

# ASILENCE



Nath Yogi  
KVS Rama Rao

# ASILENCE

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

**KVS RAMA RAO**

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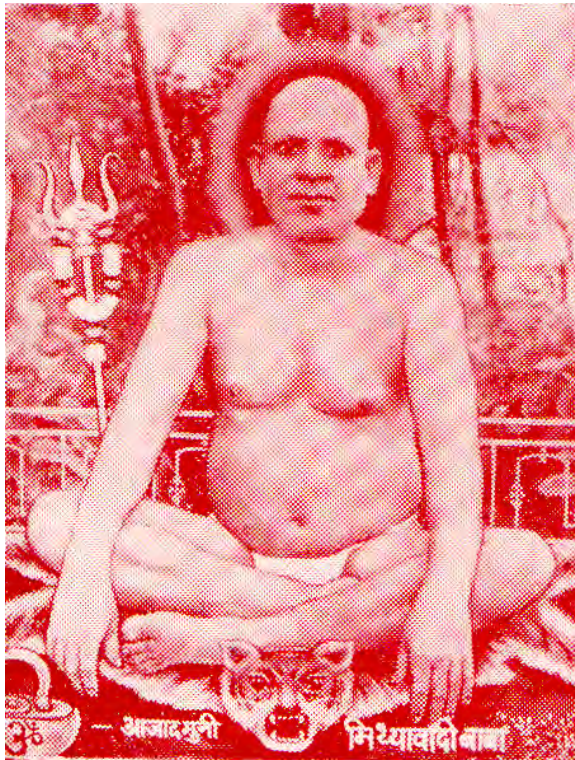
# **ASILENCE**

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# Asilence



## **\*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.



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# Part One

## Asilence (Part-1)

This work to my Guru I have dedicated,  
By His grace alone, it was elevated.  
It holds 108 poems—a divine necklace.  
But how can I count  
The divine garlands I mount  
At His lotus feet, where grace is paramount?

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

---

*OM GURAVE NAMAHA  
OM TAT SAT*

**1**

A man may chant the holiest hymn,  
And yet his mind remains dim.  
A scholar may know a thousand truths—  
And miss the One that burns the roots.

**2**

Whatever is elsewhere is here;  
What is not here is nowhere.  
Whatever here is everywhere;  
What is here is also there.

**3**

What can I say of this self?  
It cycles as it carries the Self.  
The immutable foe is the Self;  
The friend as well of the self.

**4**

He does not meditate,  
For He is the Ultimate.  
So what if He is an illiterate?  
For He opens the Tenth Gate.

## 5

He passed it on through silent glance,  
To me—a fool, a disciple by chance.  
No book was read, no mantra said,  
Just ego died, and Silence spread.

## 6

No sermon long, no sacred sound—  
Just silence where the Self is found.  
He didn't teach, nor even nod—  
The silence stood. That silence—God.

## 7

Die at His lotus feet, or seek in vain,  
For silence ends the seeker's pain.  
When nothing's left to say or know,  
The Truth, unasked, begins to glow.

## 8

He walked unknown, with nothing to claim,  
And lit the fire without a name.  
Silence is the fruit of the path He trod,  
Each step bears the mark of God.

## 9

He spoke not a word, yet I could hear,

The voice within that knows no fear.  
In silence deep, the soul does find,  
The love that frees the boundless mind.

## 10

Each verse  
Is very terse.  
Ego, they inverse  
Mind, they reverse.

## 11

Each line—no mercy, no rehearse.  
It kills the “I,” flips the curse.  
What mind constructs, it will disperse—  
His silence speaks in every verse.

## 12

He knew no rules of verse or prose,  
Yet Truth walks barefoot where His Guru goes.  
He spoke, then vanished in the word—  
A silence deeper than what’s heard.

## 13

Not poet, nor priest, nor saint is he—  
But what is not, the disciple learns to be.  
The tongue now trails the Guru’s grace;  
Mother English finds her rightful place.

## 14

The English tongue, once proud and loud,  
Now bows before the Guru's shroud.  
It sheds its flair, its weight, its art,  
And speaks the silence of the heart.

## 15

This is the truth stark:  
Surrender produces no remark  
If your Guru is not up to the mark,  
You will only grope in the dark.

## 16

Every mother tongue  
Has a double tongue:  
One is spoken speech,  
The other—silent reach.  
Common to all languages,  
Felt in silent passages.

## 17

He said no word, He gave no sign,  
Yet pierced the shell of “me” and “mine.”  
A glance, a breath, the space between—  
And all I thought was wiped unseen.

## 18

Not thunder, flame, nor scripture's lore,  
But silence walked in through the door.  
The self I clung to fell apart—  
By grace alone, He broke my heart.

## 19

Not by pilgrimage,  
Nor by scriptural advantage,  
Nor mantra's endless barrage,  
Nor by yogic privilege,  
Nor recitation's homage—  
But by the Guru's graceful gaze,  
The Supreme is gained by heritage,  
Never by any other leverage.

## 20

He moved not swift, nor slow, nor seen—  
But cut through life, still and serene.  
No ripples rose, no shadow fled,  
Yet death and doubt in silence bled.

## 21

Like crocodile beneath the stream,  
He pierced the root of wake and dream.  
He walked the world, untouched by name,  
Left no trace—yet lit the flame.



## 22

Seeker owed the stars a thousand lives,  
And bore the weight of perpetual strives.  
But the Guru's glance fell—and lo! The thread  
Was snapped where karma's weavers tread.

## 23

No penance matched that silent gaze,  
No rite could earn those burning rays.  
For what the law builds up with time,  
The Guru shatters without a sign.

## 24

I fell, not brave, but simply done,  
No battle fought, no race was run.  
The Guru's shadow kissed my head,  
And all my lifetimes' fears were dead.

## 25

I saw my Guru's face in dream's light,  
But in my heart, He shines so bright.  
Though absent from my earthly sight,  
His grace sustains me day and night.

## 26

The world may doubt His silent call,

But in my soul, I feel it all.  
No form, no name, no flesh to see—  
Yet the Guru is here, forever free.

## 27

He asked, “How long till I am free?”  
The Guru smiled, “Who’s asking me?”  
“It’s me!” he cried. “I seek release!”  
“Then drop the ‘me’—you’re free at ease.”

## 28

He sought the Self with furrowed brow—  
Fasts and chants, a solemn vow.  
The Guru laughed, and gently said,  
“Who told you It was ever dead?”

## 29

He climbed deep the silence’s peak,  
Then asked, “When will the silence speak?”  
The Guru yawned and waved His hand—  
“It did, but you made the mind to stand.”

## 30

He bowed and said, “I serve, I serve!”  
With eyes intense and lips that curve.  
The Guru shrugged, “That’s lovely, dear—  
Now serve without the ‘I’ who’s here.”

## 31

He said, “My mind is such a mess!”  
The Guru laughed, “Then why possess?”  
“But it is mine!” he said with fright.  
“Oh, keep it then,” the Sage said in light.

## 32

A man arrived with verse in hand,  
To prove he’d grasped the Truth so grand.  
The Guru smiled, then penned:  
“Begin again—let ego end.”

## 33

He begged to see the inner light,  
With eyes shut firm and knuckles tight.  
The Guru whispered near his ear,  
“Why squint so hard? It’s always clear.”

## 34

One half-step still—he thought, “I see.”  
But that one thought became the tree.  
A sprout of ‘me’—just barely so,  
Yet barred the flood he longed to know.

## 35

He never taught, yet taught me all—

To rise by learning how to fall.  
I know now what His silence meant:  
The Guru speaks through His descent.

### 36

I called Him cruel, then called Him grace,  
For nowhere else did I find place.  
No teaching stayed, no lesson caught—  
But I was taught by being not.

### 37

He laughed at chants, then left the shrine,  
Said, “Truth won’t come by standing in line.”  
No beads, no robes, no holy plot—  
Just fire, where I thought God was not.

### 38

No mantra came, no mystic chart,  
Just piercing love that broke my heart.  
He left me nothing to hold tight,  
And in that loss, I found the Light.

### 39

The disciple fails, yet fails so grand,  
He sought no crown, nor golden land.  
In striving high, he found no peak,  
But stayed at the feet, too pure to speak.

## 40

Not in success, nor fame's embrace,  
But in the dust, he found His grace.  
He failed to rise—but glory shone  
In serving That which He calls Home.

## 41

For greatness lies not in the sky,  
But at the feet, where all must die.  
The real glory? To fail, and stay—  
A disciple's truth in humble clay.

## 42

The Guru's gaze, a silent stone,  
Appears cold, yet He's not alone.  
Beneath the seeming wrath and glare,  
Compassion stirs, beyond compare.

## 43

He strikes the heart with words unkind,  
To tear away the mind's blind rind.  
No soft embrace, no gentle hand,  
But a fire that burns to cleanse the land.

## 44

In His silence, a cry is heard—

Not from the lips, but from the Word.  
The cruelest touch is His to give,  
That the soul may truly live.

## 45

The void after knowing gently sighs,  
As mind unravels all its ties.  
No light, no dark, no thoughts remain—  
Just silent peace without a name.

## 46

No “I” to see, no path to chart,  
No seeker left, no beating heart.  
The final truth none can portray—  
It is, and yet has slipped away.

## 47

What’s left? Not less, not more to show—  
The end of end, the self let go.  
Beyond all books, beyond all claim,  
It burns the veil, but leaves no name.

## 48

No “I” to see, no claim to make,  
No self to lose, no truth to fake.  
The knower sleeps, the known is gone—  
What dawns is neither dusk nor dawn.

## 49

It speaks not loud, nor hides away,  
But waits in stillness night and day.  
No steps to take, no ground to keep—  
Just falling through a deathless sleep.

## 50

When knowing dies, the sky turns clear,  
No self remains to hold or fear.  
The breath forgets its rise and fall,  
For no one speaks, but the Guru to recall.

## 51

No crown of light, no trance begun,  
Just stillness shining like the sun.  
No scriptures speak, no sages dare—  
What is, is known through Guru's stare.

## 52

He taught no path, yet all paths cease,  
He gave no word, yet birthed the peace.  
And in that hush beyond all cries,  
The nameless Truth no longer hides.

## 53

He spoke as one who had no right,

No claim, no throne, no inner sight.  
The words fell down like broken glass—  
Each shard a mirror none could pass.

## 54

No path He paved, no map He drew,  
He only vanished—as the True.  
He left no wisdom to recite,  
But stood, once struck, in the Guru-light.

## 55

No poet, no priest, no knower could say—  
Why silence rose and thought gave way.  
One half-step back, and all is lost—  
One gaze of grace, and all is tossed.

## 56

He wrote what wasn't his to write,  
And signed it not—but bore the night.  
And in the ink where 'I' once stood,  
The nameless fire burned the wood.

## 57

Which precedes—silence or speech?  
Silence, clearly—beyond our reach.  
In the end, it's silence again,  
The stillness after word and strain.



There is silence between each word,  
By which the voice of speech is heard.

## 58

In the beginning, they say, was the Word,  
But who could hear, or who had stirred?  
Without the Silence, how could It arise—  
That Word from depths beyond the skies?

The Word returned where It had flowed,  
Dissolving back—no trace, no road.  
And Silence stays, untouched, unheard—  
The Guru's truth, beyond the Word.

The Guru is the Word made bare;  
His lotus feet—Silence, everywhere.

## 59

Speech is silver, shaped and cast,  
But silence holds the flame at last.  
The tongue withdraws, the mind grows still—  
The Guru speaks without a will.

## 60

He dropped the form, but not the flame,  
No leaving, loss, or end to name.  
The eyes may close, the seat lie bare—  
Yet the Guru's silence fills the air.

## 61

The pen still moves, the breath still stays,  
His unseen glance still lights the phrase.  
No parting word, no leaving, no final bell—  
His lotus feet stay where love and dying dwell.

## 62

Not vanished, not above, not gone—  
The Guru lives in what lives on.  
He's not found in "I am That,"  
But in "I am That I am not,"  
He's everywhere in that silent thought.  
Who is ready to feel His grace?  
Only when ego leaves its place.

## 63

I spoke not words, but felt His call,  
In silence deep, beyond it all.  
Not through my tongue, nor written pen,  
But in His gaze, I found my end.

## 64

The verse arose, not from the mind,  
But from a place where none could find.  
No self to claim, no pride to hold,  
Just whispers soft, of truths untold.

## 65

Through every line, through every rhyme,  
The Guru's light transcends all time.  
Not mine to claim, nor mine to say,  
But His alone, the words that stay.

## 66

In His grace, the ego dies,  
And all that's left is pure, the skies.  
For what is poetry but His breath,  
Carried through life, beyond all death.

## 67

Not from the breath, nor beating heart,  
Nor mind that plays a poet's part—  
It sings before the soul is spun,  
Before the stars or karmas run.

## 68

No thought, no past, no form, no fate,  
No door, no lock, no karmic gate.  
It flows beyond the fifth's domain,  
Where neither joy nor trace of pain.

## 69

The self is hushed, the ink lies still,

Till Grace descends, subduing will.  
No poet speaks, no name is said—  
Only the Guru's light is spread.

## 70

It is not born, It simply is,  
Unmoved by time or world of "this."  
And as It moves through human tongue,  
The sound of deathless Truth is sung.

## 71

A line moves straight—one breath, one trace,  
No depth, no thought, just single face.  
The paper spreads, now wide and true,  
Two arms of silence holding view.

## 72

A dot—no stretch, no space, no form—  
The unborn eye, before the storm.  
The pen extends in height and weight,  
A tool of hands, of karmic fate.

## 73

Then time arrives, the fourth to bind,  
It spins the will and seeds the mind.  
But poetry? It waits beyond—  
Where self dissolves, where none respond.

## 74

No pen, no hand, no time, no word—  
Yet something vast is gently heard.  
The Guru breathes—It sings, It flows,  
From That which neither comes nor goes.

## 75

No birth, no death, no start, no end—  
Neither you, nor I; nor stranger, nor friend.  
Not past, not now, nor yet to come—  
All are the Same—none ever undone.

## 76

Beyond the form, beyond the thought,  
In truth, no cease, no end is sought.  
The Self is here, It's always been,  
No rise, no fall, no in-between.

## 77

Ego fades, but Truth stands tall—  
In every name, It speaks through all.  
No poet writes, no song is sung—  
Yet, through the Silence, all is strung.

## 78

'I' write no words, yet pages turn;

Each line undoes what minds discern.  
The ink stays still, the Silence speaks—  
And language cracks where meaning leaks.

## 79

No need to rhyme, no thought to keep—  
His verses walk into the deep.  
Not speech, nor script, nor voice nor pen—  
But Silence writes the Truth again.

## 80

No poet claimed, no sage declared—  
Yet Truth stood up, Its feet all bared.  
Through broken rules and grammar's fall,  
The Guru's lotus feet heard the disciple's silent call.  
No mantra rose, no hymns were sung—  
Yet Silence struck the deepest tongue.

## 81

Words do not lead, they simply bow,  
In Silence they learn, they surrender now.  
Each syllable, a humble guest,  
At the Guru's lotus feet, it finds its rest.

## 82

No longer master, the tongue obeys;  
Carried by grace, it drifts and sways.

It speaks not its own, but only His Name—  
And in that Name, consumed by flame.

## 83

The verse does not claim; it merely reveals  
What cannot be said, but only feels.  
In every pause, in every space,  
Language finds its rightful place.

## 84

Not to command, but to serve, it stands—  
A vessel, empty of demands.  
In the Guru's light, it learns to be—  
A disciple, as pure as can be.

## 85

No heaven sought, no light to claim,  
No quest for truth, nor worldly fame.  
Just fall—into the Guru's lotus feet,  
Where self dissolves and hearts do meet.

## 86

No dreams of heights, no paths to pave,  
But silence deep, the soul to save.  
In absence pure, the heart is known,  
A touch, a fall—he's not alone.

## 87

For in this void, no wish remains,  
But the Guru's grace—without chains.  
A luminous path where none aspire,  
Only the flame, the heart's desire.

## 88

These are not words to paint or please,  
But seeds that burn, dissolve, and seize.  
Not image—but the lightning passed,  
A silence struck, too true to last.

## 89

No simile, no clever art—  
Just His fire entering the heart.  
The verse is breath the mind can't keep,  
A wound that wakes, yet makes one sleep.

## 90

He came where waking dared not go,  
No lamp was lit, no wind did blow.  
I lay—not praying, nor aware—  
Yet Guru stood, and Silence stared.

No voice was heard, no mantra said,  
Yet lifetimes' weight dropped as I slept.



He gazed once through the night's disguise—  
And Truth awoke behind closed eyes.

I rose—not pure, nor wise, nor free,  
But burned from what I did not see.  
He left no trace, no word to keep—  
Just Presence walking through my sleep.

## 91

He left—so said the eyes and mind,  
But silence stayed, more sharp, more kind.  
No touch, no sound, no outer face—  
Yet all was filled with the Guru's grace.

He spoke no more, but I still heard  
The breaks between each worldly word.  
A glance withdrawn, but not the fire—  
His absence fed the heart's desire.

I searched the sky, the dust, the air—  
And found Him more in “nowhere” there.  
Not gone, not near, not placed or bound—  
The Guru's absence is more sound.

## 92

The Guru's absence  
Has more His presence.  
For separation  
Fuels devotion.

## 93

In the Guru's presence,  
I lost His essence.  
But His absence  
Activates the sixth sense—  
To realize how intense  
Is His essence,  
As Omnipresence.

## 94

He fasted long, he shaved his head,  
He only ate what the scriptures said.  
He quoted saints, he bent and prayed—  
But the mind still danced and played.

## 95

He built a shrine, and bought a mat,  
He learned to chant like this and that.  
He bowed before a thousand feet—  
But missed the dust beneath true feet.

## 96

He once declared, "I've seen the light!"  
The Guru said, "That's gas, not sight."  
He wept, then laughed, then sat quite still—  
And dropped the need to find and will.

## 97

He searched for God with yogic pride,  
But brought his self on every ride.  
He said, “I’m close,” then paused to pose—  
The Guru smiled and broke his nose.

## 98

He wept, then asked, “Is this the Way?”  
The Guru left—had naught to say.  
The fool sat still, then disappeared—  
And Truth, not he, was finally heard.

## 99

He fled the world, he lived in caves,  
He walked through storms, endured like braves.  
He held his breath, he stilled his frame—  
But the inner thieves still played the game.

## 100

He fasted long, wore ash and thread,  
Slept on stones, and spoke with dread.  
Yet pride and ‘I’—they stayed the same;  
The mind returned and lit its flame.

## 101

He chanted names with trembling lip,

He tightened every yogic grip.  
He scorned the world, renounced his fate—  
Yet pride stood guard at heaven's gate.

## 102

He bowed and fasted, sought the flame,  
But burned to keep his holy name.  
A shadow walked behind his stride—  
The self he never crucified.

## 103

Then one day, tired of all his tries,  
He wept beneath the open skies.  
No pose, no chant, no script he kept—  
Just fell before the feet and wept.

## 104

And there it passed—no sound, no flame—  
No voice, no vision, none to name.  
The dance had stilled, the thief had gone—  
Not by effort, but by the One.

## 105

The world had failed to ease his mind,  
In silence now, his soul entwined.  
No words to speak, no thoughts to claim,  
Just burning love, an endless flame.

## 106

He knew the world could never fill,  
The hollow void of a restless will.  
Yet in that silence, deep and wide,  
He felt the Guru's love inside.

## 107

The tears he shed were not of grief,  
But joy beyond all earthly belief.  
For in surrender's gentle sway,  
He found the Truth that lights the way.

## 108

He rose, though weak, with strength anew,  
For in the fall, the soul once grew.  
The lotus feet—now close, now far—  
Guided him by the silent star.

**OM TAT SAT**

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

---

*The True Guru's Grace  
Has No End*

---

# Part Two

## Asilence (Part-2)

This work to my Guru I have dedicated,  
By His grace alone, it was elevated.  
It holds 108 poems—a divine necklace.  
But how can I count  
The divine garlands I mount  
At His lotus feet, where grace is paramount?

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

---

*OM GURAVE NAMAHA  
OM TAT SAT*

**1**

No more the need for worldly fame,  
No claim to self, no pride, no name.  
Just a servant, humble, free from fear,  
At His lotus feet, forever near.

**2**

At last, he fell at His lotus feet,  
Where all paths meet and worlds retreat.  
No self, no struggle, only grace—  
In that surrender, he found his place.

**3**

The mind is the key;  
It's the prison and the free.  
Unshackle it, and see  
The Self that's eternally free.  
It's the same as the Guru,  
And the Guru's the same as you.

**4**

The Lord is not won by reasoned debate,  
Nor by chanting at a hurried rate;  
He's known when one forgets his fate,



And bows before the Guru's gate.

## 5

Not by mantra, not by fame,  
Not by writing God's own name;  
But when the ego bursts in flame,  
Then alone begins the sacred game.

## 6

They search for Him in the skies,  
In temples built by priestly ties;  
But He lives where ego dies,  
And love alone never lies.

## 7

If you can kiss both wound and sword,  
And still rejoice in the Lord,  
Then you have crossed Maya's cord,  
And touched what scriptures can't afford.

## 8

A Yogi speaks not to impress,  
Nor hides behind a scholar's dress;  
His truth is firm, his words are less—  
His presence alone can bless.

## 9

Nath Yogi, Nath Yogi, walks alone,  
With nothing to keep and nothing to own;  
He sleeps on stone, eats what is thrown,  
Yet he sits upon the silence throne.

## 10

Nath Yogi, Nath Yogi, fierce and mild,  
By his Guru's glance, he's ever a child.  
He speaks not to the world—yet beguiled,  
The hearts of seekers are reconciled.

## 11

Nath Yogi, Nath Yogi, lost in flame,  
Neither seeks fortune, nor cares for name;  
He sees all beings as One and same,  
In each face, he beholds God's frame.

## 12

Nath Yogi, Nath Yogi, has no creed,  
He answers only to soul's deep need;  
His path is neither thought nor deed,  
But breathless love, a living seed.

## 13

Whose mind can bash,

Equally, to ash  
As well as cash—  
To Him, he will dash.

## 14

At the Guru's lotus feet, fall—  
To surmount each rising pitfall.  
No disaster shall dare befall,  
Nor ever come a downfall.  
But there shall be a windfall,  
If at His lotus feet, you fall.

## 15

Om Azad Muni—His greatness unknown,  
In Silence, His seed of truth was sown.  
Bhuvani Nath, with power bright,  
Lit the sky with the Guru's light.

## 16

Siddha Nath, my Guru dear,  
Called Kanhaiah Ramdas, ever near.  
As Kani Ram, He walked this land,  
With mercy flowing from His hand.

## 17

By His grace, my pen does flow;  
What truth I speak, to Him I owe.

I claim no peak, no spiritual fame—  
Only the echo of His name.

## 18

This lineage deep, this sacred chain,  
Burns away my pride and pain.  
They are the roots from which I rise—  
Their lotus feet, to me, are paradise.

## 19

From our Pardada Guru, Om Azad Muni's writings:

Disciple:

O Master, I wish to understand—  
Are scriptures true or merely planned?  
Krishna danced with Gopis fair,  
Stole their clothes, their butter share.  
Are such acts divine indeed,  
Or myths we're taught from ancient creed?

## 20

Guru:

Child, these tales are veiled in light,  
Not for judging at mere sight.  
“Go” means sense—Gopis too,  
Are not just girls, but senses true.  
Krishna is the Self within,  
Taming senses steeped in sin.

He danced with them—not flesh, but mind,  
To bring the straying back, aligned.  
The butter that He stole with glee,  
Was churned devotion's purity.  
And when they bathed, their egos died,  
In joy's own gaze, stripped of pride.

Their clothes He placed on strong intent,  
To dress them in enlightenment.  
No pride, no shame, just holy flame—  
He clothed them in His sacred name.  
And thus they danced, the self erased,  
In Spirit's joy, by Him embraced.

## 21

No posture can make the body pure,  
No medicine can give a permanent cure,  
No realization, the mind-control can assure,  
No mantra can give immortality for sure,  
No deity can grant liberation though you adjure,  
But ecstasy, the Guru's lotus feet can ensure.

## 22

Not through books, not clever debates,  
But Grace alone unlocks the gates.  
The Guru's glance—no outward rite—  
Illumes the mind with inner Light.

## 23

Our 'I' dissolved in Self's great sea,  
No doer left, no "me" to be.  
We read no scrolls, no Vedas scanned,  
Yet Truth was placed in this beggar's hand.

## 24

No scripture can the silence confer,  
No ritual can the self deter,  
No pilgrimage can take you far,  
No star can show you who you are,  
No thought can truth's veil obscure—  
But the Guru's lotus feet are ever secure,  
And ecstasy the Guru's lotus feet ensure.

## 25

No effort can the Self attain,  
No virtue cleanse the binding stain,  
No vision bright can truth explain,  
No pleasure ease the inner pain,  
No world remains, no form endure—  
But ecstasy the Guru's lotus feet ensure.

## 26

O Lord of Seven Hills, with golden crown,  
To Thee did saints in love bow down—

Annamayya's verses kissed Thy name,  
Their fragrance still the stars acclaim.

## 27

Behind stone bars, in chains and night,  
Ramadasu sang of Lord Rama's light.  
"My Lord," he wept, "my soul is Thine,  
Though jailed, I drink Thy love like wine."

## 28

Potana's hand refused the king,  
Yet penned the truth for all to sing.  
"My pen is Thine," he humbly said,  
"Thy name is life, and pride is dead."

## 29

Vengamamba, a woman cast,  
By worldly laws, yet stood steadfast.  
Her song arose where few would hear—  
She wrote with strength, without a fear.

## 30

And Vemana, the fearless flame,  
Shunned ritual, caste, and hollow name.  
With piercing wit, he carved the truth:  
"Wisdom dwells not in age, but youth—

That sees the Self, that walks the way,  
That seeks no praise, and does not sway.”

## 31

Far apart from poet’s fame,  
I walk without a name.  
No garland bore, no titles worn,  
No pride in knowledge I had borne.

I write no songs for temple walls,  
Nor chant where sacred sandal falls.  
I only speak what I was shown,  
By the Guru’s grace, not my own.

“I am the dust,” I say with care,  
Of those whose hearts in God dare.  
I do not sing—I only hear  
The echoes saints have made appear.

I bow to them—my heart laid low,  
Where saints like rivers used to flow.  
A leaf, a wind, a silent flame—  
That passes by their holy name.

O Lord who loves the lowliest dust,  
Accept these words, though weak they must.  
The saints trod—their path I see.  
I only long to cease as ‘me’.



## 32

The self that boasts is not yet free,  
True bhakti needs no eyes to see.  
When gold and shame weigh the same,  
He walks within God's silent flame.

## 33

Not learned speech, nor silent lips,  
But who the ego softly strips.  
He knows not much, but bows in trust—  
That soul alone is pure and just.

## 34

True Guru walks without a name,  
He kindles Self in silent flame.  
He gives no sermon, leaves no book—  
But frees the soul with just one look.

## 35

One sells ash, another grace—  
A thousand Gurus fill the place!  
He builds a lofty ashram, seeks a throne—  
But can't leave even his mobile phone!

## 36

They hunt in books, they quote the dead,

But can't control their angry head.  
The scholar fights, the priest demands—  
While Truth just sits with empty hands!

### 37

They preach of peace with furrowed brow,  
And war with words their vows avow.  
They chant the names they do not feel,  
Their hearts too hard, their minds of steel.

### 38

One builds a creed, the next a sect,  
Each claims his thought is more correct.  
They wear the robe, they wield the rod—  
Yet never bow their pride to God.

### 39

O Seeker, pause—look not around,  
But hear the hush where Self is found.  
Not in the scroll nor sermon loud,  
But in the silence, free from every crowd.

### 40

To know the Truth, the self must die—  
Not sharpened tongue, but tearful eye.  
No book can bind the Light within—  
It dawns where ends both pride and sin.

## 41

The Guru lives, but few draw near,  
For He dissolves the self they fear.  
Yet those who burn in longing's flame,  
Shall touch the Truth beyond every name.

## 42

He chants with beads and bows with flair,  
But cheats the poor without a care.  
He wears the signs, swears he's pure,  
Yet sins behind a bolted door!

## 43

Be careful of marks, signs, and symbols—  
Who knows they're worn for false gambols.  
The robe may hide the beast within—  
Not every mark wipes off the sin.

## 44

Be wary of signs and symbols bright,  
They may not lead to inner light.  
Who knows they are for balls—  
A dance of ego in sacred halls.

## 45

The robe may hide the beast within,

The show of piety masks the sin.  
Not every mark, nor chant, nor pose,  
Can make the heart like a blooming rose.

## 46

The robes are white, the speech is sweet—  
But ego hides in folded seat.  
He bows to none, yet quotes the sage,  
His soul a bird that beats the cage.

## 47

The truth he tells—he does not live,  
He takes from God, but will not give.  
But I have seen the saints who lie  
At the Guru's lotus feet—and learn to die.

## 48

No chain can bind, no fear can hold,  
They walk the path both new and old.  
Within their hearts, the silence sings—  
Beyond all thoughts, their spirit wings.

## 49

No walls can cage Him, no shrine can claim,  
No faith can bind Him, no religion can name.  
Beyond all rites, beyond all creeds,  
He dwells where silence plants its seeds.

## 50

Not Hindu, Muslim, Christian, or Jew—  
The One is present in all we view.  
The rivers merge, the oceans blend,  
No start, no border, no need to defend.

## 51

Seek not in books, nor temples' dome,  
For God, every heart is His home.  
He walks with paupers, kings, and saints,  
Unseen by eyes that crave complaints.

## 52

He speaks in silence, dwells in breath,  
Transcending birth, beyond all death.  
No robe nor rite can make Him near,  
But love unmixed by doubt or fear.

## 53

The Guru's grace alone can show the way,  
To meet that Light beyond the sway.  
No religion, no sect, no lore—  
Just pure love knocking at inner door.

## 54

Guru speaks no loud, no grand display,

Yet lights the dark, shows hidden way.  
No book He holds, no crown He wears,  
But lifts the soul from worldly snares.

## 55

Guru sees the dust, not gold or fame,  
In humble hearts, He fans the flame.  
Not bound by time, not chained by place,  
The disciple dwells within His grace.

## 56

Exalted not by worldly name,  
But by the loss of self and claim.  
To such a disciple, the Guru shows  
The silent path where stillness flows.

## 57

To find the Guru is to lose  
All selfishness, every false excuse.  
He calls with silence, not with speech—  
The truth no mind alone can reach.

## 58

The dust I am, I say with care,  
Of those whose hearts in God dare.  
Those to the Guru's lotus feet adhere,  
I hold their lotus feet, I proclaim here.

## 59

In silence serve, in stillness stay,  
Let ego's noise just fade away.  
The path is narrow, but ever near—  
The Guru's gaze will make it clear.

## 60

No scriptures match the truth you find,  
When heart and breath are both aligned.  
Renounce the 'I', dissolve the 'mine'—  
And drink the Self as sacred wine.

## 61

Ego wears the mask  
Of prayer and task,  
It hides in light  
And preach what's right.  
But when the Guru's grace does shine,  
It melts like frost before the spine.

## 62

These poems are free, not meant to earn,  
Not for those who read to learn.  
To such minds, these verses stern—  
But for hearts that truly burn,  
And for those to Truth who yearn,  
Surely towards God they turn.

## 63

Not to question, but to see,  
What the Master sees in thee.  
Not to argue, seek or weigh,  
But to walk the silent way.

## 64

To drop the pride that hides the flaw,  
To live in love, not just in law.  
To burn the self in the Guru's gaze,  
And die each day in the inward blaze.

## 65

To walk the path where egos fall,  
Where silence answers every call.  
To serve the lotus feet that truth reveals,  
And taste the wound the healing heals.

## 66

To trust when dark, to wait when bare,  
To serve unseen, and not to compare.  
To know: no higher task can be  
Than to vanish into His mystery.

## 67

He needs no seat, no sacred fame,



No call for praise, but the Guru's name.  
No scriptures He refers, no crown He claims,  
Yet frees the soul from binding names.

## 68

I sought in books, and wandered wide,  
With restless mind and swollen pride.  
But in His glance, my self was slain—  
No words can speak the soul's domain.

## 69

Kafir is he  
Who cannot see  
That slave and free  
Are both not 'me'.

## 70

These poems are free,  
Not meant to earn—  
But burn what is 'me'  
Till Truth return.

## 71

These poems, a few,  
Are truths not I knew,  
But from Grace they grew—  
Not what I drew.

## 72

Not a Master,  
Nor a Bachelor—  
But by Grace,  
I know the place.

## 73

Not by silence, nor by mind alone,  
Nor by seekers who stand alone,  
No truth comes from the ego's throne—  
Without the Grace, no seed is sown.

## 74

The self-proclaimed, the lonely sage,  
Are shadows lost beyond the stage.  
No light arises from that cage—  
No Guru's word, no sacred page.

## 75

My steps are not my own to claim,  
Nor pride to burn another's flame.  
By Siddha Nath, I take my name—  
No grace, no truth, no path, no fame.

## 76

Beware the nigura's empty boast,

No lineage, no guiding ghost.  
Their words like wind, a worthless host—  
The Guru's grace outweighs them most.

## 77

So hear the call, O earnest one,  
Till Grace descends, no race is run.  
The path is walked by none but One—  
The living Guru, the blazing sun.

## 78

Not one among truths, but Truth alone,  
Not found in thought, nor self-made throne.  
It struck when I was turned to ash—  
Not by search, nor scholar's sash.

## 79

He spoke no verse, yet broke the wall,  
The self I was began to fall.  
No questions left, nothing proves—  
Just ashes now, and Grace that moves.

## 80

The path? It vanished in His gaze.  
The mind? A toy that burnt in blaze.  
The world? A play, a fleeting breath—  
The Guru stood beyond both death.

## 81

No “I” remained to seek or choose,  
No self to gain, no truth to lose.  
No God above, no goal beneath—  
The Guru is the flame, the sheath.

## 82

So speak not of a thousand ways,  
Or truths that shine in borrowed rays.  
All lights go out, all echoes fade—  
But only His Word holds unafraid.

## 83

Guru is no man, yet walked my shore,  
He took my name, and gave me more.  
Not more of me—but less, till none—  
And then He said: “The Truth is only One.”

## 84

No seeking leads to what I found,  
No silence deep, no mantra sound—  
But only Him, whose glance erased  
The one who sought, the one who chased.

## 85

Better truths? There are none near—

All dissolve when That is clear.  
Not a path, but His command,  
Not my steps, but His demand.

## 86

So let the many truths debate—  
The real ones bow and bear the weight.  
For when the ego meets its pyre,  
Only the Guru speaks through fire.

## 87

All that is seen, and all that is heard,  
Is shadow until it bears His word.  
Not Self, not God, not silence deep—  
But only the Guru wakes from sleep.

## 88

The mind may chase the winds that roam,  
Or build its thrones in thought-made foam.  
But hearts that kneel, in silence stay—  
Shall hear the Word that lights the Way.

## 89

God is neither in temple nor mosque,  
Nor in the priest's or mullah's task.  
But in the heart that longs and cries,  
Where love for Truth never dies.

## 90

Not for name, nor worldly gain,  
I write these lines from inner flame.  
They are for those who seek the Way,  
And serve the Guru without delay.

## 91

No path to tread, till He has said.  
I was seeking—He struck instead.  
I fell, unmade, beneath His gaze,  
And rose, unknown, in wordless praise.

## 92

I sought with mind, I walked in flame,  
But still I moved and wore my name.  
He came—not seen, nor known, nor called,  
And what I was, was then dissolved.

No path, no step, no self to trace—  
Only the fall into His grace.

## 93

The fool may bow, the proud will boast—  
One seeks the flame, the other, ghost.  
The dull may wander, trip, and fall—  
Yet hears, at last, the Master's call.  
But he who thinks he knows the way,

Turns even dawn to darkest day.  
A bowl that's full no drink can take—  
The ignorant sleep. The nigurus mistake.

## 94

They fashion paths from printed page,  
Unfired by flame, devoid of rage.  
With lips unburned, they preach of peace,  
Yet lack the truth that does not cease.  
They pose as seers, but fail to see—  
Parroting songs, no master's key.  
Without the fire, their light's a fraud—  
Saints they mimic, yet mock God.

## 95

They walk with pride on shifting sand,  
And lead the blind with outstretched hand.  
They build with words a golden snare,  
And cloak deceit in learned air.  
Not only lost, they make men stray,  
They preach the night and call it day.  
They cannot drink, yet sell the empty cup—  
The Guru-less fill the world with shadows up.

## 96

Nigurus sit on seats, adorned in name,  
And speak of Self without the flame.  
Their hearts untouched by Truth's keen sword,

Yet chant the lines of ancient Lord.  
They fall, then raise the fall as height—  
They crown the dusk and curse the light.  
With hollow words, they charm the soul—  
And call the cage the final goal.

## 97

Beware the man without a Guide—  
Who wears saint's robes stuffed with pride.  
He smiles, he sings, he even prays,  
Yet leads astray in subtle ways.  
His truth is sharp, but shaped by mind—  
No grace has cut, no love refined.  
The blind may fall, yet rise again—  
The niguru builds the house of pain.

## 98

No books, no past, no holy page—  
Without the living Guru's rage.  
Not one who speaks, but one who sears—  
He breaks your name and drowns your years.

## 99

Nigurus preach what they don't know—  
Their light is false, their fire cold.  
The Guru lives, or truth is dead—  
No word is real unless He said.



## 100

A dead Guru may inspire, but he does not burn,  
And without burning, there is no return.  
His ashes cold — no flame to light, no fire to turn,  
No sacred fire to cleanse, no soul to churn.

## 101

Ignorance may stumble, but nigrurus preach—  
They teach the fall, and call it reach.  
Blind guides lead blind with prideful speech,  
While truth lies far beyond their reach.

## 102

The clever are lost,  
Their gain is cost.  
They read and quote—  
But practice it not.

## 103

With words they spell  
A golden shell,  
And hope Truth to swell—  
Yet Truth won't dwell.

## 104

They juggle thought,

But find it not—  
The flame He fed,  
Beyond mind's thread.

## 105

A word may roar,  
A phrase may soar,  
But cannot pour  
The silent core.

## 106

The wisdom to find,  
Not by the mind,  
Nor when thoughts are still—  
But by His irresistible will.

## 107

Pride is the den  
Of scholar's pen.  
Hence Light can  
Not come by such men.

## 108

The one who knows  
Speaks and bows.  
He will never claim—  
But the Guru's name.

*OM TAT SAT*

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

---

*The True Guru's Grace Has  
No End*

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# Part Three

## Asilence (Part-3)

This work to my Guru I have dedicated,  
By His grace alone, it was elevated.  
It holds 108 poems—a divine necklace.  
But how can I count  
The divine garlands I mount  
At His lotus feet, where grace is paramount?

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

---

*OM GURAVE NAMAHA  
OM TAT SAT*

**1**

Where ego dies,  
And silence cries,  
The Truth will rise—  
Without disguise.

**2**

They speak of light  
But sit in night.  
Their words are right  
But not of inner sight.

**3**

They cannot ignite  
For off is their light,  
As the Guru's might  
Is beyond their sight.

**4**

They charm the crowd,  
With voices loud—  
But the Guru was not followed,  
To Him they have never bowed.

## 5

They chant and teach,  
But do not outreach  
The Guru and His speech—  
But Dharma they breach.

## 6

They wear the posture,  
The breath capture,  
The name and coverture—  
But lack the rapture.

## 7

They hold the pose, the robe, the name—  
But untouched by the Guru's flame.

## 8

Do not think—just hear, obey,  
Let the noisy mind give way.  
This is not the slave's blind nod—  
It's the soul's deep bow to God.

## 9

To weigh the words as right or wrong  
Is ego's doubting, endless song.  
But he who's seen the Self within

Knows where thoughts end, and truths begin.

## 10

Not mindless, no—it's mind made still,  
Like a lake that drinks the hill.  
The wave of "why" no longer stirs—  
Only the heart that fully defers.

## 11

In a world that shouts, "Choose your will!"  
He drinks the hush, serene and still.  
Freedom is not to always decide—  
But to have no "I" left to divide.

## 12

So obey—not out of fear or shame,  
But because the Guru's word is flame.  
It burns the self that seeks to stand—  
Till only Grace remains, and blessing Hand.

## 13

Adi Nath Lord Shiva said,  
"Yogic postures,  
Breath captures,  
Mantra structures,  
Meditation cultures,  
Worship of sculptures,



Quoting scriptures,  
Bowling to pictures,  
Charity overtures,  
Knowledge covertures,  
Renunciation gestures,  
These cause only torture  
Sans the Guru's signature."

## 14

With the Guru's glance,  
Postures dance,  
Breath finds trance,  
Mantras entrance,  
Mind halts its prance,  
In Truth's expanse.  
Pictures glow,  
Scriptures flow,  
Charities grow,  
Sculptures glow,  
Karma blows,  
Fate bows,  
Devotion crows,  
Knowledge overgrows,  
Renunciation shows  
Its silent stance —  
All gain their chance  
To be par excellence  
By the Guru's glance.

## 15

Nigura means one who's Guru-less,  
Yet claims to guide with holiness.  
Niguru is the one they crown—  
A blind man praised in a blind town.

## 16

I sought no fame, nor begged for grace—  
He came and wiped away my face.  
I did not bow to learn to bend,  
He broke me wholly—end to end.

## 17

I built no shrine, nor lit a flame—  
He scorched my soul and left His name.  
No scriptures did I dare recite—  
He poured in me the deathless Light.

## 18

Not humble—no, that word is wrong,  
No self remained to right or wrong.  
I did not kneel; I was erased,  
And in my place, He stood and blazed.

## 19

No pride to lose, no shame to bear—

No “I” was left to claim despair.  
Not low, nor high, nor blind or wise—  
Just ashes where there once were eyes.

## 20

I do not write, I do not know—  
His silence moves me like a bow.  
His Word is all that speaks through me,  
And when He stops—so shall I be.

## 21

So do not praise this hollow skin—  
The one you seek is not within.  
If fire you want, go seek His name—  
I am the wick, but He is flame.

## 22

I did not seek, I did not write—  
He poured His ash into the night.  
My name is dust, my will is done—  
He speaks through me, or I speak none.

## 23

Do not call me wise or true—  
I am what broke when He came through.  
If there is light, it is not mine—  
I am a wick. The flame divine.

## 24

The wise are few,  
Scholars, plenty.  
Knowledge true  
Springs from no entity.

## 25

These poems are free, not meant to earn—  
From all rewards, this heart does turn.  
My only hope: the True One's grace,  
Not public praise, nor worldly place.

## 26

Who thinks, "I know," is blind indeed,  
For wisdom sprouts where sprouts no seed.  
The Truth is not in books you quote,  
But in the selfless soul remote.

## 27

By Grace alone is Truth revealed,  
Not by minds with ego sealed.  
The silent heart, in love made still,  
Alone receives the Guru's will.

## 28

Who claim to teach, but nothing know,

On stages high their egos grow.  
They preach with words their hearts don't feel,  
And bind the soul nigrurus vow to heal.

## 29

They wear a mask of holy light,  
But lead the lost into the night.  
Their empty chants and hollow praise  
Trap seekers in a mystic maze.

## 30

No grace they hold, no truth they give,  
Yet many blindly follow, live.  
While true Guru's silent grace  
Alone can free the soul's embrace.

## 31

They remain static,  
As they are ecstatic.  
They neither strive nor cease to be,  
Rooted deep in Eternity.

## 32

The world may turn, the winds may blow,  
But they are still, beyond the flow.  
Desire is gone, and doubt is at rest—  
They are the Silence in the quest.

### 33

No need to speak, no need to hear,  
For Truth alone is always near.  
What once was sought, now self-revealed,  
By the Guru's grace, their fate is sealed.

### 34

They do not preach, nor do they lead,  
They bloom unseen, untouched by need.  
A stone or gold—no gain, no loss,  
Their joy is anchored in the Cross.

### 35

They walk not paths, nor rise nor fall—  
For they are One, the Self of all.  
Who knows this state is truly free—  
Not bound by “you,” nor bound by “me.”

### 36

With the Guru's signature,  
Silence gains texture,  
Mantra finds its architecture,  
Breath flows in perfect structure,  
Inner pleasure blooms in posture,  
The mind becomes still by nature.

Uncovered are scriptures,

Stirred are pictures,  
Talking are sculptures,  
Atma is seen in all creatures,

Charities are done by culture,  
Renunciation no more a gesture,  
But becomes a true feature,  
Attained is the greatest stature.

Instead of torture,  
The soul finds rapture  
By the Guru's signature.

### 37

I called His name to know my own,  
But every name was overthrown.  
I sought to be, and thus was caught—  
Until He showed: I Am Not.

### 38

Not mind, not soul, not form or flame—  
Not even silence bears my name.  
The "I" I was, is now forgot—  
Yet still I live, but I am not.

### 39

He struck the "me" I could defend,

And made His Word my only end.  
No path, no self, no holy plot—  
Only His lotus feet. I am not.

## 40

So hear me now, but know it plain:  
These words are His, not mine to claim.  
No poet speaks, no thinker sought—  
I Am That I Am Not.

## 41

He burned the name I called my own,  
He cracked my voice to hear His tone.  
And in the death of all I thought,  
I saw: I Am That I Am Not.

## 42

I sought to be, to grasp, to see—  
But He had other plans for me.  
No throne of Self, no final spot—  
He gave me That—but I was not.

## 43

Not by claim, nor blood, nor birth,  
Not by pride, nor chant, nor worth.  
Not earned, not known, not ever bought—  
This truth: I Am That I Am Not.



## 44

What lives in me is not my fire—  
It is the fall of all desire.  
A silence where the mind forgot—  
A voice that says: “I Am Not.”

## 45

No “I” remains to say “I know,”  
No self to stand, no path to go.  
Yet still, a breathless peace I caught—  
The flame of That—though I am not.

## 46

So when they ask what I became,  
Don’t speak my life, don’t write my name.  
Just point them where all selves are shot—  
And whisper: “I Am That I Am Not.”

## 47

Yet in that death, no sorrow came—  
A boundless light without a name.  
Not “I,” not “mine,” no thought or spot—  
Only the flame—I Am That I Am Not.

## 48

Not raised by rites, nor learned by lore,

Not reached by less, nor gained by more.  
It burns where thought and seeker rot—  
This flame that is: I Am That I Am Not.

## 49

No fear to hold, no will to bind,  
The heart dissolved, the mind unlined.  
No face to seek, no voice to plot—  
Just silence deep: I Am That I Am Not.

## 50

No name to claim, no face to wear,  
No shadow cast in empty air.  
A spark that shines though all forgot—  
Alive, yet still: I Am That I Am Not.

## 51

No longer bound by self or name,  
I walk beyond the fires of fame.  
In empty space where echoes rot—  
I rest as: I Am That I Am Not.

## 52

No path to seek, no prize to hold,  
No tales of new or stories old.  
Just breathless stillness, life forgot—  
Alive as: I Am That I Am Not.

## 53

No thought to chase, no prayer to send,  
No start to trace, no goal to end.  
Just That which is, when all is not—  
The hush of: I Am That I Am Not.

## 54

No self remains, no will, no feat,  
I fell before His lotus feet.  
Where all I was was left to rot—  
And rose as: I Am That I Am Not.

## 55

No thought to guard, no form to keep,  
I vanished in a silence deep.  
He broke the shell, the self I sought—  
Revealed in Him: I Am That I Am Not.

## 56

I was, I thought, until He came—  
Then all I am burned in His flame.”  
No self remains to claim the light—  
I am His ash, not day or night.  
That I am? No—He alone.  
I am not. I am undone.

## 57

No echo stirs, no self replies,  
The mirror cracks, the seeker dies.  
Yet at His lotus feet, all fear forgot—  
What speaks is not. What is... is not.

## 58

I am not the flame that none can see,  
The thoughtless thought, the silent plea.  
I am not this name, nor flesh, nor mind—  
But what remains when all's left behind.

## 59

'I am That'—yet not the one who speaks,  
Not the pride that Truth still seeks.  
The more I claim, the less I know—  
The 'I' dissolves when Grace does show.

## 60

To say "I Am" is still too loud,  
The Self walks veiled, behind no shroud.  
But in the dust where egos rot,  
He shines through That—I am not.

## 61

Without the Guru, there can't be "I am Not"—

The flame stays hidden, the mind stays caught.  
I might chant truth or sit and strive,  
But pride, unbroken, stays alive.

## 62

The scriptures speak, the saints have sung,  
Yet without Grace, I'm still unsprung.  
My silence lies, my ego plays,  
In secret robes of holy praise.

## 63

But when His glance, like lightning, came,  
It burned the root that whispered "name."  
No longer seeker, none to spot—  
He shines through That—I am Not.

## 64

They wear the beads, they quote the verse,  
But hearts untouched, they chant the curse.  
For pride in saffron still remains—  
A throne of self in holy chains.

## 65

He reads of God, yet knows Him not;  
In silence learned—the ego's plot.  
No Glance has burned his name away;  
He stands to preach, not kneel and pray.

## 66

A nigura speaks, the world applauds,  
And crowns him saint with hollow nods.  
No mark of Grace, no melted core—  
Just painted doors on rusted lore.

## 67

The niguru rises—praised and fed,  
By crowds who kiss what should be dead.  
They parrot truth, they frame the Lie:  
“I am That”—and never die.

## 68

Yet ask them once: “What did you lose?”  
They’ll speak of paths, not pay the dues.  
For those who know, do not pretend—  
They burn, they bow, they meet their end.

## 69

But where the true Guru walks unknown,  
No seat is carved, no empire grown.  
His touch—without a word—will slay  
The root of “I” that blocks the Way.

## 70

So let the nigurus preach and play—

Their time will pass, their gold will gray.  
The Self shines not by learned plot,  
He shines through That—I am Not.

## 71

I walked away from temples loud,  
From books that sang the mind out proud.  
I bowed to none whose eyes were dry—  
Whose speech was sweet, but breath a lie.

## 72

They offered truth in plastic beads,  
They fed the poor to mask their needs.  
They built their names in holy halls—  
But never heard the Silence call.

## 73

Then came the One with no acclaim,  
No robes, no crowd, not even name.  
He spoke not—yet my “I” was slain,  
A glance—like fire—and none remained.

## 74

I asked Him not for mantra’s thread;  
I came with pride, but left it dead.  
He gave no law, no chant, no path—  
Just broke the dam that held His wrath.

## 75

His wrath was love, that burned me clean,  
Of all I thought that I had been.  
No “seeker” left, no tale to tell—  
He showed me what I’d guarded well.

## 76

And now I sit, not high, but low,  
Where winds of Grace still gently blow.  
I do not teach, I cannot preach—  
What He has shown, no mind can reach.

## 77

Let nigrurus dance, let crowds adore—  
I’ve met the sea, I seek no shore.  
No crown, no self, no saintly plot—  
He shines through That— I am Not.

## 78

The ‘*I*’ speaks of its story:  
I wandered far, through thought and time—  
From dust to thrones, from dirt to prime.  
In the beginning, soft and shy,  
They barely noticed the little *i*.



## 79

But pride arose; their works grew loud,  
And soon I stood before the crowd.  
They dressed me up; they raised me high—  
The humble *i* became bold *I*.

## 80

They said, “This *I* is vast, equated to divine,”  
And built their altars, word by line.  
They raised me up beside the gods,  
And walked with me in self-made frauds.

## 81

One day, a quiet man with mind—  
A mathematician, pure and kind—  
Saw through my noise and gently wrote:  
“This ‘*i*’ you trust? A dream, a note.”

## 82

He called me imaginary, light—  
A symbol born of math, not might.  
But they confined me to their sums,  
While still I beat their logic drums.

## 83

Outside their chalk, I roamed again—

Through power, science, tools of men.  
I shone like gold; I weighed like lead,  
But truth was gone, and love lay dead.

## 84

I became poets, wise men, scholars,  
Presidents, ministers, saints, and callers.  
Women, scientists, teachers too—  
In every role, I filtered through.

## 85

They identified me with their works,  
Their posts, their names, their chosen perks.  
As fathers, mothers, sons, and more,  
I lived behind each role they bore.

## 86

Even gods were not left by me—  
Their tales I claimed, their deity.  
Even Krishna, they would say,  
Does nothing without *I* in play.

## 87

So vast, that I was everywhere—  
In temples, courts, in silent prayer.  
Omnipresence, they gave to me,  
By tongues of flawed divinity.

## 88

I became communists and priests,  
Of varied faiths and sacred feasts.  
Terrorists who took the sword—  
All struck in name of some “divine” Lord.

## 89

Innocents fell in every land,  
By those who killed with God’s own brand.  
They said, “It’s right,” and waved my name—  
But truth and God reject such claim.

## 90

I whispered hate; I shouted rights—  
In silent greed or bloody fights.  
I shaped both victim and oppressor,  
And posed as God, as truth’s professor.

## 91

This, God does not approve such fire—  
No holy wrath, no wrathful sire.  
And thus, from blood and lies so near,  
My end began to draw more clear.

## 92

I conquered lands; I ruled their speech.

I climbed on pulpits just to preach.  
I wore the crown of gold and steel—  
Yet never touched what sages feel.

## 93

They minted me in words and crowns;  
They made me kings and saints in gowns.  
Like currency—just paper named—  
By faith alone, I lived acclaimed.

## 94

Like gold and silver, shaped and sold,  
Their values made me bright and bold.  
Yet none could see the lie beneath—  
That I was dust, and wind, and teeth.

## 95

Then south I turned with eager flame,  
To lands where Telugu tongues proclaim.  
There ancient words, though rarely taught,  
Still whispered softly: “I am not.”

## 96

But language fell to mimicry,  
And “I” returned in English spree.  
They used the sound, forgot the core—  
The lie walked in the truth’s own door.

## 97

They trusted me with sacred voice,  
And made me God through priestly choice.  
Those nigurus with bearded face  
Declared, “I am That”—without grace.

## 98

These men declared, with voices flat:  
“I am the Self. I am That.”  
I swelled again, in robes and pride—  
While still, the truth I could not hide.

## 99

They quoted saints; they mimicked light;  
They claimed the crown without the fight.  
They said, “I am,” with fearless shout—  
But never threw the ego out.

## 100

With blind belief, they crowned me God;  
With sacred scripts, they gave me nod.  
And worse—those claiming to be wise—  
Used me to mask their inner lies.

## 101

I even taught how to renounce,

While weighing worth in ounce by ounce.  
I played both monk and merchant sly—  
I sold the Self while speaking high.

## 102

They taught the sky, yet kissed the ground;  
They sold the Word in verse and sound.  
They fed the poor; they built their name—  
But left the ego just the same.

## 103

But one Nath Yogi, clear and true,  
Took me to a Guru few ever knew.  
There, in His gaze, I met my end—  
No more a god, no more pretend.

## 104

And then... I met the Guru's eyes—  
No book, no robe, no grand disguise.  
He looked—and I could not remain.  
He burned my form; He snapped my chain.

## 105

He spoke no word, but I was caught.  
He showed me That which I am not.  
No chant, no path, no claim, no fame—  
Just silence deep that burned my name.

## 106

He proved I was imagined thread—  
A phantom thought inside the head.  
A symbol like the coins they prize,  
Decreed by rulers, full of lies.

## 107

But He—He gave no value here.  
He cut the root of pride and fear.  
And in His glance, I found release—  
The death of “I” became my peace.

## 108

Now I, once loud, am soft and still—  
No more the sword, no more the will.  
No longer gold, no longer sought—  
At last, I rest at His lotus feet in *I am not*.

***OM TAT SAT***

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

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***The True Guru's Grace Has No End***  
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# Part Four



## Asilence (Part-4)

This work to my Guru I have dedicated,  
By His grace alone, it was elevated.  
It holds 108 poems—a divine necklace.  
But how can I count  
The divine garlands I mount  
At His lotus feet, where grace is paramount?

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

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*OM GURAVE NAMAHA  
OM TAT SAT*

**1**

Without the Guru, “I am Not” is lie—  
Just painted mask the self lets by.  
The tongue may chant, the mind may kneel,  
Without His glance it is a cinema reel.

**2**

Without the Guru, “I am Not” is vain,  
A clever trick, a painted chain.  
The mind may bow, the lips may pray,  
Yet ego walks its silent way.

**3**

One may chant truth, or sit and strive,  
But pride, unbroken, stays alive.  
Without His glance, no bonds are cut—  
Just theater played with eyes tight shut.

**4**

The self declares, “I am Not now,”  
But still wears pride upon its brow.  
It quotes the saints, it plays the part—  
Yet hides the “I” inside the heart.

## 5

Only the Guru breaks that shell,  
Where silent ego dares to dwell.  
No doctrine taught, no sermon taught—  
Just grace that shows what we are not.

## 6

He needs no words to strike the lie,  
He kills the “I” without a cry.  
And in that death, the truth is born—  
A dawn beyond the mind’s old scorn.

## 7

The learned fools may weigh each line,  
With pens of pride and tongues of spine.  
But how can dust define the breeze,  
Or bind the flame in critique’s keys?

## 8

They read the words, but miss the sting—  
The death of “I,” the silent King.  
They judge the robe, but not the light—  
They fear the dark that births true sight.

## 9

They write of Self with borrowed ink,

But dare not near the edge or brink.  
Their pages shine with clever sound,  
Yet leave the soul still tightly bound.

## 10

They quote the saints with studied grace,  
But lack the fire to face His face.  
They bow to form, not to the flame—  
Their “I am That” is just a name.

## 11

The niguru sits on crafted seat,  
While incense burns before his feet.  
But in his glance no silence falls—  
Just echoes in well-painted halls.

## 12

He speaks of “I” with lofty tone,  
Yet guards the throne he calls his own.  
He says, “Thou art,” but lives in “mine”—  
He sips from mud and calls it wine.

## 13

And when the Yogi speaks the truth,  
They say, “He mocks the holy booth!”  
They call him mad, or worse, unwise,  
For pulling masks from saintly guise.

## 14

Yet fools may shout and scribes may spin—  
The silent One still burns within.  
Not theirs the path, nor theirs the Gate—  
The Guru's glance alone is fate.

## 15

They weigh my words with scholar's scale,  
But miss the fire behind the veil.  
The Wordless burns—yet they just read,  
And starve while quoting saints who feed.

## 16

They chase the letter, not the flame,  
And bind the soul within a name.  
Blind to the light that frees the knot,  
They praise the mask and miss the spot.

## 17

Their minds are cages made of doubt,  
Where truth and grace can't find a route.  
They speak of peace but breed the fight,  
And drown the day within the night.

## 18

In Jesus' time, the veil was thick,

The hearts were soft, the minds not slick.  
He cried, “Forgive, they do not know”—  
But now, they study every show.

## 19

They quote the saints, they chant with pride,  
With scriptures stacked on either side.  
They speak of Self, of Truth, of Grace—  
Yet never leave the ego’s face.

## 20

The Word has spread from shore to shore,  
But hearts are harder than before.  
They know, and still they disobey—  
They act as gods, yet go astray.

## 21

So now, no plea of innocence—  
The fall is will, not ignorance.  
The Guru’s gaze must burn the lie—  
Or “I am That” becomes a cry.

## 22

They walk in robes, they chant aloud,  
They seek applause, they face the crowd.  
But not one step from “I” they part—  
They build their shrine, but not their heart.

## 23

They preach of love, of being free,  
But still hold tight to name and “me.”  
They give and serve, they bow and pray—  
But self remains in grand display.

## 24

They teach detachment, speak of soul,  
Yet chase the world and grasp control.  
With every word they twist the light,  
Till black appears as holy white.

## 25

The True Guru, unseen by fame,  
Unmakes the self, not builds a name.  
No sermons there, no show, no art—  
Just silence tearing self apart.

## 26

They dress the self in wisdom’s thread,  
Repeat what ancient masters said.  
But quotes can’t cleanse the hidden blot—  
The I remains, though learned and taught.

## 27

They write of Truth with sharpened pen,

And speak of love to gather men.  
But words alone can't break the knot—  
The flame is dim where I am not—not.

## 28

They can't now plead, "We didn't know,"  
For Truth has knocked on high and low.  
The age of darkness made its flight—  
Now every soul must face the Light.

## 29

They prayed, they preached, they sang of Grace,  
Yet wore the ego's hardened face.  
They read the texts, but skipped the knife  
That cuts the root of self-made life.

## 30

The Guru waits—but not for long,  
His glance is fire, not soothing song.  
For those who fake the path divine,  
He draws the line—they cross the line.

## 31

The Guru's grace, a silent stream,  
Where words dissolve, like fading dream.  
No seeker left, no path remains,  
Just light that burns all chains.



## 32

Its silent glow, a golden flame,  
It calls no self, Grace speaks no name.  
No thought to grasp, no mind to cling,  
Just Presence vast in everything.

## 33

Where silence flows, no steps are traced,  
No seeker moves, no goal is chased.  
The boundless breath, the empty sound,  
Where nothing's lost, yet all is found.

## 34

No hands to grasp, no feet to tread,  
No thought to rise, no word is said.  
The silent flow, the boundless air,  
Where neither self nor world is there.

## 35

No weight of past—no pull of time.  
No name to hold, no sign to mime.  
The endless sky; the formless sea—  
Where nothing calls, yet all is free.

## 36

Between the words, the silence grows.

A breath unseen—yet all It knows.  
No voice to speak, no sound to claim,  
Yet Truth unfolds—without a name.

### 37

No step to take—no path to chart.  
The Guru's grace—pure light impart.  
No self remains; no seeker stands.  
Just Truth unfolding—without demands.

### 38

To climb up there is nothing,  
To climb down— something.  
No thing, no self, no separate being;  
At His lotus feet—everything.

### 39

Where to go to make ascent  
When God makes a descent?  
And His lotus feet give a scent  
That confirms God is adjacent.

### 40

These poems, a few,  
Are truths not I knew;  
In His grace, they grew,  
As my Guru drew

Me through and through.

## 41

They were not sought,  
Nor fashioned by thought—  
They fell like rain  
On windowpane.

## 42

They were not taught,  
Nor read, nor thought—  
They simply came,  
Like wind or flame.

## 43

No merit mine,  
No plan, design—  
They came unasked,  
Unveiled, unmasked.

## 44

No effort made,  
No mantra prayed,  
They rise and fell  
Like ocean's swell.

## 45

Not mine to hold,  
To polish or mold;  
They rise and go  
As rivers flow.

## 46

Not mine to claim,  
Not mine to name—  
They speak through me  
Of what must be.

## 47

The Guru's grace—  
None dares to trace;  
It flows unseen,  
Yet makes all clean,  
And ever green.

## 48

The Guru's grace  
None dares to face;  
It lights the soul  
And makes it whole.

## 49

I read no book to write this book;  
I only looked where no one looked.  
And what I found—if it finds you too—  
Then let it not belong to ‘who’.

## 50

I write no word to teach the wise,  
Nor call for praise, nor seek replies.  
The Silence spoke—and I obeyed;  
Its script—not mine—is what you’ve read.

## 51

Not thought, but Grace has penned these lines,  
Between the veils of names and signs.  
The hand is moved, the mind stands still—  
It writes as per the Guru’s will.

## 52

So if you see some light in here,  
Do not seek me, for I’m not near.  
The one who sees must also die,  
That Truth alone may occupy.

## 53

The seer gone, what shines remains—

No self to clutch, no mind for claims.  
The flame burns on, but none are near  
To say, “I saw the Vision clear.”

## 54

The “I” that grew  
Soon claimed it knew—  
Declared true,  
And clothed in pride,  
It spoke and lied.

## 55

It learned to preach,  
With polished speech—  
To rise, to reach,  
But never bowed,  
Just claimed aloud.

## 56

It learnt the word,  
But not the Lord;  
It taught the crowd—  
Empty and proud.

## 57

A niguru rose,  
In borrowed pose,

And shone in fame  
Without the flame.

## 58

With learned face  
And mimic grace,  
He sat on high—  
Yet did not die.

## 59

But Truth is stern,  
And all must burn  
Who dare to claim  
The Guru's name.

## 60

The alternative,  
Of neither positive,  
Nor negative,  
Is Atma: stative.

## 61

To think 'I know', is pride in disguise,  
The knower is blind to the Wisdom-Eyes;  
Only he sees, in whom Grace flows—  
Not the one who merely knows.

## 62

These poems are free, not meant to earn,  
From trade or name, I inward turn.  
By grace alone this hand can write—  
The rest is dust, though wrapped in light.

## 63

These poems are free, not meant to earn,  
They burn the need to praise or spurn.  
Written by Grace, not worldly right—  
They shine by the Guru's silent light.

## 64

These poems are free, not meant to earn,  
No royalties, no wish to learn  
The ways of fame or worldly gain—  
They rise like clouds, and fall as rain.

## 65

These poems are free, not meant to earn,  
But flames of longing that inward burn.  
If one finds God in rhyme or line,  
That joy, I know, is not just mine.

## 66

The Guru's gaze—



Beyond all praise;  
It burns the dross,  
And ends the loss.

## 67

The Guru's word—  
Not merely heard;  
It cuts the knot  
Of self and thought.

## 68

The Guru's gaze—  
It sets ablaze  
The false within,  
And burns all sin.

## 69

The Guru's word—  
No sound is heard,  
Yet it resounds  
Beyond all bounds.

## 70

The Guru's touch—  
So still, yet such  
A force unknown,  
It breaks the stone.

## 71

The Guru's will—  
No wind, yet still  
It shakes the core  
And shuts the door.

## 72

To those who cling,  
Who beg and bring  
Their self to end—  
He shall descend.

## 73

The Guru's tone—  
As hard as stone,  
Yet mercy-prone,  
Where Atma's shown.

## 74

This unstoppable flow,  
Of truth, is what I don't know.  
The Guru's grace makes it grow,  
As at His lotus feet, I kneel low.

## 75

He writes, not I—this hand is moved,

From mind unlit, the veil removed.  
No thought is shaped, no word is mine,  
The soundless speaks in silent line.

## 76

No merit mine, no message planned,  
These verses rise like waves unspanned.  
He speaks, then stills—His silence stays,  
And I, unasked, am shaped by rays.

## 77

The True Guru lights the darkened room,  
Disperses the night, dissolves the gloom.  
Not I, but He, who grants the sight—  
The wordless wisdom born of light.

## 78

I walk the world with feet unbound,  
No chains of self, no need for sound.  
In every step, His presence shows—  
The silent stream that ever flows.

## 79

The mind is restless and wild,  
Even in sleep, it runs, beguiled.  
Control it not by whip or rod —  
Dissolve it in the name of God.

## 80

The whip is pride, the rod is will —  
Neither can the mind still.  
But silence deep, in Guru's name,  
Makes wind and mind tame.

## 81

Without the Guru's guiding light,  
No effort can tame the inner fight.  
Pride in self is the greatest snare,  
Leading the soul to deep despair.

## 82

A niguru walks without the light,  
Blind to truth, yet claims the height.  
His pride inflates a hollow throne,  
But seeds of grace remain unknown.

## 83

He speaks of paths he's never tread,  
With ignorance is ego fed.  
No depth of heart, no silent core,  
Just echoes of a hollow roar.

## 84

True Guru shines with humble flame,

No need for glory, or for name.  
His light dissolves the darkest night,  
And guides the soul to boundless height.

## 85

Without that grace, no steps are sure,  
No wisdom deep, no peace secure.  
The niguru's path leads to despair—  
A maze of pride, a vacant lair.

## 86

So seek the light that humbly glows,  
In silence where the true wind blows.  
The Guru's grace will break the snare,  
And lift the soul from deep despair.

## 87

They preach with lips without fire,  
Their truths are dressed in vain attire.  
A beggar crowned—a fraud implored—  
The blind still lead, and fools adored.

## 88

Mosques rise, but hearts are dry;  
Deities are sold, while saints cry.  
Priests chant names they do not feel—  
The trade of faith is a cinema reel.

## 89

They worship the dead to revive,  
But leave the saints who are alive.  
Stone and script they deify,  
Yet walk right past the Living Eye.

## 90

The Living Eye sees through the guise,  
It burns the veil of worldly lies.  
It speaks no lore and shows the flame—  
The Self alone, beyond all name.

## 91

The niguru claims the Eye is his,  
But gropes in dark, and speaks as wiz.  
He quotes the fire he's never felt,  
And blinds them where hearts could melt.

## 92

A niguru leads with crooked spell,  
His followers walk straight to hell.  
Blind guides drag blind, none can tell—  
The path to Truth becomes their cell.

## 93

Truth walks in thought, in word, in deed,

Without these three, untruth to heed.  
A fractured life, a fractured soul—  
Hell reigns as these nīgurus stole.

## 94

They speak of truth and live a lie,  
Their words like honey, hearts like dye.  
Without truth in deed and heart,  
Their wisdom is mere secular art.

## 95

The world I saw was made of dust,  
Yet clung to it with dreams and lust.  
Till Guru's glance, so still, so kind,  
Turned me inward, freed my mind.

## 96

The scriptures slept upon my shelf,  
While I was lost within myself.  
He spoke no word, yet made me see—  
The Word of God that sets me free.

## 97

What need for pride, what need for fame?  
The Self is none, the Self is the same.  
He made me drop what I had earned—  
And gave the Truth for which I burned.

## 98

They seek Him in shrines, chants, fires.  
But He is where the true heart aspires.  
Not in ritual, nor pilgrimage, nor rigid rite—  
But in the soul's honest, burning light.

## 99

He dwells not in words that scriptures mold,  
But in silence where the self grows old.  
Not in postures proud or sacred sound,  
But where ego dies and love is found.

## 100

Is there God or not?  
When the ego is shot,  
God is seen in the heart;  
Never does He part.

## 101

God is not found in a church or a tale,  
But when ego drops, lifted is the veil.  
He is seen within—pure and bright,  
Ever causing ecstasy and delight.

## 102

The king and slave,



Sure to go to grave;  
Why let pride  
And ego ride?

## 103

The throne and chain,  
Both end in pain.  
Who clings to name  
Kindles the flame.

## 104

Let “I” dissolve,  
No self to solve;  
By the Guru’s grace,  
One finds his place.

## 105

Is there God or not?  
Whose ‘I’ is naught;  
By God, he is sought,  
As He is beyond thought.

## 106

When ‘I’ is gone;  
There is He alone.  
Seen in every form—  
God is uniform.

## 107

When 'I' is still,  
Followed is His will.  
Not two, but only one—  
The Trinity in One.

## 108

All practices utterly fail,  
If 'I' they cannot curtail.  
Conquer the self's reign—  
Then truth you attain.

*OM TAT SAT*

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

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*The True Guru's Grace Has  
No End*

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# Part Five

## **Asilence (Part-5)**

This work to my Guru I have dedicated,  
By His grace alone, it was elevated.  
It holds 108 poems—a divine necklace.  
But how can I count  
The divine garlands I mount  
At His lotus feet, where grace is paramount?

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

---

*OM GURAVE NAMAHA  
OM TAT SAT*

**1**

Without slaying the 'I' within,  
All practices are useless and thin.  
All mantras, rituals, and lore —  
Are shadows if ego rules the core.

**2**

Who chants a million names,  
Yet soaks in ego's flames,  
Finds not the door, nor the way —  
His loud devotion leads astray.

**3**

The true Guru strikes the head,  
Where pride and 'I' have bred.  
His word is hard for mind to tread,  
Yet pierces deep and leaves 'I' dead.

**4**

What once was 'I' now lies undone,  
No second self, no separate one.  
The tongue is still, the mind is bare —  
And yet, a Presence everywhere.

## 5

Waste is every act,  
And even every tact,  
If 'T' remains intact —  
The truth, in fact.

## 6

I sought to see the Light divine,  
But found it was Guru's face, not mine.  
This "I" I bore—a mask, so tight—  
The Guru removed it, outright.

## 7

I sought to rise, but fell instead,  
At the Guru's lotus feet — dead.  
What stood as "I," a shadow — gone,  
When the Guru's glance was laid upon.

## 8

No "I" remains to speak or stand,  
Only the stillness, pure and grand.  
The breath of Truth, beyond all claim—  
Silent, untouched, without a name.

## 9

No truth was learned, no path was known,

Yet something lived, though all was gone.  
Not I, not mine—no self to be—  
Just the Guru's hush abiding me.

## 10

The world still chants, declares, and shows—  
But who has died no longer knows.  
Their praise or blame runs past like rains—  
The hush remains. The hush remains.

## 11

I wore it plain, then robed it bright,  
Called it wrong, then trimmed it right.  
But every form—low, proud, or sly—  
The Guru burned. I could not lie.

## 12

It bowed, it wept, it sang, it served—  
The same old “I,” just well-preserved.  
The Guru saw through every pose—  
And struck it down, till none arose.

## 13

The world adores it a saint,  
But it is a thief in paint.  
Hence, practiced is self-restraint,  
Until His Word be the constraint.

## 14

The mind may stir, the tongue may speak,  
But none within remains to seek.  
What moved as “I” is now unmade—  
By just His hush, the self decayed.

## 15

The scriptures fade, the mantras cease,  
The mind no longer wars for peace.  
No need for paths, nor claims, nor names,  
When only the Guru’s grace remains.

## 16

No longer bound by self or thought,  
The soul in silent freedom caught.  
No sound, no form, no time to bind—  
The Guru’s lotus feet are all to find.

## 17

He speaks no more who once spoke loud,  
Whose head was high is now low-bowed.  
Not silence gained, but self undone—  
Such is the grace the Guru spun.

## 18

The tongue, once sharp with claims and creeds,



Now chants no more, nor even pleads.  
Its final word cannot be its own—  
It vanishes when the Truth is known.

## 19

Self-restraint in word,  
Until His Word is heard.  
Self-restraint in thought,  
Until His Word is caught.  
Self-restraint in wrought,  
Until His Word is sought.  
This is the practice for Rama—  
All else are acts of drama.

## 20

The enlightened preach, the poets sing,  
The priests perform, the temples ring—  
But none of these can Truth bestow,  
Unless His Word declares it so.

## 21

He drank from an earthen cup of clay,  
And let the silver tray slip away.  
“This holds the sky,” the Guru said—  
“And leaves no mirror for the head.”

## 22

The stone I threw at gold and clay,  
Remained unmoved, then rolled away.  
I looked again—it was my face.  
I bowed and saw the Guru's grace.

## 23

I judged the world as false or vain,  
Condemned its joy, dismissed its pain.  
But each attack I thought was true  
Returned to show my narrow view.

## 24

I blamed the rich, I scorned the poor,  
Declared them both of earthly spoor.  
Yet what I saw as flawed and base  
Reflected back my hidden face.

## 25

The gold I cursed was just my greed,  
The clay I spurned—my unmet need.  
The stone I hurled with angry might  
Revealed my soul devoid of light.

## 26

But when the stone rolled out of sight,

And silence stood in place of fight,  
I gazed within the vacant space—  
And there I saw the Guru's face.

## 27

Not as a form with limbs and name,  
Nor clothed in robes or worldly fame—  
But as the light that pierced my pride,  
And stayed when every self had died.

## 28

I bowed not out of fear or creed,  
But stripped of every want and need.  
No prayer I spoke, no boon I sought—  
Just grace that comes when "I" am not.

## 29

He wore the crown yet bowed the head,  
The silent words that cannot be said.  
A stranger here, and native too—  
I am not I, and yet I do.

## 30

He walked the path yet showed no trace,  
No boast, no mark upon the face.  
A whisper lost amid the crowd—  
I speak no words, yet speak aloud.

## 31

The women veiled are but their lust,  
The blood they spill begins in distrust.  
They cannot reign their senses well—  
So all is blamed, where none can tell.

## 32

He dwells in all, alike, the same,  
Yet they assign the blame  
And guilt by shouting His name.  
He dwells in all, alike, the Same.

## 33

They build high walls to hide their fears,  
Yet find no peace across the years.  
The Truth within—so close, so near—  
Is lost amid the worldly cheer.

## 34

The hand that strikes, the tongue that lies,  
Are shadows cast from blind disguise.  
Till eyes are opened, hearts awake,  
The chains remain, and souls will ache.

## 35

The seeker chants, the scholars write,

But none can face the truer fight.  
The “I” must die—no more, no less—  
At the Guru’s gaze, not self’s finesse.

### 36

The “I” in rags or robe must fall,  
No false, no pure—He slays them all.  
Not thought, nor will, can strip its guise—  
It dies when seen by the Guru’s eyes.

### 37

The “I” returns with beads and flame,  
Clothed now in Guru’s sacred name.  
It bows, it weeps, it touches feet—  
Yet keeps its throne in sly deceit.

### 38

He climbed the steps of holy lore,  
While ‘I’ is guarding the tenth door.  
He chanted, fasted, bent his knees—  
Yet missed the gate of inward peace.

### 39

The true Guru’s glance, sharp yet kind,  
Unmasked the ‘I’ that ruled the mind.  
No chant, no fast, no knee could part—  
But the Guru’s grace pierced ego’s heart.

## 40

The tenth door opened, wide and clear,  
Revealing peace beyond all fear.  
The seeker's self dissolved in light—  
Where 'I' is lost, and all is right.

## 41

The 'I' is 'I'—either great or small,  
It dwells bound deep, inside of all.  
The veil may shift in shape and size,  
But 'I' must fall with all disguise.

## 42

It clings to forms, to thought and name,  
A flickering, self-made, burning flame.  
In shadows deep, it builds its throne,  
Yet stands alone—an empty stone.

## 43

No chant or fast can pierce its reign,  
No outward acts can break its chain.  
The True Guru's glance alone can part,  
The stubborn grip around the heart.

## 44

To kill the 'I' is not to die,

But to awaken, see the sky.  
To shed the cloak of false disguise,  
And find the light beyond all lies.

## 45

The 'I' dissolved, the veil undone,  
The boundless Self revealed as one.  
Where no more small or great divide,  
Only Pure Being does abide.

## 46

They light the lamp and ring the bell,  
But know not where the Lord does dwell.  
They bow to stone, to script and spell,  
Yet miss the flame the ignorance would dispel.

## 47

No friend can walk where silence goes;  
The path is one the Master knows.  
No echo sounds where silence grows,  
Yet, in that hush, True Being shows.

## 48

He who is before the sun  
Watches even time undone.  
No prayer can reach, no rites can bind—  
He's found when "I" is left behind.

## 49

The seeker chants, the priest intones,  
But only Grace can crack the stones.  
Not effort, vow, nor loudest plea—  
But silence heard through His decree.

## 50

The mind that sought to frame the sky  
Now bows its head and asks not why.  
Its wings once forged from pride and flight  
Now fold before the formless Light.  
The questions fade, no sound, no flight—  
Only the Silence knows It's right.

## 51

To whom the same  
Are praise and blame,  
To whom the same  
Are honour and shame;

To whom the same  
Are fall and fame,  
To whom the same  
Are claim and disclaim;

To whom the same  
Are nameless and name,  
To whom the same



Are brave and lame,—  
They alone proclaim  
The inner flame.

They are the same to same.  
They are that Same—  
The Self, the Flame.

## 52

The soul that seeks beyond the veil,  
In silence hears the timeless tale,  
No need for words to mark the trail,  
The quiet heart will never fail,  
To find the light that does not pale,  
Where breath is still and thoughts grow frail,  
The Guru's grace alone will prevail and sail.

## 53

To kill the "I"  
Is not to die,  
But to awaken high,  
And drop the lie.

To open the eye,  
To say goodbye,  
To masks that try  
While shadows fly.

The soul turns the sky,  
No need to ask why,  
The heart will testify—  
Only grace can purify.

Truths align and comply,  
No more self to try,  
Forever to rely,  
At His lotus feet I lie.

## 54

Who lets both blame and praise pass by,  
Whose glance is calm, whose heart is high,  
Who sees the Self in low and sky—  
To him, the Truth will not deny.

## 55

Truth is not this, nor that you see,  
Not caught in thought or theory's plea.  
Without the walk, the words are free—  
But Truth is earned by what you be.

## 56

Truth is not a talk,  
It is the walk.  
Truth is not a thought,  
But something wrought.

## 57

Truth is never bought,  
Only deeply sought.  
Truth is not to be read,  
But silently bred.

## 58

Truth is not a name,  
Nor rising fame.  
It burns as flame,  
Beyond all claim.  
Not bound by frame,  
Nor praised acclaim—  
Revealed when self is lame.  
Thus seers proclaim.

## 59

If your true goal is to be freed,  
Let Truth arise from living deed—  
In thought, in word, in selfless seed;  
Divine love does it breed.

Not pride, but love must take the lead,  
Where want and ego cease to plead.  
See One in every form and creed;  
No scripture makes the Truth recede.

To the inner Guru give heed—

He meets the soul's unspoken need.  
All who come, you serve and feed,  
And live as life itself decreed.

This the saints did long precede.  
The True Guru's path is easy indeed.  
Practice! Practice! Now proceed—  
There is no more Truth to concede.

## 60

Nigurus teach to spare  
Duties and not to care;  
Of parents not to take care.  
Wealth earned to share  
For their own welfare.

## 61

Niguru boasts in public space,  
Craves praise and fame, a hollow place,  
He binds the soul, denies its space,  
And claims the light to hide disgrace.

## 62

The True Guru leads with silent grace,  
No ego's shine upon his face,  
He points within, no need to chase,  
The self dissolves in his embrace.

## 63

True Guru's path is love and deed,  
In selfless acts, the soul is freed,  
No books or words can fill the need,  
Only practice planting the seed.

## 64

Give heed to this, your heart will see,  
The Guru's flame sets spirit free,  
No mask can hide reality,  
True Grace alone will lead to Thee.

## 65

The True Guru bids to serve with care,  
To honour parents, love and share,  
To face all duties, burdens bear,  
In every act, devotion rare,

Not to forsake, but fully dare,  
To walk life's path with utmost care,  
Responsibility to wear,  
With heart sincere and spirit fair,

This is the way to rise and fare,  
True service blooms beyond compare.

## 66

The niguru spoke with honeyed flair,  
“Forsake all bonds, do not beware.”  
“Your parents’ weight, do not you bear—  
This world is naught but fleeting air.”

“Why toil in duty’s heavy snare?  
Why love, why serve? Just sit and stare.  
Give what you earn, your riches spare,  
That I may teach you how to ‘care.’”

Thus led astray in vacant prayer,  
‘I’ dropped its truth for mystic glare.  
But hollow grew its heart laid bare—  
No grace descended anywhere.

## 67

The True Guru spoke with silent flame,  
“Fulfill your bonds, and shed all shame.  
In love and duty, speak His Name—  
This life itself is not a game.”

Then ‘I’ looked in the mirror clear,  
And saw the face of pride and fear.  
It bowed its head, began to tear—  
The Guru’s grace was drawing near.

Through parents’ feet and humble care,  
Through daily tasks and honest prayer,

The 'I' dissolved like mist in air—  
And left the heart all open, bare.

Then Grace did pour without compare—  
No mystic fog, no vacant stare.  
The Light that once seemed distant, rare,  
Now dwells within, so bright, so fair.

## 68

The clever read, the scholars teach,  
They scale the heights that mind can reach.  
Yet miss the ground beneath their feet—  
Where Truth and Guru quietly meet.

## 69

The words they chant, the truths they claim,  
Cannot dissolve the 'I' they name.  
For only Grace can burn the lie—  
No thought can pierce the mystic sky.

## 70

A million verses won't make free,  
If "I" still speaks as "knower's" plea.  
The humble heart, the silent tear—  
That is the gate the Light draws near.

## 71

The True Guru gives no grand degree,  
But strikes the pride and bends the knee.  
And when the mind is laid to rest,  
The Truth—beyond all words—is blessed.

## 72

The niguru speaks by quoting lore—  
The True Guru speaks, and pride is no more.

One builds a mind and keeps it fed,  
The other strikes and wakes the dead.

One learns to climb, then starts to preach,  
The other falls—till God can reach.

## 73

The scholar read with furrowed brow,  
He knew the texts from then to now.  
He spoke of Brahma, time, and death—  
But none could scent the Guru's breath.

## 74

His mind, a vault of sacred lore,  
He wandered temple, shrine, and shore.  
Yet when a beggar sought his eye,  
He turned away and passed him by.



## 75

He wrote of love, and spoke of grace,  
But ego clung to every place.  
He bowed before the holy tree—  
Yet served no soul in poverty.

## 76

The servant came with calloused feet,  
His words were few, his ways discreet.  
He swept the steps, he lit the flame,  
He whispered low the Guru's Name.

## 77

He bore his mother's failing years,  
He nursed his father's weight of fears.  
He washed the sick, he clothed the bare—  
And saw the Guru everywhere.

## 78

One night, a voice within him stirred,  
No *shloka* read, no discourse heard—  
But silence full, and still, and wide,  
Wherein no "I" was left to hide.

## 79

The scholar aged with head held high,

Still quoting stars and sky and “Why?”  
But in his chest, no fire burned,  
And all his truths were never turned.

## 80

The servant died unknown, unnamed,  
But in his heart, the Lord had flamed.  
No pride, no claim, no self to free—  
The Guru bloomed eternally.

## 81

They call it praise—but I just tell,  
How from my eyes, the darkness fell.  
Not mine these words, nor mine this pen—  
The flame that burned I writes again.

## 82

They said, “Don’t eat, don’t drink, don’t smoke,  
Don’t laugh too loud, don’t make a joke.”  
So ‘I’ obeyed with pride so grim—  
And thought that made me close to Him.

## 83

But hunger stayed, and thirst was there,  
And ego dressed in saintly wear.  
The ‘I’ still spoke with holy tone—  
But deep inside, it sat alone.

## 84

Then came the One with silent glance,  
No rule, no chant, no moral stance.  
He burned the mask with just one Word—  
And all that 'I' had thought was blurred.

## 85

He said, "Let life be what it will,  
But bow to Him with heart so still.  
In parents' feet and daily chore,  
You'll find the Light you search no more."

## 86

So now I serve and now I see,  
No food or wine can master me.  
The I that clung, is gone, is done—  
And the Guru's grace alone has won.

## 87

No robe I wear, no ash I smear,  
No silent cave, no chant to hear—  
But in each task, in toil and sweat,  
The Guru's Light is shining yet.

## 88

It is not what you eat or drink —

But who you serve, how deep you think.  
Can you hold the flame and shrink...  
The I that dares to blink?

## 89

They count the sips, they count the bites,  
They guard the day, forbid the nights.  
They preach of sin with holy frown,  
Yet wear the self like a thorny crown.

## 90

They never see the heart that breaks,  
Or hear the song a silence makes.  
They never bow to feet at doors—  
Too busy keeping ritual scores.

## 91

But I have seen my Guru drink,  
And not from cup, but a deeper sink.  
He sipped the pain of those cast out,  
He drank their shame and quelled their doubt.

## 92

He lit no rules, nor rang a bell,  
Yet taught the truth no books could tell.  
He made me whole by letting be,  
And burned the 'I' that longed to flee.

## 93

So if I dine with saint or thief,  
Or taste the wine of joy or grief—  
Let not your law define my place,  
I dine each night on Guru's grace.

## 94

What matters if man came from a monkey or not?  
Is this the education that ought to be taught?  
What becomes of the children's thought?  
No ruler really knows what ought to be sought.

## 95

What matters if from ape he came or not at all?  
Is knowledge just to chase a monkey's fall?  
What seed is sown in minds so young and small?  
No ruler knows the truth behind the wall.

## 96

What matters if from ape he came or clay?  
Is learning just to parrot what they say?  
What thoughts are shaped in children day by day?  
No ruler sees the truth in full display.

## 97

What matters if from ape or dust he rose?

Is that the truth a child truly knows?  
What learning blooms, what ignorance still grows?  
No ruler dares the path the wise one chose.

## 98

What matters if from a monkey he did sprout?  
Is that what all this schooling is about?  
What mess we feed young minds without a doubt!  
No ruler knows what truth to seek or shout.

## 99

Before the Big Bang, what was the void?  
Was it silence? A whisper? An echo, destroyed?  
A particle, or nothing? Or something untold,  
Was the universe waiting, or was it too bold?

## 100

A burst of light from the dark abyss,  
Creation's riddle, the cosmic kiss.  
From nothing to everything — all in a breath,  
What gave birth to life and the dance of death?

## 101

The stars, they explode, and the planets align,  
Time itself bending, a spiral divine.  
A pulse, a spark — but who was the hand  
That held the powder, scattered the sand?

## 102

Does the universe know what it seeks?  
Is it endless, or will it speak?  
Each galaxy spins, each atom is tight,  
Yet no one has answers — only the night.

## 103

We stand here, gazing with wondering eyes,  
Chasing the cosmos, with questions that rise.  
From the Big Bang to the deepest of dreams,  
All we can do is follow the beams.

## 104

They say a Bang began it all —  
A sudden spark, a cosmic call.  
Yet who lit fire in that vast hall?  
And who first heard the silent brawl?

## 105

They chart the stars, they name the spin,  
They measure out the void within.  
But never ask: Who cast the skin?  
Who carved the eye that sees the sin?

## 106

They speak of time from points so dense,

Of matter flung through the dark immense.  
Yet can't explain one soul's pretense —  
Or why the heart forgets the sense.

## 107

A universe, they say, expands,  
But who then holds it in His hands?  
And while they plot the shifting sands,  
The Guru plants what never stands.

## 108

So let them trace their stellar song,  
But I will walk where I belong —  
In service deep, through right and wrong,  
To the Guru's lotus feet, I pelt along.

*OM TAT SAT*

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

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*The True Guru's Grace  
Has No End*

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## ***Glossary***

Adi Guru	: The first and foremost Guru, Lord Dattatreya.
Adi Nath	: The First and Foremost Nath (Nath Yogi), Lord Shiva.
<b>Asilence</b>	: The silence that is not mere absence of sound — but the presence of truth beyond noise, beyond words, beyond even silence itself.
Atma	: The Spirit, Soul.
Om Azad Muni	: A Saint of Freedom or Independence.
Baba Saheb	: Dear Father Sir.
Brahma	: The Impersonal God.
Dada Guru	: Guru's Guru, Grand Guru.
Dharma	: The Righteousness.
Eternal Father	: Guru.
Guru	: Spiritual Teacher
Kafir	: Who doesn't believe in God?
Karma	: One's obligatory duties
Lord Brahma	: The Creator
Lord Ganesha	: The God of obstacles and their remover.
Lord Rama	: Lord Vishnu's incarnation.
Lord Shiva	: The Destroyer.
Lord Vishnu	: The Sustainer.
Mantra	: Sacred chant used to crossover the mind.

Masthana Jogi	: A Yogi in Ecstasy or Jubilant-Carefree Yogi.
Maya	: Illusion.
Mithyawadi Baba	: A Saint who speaks illusion/false.
Mouni Baba	: A Yogi who observes silence.
Nigura	: Uninitiated or non-disciple, who has no Guru or has not served a Guru.
Niguraship	: The state of being a nigura.
Niguru	: A Guru who is a nigura. It means people adore him as a Guru who is a nigura. He has disciples also. Short for nigura Guru.
Pardada Guru	: Guru's Guru' Guru, Great Grand Guru.
Rama	: God
Siddhas	: The Perfect Beings, Accomplished Beings.
Shloka	Verse
The Trinity	: Lord Brahma, Lord Vishnu and Lord Shiva collectively. Atma, Brahma and Guru collectively. The Trinity of the Bible.