherwise.
Death has to seek His permission
To get me into his submission.
As my Guru's blessing
Makes God me embracing.

52

Husband is to woman
What Guru is to man.
If she does her husband worry,
Her life will be sorry.
But by pleasing her husband,
She makes the gods disband.

53

The Guru's left hand is on man's right shoulder;
The husband's left hand is on woman's right shoulder.
This shows the relation of a marital bond;
Is neither like the biological bond of fish in a pond,
Nor like the biochemical bond of animals on land.

Each making the other happy, both get salvation—
This is one of my Guru's greatest revelations.

54

Who are bold,
To equally hold
Stone and gold—
Him, they can behold.

55

These poems, a few,
Are truths I knew.
In my Guru's view,
They're ancient and not new;
I just renew and review.

56

My Guru's home is simple:
'Tis the church and temple,
'Tis the Sikhs' gurudwara,
'Tis the saints' Haridwar;
It has the Ganges' sacred influence,
'Tis the three holy rivers' confluence,
'Tis the synagogue and mosque—
Reaching it is the greatest task.

57

Sans my Guru, my life is lame;
If I fail, my Guru is not to blame.
My heart is burning like a flame;
In my heart, His picture I frame.
I claim neither name nor fame—
‘The Guru’s lotus feet’ is all that I claim!
All that I claim! All that I claim!

58

They’re the blest;
Who have the teacher best.
They get no birth next;
Thus says the holy text.

59

When you love the opposite sex,
Your mind is in a flux,
And you think sex
Is life’s apex;
Your heart on the Guru’s lotus feet does flex—
Liberation is its reflex.

60

True love is not virtue and vice;
True love is own soul’s advice.
True love is not enjoyment or avarice;

True love is self-sacrifice.
Devotion with dedication is only its price.

61

Seeking unselfish love is not greed;
Isn't got by one sex, caste or creed.
All are most welcome;
Immortal you sure become.
To this, the saints agreed,
And you are freed.

62

My heart to the Guru, I lend;
His grace that I do intend.
Towards Him, I do tend;
God to me, He does send.

63

My Guru is great;
Never think you're too late.
All is caused by fate;
God hasn't opposed it, to date,
But the true Guru can alter the fate.

64

No doubt, his soul is churned out, at any rate,
Whoever studies by heart these poems 108.

Surely, he flies to his true Guru straight;
His Guru removes his heart's weight.
Both become each other's soul mate,
Because my Guru is always great.

65

To express my love, language is no barrier,
'Cause my Guru is my heart's carrier.
My service to Him decides my career.
In His youth, He was a warrior.
He claims my Dada Guru is superior;
Before my Dada Guru, God is inferior.
Because God had committed,
To His devotee He submitted—
This God Himself has admitted.

66

Steal never;
Complain about others never;
Don't think of others' wives ever;
Don't speak untruth ever.

67

My Guru, His duties, never missed;
On others, He never stressed.
My faults, I ever confessed;
Then me, my Guru kissed;
I found myself blessed.

68

When on God I did meditation profound,
My mind went round and round.
Then, twice in dreams, my Guru I found;
Then I searched if dreams have any truth sound,
But my search for Him was bound.
Later, through my friend, I heard His sound,
Because His mercy has no bound;
By His grace, He was found.

69

Whether I'm in a playground;
Or in a burial ground,
All seems to me sound;
As I see my Guru all around,
And His grace has no bound.

70

Sip a bottle of whisky,
Never let your tongue get husky;
Truth is not at all risky,
As the Guru's grace covers the sky.

71

In my dreams, I saw Him twice,
I started these after meeting Him twice.
The first 108 are completed after meeting Him thrice;

My poems have His advice;
Each poem is beyond price.

72

My Guru is the one without a second;
Sans His mercy I can't live even for a second.
Seconds seem ages in His absence;
Ages seem seconds in His presence.

73

If you think the words are of a pedagogue,
Like a dialogue or a monologue;
There's no doubt, you'll be a rogue.
It is He that people seek in a synagogue.

74

Who speaks aloud,
He gathers a crowd;
He becomes highly proud.
There he is not allowed.

75

When my Guru put
His sacred right foot
Into my residence,
It became the home of providence.

76

Scientists are after the Nobel prize,
It gives me no surprise.
My Guru's service is my enterprise,
It offers me God as prize.

77

Logic is on God's back.
It is *maya*'s pack
That hard to crack;
It leads thee to the wrong track.
How can one look at one's own back?
Hence God's merciful sight you lack,
Soon you will grope in ignorance black.

78

My Guru says,
"He has no place in logic,
As logic lacks God's music.
There is no God's voice;
It's only an empty noise."

79

My Guru always begs God to give Him this:
"Oh God, please give all beings
Their required and wishful things;
If anything is left,

You give Me that.”

I always beg God to give me this:

“Oh God, please give my Guru eternal fame,
By that, people know once again, Your name,
It only multiplies Your infinite fame.”

80

Root of deity; the form of the Guru.

Root of repetition; the word of the Guru.

Root of worship; the lotus feet of the Guru.

Root of liberation; the grace of the Guru.

Root of work; the service of the Guru.

Root of pilgrimage; the residence of the Guru.

Root of purification; the presence of the Guru.

Root of immortality; the merciful sight of the Guru.

81

By a son's duty,

Shines the parents' beauty.

By a wife's duty,

Shines the husband's beauty.

By a servant's duty,

Shines the master's beauty.

82

By people's duty,

Shines the country's beauty.

By a king's duty,
Shines truth's beauty.
By a devotee's duty,
Shines beauty's beauty.
By the Guru's duty,
Shines God's beauty.

83

I visited places various;
I met people numerous;
Some were famous,
But all were nervous.
None suited my mentality—
Parents neither, grandparents nor,
Brothers neither, sisters nor,
Uncles neither, aunts nor,
Girlfriends neither, women nor,
Friends neither, foes nor,
Teachers neither, co-students nor,
Superiors neither, subordinates nor....
None, none, none suited my mentality,
But I found myself of my Guru's mentality.
My Guru and I are One and the same;
There's no difference, except in name.

84

'Tis not I who do write;
'Tis my Guru who does write;

I am His instrument to write.
He is unable to read and write
Because He is an illiterate;
But by Him that was known
By knowing which all is known;
Nothing else remains to be known—
What if He is unable to read and write?
When I am His instrument to read and write.

85

Have a cigarette puff,
But never cough;
Do not laugh.
Let truth be your mental stuff,
To others never bluff.
For practice, it is tough,
Because truth is always rough.

86

Lord Krishna, Jesus, Allah – with Whom do I band?
The heavens, the earth, hell – where do I land?
The *Koran*, the *Bible*, the *Vedas* – where do I stand?
It is very difficult to understand;
Only after getting Guru true, I understand.
He is knowledge and duties' end;
He is love and devotions' end;
That is what I understand.
With my Guru's lineage, I myself band.

87

To the Guru I pray,
With Him I stay,
With Him I play,
At His lotus feet I lay,
Him I never betray,
Untruth I never say,
Beings I never slay.
This is the way
And wisdom's ray.
I win every day.

88

In a fray,
Who's whose prey?
Never say
Like an ass' bray;
Never lick clay
Lest you decay
And lose the day;
From truth you stray.

89

Murder, rape and betrayal of the Guru are the most sinful crimes.
Betrayal of the Guru is the crime of crimes.
Untruth is the root cause of all crimes.
God may forgive all crimes,

Except the betrayal of the Guru, the most dreaded of crimes.

90

Saints speak only once,
Truth is said only once,
A daughter is married only once,
The true Guru is got only once,
Freedom, too, is got only once.

91

The true Guru is only one,
The minute indweller is only one,
The Eternal Father is only one,
Never ending bliss is only one,
Endless love is only one,
Infinite consciousness is only one,
Original life is only one,
Absolute cause is only one,
God is only one,
True religion is only one
And we all are only one.

92

If the Guru's grace is won,
Life's struggle is won.
If the mind is won,
All is won.

93

By His grace ever I win,
By His grace fate I spin,
By His grace logic I pin,
By His grace, science seems thin,
By His grace, I do no sin,
By His grace, me seems, God is in,
By His grace, I see no twin,
By His grace, at the world I grin.

94

Never look at the Guru what He doth;
Look if He speaks the truth.
Then search Him if He has seen the truth.
Then accept Him as the Guru in truth.

Never look at the Guru what He doth;
Then He shows the way to truth.
Remember, you yourself have to see the truth;
He only shows the way to the truth.

95

My Guru's hand is always up, giving blessing;
Charity is not at all His begging;
True love is only, His begging.
You may offer Him whatever you like;
He accepts that, as He does like
To see your soul being liked.

He does work to earn His living handy,
Even at the age of more than eighty.

96

The tongue is that repeats the words of the Guru;
The mind is that thinks of the Guru;
The body is that serves the Guru;
The head is that touches the lotus feet of the Guru;
The heart is that loves the Guru.

97

Life is that finds the true Guru.
Bliss is that got by the grace of the true Guru.
Luck is what makes one meet the true Guru.
Time is that passed in the presence of the Guru.
Order is that given by the Guru.
Education is that attained through the Guru.
Man is that fit to be the true Guru.
Birth is that leads to the true Guru.

98

My *Pardada* Guru said, "Look at untruth;
Even in untruth, there is truth.
The moment you open the mouth
You have lost the truth."
He always kept silence;
In that, His mind was in balance.
Similarly, He saw possible in impossible.

His approach was always positive,
And life was made constructive.

99

When my pen is running free,
My Guru says to me,
“Your *Pardada* Guru is making you write
These true poems bright.
He Himself was well proficient
In Hindi, and was a poet efficient.”

100

Never let yourself attempt—
Magic, witchcraft; whatever that may tempt.
Never let yourself attempt—
Meditation, pranayama; whatever that may tempt.
Never let yourself attempt—
Yogasanas, healing; whatever that may tempt.
Never let yourself attempt—
Kundalini, chakras; whatever that may tempt.
Never let yourself attempt—
Following Gurus, babas; whatever that may tempt.
Never let yourself attempt,
Unless you understand God’s fundamental;
Lest you, sure, admit in a hospital mental.

101

The Guru’s advice—never cross;

Destroy your pros and cons;
Never try to walk across;
Hardly known is the Guru's 'mass.'

102

Never corrupt mind with a girl,
It is better to go to a call girl;
You may become hard as brass
And don't behave like a silly ass,
These truths you may toss;
Make sure yourself you cannot cross.

103

If you think wife,
Money and enjoyment are life,
You're cutting the heart with a knife.
Know, animals and plants too, have life
If you blame this on God,
Fate turns you into the reverse of God.

104

In the present world of fray,
Who's whose prey?
People are politicians' prey;
The innocent are priests' prey;
Children are selfish teachers' prey;
The poor are the rich's prey;
Women are lust's prey;

Man is his own mind's prey;
The mind is ignorance's prey;
The illiterate are the educated's prey;
The weak are the strong's prey;
Believers are deceivers' prey;
Truth is the opportunists' prey;
Belief is logic's prey;
Justice is power's prey;
Science is money's prey;
In this world of fray,
Who's whose prey?
Know, all is time's prey.

105

I require no stethoscope;
I need no horoscope;
For them, there is no scope,
As my Guru's mercy is my superscope.

106

Never think all is cash;
Cash will leave in a flash.
Your body turns finally into ash;
Then where should cash dash?
And know where you dash.
Hence, with religions, never clash;
You should encash Dharma by cash.
To establish Dharma, even God should dash.

107

Never behave with temper rash;
Except God and Guru, all is trash.
To your Guru, you should dash;
Be quick, before thy life's time does crash.
To your Guru true you should dash;
Be quick, before thy life's time does smash.

108

It is my Guru's push;
To your Guru, you've to rush,
Before your forefathers become flush.
Be quick, before time will crush.
By God, I was pushed;
To my Guru true, I rushed.

OM TAT SAT

Salutations to the shoes of Guru Siddha Nath

Part Two

THE LIGHT OF DEVOTION OF KNOWLEDGE OF BRAHMA (Part-2)

This work to my Guru I have dedicated,
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Containing 108 poems of a divine necklace.
Initially I named it as 'The True Guru's Grace.'
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It is difficult to count
The divine necklaces; at His lotus feet, I mount,
Because His grace is paramount.

Guru Siddha Nath's lotus feet servant
(Rama Rao Das)

*OM GURAVE NAMAHA
OM TAT SAT*

1

God is always silent;
In that, He is content.
When your mind is in balance,
You can break His silence.

2

You are the ever-glowing spark,
Sprung from the Divine love-park;
People, like dogs, always bark—
Do barking dogs ever make the lion remark?
So strike the mark,
And leave the dark.

3

Let filmy heroes and heroines act;
To their tune, I never react.
Them I never try to contact,
'Cause they are heroes in act.
I am the hero in fact.
I have the wit and tact;
My Guru is my established fact.
Only to His tone, I act and react.

4

Divine love fever you'll contract,
If from experience, truth you extract.
Then with you, God will make a pact,
Because His love is not compact.

5

Speak ever truth plain;
About others never complain.
Others' wives, never desire;
Know stealing is envy's fire.

6

You have no envy;
You have no enemy.
Love is your trend,
God is your friend.

7

God is not in the wood;
He is there in the food.
He is beyond books;
He is beyond looks.
Cannot be got by hook or crook.
Him His devotees took;
Only their hands He shook,
In the times past,

In their births last.
He knows no caste;
Get Him fast.
It is your turn last;
His mercy is very, very vast.
Love and duty He does wish;
Both must be unselfish.

8

He is His devotees' slave,
'Cause of Him they're highly brave;
For His mercy they always crave.
Their lives never become grave.

9

To His devotees' earnest call,
From Heaven He does fall.
Although they're under a difficult wave,
Even their hairs you cannot shave,
Because them He always does save.

10

In His love, I forgot even today's date;
You see, how changed is my fate?
Here some poems I state;
That convey my mental state.

11

While working with a tool,
Or while passing a stool,
Me nothing can fool;
Me my Guru always does rule.

12

While praying to the dead,
Or while sleeping in a bed,
Or when my body is fed,
Or when my face is red,
Or when I earn my bread,
Always by my Guru I am led.

13

While drenching myself in rain,
Or while travelling in a train,
Or while passing through a lane,
Or while flying in a plane,
Nothing can change my mental plane,
As I am established in the truth plain.

14

While drinking in a bar,
Or while driving a car,
Or while wandering in the lands afar,
Or while waging a war,

Me nothing can mar,
'Cause my Guru is beyond par.

15

While watching an actor,
Or while meeting a doctor,
Or while solving a vector,
Or while riding a tractor,
Or while using a protractor,
Or while considering a safety factor,
I see my Guru as the real factor.

16

While swallowing a pill,
Or while paying a bill,
Or while working in a mill,
Or while doing daily drill,
Or while climbing a hill,
Or while testing my skill,
Or when I am ill,
Or when I feel thrill,
Nothing can change my will,
As my Guru makes me still.

17

When I'm in a mess,
Or when I'm in a bus,
Or when I'm in a fuss,

Me, nothing can truss.

18

While watching a stunt,
Or when I'm in a battle front,
Me, nothing can shunt,
Me, nothing can blunt,
My Guru is always leading from the front.

19

While working on a lathe,
Or when I do bathe,
Nothing can change my faith,
'Cause in the Guru's love ever, I swim and bathe.

20

While working in my department,
Or while travelling in a general compartment,
Or while enjoying in a posh apartment,
Or while receiving a hearty compliment,
Nothing gives me astonishment,
'Cause ever with my Guru, I have attachment.

21

Let truth be your speech,
Let righteousness never breach,
Practice what parents teach,

Next, what the true Guru does preach.
Their services ever you beseech,
Then satisfy guests each,
By that, thee God does reach.

22

My Guru says,
“Mother, the first teacher,
Father, the next preacher,
Then the true Guru be sought.
By that, God is easily brought.”

23

If you stand in a queue,
You’ll get things few,
And you’ll hear, “Things are due,”
Through experience, this I knew.

24

You get no chance,
However you may dance.
If you have powers,
People adore you with flowers.
If you have money,
You’ll rule nations many.
When thy life fate does break,
People will say you’re fake.
Let truth you make,

Though it is hard to take,
For your self-sake.

25

Essentials are given through ration,
I can't understand government's notion.
Who is feeding all beings at their requirement?
Who is moving the world seems in confinement?
His resources never cease,
He knows no word lease,
He gives the cool breeze,
His palms He does never grease.
He demands no fees,
He knows no ration and caution,
He knows no fashion and motion.
He is silent and always content;
He is the Ruler indeed.
The rest are rulers absorbed in greed.
He wants neither name, nor fame;
Our rulers have no shame.

26

Until now, people said "Shakespeare is great."
Now they say, "I'm great"
Because I have no fear;
And my Guru knows in God's sphere,
Easily beaten is Shakespeare.
Now with pen thy heart I spear,

As Jesus' heart, they did spear.

27

Shakespeare wrote on mutual love;
I write on divine love.
His love fires avarice,
My love shows self-sacrifice;
His subject makes you practise greed,
By my subject, you are living but freed.

28

After the death of my father,
I met my Eternal father;
This is caused by our Father,
This pleased even my grandfathers;
Enjoying are my forefathers.

29

Seers of truth are poets,
They never sing filmy duets;
Their poems are not truthless,
They will never be ruthless.
Thy heart's pain their poems lessen;
It is for us to learn a lesson.

30

By praising my Guru true,
Do you know Who is praised the most?
Do you know Who is pleased the most?
He is the Guru ancient;
He is the Guru foremost;
He is the Guru everywhere;
He is the Guru ever present.

31

A man you ain't,
If you become a saint;
Never you faint,
Thee nothing can taint;
A man you ain't,
You're a saint.

32

They are the learned,
If wisdom they earned;
To the Guru they turned,
God they churned,
Untruth they spurned,
Ego they burned,
To heaven they returned;
They are the learned.

33

My Guru says,
“Oh! My son, do marry;
Do marry and make merry;
If you don’t marry,
You will be sorry.
Life is difficult to carry;
Thee, truth may worry.
No liberation, of course,
If there is no intercourse.”

34

God is not in stone;
He is there in the Guru’s tone.
Even a stone becomes God
If your mind is broad.

35

My Guru can count only up to nine;
His polished manners are superbly fine.
I understand Him by His sign,
As His lotus feet are mine, mine, only mine.

36

My Guru, with difficulty, knows number ten;
None can beat my pen.
He doesn’t know numbers from eleven;

I am unbeaten even in heaven.

37

People are like crows;
Stand in zigzag rows.
Crows say, “Caw! Caw! Caw!”
People say, “Flaw! Flaw! Flaw!”
Rulers say, “Law! Law! Law!”
This in my life I saw! Saw! Saw!

38

People tear you with their laws,
Like birds with their claws,
Even for your common flaws.
Cut and pass through their each law;
This I learnt observing the hacksaw.

39

To me, words rush and say, “Use me, use me.”
I humbly say, “Please excuse me.”
Then they say, “Use me first; me first.”
And I say, “I cannot satisfy your thirst,
You are my elder brothers,
As I think, all languages are mothers.
You have Mother English’s grace,
With you, I cannot pace.
Gracefully, I cannot space,
With you, I cannot race.

Your meaning, I cannot trace.”

40

People criticize you even for common flaws,
They preach you never-ending laws,
They never understand these laws,
They never see their own flaws.
These laws they always breach,
Yet to others, they always preach.

41

Truth is not a tale
That is on sale.
Practice turns you pale;
In the beginning, you may fail,
But in the end, thee people hail.
The ocean of the world is easy to sail;
You never need to wail.
Forever, you only prevail—
The world follows your trail.

42

My Guru is a peanut vendor;
For people, He is the door-to-door vendor.
For me, He is the God-sender—
Good, even for evil, He always does render.
He is my heart's mender.

At His lotus feet, these poems I humbly tender;
To His lotus feet, body, mind, and wealth, I surrender.

43

There is a park called, 'Diamond.'
There lives a real diamond.
Among saints, He is a diamond.
He spreads knowledge, diamond.

44

"Mother Saraswati resides in the heart," my Guru said.
The foundation for my poetry is laid;
He made my heart melt,
Then these poems are spelt.

45

Lo! The Guru's greatness, the Guru's verse,
Even if repeated in reverse,
Never produces results converse,
Because, to His disciple, He is not averse.

46

For example,
The hunter who put birds in a cage
Became Valmiki, the ancient sage.
In his Guru, the hunter believed;
By his Guru, he was relieved.

47

Once Sage Valmiki gave a curse;
It turned out into a verse.
The curse produced the *Adventures of Rama*;
God had no option but to descend as Lord Rama.

48

Oh, my Guru, You are a seer;
You have no peer.
You are my heart's dear;
Only for You, I have fear.

49

Who cannot put down violence,
What if he preaches non-violence,
Is like a coward taking an anti-terrorism oath,
You'll be a fool if you believe in both.
Emperor Ashoka had put down violence
Before he practiced non-violence.

50

Let your mind grow wise and old;
Let your body grow young and bold.
These are got by wisdom unsold.
If you achieve this, thee none can hold.

51

Know what is devil,
And what turns you evil.
Doubt is devil;
Selfishness turns you evil.

52

If selfishness is out,
And you put down doubt,
Then the devil and evil are out,
And you become a saint, no doubt.

53

When my Guru is true, I did conform;
My heart and mind I did reform.
To the Guru's orders I do conform;
To Him everything I inform.
Worship of His lotus I perform,
Because the Guru is God in form.
Sans His mercy, I myself deform.

54

Don't think of revenge;
Controlling the mind is to avenge.
Never let the mind estrange;
By this, you won't change.
You'll be in God's range;

Divine love is not strange—
This is life's only challenge.

55

My Guru uses the thumb impression.
On me, He made the best impression.
I wonder how He maintains His first impression,
And His last impression is beyond repression.
On me, He made the best impression.

56

By His grace, my foes are under suppression;
By His mercy, I am beyond any compression.
By His love, never I'm in depression,
Because His love is beyond expression.

57

Mecca conveys no message,
If one has no knowledge.
The *Vedas* have no standing,
If one has no understanding.
The Pope means nope,
If one has no hope.

58

God will not save,
If one does not crave.

By the Guru what will be done,
If one's knowledge is undone.
They're all not to blame,
If our wisdom is lame.

59

Enriching with ancient heritage,
Mother English is paid homage.
By people, these poems will be sung,
Though Telugu is my mother tongue.

60

What! Jesus walked on the waters?
Oh! That saint can fly in the air?
For you, they are miracles;
For me, they are goat's testicles!
As you see them amazing,
I feel them damaging.

61

If sought, only the true Guru be sought.
If you couldn't find, be happy in naught;
Recollect Ekalavya, his arrow never missed its target—
Qualities of a true Guru, his Guru did forget.
Ekalavya lost the mastery of archery
Because his Guru was a master of treachery.

62

Don't mind if you are a sinner or thief;
Now give up all activities of mischief.
In lamentation, there is relief;
In God have ever-growing belief;
Surely you will turn over a new leaf.
In the *Gita*, this even God did brief;
Then definitely, you will be chief.

63

Once there was a chaos about the chief.
In heaven, each god came to brief;
Indra said, "I am the chief."
Lord Brahma said, "No. I'm the chief."
Lord Vishnu said, "No. I'm the chief."
Lord Shiva said, "No. I'm the chief."
Each, his qualities, began to brief.....
However, they couldn't decide the chief.
Then came a voice, "Why do you play mischief?
When ego has become your chief,
Know, for certain, that the Guru is the Supreme Chief.
In the Guru, you have no belief,
Hence all of you never find relief.
All of you dance to his beat,
Who worships the Guru's lotus feet.

64

False Gurus lead you to hell,

Everywhere they dwell.
They preach very well;
They make you swell.
You fall in a dark well;
Paper flowers are easy to sell.
They are disguised very well;
No scent if you smell.
Have you got the point I spell?
That's all, I tell and yell.

65

Liberation is the ultimate to be got,
Wisdom is the ultimate to be taught,
Ego is the ultimate to be shot,
Falsehood is the ultimate to be allowed not.

66

Service of the Guru is the ultimate to be wrought,
For women, service of the husband is the ultimate to be wrought.
From any service, nothing should be besought;
Speaking against them is the ultimate to bear not.

67

My sins my Guru made remission;
Completed is my life's mission,
When at His lotus feet I did submission,
With His due permission.

68

Never think death is uncertain;
On Dharma, none can draw curtain.
Dharma and Karma you maintain,
Always God you entertain;
By this God you attain.
Many lives are there to sustain;
This is the wisdom all books contain.

69

Pain, aversion, and heat,
Cold, disease, and defeat,
Pleasure, victory, and health,
Wine, women, and wealth—
They are difficult to withstand.
Them I always did misunderstand;
My Guru makes me understand
And against all odds, to withstand.

70

My Guru wants divine love to commission.
Available is free admission
For all who seek soul transmission;
Unselfishness is the condition for admission.

71

The moment you hate,

Closed is Heaven's gate,
8,400,000 births are your fate.
God resides in both love and hate.
So, if none you hate,
Then you are great.
Thus the wise state.

72

Oh, my Guru, You're my heart's nearest,
You're my heart's closest,
You're my heart's dearest,
Hence, You're the greatest.

73

If the mind is ceased,
The Guru is pleased;
God is seized,
And you're released.

74

If the Guru's lotus feet are praised,
One's ego is razed;
Then the soul is raised
And God is praised.

75

Since at the Guru's lotus feet, I knelt,

Bliss, only bliss, is being felt.
Since at His lotus feet I dwelt,
With me, God—only God—is being dealt.

76

When at His lotus feet my head leant
And to His love my heart bent;
To me, God—only God—is sent.
God is the Guru, as meant.

77

Some cry, “More! More! More!”
Some shout, “Bore! Bore! Bore!”
‘Divine love,’ my poems roar,
‘No mutual love,’ so it may bore.
None can satisfy all,
As none can evade *maya*’s call.

78

Since birth, I’d been forlorn;
At His lotus feet, my ego was torn.
By His love, my heart has been worn,
I find myself reborn.
Thus, the wise are twice born.

79

We all have some drawback.

We fail to see what we lack,
But, with harsh words, others we attack,
And others we always sack.

80

Never let the senses roll;
With the mind, you control.
With intelligence, you patrol;
Then you are on parole.
As a devotee, thee God will enroll;
Then completed is your life's role.

81

My Guru says,
“When you have got hold of the roots,
Why do you run after the shoots?
Explained are the head and tail;
It is for you to understand in detail.”

82

When the Guru's lotus feet are tightly caught,
Know, for certain, that the ego is shot.
When the husband's lotus feet are tightly caught,
The ego of women is shot.

83

Never think you're a fool.

God is seated even in a fool.
He makes and uses the spool,
He makes and uses the working tool.
He is in the worm in a stool,
He lives in the pool,
He gives the warm wool,
He blows the breeze cool.
To Him, He is taught in the school;
By Him, He is taught in the school.
In Him exists the very school;
By His description, He made me a fool—
Of course, everything He does rule.

84

When the gods of Trinity
In their Guru, they attained Unity,
They got Divinity.
By His grace, they obtained Infinity.

85

Mother Anasuya worshiped her husband as God Infinity;
Failed before her were the couples of Trinity.
Trinity begged her to bear them in Unity,
So born was the great Guru Dattatreya, unparalleled in
Divinity.
I bow to His lotus feet and His parents', for their Infinity.

86

Always remember God's advice;
You're not born for avarice.
Fight against injustice and vice,
Though life is the price.
Never mind, everything you sacrifice,
For the All-Pervading One it will suffice
When His advice you practice.
He is always there to give justice.
He never misses His promise;
Unbelievable is His service.
Your next birth will suffice
To offer you more than thrice
For what you now sacrifice.
Hence, fight against injustice and vice.
Never mind if life is the price.
Let yourself be the sacrifice;
Blindly believe in God's advice.

87

Some cheat you with charms, devils or witchcraft.
They put you on a broken raft
To fill their stomachs with graft.
Let them do all or any charm,
No hair of mine can they harm.
Let them send on me the most horrible devil,
Even to my hair, it cannot do evil;
If mine single hair is harmed by all the witchcraft,
"I'm untruth," this I do draft and redraft.

This is my challenge to their any craft,
On me, none can do witchcraft.

88

This is the great vow;
Let people know how
I do make now,
To others never but to truth I bow.
Ever to His lotus feet I do bow,
As He gives me the know-how.

89

Many came and preached; still truth is hidden,
Because all are forbidden,
As all never follow what is bidden.
By *maya*, people are ridden,
Because God is never overridden;
God's lotus feet make *maya* out-ridden.

90

In everything, God is the content;
Even in you, He is latent.
On Him if you are intent,
He Himself will be present.

91

If on God, you are unbent

And you are blatant,
And by *maya* you are rent,
Don't blame my poems content.

92

By my Guru, for you, I'm sent,
Before you, the eternal truth is present.
Make yourself logic to vent;
Hope in God and on God you are bent.

93

They say, "*Maya* is such and such..."
What's the use writing much?
If, God's lotus feet you clutch,
Thee, *maya* cannot touch.

94

What's the use? Going to the temple or church,
When most priests are after dinner and lunch,
Then they seek much and much,
In turn, they offer such crutch.

95

Who goes to the synagogue or mosque,
Where begging is covered with a charity mask,
And most priests have forgotten their task,
Politicians' favour they always bask,

“Charity, charity,” they always ask;
I request them to ask
Their own soul about their task;
Though God does not ask,
To serve Him is our task.

96

They are not freed
Themselves of greed,
How will you be freed?
Have you agreed?

97

Who speak so, “God is such and such,
From God never expect much,
You provide us lunch,
Lest God gives you a punch
And thee, devil will clutch.”
Know they are a jokers’ bunch.

98

When my belly is asking for lunch,
I cannot offer God flowers in a bunch.
Only after having a meal
Love for God and Guru I feel,
With an increased zeal.

99

If God's lotus feet you touch
And the Guru's lotus feet you clutch,
Nothing is needed much;
All is offered in a bunch.

100

What you can offer Him,
When all belongs to Him?
Just praise Him, praise Him,
Pray to Him, with a hymn,
Feel Him and hail Him,
Know every meal is offered by Him.

101

If parents you kick,
And guests you prick,
And to wife you stick,
But for God, you light a wick,
Only dust you'll lick.
Know your mind is sick.

102

Some do a trick,
By that, money they pick.
Always their eyes on your chick,
They think they are highly slick.

103

Truth is not for the timid and cold;
It is for the brave and bold.
Truth, only truth they uphold;
For example, King Harishchandra boldly sold
Everything that was in his hold.
By Him even his wife was sold,
But to truth Harishchandra did hold.
Ultimately, him God did uphold.
Before his name, now truth is told:
“He is Satya Harishchandra,” we are told and retold.

104

Truth is for the bold and brave;
Many tried to prove King Harishchandra a knave.
For truth, he became a slave;
As a slave, he dug many a grave.
For truth, he did always crave,
But he never admitted himself a knave;
Him, of course, truth did save,
After all, truth is for the bold and brave.
These two poems for truth I rave.

105

If one’s speech is frank,
But his practice is prank,
Him, where to rank?
I say he is a crank.

106

My Guru says,
“Never ponder over probability;
When your Guru has the capability,
There is only the possibility.
Possibility is known even in the impossibility,
As the true Guru knows truth’s capability;
At least you should possess the ability.”

107

By some, unearned is a single bread,
But by them all scriptures are read.
To work, they are lazy;
About God, they are crazy.
Unknowingly, by *maya* they are caught;
They never mind preaching a lot.

108

Never with Mahatmas you compare;
Truth, only for truth you prepare.
If required, none you spare;
Not even in dreams you compare
With God and Guru, the absolute pair.
Body, mind, and soul you should repair.

OM TAT SAT

Salutations to the shoes of Guru Siddha Nath

Part Three

THE LIGHT OF DEVOTION OF KNOWLEDGE OF BRAHMA (Part-3)

This work to my Guru I have dedicated,
By His grace it was meditated,
Containing 108 poems of a divine necklace.
Initially I named it as 'The True Guru's Grace.'
My Guru gave the present title
And said, "This work to the Impersonal God I entitle."
It is difficult to count
The divine necklaces; at His lotus feet, I mount,
Because His grace is paramount.

Guru Siddha Nath's lotus feet servant
(Rama Rao Das)

*OM GURAVE NAMAHA
OM TAT SAT*

1

For death, warring soldiers run,
Each holding a machine gun,
To earn their daily bun;
For rulers, it is fun.

2

Rulers love none,
But their son;
Trust they stun,
Truth they shun,
Speech is done,
Present is won.
Know they're fun;
Needed is bun
Under the sun.

3

Some speak, driven by lust,
"How wonderful is her bust!
By lust the world is thrust;
Hence, lust is a must."
So blindly, they trust.

4

Know, they praise a woman's bust,
Because love is thrust into lust;
Their minds are crusty with rust,
By them, truth and trust are bust.
Dust is must if them you trust.

5

There is only a woman's body and bust!
There is only lust, lust, lust,
If truth, God, love and trust
Are completely crusted with dust.

6

If it is lust,
Or it is a woman's bust,
Or it is dust,
Me nothing can thrust,
Because ever my Guru I trust.

7

It is no more science
That spoils one's conscience,
It is only non-science.
The wise call it nescience.

8

If one is wealthy,
However, he is unworthy,
People praise him healthy;
He is considered praiseworthy.
Though he is stealthy,
He is considered trustworthy.
Know, wealth makes even unworthy worthy.

9

Who gave Jesus hope,
With him none did cope
When he was given the Cross for rope.
Jesus said, "I and my Father are One."
But dividing Christianity, shamelessly they won.
Now on him they always rope
Fathers, bishops and Pope,
But he was given only nope.

10

God is not for the old
When the senses are cold;
They wasted their youth,
Hence, difficult is truth.
He is for the young and bold;
Only they can behold.

11

In recent times, Buddha sacrificed a kingdom
In his youth to know real freedom.
By Jesus known was truth
In his early youth.
Know, God is not for the old
Whose senses are cold.
He is for the young and bold.

12

In ancient times, Dhruva went to the wood
To seek God, in early boyhood;
He showed God to his mother
About Whom she did always bother;
God gave him stardom
Ensuring him freedom.

13

Devotee Prahlada as a boy
Never played with a toy
But in God found endless joy;
His father used many a bad ploy
On his son he could employ
But Prahlada did enjoy
At what God did deploy
To rush to convoy.
I bow to their lotus feet, without coy.

14

I heard of the great Gandhi
Who banned wine and brandy;
Required is mind-control
Know, not the wine-control.

15

People say, "Gandhi brought us freedom."
I say, "My Guru gives me real freedom
As my Guru is full of wisdom."
Know, now is the time for real freedom.

16

On God none can seal,
Him none can conceal,
He Himself will reveal
Provided Him you feel,
Thee He will heal
If at His lotus feet, you kneel.

17

Him no book can reveal,
Him no priest can seal,
Him no education can conceal,
Him no science can deal,
Him no enjoyment can feel,
Him none can steal,

Him none can offer a meal.
Know, all is His zeal
Our lives reel and wheel
Under His lotus feet's heel.

18

By my Guru opened was my wisdom eye,
Then I forgot who and what am I.
Then I lost mine and my,
Now I feel highly high.

19

Know, every scientific project
Will surely fail its object
And ridicule the very subject,
If wisdom they don't inject.
For example, take the Moon Project;
Some scientists made a rocket
At the cost of people's pocket.
Hoping for mankind a boon,
Some were sent to the moon;
They carried all, including a spoon.
With stones, they returned soon.
But they brought not a boon
For those who seek a meal every afternoon,
Yet waved proudly the used, empty spoon
And concluded that the moon
Is no good for a honeymoon.

Again, mankind is left to maroon,
But all are happy with those stones,
Like dogs are happy with blank bones.

20

Those glorious days are here once again,
God is ready to bring again.
It is for you to see again;
I am happy to sing again.
All religions merge again;
True religion emerges again.
Truth only wins again.
God is Guru once again;
Guru is God once again;
Guru and God are One again.
He is the God of gods ever again;
He is the Lord of lords ever again;
He is the King of kings ever again.
The Guru is great once again;
There is only One again.
Truth only reigns again.
Those glorious days are here once again;
God is ready to bring again.
It is for you to see again;
I am happy to sing again.

21

Those glorious days are here once again,

God is ready to bring again.
There, bliss and peace you gain;
There is no stress and pain.
There, no being is slain;
There, logic is in vain.
All never get stain;
It is for you to train.
Those glorious days are here once again,
God is ready to bring again.
It is for you to see again;
I am here to sing again.

22

Some say, "What is truth about?
When God's existence is a doubt,
Hope science will work out."
"Meanwhile, enjoy," they shout.
Even their mothers they doubt;
Them, time will surely clout.
"They're human beasts," I openly shout.

23

God will greet you, "Hello!"
If His wish you follow,
And truth you allow,
Then you're His fellow.

24

If you become His fellow,
He will say, "Hello,
Oh, My dear fellow,
No need to look below,
No need to feel low,
You will only glow;
Though it is slow,
My grace will flow."

25

Sans wife, no divine life, of course;
She is also a life's recourse.
Recollect *Adi Shankaracharya* won a debate on discourse,
Only after, with the queen, he had had intercourse.

26

About God, if you're serious,
Or with me if you're furious,
Know, I'm not curious.
You may say I'm spurious,
But I won't be furious.

27

For me, except the Guru, all is spurious;
My Guru's lotus feet are curious.
On their greatness, I am serious.

Lest I have to be scrupulous,
And God will be furious.

28

If you don't become His fellow,
Know, you are a poor fellow,
And you are breathing slow,
Like an ironsmith's bellow.

29

If you are enough smart,
God is seen in your very heart.
Then you feel Him in every art,
From you, He cannot part,
As He is the middle, end, and start.

30

He is not sold in a mart;
He is not drawn by a cart;
He resides in every art;
He is firmly seated in every heart;
Him none can outsmart,
Because He is supersmart.

31

Gone were the days of scientific evolution,
Gone were the days of industrial revolution,

These are the days of spiritual revolution,
These are the days of soul's evolution.
Now firmly make the resolution:
God is offering you the solution.
These are the days of spiritual revolution;
These are the days of soul's evolution.

32

My poems will make
The world shake,
As logic they break.
Though you are fake
Or you are a rake,
Them, you freely take
For your self's sake.
Sure, truth you make,
Your soul they wake,
To Super Soul you awake.

33

By His love, I'm becoming mad;
I don't know good and bad.
In His love, I'm becoming mad;
I don't know happy and sad.
By His love, I'm becoming mad;
I know nothing, as He is my Dad.
By His love, I'm becoming mad;
All is right, as I'm His lad.

In His love, I'm becoming mad;
Words fail, as I cannot add.
In His love, I'm becoming mad! Mad! Mad!
All is perfect, as He is my Dad, Dad, Dad.

34

I enjoy taking a zillion births;
I'm sure each is full of great worths.
Births or deaths—why do I bother?
When He is my Eternal Father.

35

There is no perfect rest,
Even in a deep forest;
There is no perfect rest,
Even on the peaks of Mt. Everest,
If the mind is at unrest.
All is the same—palace or forest;
If the mind you arrest,
Then He is your nearest,
And you are His dearest,
Causing mutual interest.

36

Oh man, do not surge;
Hear what I urge:
In Him, try to merge.
Know, in Him all converge,

Though some diverge.
Even if you are at the verge
Of death, take my urge—
Let yourself purge.

37

The Guru's lotus feet's dust
Sanctifies you from the rust
Of previous births' lust—
If Him, you trust
Or do not trust.

38

For Him if you don't search,
You will be left in the lurch.
Hence, to Him you march,
With a divine love torch.

39

Follow not even my creed,
But the soul's advice you heed.
No doubt, divine love you breed;
See unity in sex, caste, and creed.
Sure, you will soon be living but freed.
God will surely help in case you need;
No science can explain the law of tree and seed.

40

Logic you leave,
In God you believe.
He does relieve;
This is divine love's eve.

41

Once I thought about cricket stars,
And tennis stars, etc., to film stars.
Then I thought of becoming a star;
But soon I realized stars are quite far.
The moon and stars shine at midnight,
As India got freedom at midnight.
This must be freedom under a false light,
As stars and the moon are shining bright.
Thieves, rapists, robbers, etc., are enjoying the night,
And the Indian constitution favours many a hypocrite.
We know, before the sun they lose their light;
Before Him, none can seem bright.
Then I thought of freedom in the sunlight;
Then I decided to become a sun.
Now I become the Eternal Father's eternal son.
It's dawn; not yet has the sun risen to shine,
But stars and the moon are losing their shine.
Wait for the day, for the sun to rise and make you shine.

42

God is on His meal;

None can stop His zeal.
For Him, if you feel,
He Himself will reveal
What is His meal.
He is hungry on His meal;
None can dare stop His zeal.

43

Those glorious days are ready;
It's for you to become steady.
So be ready, be steady;
You are to welcome—
Anyhow they will come.
God has listened to your voice
And decided to break all noise.
There will be peace and bliss,
Whether you kiss or miss.
Oh, misters, madams, and many a miss,
You will be sorry if you miss;
You'll be merry if you kiss.
So get ready, get ready,
And become steady and be steady.

44

From getting domestic fuel
To taking in for stomach a gruel,
Rulers forced people for a duel,
As rulers have become the most cruel.

45

The wise say, "Like king, like people;
Like priest, like king."
If the priest is at a feast,
The king becomes a beast,
And common man is turned to the least.
People in hope look to the east,
As the sun rises in the east.

46

However, they glow,
If rulers follow
Truth that is shallow.
Know, they are hollow;
Truth is hard to swallow.

47

Radiation, etc., scientists explain,
But they are dumb about the truth plain.
But about others, each does complain,
As truth is not in their mental plane.
What if they make an aeroplane,
When with their help, people are slain?

48

Scientists discovered the magnetic field;
What if peace and bliss it does not yield?

To protect themselves, they make many a shield
And claim nature they can wield.
Against time, they cannot shield;
All are going to be wheeled.

49

Some hope on many a star,
Who are themselves quite afar.
Science says, “A star is a sun.”
The wise say, “You are a sun,
The Imperishable Father’s eternal son.”
If you know this, all is won.

50

You see, the grace of my Father Eternal,
I obtained Him when I turned internal.
It is only *maya* that is external;
Even when I sit in the lavatory,
Coming out is only poetry.

51

What if one becomes a champion?
When at death he has no companion.
At death, parents cry with apathy,
Friends offer lip sympathy,
Doctors offer medicine—allopathy,
Wife and children cry without apathy.
What if one becomes a champion?

When at death he has no companion.
Hence, seek the true Guru, the real champion;
Even at death, He is your true companion.

52

My Guru never feels tension,
Though He gets no pension.
About Him, what do I mention?
When I am His grace's extension
And my birth was His intention,
To this, even God had no contention.

53

If you have no anger,
You are stronger.
If you are content,
Three worlds cannot tempt.

54

If one takes refuge in logic,
It's sure his end will be tragic.
Belief may seem to be magic,
But for truth, it is the plan strategic.

55

A saint is known when he speaks truth sound;
A wife is known when thee worries surround;

A friend is known when on thee foes pound;
You are seldom known when you confound;
Know, one's nature cannot be bound.

56

The more you speak,
Knowledge you leak,
And you become weak;
The future seems bleak.

57

Truth society must respect,
Not their selfish prospect;
This is what God does expect,
Lest it be beastly in aspect.

58

When Archimedes ran bare,
Society said, "After all, science is his care."
When a young girl posed naked,
Society said, "What if, when we all were born naked?"
If you appear in the nude,
Society will say, "You are mental and rude."

59

It is no more a society
That has lost piety,

And money is their deity.
I feel pity for the society.

60

There is no mood
Unless you brood.
Unless you work,
There is no luck.

61

Flowers, etc., how can I present,
When Thou art omnipresent?
What can I, the impotent,
Serve Thee? Thou art omnipotent.
How do I love You? Oh! Being ancient,
When Thou art omniscient.

62

Develop unselfish love;
God is got by divine love,
Neither by sensual love
Nor by mutual love.

63

Recollect the Emperor Sibi, for unselfish love;
He sacrificed himself to protect a mere dove.
And know, the Prince Jeemuta Vahana made Garuda repent

When he offered his body, to save a poisonous serpent.

64

They loved the One in all,
Not the senses' many a call.
If from rulers' eyes no drop did fall
In response to wisdom's call,
How do they peace install?
A society of beasts only, they stall.

65

God or Guru — Whom to refer?
Only the Guru I prefer.
As God gave me defeat to suffer,
Victory, my Guru does offer.
Hence, He has no metaphor;
The Guru is the God of gods, I confer.
With me, God may differ,
But victory, the Guru does proffer.

66

I have no match;
Me, none can catch;
Even the gods fail to catch.
They get only a bad patch
If me they try to catch or latch;
My Guru's grace they cannot snatch.

67

One is no more a minister
If one becomes a person sinister.
One is no more a judge
From truth if one does budge.
One is no more a president
If one is no more confident.

68

One is no more a leader,
Unless one is one's mind's reader.
One is no more a pleader,
If one favours a ringleader.
One is no more a dean,
If one has a mind mean.

69

One is no more a doctor,
If money is one's factor.
One is no more a teacher,
If one worries about one's future.
One is no more a student,
If one is not prudent.

70

If one is full of passion,
There will be no compassion.

If one has no emotion,
There will be no devotion.
He is no more mature,
Who cannot understand one's nature.

71

Once my *Pardada* Guru said to Himself,
"Oh, poor mind, thy sheath you discard.
When this will go,
Then that will come,
As two swords cannot be held in a scabbard."

72

Hate none; be thine oath.
But if you loathe,
You become loath;
Destroyed is growth.
Thus the wise quoth.

73

If a being is hungry most,
Standing at your door post,
With kind words and food, become host.

But if you try to boast,
You're worse than the ghost
Wandering on the Indian coast.

74

They walk with a protruded chest,
They follow the styles of the west.
They welcome no guest,
As they have no time to rest.
Always belief they test,
As they enjoy a contest,
And they think they're the blest.
Thus, they bind themselves in a nest.
Now, for the nature, they have become a pest,
As they have forgotten their wisdom best.

75

My Guru says,
"Only the individual soul
Becomes the Universal Soul;
Only a human being
Becomes the Supreme Being."

76

When He came into happiness and emotion,
He converted the bottomless ocean
All right, into a drop of lotion.
On whom fallen was His sight,
The fool was converted into a God outright.

77

Astrologers said to me, “Rahu in 12th, Venus retrograde,
You surely have character low grade.”
About my poetry none did forebode,
Now my Guru’s grace has made them degrade.

78

The Goddess of justice is made blind,
As over her eyes, ribbon they bind.
Cleverly, the ribbon is passed over the ears,
So that she neither sees nor hears.
What if she holds a balance or a lance?
How is justice dispensed when she is in a trance?
Hence, of courts, who does fear,
As she cannot see and hear.
Know, who is god blind,
His wife is goddess blind.
To deliver justice, they fail;
Hence, you are sent to jail.
One can come out on bail,
As not truth, but money, they hail.

79

Who resorts to law?
Which is full of flaw.
Better is a tiger’s claw,
As lawyers show you awe;
Sure, injustice you draw.

Know, they are morally raw.

80

Persons in offices, schools and departments,
Universities, organizations, and governments,
Have no shame to practice
The laws that cut no ice.
For fulfilling their ends, selfish,
All adopted the law of the fish.

81

Knowledge is like the shoreless ocean,
Which is full of commotion.
God is got only by Supreme devotion;
This is the ancient seers' notion.

82

Never take great pride
In your new bride,
Lest you will be in her stride,
And thee she will ride,
And thee people deride.

83

If the couples newly wed
Are always in bed,
Soon they will be equal to dead,

Because only the senses are fed.

84

Money in a bank,
A tree on the far bank,
A ship that sank,
A leafless shank,
A leaderless flank,
Water in a dirty tank,
Are nothing but blank,
As you cannot thank.

85

From the Brahmin Sravana Kumara, learn,
How parents were his main concern;
From the King Ranti Deva, learn,
How for others, he did yearn.

86

If a daughter is wrong,
Know, the mother is not strong;
If a wife is wrong,
Know, the husband is not strong.

87

If a son is wrong,
Know, the father is not strong;

If a student is wrong,
Know, the teacher is not strong.

88

If you are wrong,
Know, the mind is not strong;
If the timing is wrong,
Know, your luck is not strong.

89

If your Guru is wrong,
Know, your Karma is not strong;
If a poem is wrong,
Know, the poet is not strong.

90

If all goes wrong,
Know, God is strong;
But none is wrong,
Because love is strong.

91

In the bit,
And in the spit,
And in the shit,
And in the dirty pit,
And in the armpit,

And in that is lit,
Sans attachment, He does sit;
Everywhere, to easily fit,
Hence, He makes the super hit.

92

God may be felt there in a statue,
But He is more felt here in virtue.
Statues can be done to talk,
If towards truth you boldly walk.

93

They do penance,
Who seek vengeance;
They practice severe austerity
Who want authority.

94

They seek the devil,
Whose minds are evil;
They practice charm,
Who want to do harm.

95

They resort to magic,
Whose end is tragic;
They worship gods or God,

Whose minds are not broad.

96

The Guru is hard to be known
By them, as they seek renown.
I'm sure, me none can beat,
As I worship only the Guru's lotus feet.

97

My *Pardada* Guru claimed Himself His Guru's servant.
My *Dada* Guru claimed Himself the Servant's servant.
My Guru claims Himself the Servant's Servant's servant.
I claim myself the Servant's Servant's Servant's servant.

98

So the wise brief,
"There is no grief,
But immediate relief,
If there is belief."

99

So the wise loudly shout,
"The world is a bout,
One will be out,
If there is doubt."

100

It is the sense,
Unless you fence,
It turns you tense.
Then you are dense;
Control it, hence.

101

None, the wise press,
Because it is duress
That develops into stress;
Slowly, one is in distress.

102

Their desires have gone,
Hence, they stress none.
Even in defeat, they've won,
As the wise perceive only One.

103

None you deceive,
If truth you conceive.
All you equally receive,
Soul, if you perceive.

104

They enjoy taking a bribe,
Whose mental state none can describe;
For mind's cure, no medicine to prescribe—
This truth, doctors themselves ascribe.

105

They are no more relations,
There exist no correlations,
If they are with you in elation
But not with you, in consolation.

106

She is no more a wife,
Who engages herself in strife;
She is only the knife
That shortens your life.

107

It is my request,
If mind be thy conquest,
Completed is your quest,
And God is your bequest.

108

My Guru says,

“Oh! My son, know, He is thine Guru true,
Who is behind your inspiration;
Who is behind every respiration.
Know Him as thine Guru true;
He and I are One and the same,
No difference even in form and name.”

OM TAT SAT

Salutations to the shoes of Guru Siddha Nath

Part Four

THE LIGHT OF DEVOTION OF KNOWLEDGE OF BRAHMA (Part-4)

This work to my Guru I have dedicated,
By His grace it was meditated,
Containing 108 poems of a divine necklace.
Initially I named it as 'The True Guru's Grace.'
My Guru gave the present title
And said, "This work to the Impersonal God I entitle."
It is difficult to count
The divine necklaces; at His lotus feet, I mount,
Because His grace is paramount.

Guru Siddha Nath's lotus feet servant
(Rama Rao Das)

*OM GURAVE NAMAHA
OM TAT SAT*

1

Tigers, wearing a coat
Made of the skin of a goat,
Resemble, as they dote
On a currency note.
Them people vote;

People they tote
In a wrecked boat.
But people re-vote—
One day, they'll revolt.

This I note
As today's quote.

2

Some are busy striving to become big,
But none can be as busy as a pig.
Some dance shamelessly for fame—
They put monkeys to shame.

3

Some are trotting the globe,
Wearing a sacred robe,
But they fail to probe

The voice of the lobe.

4

Exhausted was Saint Veda Vyasa well before
He completed the 18 Puranas and the Vedas four.
But Thee 'I' couldn't find—
As Thou art unbound and unkind.

5

As Lord Vishnu, Thou art the sustainer;
As Lord Sesha, Thou art the supporter;
As Lord Brahma, Thou art the constructive;
As Lord Shiva, Thou art the destructive.

Thou art their Guru and my Guru,
Thou art the Guru Eternal,
Thou art the Guru Internal,
Thou art the Guru External,
Thou art the Guru Absolute,
Thou art the Guru Ultimate.

6

As a politician's keeper, he is able,
To beat the innocent, he is capable.
To protect the law, he is unable—
He sleeps on his working table,
As his mind is always unstable,
With sac-like belly, his body is stable.

This is how I met a constable.

7

They are the great
If none they hate;
They are the great
If wisdom they state;
They are the great
If they are straight;
They are the great
If ego they ate;
They are the great
If their word is eternal certificate;
They are the great.

8

They are the bad
Who hate mom and dad;
They are the bad
Who are angry and sad;
They are very bad—
What to add—
They are mad.

9

Better, live with a mouse
In a luxurious house
Than with your spouse

Who lives like a louse,
Because anger only he can rouse;
Love he cannot arouse.

10

Unless you train,
The senses will drain
Out your brain.
Caused is strain.

11

He creates terror,
You are in horror;
As wielding a gun, he is a fighter.
But holding a pen, I am a writer,
With beautiful art
And my experience in part,
I win your heart.

Because the pen is mightier than a gun,
And a gun is lighter than a pen.

12

Poet **Maluk Das** said,
“No work is done by a sparrow
Because his mind is narrow.
To eat and sleep a python is crazy;
No service because he is lazy.

The Guru is the donor
Of all, with due honor.”

13

Better is a snake or python
Than the fool or Satan;
Snake harms you driven by time;
Fool harms you all the time.

14

If thou hast money,
Thou art surrounded by people many;
Leaving the honeycomb, is there bee any,
If that hath honey?

15

With my mind in a trance,
My Guru's lotus feet I glance.
Then my soul does dance,
Causing my courage to enhance.

16

They reach God slowly,
Those who are lowly;
Only they love truly,
Because they are holy.
I bow to them duly.

17

I bow to Your feet lotus,
As You are my love's locus.
On me please, let Your grace focus,
And enter into my heart lotus.
If I fail, I bear the onus.
This I say again in chorus,
I bow to Your feet lotus,
Enter into my heart lotus.

18

How can I respect my Eternal Preacher,
Myself being a humble creature?
How can I describe my Eternal Teacher?
Ever His lotus feet I feature.
They decide my infinite future,
As they have changed my beastly nature.

19

How will they loan,
When nothing they own?
Even from a stone,
To their tone
And their bone,
All He does own;
Still, He is unknown.

20

I like to be alone,
As one is born alone
And dies alone;
Why hate to be alone?

21

When you are alone,
He will be known.
Once He is known,
You are no more alone,
And everything you own.

22

When suffering from a disease,
How do you feel ease?
Pray to Him, please;
Surely, He will release,
And you are at ease.
Thee, nothing can tease.

23

Ah! Why do you throng?
For what do you long?
Listen to my song;
Please do no wrong,
You'll be strong—

To Him, you belong.

24

I don't know what to eat,
As my heart is burning with heat.
Oh, my Guru, hear my heartbeat;
Let my heart be Thy seat,
So that we both will meet.
Then my mind will become neat,
And none it can cheat.
If You don't like the seat,
Let my head rest on Your lotus feet.

25

Oh, my Guru Kanhaiah Ramdas,
You are my supreme boss,
As You made me incur no loss.
Let fate make my life toss;
I'm sure I can easily cross,
As You are my supreme boss.
None can estimate Your infinite mass.

26

What is the ultimate?
Some say, 'tis to mate;
Them to rate—
They're beasts, I state.

27

He is not a son,
Who loves none
But his woman—
He is a simpleton.

28

You must be in poise,
Like a tortoise.
As it draws its limbs into the shell,
You should draw your senses when they swell.

29

When man forgot the wisdom of the East,
He turned himself into a species of the beast.
As he took to the wisdom of the West;
His suffering doubled, as his mind is at unrest.

30

How do they achieve peace and bliss?
When atomic weapons they kiss.
Peace isn't got by talking nice,
Unless they give up the activities of vice
And thoughts of avarice.
Whatever the world shouts or cries,
Remember, no peace or bliss, sans self-sacrifice.

31

Oh, my Guru, please never leave my hand,
Sans Your hand, I cannot stand,
And my life will soon be buried in sand.
About life, You made me understand—
I never leave Your hand.
Oh, my Guru, please never leave my hand,
I have none, except You, on this land.
'Tis only You I will have, even in the unknown land.
Hence, please never leave my hand,
My heart is making noises like a band—
'Tis the greatness of Your lotus hand.

32

No Guru is there for woman,
The Guru is worshipped by man,
The husband is worshipped by woman.
This is the supreme law of human.
The husband is God and Guru for woman;
Mothers Anasuya, Savitri, etc.—the ancient women—
Had the opinion common.

33

God is not got by any cult,
Nor by practices occult.
As they found Him difficult,
As from Him came cult, occult, and difficult.

34

They are the worst,
If none they trust;
They are the worst,
Who praise a woman's bust;
They are the worst,
Who are filled with lust;
They are the worst,
By lust who are thrust;
They are the worst.
Their hearts will burst.

35

They are the worse,
Who always curse;
They are the worse,
Who flirt with their nurse;
They are the worse,
Who encourage a divorce;
They are the worse,
Empty is whose purse;
They are the worse,
Sensual things, who converse;
They are the worse,
Who are averse
To God in forms diverse;
They are the worse.
I say in a verse,
They are the worse.

36

They are the wise,
Whose speech is precise;
They are the wise,
Only with truth, who size;
They are the wise,
Only with love, who rise;
They are the wise,
Untruth, who criticize;
They are the wise,
Who have no surprise;
They are the wise,
Who like no prize;
They are the wise,
Only with God, who compromise;
They are the wise,
Who keep their promise;
They are the wise,
Him, who realize;
They are the wise.

37

They are the good,
Who share their food;
They are the good,
Who hate falsehood;
They are the good,
By whom truth is understood;
They are the good,

Who don't object worshipping the wood;
They are the good,
By their word who stood;
They are the good.

38

They are the bold,
If untruth they scold;
They are the bold,
If truth they unfold;
They are the bold,
If virtues they uphold;
They are the bold,
If love they hold;
They are the bold,
If Him they behold;
They are the bold.

39

He is the fool,
Who fails to rule;
He is the fool,
Who blames his tool;
He is the fool,
Who is not cool;
He is the fool.

40

He does meditation,
Who needs medication.
He claims for a name,
Who has no shame.
He does penance,
Who has no continence.

41

With a considerable effort,
An animal you can comfort;
But a fool is not eligible for advice,
As it turns him to more vile and vice.

42

He is the man gentle,
She is the lady gentle,
If they know God's fundamental;
Lest they are mental.

43

Once driven by time, my Guru took to boot polish;
Now He is doing my mind polish.
He is causing my sins to abolish,
By His grace, selfishness I demolish.
If He wills, righteousness, He can re-establish.

44

As the laws of constitution
Are being used for prostitution,
How will people be saved?
How is the road to peace paved?

45

Those who know wisdom
Always speak seldom;
Only they get freedom,
And they never feel boredom.
Only they reach God's kingdom.

46

'Tis the situation worse,
When empty is my purse;
'Tis the situation worse,
When I hear a curse;
'Tis the situation worse,
When truth they inverse;
'Tis the situation worse,
When false speech they converse;
'Tis the situation worse.

47

If there is no divinity,
There is no unity;

'Tis not a community,
Sans purity, there is no divinity.

48

For people, He is a watchman;
For me, He is God-man.
People think He is very old,
They fail to know He is highly bold.

49

God says,
“By the ancient seers, truth is put forward.
It is for you to turn inward;
If so, there’s nothing untoward,
Because you’re god-ward.”

50

God says,
“They go backward
If they turn outward;
Time will drive them toward
Hell, which is awkward.”

51

Nothing you taste,
Your life is waste.
If you are hasty,

You will be nasty.

52

No need to stumble
If you are humble;
Thee, fate cannot tumble,
Thee, nothing can crumble
If you are humble.

53

King Yudhisthira once said about wonder,
“To burial ground all hastily wander;
Still, for money people eternally ponder,
As if they forgot the burial ground yonder—
On the earth, this is the great wonder.”

54

They are the grand,
If truth is their brand;
They are the grand,
If God, they understand;
They are the grand,
If none they strand;
They are the grand.

55

Beating with my fist,

I declare He is the gist;
Whatever they may twist,
His qualities all books list.

56

If wisdom is sought from the churchyard,
No doubt, one will become a bard;
Wherever he's, he will regard
This world as a jail ward.
Then wisdom he will discard
To reach that goal god-ward.

57

A fool will never
Be made clever.
No medicine is ever
Found for mental fever.

58

Always Him, if you remember,
You will soon become His member.
Him Devotee Prahlada did remember
While he was embracing a red-hot iron pillar,
When his father punished him as a killer
For he had become a God's member;
Prahlada felt the pillar was cold
'Cause God made him highly bold.

59

So declared in an oracle,
For Supreme devotion, a miracle
Surely becomes an obstacle,
As it causes the mind fickle.
Hence, no better is a miracle
Than a goat's testicle.

60

No penance is greater than practicing truth;
No sin is worse than saying the untruth.
Words from the seer's mouth
Never pass as untruth.

61

To reach God, the more you hurry,
The more you have to worry;
But Supreme devotion makes God hurry
To remove all your worry.

62

If one is fond,
There is a bond;
Unless he is a vagabond,
God will be fond
If it is universal bond.

63

Unless you break human laws,
How do you break natural laws?
A distant cry is the breaking of Divine laws;
Know, that goal is beyond all laws.

64

About unrighteousness You never resent,
But to protect Your devotees, You are ever present.
To establish righteousness, You never rush,
But foes of Your devotees, You ever crush.

65

Act according to your ability,
No religion advises beyond capability.
By this, you achieve stability,
And ever-growing is your capability.

66

9 months bearing, a son they get,
They wash his bed when he makes it wet.
With hard labor, his life they set,
Then by him, his wife is met.
Becoming a man, he is in-laws' pet;
From a son like him, what do they get?
People are seeking a son yet,
Difficult to escape is *maya*'s net.

'Tis the truth, let whatever you bet;
While traveling in a train, a centenarian I met.
After knowing his four sons' life, this poem sprang like a jet.

67

The wise say,
"A son should not bother
His mother and father.
And if one loves his motherland,
He never goes to the nether land."

68

The wise say,
"Mother and motherland
Are greater than God's land,
And if one loves Mother Earth,
Know, it is his last birth."

69

In my ears, His voice is ringing,
For His love, my heart is springing,
A new poem, my mind is bringing,
A divine necklace, my pen is stringing.
In any season—winter or spring—
His lotus feet are ever inspiring.

70

Sitting behind mental layers,
He makes us different players;
The wise are the real players,
As they've conquered the mental layers.

71

Not this, not this—the *Vedas* blared,
The voice came from Him—the *Smritis* declared,
Renunciation—the *Gita* spared,
At His qualities—the *Puranas* stared,
His energies—the rest of the books shared.
Beyond a mental plane—no book fared,
But the true Guru has not only dared,
But also by Him He is cared,
And also by Him He is reared.

72

Thee they worship,
Even in friendship;
Thee they love,
Even in mutual love;
Yet Thou art unknown,
As by *maya* they're blown.

73

Wearing an impressive dress,

Him none can impress.
Giving out a melodious speech,
Him none can reach.
By taking out a procession,
He cannot be in possession.
Though one has gained knowledge,
He will never acknowledge.
But worshipping His lotus feet,
Even the gods you can easily beat.

74

One life is full of sorry,
Another is full of worry.
His duties, if he doesn't carry,
Else he makes merry.

75

Who will cry?
And you know why?
Who lets his duties fly,
Who doesn't even try—
Only he will cry.
From him, He will fly,
Then he becomes sly.

76

All holy scriptures are for the literate,
But my Guru is an illiterate.

Him, wherever you rate,
God made Him the great.
Hence, Mother India is always great;
At her lotus feet, I myself prostrate.

77

“Krishna, Krishna,” priests cry,
“Buddha, Buddha,” lamas loudly cry,
“Jesus, Jesus,” bishops cry,
“Mohammad, Mohammad,” imams loudly cry,
But Their words they never try.
Without shyness, all say “mine” and “my,”
And all blame on “thine” and “thy.”
Try Their words before you die,
Then you’ll know what is “I,”
And to Heaven you’ll fly.

78

Know, he is the ghost,
Who is proud of his post;
He is the ghost,
Who hates to be a host;
He is the ghost,
Who likes to boast;
He is the ghost,
Who is the selfish most;
He is the ghost,
Fool who likes to roast;

He is the ghost,
Who lives on other's toast;
He is the ghost.

79

They are the blind,
Who are unkind;
They are the blind,
Who fail to bind
Their own mind;
They are the blind,
Truth who fail to find;
They are the blind—
Though they've sight, they're stone blind.

80

The wise are won by truthfulness;
Fools are won by foolishness.
The proud are won by praiseworthiness;
The weakness of the low-minded is greediness.

81

My Guru says,
"If drink makes you glitter,
'Tis truth that is strongly bitter.
Of course, it is not poison—
God's devotees merrily drink even poison."

82

On truth, none can blame,
As it is like a flame.
On it, neither falsehood be framed,
Nor can it be tamed.
As for truth, all is the same—
The more one tries to tame,
It becomes a more resplendent flame.
With fire, never play a game,
Lest one be burnt in the flame.

83

They say, “Work in a team spirit.”
As a team drunk is spirit,
Then lost is one’s spirit.
Controlling the intake of spirit,
Some visualize the Universal Spirit.
For some, it is poison;
For some, it is nectar.
As their minds they cannot halt,
Hence, spirit is found at fault.

84

How do they give alms,
When they protect themselves with arms?
Hence, they increase prices,
Only to cause a crisis.

85

The *Vedas*, the *Koran* and the *Bible*
Are merely read by people ignoble.
Practicing gives them trouble;
Else, why don't they become noble?

86

Who bear trouble,
They become noble.
Who hate arms,
They give alms.

87

Listening to a devotee's call,
You appeared in a royal hall.
By coming out from a pillar,
You became Hiranya Kasyapa's killer.
You wore his intestines as a garland.
Before Thee, none could dare to stand.
Half-man, half-lion, is Thine terrible form.
Thee none could dare to calm,
But submitted to Devotee Prahlada's charm.
His devotees none can harm.

88

They are the best,
Who are honest;

They are the best,
Who make a request;
They are the best,
Who welcome a guest;
They are the best,
Whose minds are at rest;
They are the best,
Untruth, who protest;
They are the best,
Who are modest;
They are the best.
They are the blest.

89

He is the least,
Who is always at a feast;
He is the least,
Who lives like a beast;
He is the least.
Though he is a priest,
He is the least.

90

My Guru says,
“All think of Him in worry;
None thinks of Him while making merry.
Why will there be worry,
If He is remembered while making merry?”

91

When man was strong, he used word;
When he became weak, he used sword;
When he became weaker, he used gun;
When he became the weakest, he used the nuclear weapon.

92

The wise used words
Against the kingly swords.
Now I use my pen
Against the nuclear weapon.
Time will decide, 'Who is the victor?
And what is the factor?'

93

I found there is no point
In knowing dew point,
Critical point, and flash point.
Know, of every point,
The true Guru is the centre point.

94

Let people know, I was never after truth,
But, as per my capacity, I practiced truth.
In search of me, what came to me is truth,
And I found it to be the absolute truth.

95

Work, expecting no result;
For failure, Him never insult.
Thy heart, you always consult;
You will be His son, is the result.

96

Well before one is in youth,
He should practice truth.
Since birth, if truth be the word of mouth,
After death, one will never go to the South.

97

Einstein discovered the theory of relativity,
But he failed to know truth's relativity;
Someone invented the atom bomb
To convert the whole world into a tomb;
Know, one cannot know of God
In the mind, if there is a tiny trace of fraud.

98

Who are not fraud,
Who have minds broad—
Only they realize God;
Hence, they are glad.

99

My Guru says,
“Love contains letters four.
Who studies these letters four,
By one’s heart’s inner core,
He will become a scholar;
Lest He will ignore,
And all education is sore—
Of course, an uninterrupted snore.
This is ancient lore.”

100

They seek engagement,
Soon after getting an employment.
In mutual entertainment.
They find enjoyment.
'Tis not the life’s fulfillment
Unless they get God’s compliment.

101

With money, they barter,
Even for drinking water.
With money, they barter
Their son for other’s daughter.
It may bring laughter,
For them, it doesn’t matter,
Though righteousness they slaughter.

102

Controlling each sense,
One gets common sense.
Not controlling any sense,
One becomes a nuisance.

103

Truth is not a story,
Nor 'tis a filmy story,
Nor 'tis a book of science or history,
But 'tis full of mystery.
Over it, only the true Guru has mastery.

104

They are the lost,
Who think of the past;
They are the lost,
Who lead a life fast;
They are the lost,
In material pursuits, who are steadfast;
They are the lost,
Who discriminate with religion and caste;
They are the lost,
Who are downcast;
They are the lost,
Who equate with cost;
They are the lost,
Gossip, who like to broadcast;

They are the lost.
They are the outcaste.

105

“Let people do, do, do,
Whatever they might do.
None can pull down the true Guru’s flag,
With whatever they may lag.
None can pull down the true Guru’s flag,
Whatever they may nag.
By doing so, what do they bag?
They get only a rag.
None can pull down the true Guru’s flag,
As the Guru’s flag causes them to gag.
The more they try to nag,
Sooner they have to drag
Their own feet under the true Guru’s flag,”
Singing so, my *Pardada Guru* hoisted the true Guru’s flag.

106

My Guru says,
“Though the world is rife
With rumours of saintly life,
Here I dispel the rumours of human life.
Enjoying worldly pleasures with a wife,
We are saints leading a family life,
Though it is as dangerous as walking on the sharp edge of a
knife;

Renunciation, devotion, wisdom, and work never engage in strife.”

107

Once I tried to worship my Guru,
Then I was fired by my Guru,
And He said,
“Ah, My son, don’t worship Me.
'Tis bad of you to worship Me,
As I am not your Guru.
My Guru is your true Guru.
I am only His namesake
To prove truth never becomes fake.
This, as absolute truth you take.
'Tis Kanhiya Ram Nath’s principle,
So declares Guru Bhuvani Nath’s disciple.”

108

One and the same are Brahma,
And the knowledge of Brahma.
Thus declared mine Fore-Guru Gorakh Nath,
Disciple of Guru Matsyendra Nath.
For accepting me into Their fold,
Their lotus feet I tightly hold.

OM TAT SAT

Salutations to the shoes of Guru Siddha Nath

Part Five

THE LIGHT OF DEVOTION OF KNOWLEDGE OF BRAHMA (Part-5)

This work to my Guru I have dedicated,
By His grace it was meditated,
Containing 108 poems of a divine necklace.
Initially I named it as 'The True Guru's Grace.'
My Guru gave the present title
And said, "This work to the Impersonal God I entitle."
It is difficult to count
The divine necklaces; at His lotus feet, I mount,
Because His grace is paramount.

Guru Siddha Nath's lotus feet servant
(Rama Rao Das)

*OM GURAVE NAMAHA
OM TAT SAT*

1

Life is not caused by chance;
Know, at His merciful glance,
All of us infinitely dance.
Whatever they may prance,
Only He gives us a chance
To reach Him through penance.

2

Whatever you may hang,
Or the scientists' gang,
To the theory of the big bang—
It is absurd slang.
Know, they are not completely wrong,
But Mother Nature is relatively strong.

3

So far, they *crew*,
As peace cannot be put through.
For they have a loose screw;
Now they will have to rue,
For they are not true.

4

Gods of Trinity can be looted;
Buddha, Jesus and Mohammad can be looted;
The *Vedas*, the *Koran*, and the *Bible* can be looted;
People and nations can be looted;
Even God and Mother Nature can be looted;
But the true Guru can never, never, never be looted.

5

Who is afraid of the stage,
He will read out a page;
You won't be freed of the bodily cage
Because he is not a sage.

6

Who thinks himself big,
He is worse than a pig;
Who differentiates big and small,
He is sure to fall;
Who integrates one and all,
Him, God will surely call.

7

He is given the first seat;
Firstly, we worship Lord Ganesha's lotus feet;
In marriage or any auspicious meet,
By worshipping parents' lotus feet,

Lord Ganesha became hard to beat.

8

Parents cease to be parents,
A Guru ceases to be a Guru,
Spouse ceases to be a spouse,
Man ceases to be man,
A human ceases to be human,
A foe ceases to be a foe,
A friend ceases to be a friend
If divine love is not their trend
And to God they don't make you bend.

9

Saint Kabir Das said,
"Kabir! Kabir! Calls everybody.
If you search your own body,
In you Kabir does embody,
Then Kabir is called by nobody."

10

Whom should I blame the most?
When I looked at my innermost,
I found myself worse than a ghost;
This is the truth that I boast.
Whom should I blame the most?
Speaking the truth, I am the sinner first.

11

With me, none can compete,
As I've got the Guru complete.
With me none can argue,
As I've got the Guru true.
As His knowledge is full,
I never become dull.

12

However, the Guru doesn't ask;
To serve Him is a disciple's task.
However, God doesn't give consent;
A devotee offers Him a present.

13

Our Adi Guru Lord Dattatreya said,
"Women's beauty and charm,
And their bodily form—
If these you cherish,
You are sure to perish;
Drawn by allure, moths fly
Into the flame, only to die."

14

Adi Guru Lord Dattatreya said,
"If a man longs for a woman's bodily touch,
He is sure to fall into *maya*'s clutch.

How a wild elephant is put into bonds is a known fact,
As he follows the she-elephant for bodily contact.”

15

Great souls preached only one truth,
Their lives bore testimony to this eternal truth.
They never preached any sect or religion
That belongs to some particular region.
Sects and religions are taught by different schools,
Found and practiced by self-centered, damned fools.

16

If you think of many,
You will be no more any.
If you think of various,
You will be spurious.
If you think of different,
Truth you will never confront.
If you think of double,
You will be in trouble.
If you think of One,
Truth will be won.

17

With an increase in tax,
How do you relax?
Who are not kind,

They never serve mankind.

18

What if you are furious?

What if you are curious?

What if you are serious?

If you are not generous,

Sure, you are spurious.

19

They build projects in air,

As their words are unfair;

Each wants to be the country's heir,

As they fight for the chair.

20

My Guru says,

“You should try to be good and well,

Never mind if the world goes to hell.

Listen to the soul's calling bell

And practice what the true Guru does tell.”

21

Who have not seen Him,

Even in a dream,

If they speak of God,

Know, they are fraud.

22

One is unworthy, if He does feel,
Even in a dream He will not reveal.
Even in a dream He may reveal,
But His devotees are difficult to feel.

23

Onto others, they blame,
They themselves claim
Name and fame,
As they have no shame.

24

My Guru say,
“If you do not beg,
You will get a golden egg;
But if you try to beg,
You will get not even a rotten egg.”

25

For men, enough is word;
For cattle, enough is goad.
Fools cannot be set right,
For they always fight.

26

The wise one prays to God,
“Please let all beings be merry,
And give me all their worry;
With wisdom, I can easily carry
Their burden, and I never feel sorry.”

27

He is the seer,
To whom all are dear;
He is the seer,
Who has no fear;
He is the seer,
To whom truth is clear;
He is the seer,
Who has no peer;
He is the seer,
To whom He is dear;
He is the seer,
To Him, who can steer;
He is the seer.

28

Who claims himself God,
Know him to be full of fraud.
Who claims Guru on his own,
Know him to be a perfect clown.
'Cause God and Guru even disown

The merit that They really own.

29

People's problems are difficult to be solved,
As common point cannot be resolved.
Hence, the Assembly will be dissolved,
But by people still they are absolved.
But by God none will be absolved.

30

None you press,
But truth you express,
None you depress,
Never try to impress,
But speech you compress.

31

Neither do I want wealth,
Nor do I want health.
Neither do I want powers,
Nor a wreath of flowers.
Neither do I want fame,
Nor do I claim for a name.
Neither do I want money,
Nor do I want things any.
Neither do I want a kingdom,
Nor do I want freedom.
Neither do I want wisdom,

Nor do I want gurudom.
Neither do I want some space,
Nor do I want even social status.
But, I do, do, do want a little place,
Forever, at Your feet lotus.

32

If one studies through donation,
Doubtful is one's service to the nation.
If one gets status through reservation,
One worries about self-preservation.
People are divided by religion and caste,
And turned into bundles of waste.
As there is no equality,
Difficult to get the best quality.

33

This is the best tool:
Divide and rule,
Easily we can fool,
Adopted from the British Rule.

34

Because in unity,
There is divinity,
And unity is seen in immunity,
And quality is seen in equality,
But quality, equality are in inequality.

35

The wise consider others' cash
As nothing but ash,
And wives of others
Be their own mothers.
As they consider others
As their own very brothers.

36

Enjoying others' wealth
Spoils only our health;
We had better die
Than utter a lie;
Every living being
Is our own very being;
The wise think so—
If you have a heart, lo!

37

How is this world null and void,
When one's duties one cannot avoid?
Who says this world is null,
Sure, he is a numskull.
As he has a thick skull;
Know, his actions are doubtful,
And his understanding is dull.
Some he may gull,
Him He does gull.

38

Among 1000 men, one becomes a leader;
Among 1000 leaders, one becomes a king;
Among 1000 kings, one becomes a scholar;
Among 1000 scholars, one becomes a poet;
Among 1000 poets, one becomes a donor;
Among 1000 donors, one becomes a renunciant;
Among 1000 renunciants, one becomes a wise man;
Among 1000 wise men, one becomes a yogi;
Among 1000 yogis, one becomes a devotee;
Among 1000 devotees, one becomes dear to God;
Among 1000 such dear men, one knows Him in essence;
Among 1000 such knowers, one becomes a disciple;
Among 1000 such disciples, only one becomes the Guru.

39

They call themselves sons of the soil,
They put Mother India in turmoil,
This caused my blood to boil;
Their evil designs God is sure to foil.
People's property is in spoil,
Because neither they are royal,
Nor to Mother India they are loyal.

40

With truth, my pen is flaming,
At your heart I am aiming;
A new idea your mind is framing.

His lotus feet I am claiming,
Myself I am blaming.

41

Never take refuge in greed;
Earn money for bodily need.
Know, begging is a bad deed;
Never distinguish by sex, caste, or creed.
Whoever is at your door, them you feed;
As per your capacity, life you lead.
Then virtue becomes your seed;
Divine love it does breed;
Practice truth in thought, word, and deed.
Soon you will be freed.

42

Rush to *Atma* with might and full speed;
He is your true Guru if His advice you heed.
He will see fulfilled is your every need;
To God, He will surely lead.
'Tis how great souls themselves freed.

43

Holy Scriptures some always read,
But *Atma*'s voice they fail to heed.
How will they be freed?
How can peace and bliss scriptures breed?

44

With no scripture, the saints agreed,
As Holy Scriptures cannot lead;
But sects and religions they breed.
By reading books, none is freed;
As they are upheld by some caste or creed.

45

Stone is stone indeed,
Living gods are gods indeed.
First, parents' blessing is all you need;
Next, satisfy all beings with every deed,
If you want to be freed.
A stone becomes God only by your deed;
This is absolute truth indeed.

46

“Once in a jungle, an osprey
Brought a piece of its prey.
For the flesh, many ospreys gave chase;
They left him as he let it go without a trace.
By possession, he got worry;
By abandonment, he made merry.”

So Adi Guru Lord Dattatreya did brief
King Yadu on how to be free of grief.

47

Eyes look at His lotus feet sans blinking,
In His ocean of mercy, the heart is sinking;
About His lotus feet, the mind is thinking,
In respect to Him, hands are linking.

48

To people, here I announce,
The world I renounce,
But His words I pronounce,
Falsehood I denounce.

49

Who are mentally sound
To equally hold a pound
And a stone from a mound,
By them, He can be found.

50

If one is after a beauty,
How well done is one's duty?
Truth is not laid,
Hence one is afraid.

51

God will be your aid,

If truth be said;
Then, even in a raid,
You are not afraid.

52

Neither do I want health,
Nor do I want wealth;
Neither do I want wisdom,
Nor do I want freedom.
I want neither money nor status,
But a little place at Your feet lotus;
With Your vision, You've to bless—
Nothing I want less;
I want only Your sight,
Whatever is my plight.
I want to see You face to face;
I don't ask any boon or Your grace.
I want You to talk,
As to Your lotus feet I walk;
Only with Your vision I compromise;
I do remember Your promise.
All scriptures preach—
'Tis You are to reach;
All great souls teach—
'Tis You are to reach.
I know why man is born:
For Your sight I am stubborn.
When You are my father,
From me why are You farther?

Even Your vision in a dream
Truth it does seem.
Even in a dream, Your sight
Will convince me I am right.
In everything, You're the essence;
Surely, I can have Your presence.
Then I can say You're truth;
Only You can soothe.
To God such were my prayers—
To beat my mental layers.
Then my Guru appeared in a dream;
Now I enjoy my life's cream.

53

The more you feed a sense,
Passion becomes intense;
Multiplied is your desire,
As adding fuel to fire
Only makes it a bonfire.
Although yourself you may tire,
But the senses will never retire.

54

Wisdom is hard to recollect;
Rulers are hard to select.
As people failed to elect,
Being hopeless, they re-elect.
This is the truth I collect

As I sing in ancient seers' dialect.

55

Who is not ever erect,
How others, can he correct?
To hell, he will direct,
He is the Guru incorrect.

56

If one's speech is severe,
How, others, will he revere?
The Guru's words are hard to persevere,
Because truth is always severe.

57

He is praised through Holy Scriptures;
He is worshipped through holy sculptures;
He is expressed through holy lectures;
He is remembered through holy pictures.
By His grace, they became holy fixtures;
By His grace, they became holy textures.
Only He planned these different structures.

58

Mother English said to me,
"Oh my son, I was all depressed;
I like the way I am expressed.

By you, I am impressed.
Where all failed,
There you are hailed.
For now, I feel blessed,
As me, God has kissed.”

59

I said to mother English,
“I am at your lotus feet, oh my Mother English;
Sans Guru’s grace, what can I accomplish?
As my Guru is doing my mind-polish,
Through you, He wants to re-establish
That we all belong to only one clan.
This is all, the true Guru’s plan.”

60

They are right,
Who are upright;
They are right,
Against falsehood, who fight;
They are right,
Wisdom is whose light;
They are right,
Mercy is whose sight;
They are right.
They are quite right.

61

He is the sage,
If he is free of rage;
He is the sage,
With truth if he does gauge;
He is the sage,
War if he does not wage;
He is the sage,
If he frees you from the bodily cage;
He is the sage,
If he is not afraid of the stage;
He is the sage,
If his speech becomes a holy page;
He is the sage,
If he conveys His message;
He is the sage,
If he is full of courage;
He is the sage,
If he has wiped out his image;
He is the sage.

62

Never fight, holding a book,
But sitting in a nook,
For the contents you look,
Then to the truth, you hook.

63

Holy Books teach us to brook;
No book is there to rook,
But by reading a book,
If you become a crook,
Sure, you exploited the book.

64

Mere speech and poems oral
Cannot make you moral,
But experience corporal
Makes of a man moral.

65

Working hard
Cannot retard,
But will reward
With an award.

66

So is felt, so one becomes;
So is thought, so one becomes;
So is talk, so one becomes;
So is deed, so one becomes;
So the seed is sown,
So the tree is grown.

67

Though no merit, one should do one's duty;
Though there's merit, but never do another's duty.
If one is out of place,
He is looked at in disgrace.
A fish being out of place
Will meet death in disgrace.
Recollect King Karna hated to be out of place,
But met death with Divine grace.

68

"I worship my Guru's lotus feet;
I think of my Guru's lotus feet;
I talk of my Guru's lotus feet;
I bow to my Guru's lotus feet."

So *Adi Nath* Lord Shiva did explain
To Mother Parvathi about truth plain.

69

I am a fool if beings I slay,
As this body is made of clay.
For others, this body I lay,
So that with Him I play.

70

I feel truth is difficult to relay;

I regret if others I flay.
Hence truth is hard to lay,
But God's will none can delay.

71

Who are bold,
To equally hold
A toady and a scold—
Him, they can behold.

72

If officials babble,
Only they dabble;
As they kill
Their own skill,
Workers feel ill;
Progress is nil.

73

When the British ruled the most,
My *Pardada* Guru left the IAS post,
About which all these people boast,
As He became the true Guru's host.

74

All works are done by men,
For the call of abdomen;

For the call of sensual parts,
All show millions of arts.

75

What if hairs become grey?
When they are greed's prey.
As there is no wisdom's ray,
They engage in power's fray.
Driven by ego, they run astray;
Hence, worse than dogs of stray,
Even their souls they betray—
How for people they pray?

76

Reciting scriptures,
Worshipping pictures,
Installing idols,
Talking about ideals,
Lecturing on God, these are easy;
To answer a query drives you crazy.
If one has not experienced truth,
Others, how can he soothe?

77

Waste is all your endeavour,
Lost is all your manoeuvre,
If God is not in your favour.
Hence, only His devotee is clever.

78

He is the saint,
Who is not faint;
He is the saint,
Who is free of main taint;
He is the saint,
Whose wisdom is quaint;
He is the saint,
Who has no complaint;
He is the saint,
Who has restraint;
He is the saint,
Who has constraint;
He is the saint.

79

Who engage in a battle
Are worse than cattle;
Who are not kind,
They never belong to mankind.

80

If one develops diversity,
'Tis no more a university;
If one develops a fool,
'Tis no more a school.
This truth the wise allege,
Applicable to a college.

81

Unity in a verse
Is our universe;
Though it seems diverse,
Unity in diverse
Is only universe.
The doer is only One in the universe;
The duties are manifold and diverse.
As one cannot do duties any,
Hence, He manifested Himself as many.

82

My Guru says,
“Mother Saraswati fetched water;
All the Vedas became servants later;
All work was buried in the earth’s crater;
Still, the goal of Renu is a different matter.”

83

“For a job, required is a degree;
It is an official decree.
Hence, all are after degrees
Ranging from A to Z.

If asked, what is before A?
And what is after Z?
Here, My pen stops,
And your mind topples.”

My *Pardada* Guru so said,
When foundation for truth He laid.

84

As this world is adding fear after fear,
Eyes are shedding tear after tear,
Mind is becoming unclear and unclear,
Passing by time is year after year.
One is becoming dear and dear
To the approaching death, near and near,
Passing by time is year after year.

85

To Him, he is dear,
Who is sincere;
To Him, he is dear,
Whose mind is clear;
To Him, he is dear,
Who has no fear;
To Him, he is dear,
Who sheds a merciful tear;
To Him, he is dear,
To Him, who is sincere;
To Him, he is dear,
To whom, He is near;
To Him, he is dear,
To whom, He is dear;
To Him, he is dear.

86

One should think of consequence;
Then he should act in proper sequence.
As they acted lacking knowledge,
Their wombs they couldn't acknowledge.
So, some young girls condemn
For not using a condom.

87

Hate none;
Love all.
Judge all;
Trust none.

88

Believe in yourself ever,
Even in me never.
Think of the worst,
And do the best.

89

A wife they harass;
Her, they caress.
A wife they depress;
Her, they impress.
They'll be in distress
'Cause she is a mistress.

90

How can I pay Him tributes?
As to Him, He Himself distributes,
And to Him, He Himself contributes
With all His attributes.

91

As their faults they never admit,
What the wicked cannot commit.
Even a hermit
Cannot permit
Beyond a limit.
How people submit.

92

They are the wicked,
If truth they've kicked;
They are the wicked,
If trust they've pricked;
They are the wicked,
If lust they've picked;
They are the wicked,
If other's money they've licked;
They are the wicked,
If people they've tricked;
They are the wicked,
If power they've ticked;
They are the wicked.

93

Truth can be laid with a pen,
But fools require a machine gun;
People can be changed with words,
But fools require swords.
Hearts can be won with alms,
But cowards require arms.

94

When kind is tone,
No need to stone;
Their minds are narrow,
Hence fools require an arrow.
When truth is my brand,
Why do I hold a steel brand?

95

When we all belong to the human bracket,
'Tis foolish to make a missile rocket;
When mankind is a single caste,
But fools propose a nuclear holocaust;
When life is from womb to tomb,
But fools boast of the atom bomb.

96

When hearts are open,
Why required is a weapon?

When mercy has no bars,
Why required are wars?

97

When merciful tears are shed,
Why required is bloodshed?
When the mind is in control,
Why required is arms-control?
When the mind is won,
All becomes only One.

98

Unchanged is the soul;
Difficult is the goal.
If you foul,
No use if you howl;
But if you wear a cowl,
You are worse than an owl.
Sure, one day you will howl.

99

If truth you dismiss,
And wisdom you miss,
And at divine love you hiss,
How will life be bliss?
And God will kiss?

100

How will I respect elders?
Rubbing their shoulders,
They show bias,
Sitting on a dais.
They are the aged—
Their souls are caged.

101

If asked, you get only anger;
He will put you in danger.
To him, his mother is a stranger;
Although he is a manager,
He is a dog in the manger.

102

You have no anger;
You have no danger.
You don't distinguish;
You don't get anguish.

103

My Guru says hereunder,
“You never blunder,
You never plunder,
If ignorance is cut asunder.”

104

What can you assist,
When from truth you desist,
Love you resist,
And with ego you persist?
Him you cannot consist,
But you have the right to exist.

105

Adi Nath Lord Shiva said,
“My Lord is the Lord of the three worlds;
My Guru is the Guru of the three worlds;
My soul is the soul in all beings;
My God is the God of all beings.

By His grace let there be peace to all beings;
By His grace let there be bliss to all beings.
I bow to His lotus feet on behalf of all beings;
I bow to His lotus feet on behalf of all beings;
I bow to His lotus feet on behalf of all beings.”

106

They never fight,
But they unite.
They become bright;
The wise are right.

107

If it is of past times,
Or it is of present times,
Else it is of future times,
Know, all are His pastimes.

108

So the wise resolute,
The Guru is the absolute;
Only Him they salute.
He is the absolute of absolute.

Once again, Him I do salute;
Again and again, I salute.

OM TAT SAT

*Salutations to the shoes of my Eternal Father
Guru Siddha Nath*

*The True Guru's Grace
Has No End*

Glossary

8 400 000	: One gets human birth only after passing through 8 400 000 lower forms of births
Adi Guru	: The first and foremost Guru
Adi Nath	: The first and foremost Nath (Nath Yogi)
Atma	: The Spirit, Soul
Azad Muni Baba	: A Saint of Freedom or Independence
Baba Saheb	: Dear Father Sir
Brahma	: The Impersonal God
Couples of Trinity	: Trinity with their consorts
Crew	: Past tense of crow
Dada Guru	: Guru's Guru, Grand Guru
Dharma	: The Righteousness
Eternal Father	: Guru
Gods of Trinity	: Lord Brahma, Lord Vishnu and Lord Shiva collectively
Goat's testicles	: Unnoticeable, worthless things
Govinda	: Lord Krishna, God
Guru	: Spiritual Teacher
Indra	: The ruler of heaven
Karmas	: One's obligatory duties
Lord Brahma	: The Creator
Lord Ganesha	: The God of obstacles and their remover
Lord Rama	: The hero of the Ramayana
Lord Sesha	: The Supporter of the world

Lord Shiva	: The Destroyer
Lord Vishnu	: The Sustainer
Mahatmas	: Great souls
Masthana Jogi	: A Yogi in Ecstasy or Jubilant-Carefree Yogi
Mathaji	: Mother Goddess
Mathaji's Lord	: Husband of Goddess Mathaji, the Destroyer
Maya	: Illusion
Minute Indweller	: Atma, the Spirit, Soul
Mithyawadi Baba	: A Saint Who Speaks Myth
Mother Saraswati	: The Goddess of education and learning
Mouni Baba	: A Yogi who observes Silence
My Dad	: My Guru
Pardada Guru	: Guru's Guru's Guru, Great Grand Guru.
Saints' Haridwar	: The sacred place for Saints
Sikhs' Gurudwara	: The place of worship for Sikhs
The Adventures of Rama	: The Ramayana, written by sage Valmiki
The Holy Song of Lord	: The Gita
The South	: Hell
Yama	: The God of Death, the ruler of hell
