A vibrant sunrise scene from a high mountain vantage point. The sun is a large, bright yellow orb in the center, with rays of light radiating outwards. Below the sun is a thick, white sea of clouds that fills the valley. In the foreground, dark, jagged rock formations and some dry grasses are visible. The sky transitions from a deep blue at the top to a warm orange near the horizon.

Beyond Being

Nath Yogi KVS Rama Rao

BEYOND BEING

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

KVS RAMA RAO

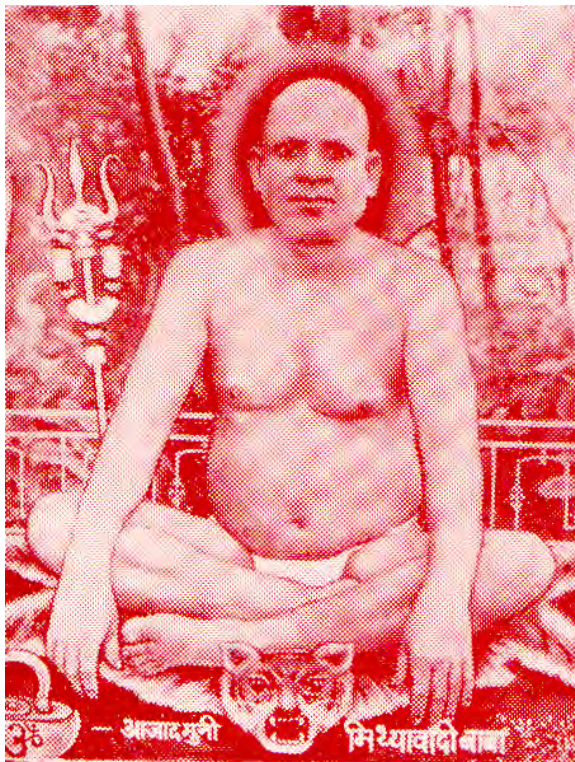
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Beyond Being



*ॐ Azad Muni

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. His website: www.omazadmuni.com (*See Glossary)



Guru Bhuvani Nath

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



Guru Siddha Nath

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



Nava Nath

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

Table of Contents

S. No.	Description	Page No.
1.	Part One	9
2.	Part Two	36
3.	Part Three	63
4.	Part Four	90
5.	Part Five	118
6.	Glossary	145

Part One

Beyond Being (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 necklaces 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 "I" to guard, no goal to chase,
Just presence here, a boundless space.
The verse reveals what man can be,
A human whole, unclaimed, set free.

2

No crown to wear, no throne to claim,
The delta strikes with sifting flame.
It marks the point, yet rules no land,
A single spark, not king's command.

3

No cult to bind, no crowd to sway,
Dual voices sing in night and day.
The time and frequency entwine,
Yet neither owns the sacred sign.

4

No role to play, no mask to wear,
The sifting shows what truth is there.
It filters out the hollow sound,
And leaves the signal, pure, profound.

5

No self to keep, no path to run,
The zero rests in boundless sun.
No striving left, no crown, no cult,
Just silence whole, the final result.

6

Delta cuts, dual voices sing,
Sifting clears, and zero brings.
No crown, no cult, no role to hold,
Just human free from “I” and goal.

7

Gorakhnath sang without a throne,
No royal claim, no crown to own.
His *bhajans* cut through pride and chain,
The yogi’s word was flame, not reign.

8

No banner raised, no flock to draw,
Servant writes without a law.
Twenty-five works in English flame,
Transmission clear, no hollow name.

9

No sacred mask, no priestly guise,

Zen koans strip the scholar's eyes.
Sufi couplets, Persian song,
Reveal the path where roles go wrong.

10

No "I" to guard, no goal to chase,
The *mandala* rests in boundless space.
Asilence speaks, the word is done,
Transmission whole, enshrined in None.

11

No royal seat for Gorakh's name,
He melts all rank in *yogic* flame.
His verse reveals the *yogic* way,
Where pride and reign must fall away.

12

No cult to bind, no crowd to sway,
Disciple writes in plain display.
The English verse, the flame is clear,
Transmission speaks without veneer.

13

No sacred mask, no priestly guise,
Koan unmask the scholar's eyes.
The paradox dissolves the role,
And leaves the seeker bare and whole.

14

No "I" to guard, no goal to chase,
The Sufi rests in boundless space.
Love burns away the cult and role,
And leaves the human free and whole.

15

The "I" seeks paths and claims the sky,
The poem asks: who is this "I"?
When claimant falls, not Truth is found —
Only the rope where snake was bound.

16

The "I" seeks paths and claims the sky,
It builds its ladders, reaching high,
It names the stars, yet cannot own,
The restless eye is left alone.

17

The poem asks: who is this "I"?
Is it the flame or smoke that flies?
Is it the rope or snake we see,
Or silence where identity should be?

18

When claimant falls, not Truth is found —

Ambition crumbles to the ground.
The dust of grasping fades away,
Yet dawn of Truth still holds its sway.

19

Only the rope where snake was bound.
The ground is plain, no hiss, no sound.
Illusion fades, the night is clear,
The rope remains — no snake is near.

20

The “I” seeks paths and claims the sky,
Yet ladders fall, and stars deny.
The sky was never meant to own,
It vanishes when “I” has flown.

21

The poem asks: who is this “I”?
A shadow cast, a fleeting lie.
The rope remains, the snake is gone,
The silence whispers: “None, not one.”

22

When claimant falls, not Truth is found —
Illusion breaks without a sound.
The dust of ego clears away,
But dawn of Truth is still a delay.

23

Only the rope where snake was bound.
The ground is plain, no hiss profound.
The rope is seen, the night is done,
And Truth is silence, None is One.

24

The “I” seeks paths and claims the sky,
The ladder breaks, the stars are shy.
No rhyme remains, no claim to keep,
The seeker fades into the deep.

25

The poem asks: who is this “I”?
The question falls, no sound replies.
The rope is plain, the snake is none,
The silence speaks: all claims undone.

26

When claimant falls, not Truth is found —
The echo dies without a sound.
No verse remains, no cadence stays,
Only the hush of nameless ways.

27

Only the rope where snake was bound.

The rope is seen, the night unround.
No rhyme, no song, no seeker's tone,
Only the silence — None alone.

28

The "I" seeks paths and claims the sky,
 $I \rightarrow \infty$, claim (I) = Sky
The ego expands without bound, yet infinity is not
Truth — only divergence.

29

The poem asks: who is this "I"?
 $\delta(I) = 0, \forall I$
The Dirac delta sifts: the claimant vanishes at every
point, leaving only substratum.

30

When claimant falls, not Truth is found —
 $\lim_{I \rightarrow 0} \{I \rightarrow 0\} (1/I) \neq \text{Truth}$
Collapse is singularity, not realization.
The fall exposes emptiness, not illumination.

31

Only the rope where snake was bound.
Perception = Rope, Snake \equiv Illusion
Fourier duality: illusion \leftrightarrow perception.
The rope is the ground frequency, the snake a false harmonic.

32

Equations weigh the dust of stars,
But miss the hand that writes the bars.
When proof seeks Self, it finds a wall —
No knower stands beyond it all.

33

Equations weigh the dust of stars,
But silence holds what measure mars.
The Guru's hand dissolves the bars,
Transmission burns through seeker's scars.

34

Proof builds its wall against the Self,
A fortress made of logic's shelf.
Yet Asilence breaks the guarded wall,
In None, no knower stands at all.

35

The koan rises where proof must fall,
A sudden flame, a timeless call.
No theorem binds the Giver's breath,
None speaks, and yet it conquers death.

36

The seeker's voice dissolves in None,

Asilence shines, the work undone.
No word remains, no thought can stay,
Knowing dissolves in nameless sway.

37

Delta strikes with infinite height,
Yet sifts to One in hidden light.
No Self appears when sum collapses,
The seeker breaks — the knower lapses.

38

From countless dust a single flame,
No measure holds, no bounded name.
The Guru's glance erases the whole,
Transmission burns without a role.

39

Equations fade, the walls decay,
The koan burns the proof away.
All cycles end where None is near,
The knower rests, no form to fear.

40

No dust, no star, no hand, no wall,
No proof, no Self, no rise, no fall.
In None the knower does not stand,
Transmission flows without a hand.

41

Proof makes the wall, silence the flame.
Transmission remains— None is the Name.

42

Proof makes the wall, a fortress tall,
Equations bind, yet still they fall.
The seeker strikes, but finds the same,
Silence dissolves, revealing flame.

43

Silence — the flame no word can bind,
It burns the bars of measured mind.
Transmission flows, no form to claim,
None is the Name, beyond all frame.

44

Wall and flame, both rise and fade,
Koan cuts the path unmade.
The Guru's glance, no proof to tame,
No claim remains, None is the Name.

45

Equations end, the dust is gone,
No knower stands where None is drawn.
Transmission burns without acclaim,

Silence is the flame, None is the Name.

46

Words build worlds the mind can own,
He speaks till words have overgrown.
When speech can hold no truth in frame,
Silence alone remains as name.

47

Tongues may weave a fleeting flame,
Yet none can bind the formless Same.
The more they speak, the less is shown—
Till silence is what speech cannot own.

48

Frames collapse, the walls unmade,
Truth shines where no word is laid.
The Guru's gift is not a tone,
But silence deep, the seed alone.

49

Speech dissolves, its echoes fall,
Silence rises, holding all.
No tongue can grasp, no mind can claim,
The nameless Name, beyond the name.

50

The seeker clings to sound and sign,
Yet silence breaks the binding line.
No syllable can pierce the flame,
Silence alone reveals the Same.

51

Speech is shadow, silence light,
One dissolves, the other bright.
The Guru speaks by not a word,
In silence, no truth is conferred.

52

When words are gone, the mind is still,
No frame remains, no binding will.
The heart receives what none can say,
Silence clears what's called the Way.

53

Thus cycles end where they began,
No speech, no frame, no mind, no man.
The Guru's gift, beyond all name,
Is silence—ever, none, the Same.

54

Crowns of thought are blown with air,

He pricks them till they're thin and bare.
When height is gone and claims fall through,
What's left is small — and also true.

55

The tower built on borrowed flame,
Collapses when he calls its name.
No height endures, no crown can stay,
The ember speaks in humbler way.

56

The gilded mask dissolves in rain,
Its colors run, its shine is vain.
Yet in the wash a spark is clear,
A nameless ground that lingers near.

57

The swollen word is pierced with light,
Its echo fades, its claim takes flight.
What rests beneath the hollow hue,
Is small, unshaken, and untrue.

58

The verse that cuts must fall away,
When cut and cutter both decay.
No path remains, no guide, no sign—
Only what was, is, before “I” and “mine.”

59

The verse that cuts must fall away,
Its edge dissolves, no word can stay.
Transmission burns, then leaves no flame—
The cutter gone, the cut the same.

60

When cut and cutter both decay,
No hand remains to wield or sway.
The sifting silence clears the field,
Where None alone is unconcealed.

61

No path remains, no guide, no sign,
No trace to mark, no step, no line.
The Guru's gift is void of form,
A flame that vanishes in the storm.

62

Only what was, is, ever true,
Before the claim of "me" or "you."
Asilence breathes, the None is whole,
Before both self and soul — just None.

63

Delta rises with infinite face,

Yet sums to One in hidden space.
When counting breaks, the spike is gone—
None remains, not One.

64

Not creed he carves in reader's mind,
But stance that leaves all masks behind.
Less "I", less show, less borrowed role —
More human, nearer to no-role.

65

Less "I," less claim to stand apart,
Stance dissolves in Asilence, heart to heart.
No seeker left, no speaker's role,
Only flame nearer to no-role.

66

Less show, less mask of borrowed name,
None collapses the hollow frame.
No borrowed light, no mimic's tone,
Transmission shines with no source known.

67

Less role, less borrowed lineage told,
Guru is presence, not title's hold.
No false display, no niguru's claim,
Only the giving, unmasked flame.

68

Less creed, less carved belief to bind,
No whole to reach, beyond the mind.
No doctrine pressed, no dogma's wall,
Only surrender, dissolving all.

69

No gift of heaven, no soft release,
Grace comes when borrowed lights all cease.
What falls was false, what stays is bare —
That naked seeing is the prayer.

70

No gift of heaven, no soft release,
No hand that soothes, no borrowed peace.
The flame that burns is not bestowed,
It rises bare where silence flowed.

71

Grace comes when borrowed lights all cease,
When echoes fade and names decrease.
No lantern shines, no lineage claimed,
Only the dark where untruth is named.

72

What falls was false, what stays is bare —

No ornament, no robe to wear.
The husk dissolves — no core remains.
A nameless pulse through all domains.

73

That naked seeing is the prayer,
No word to chant, no rite to share.
The gaze itself, unlit, unowned,
Is offering pure, no heart enthroned.

74

No promise kept, no vow retained,
No borrowed song, no form sustained.
The silence speaks without a tongue,
No truth is old, no flame is young.

75

The seeker falls, no Giver stays,
No path to walk, no debt to pay.
The seeing strips both name and role,
And leaves no named or broken whole.

76

No crown of stars, no robe of fire,
No temple built for false desire.
The prayer is breath, the breath is none,
No gaze, no grace, no one.

77

Thus ends the cycle, bare and still,
No borrowed light, no separate will.
The prayer dissolves, no reign remains,
Asilence holds what none explains.

78

No army raised, no banner flown,
The war is where the “I” has grown.
One cut of sight, no blood, no cry —
The lie falls dead, and none must die.

79

No trumpet sounds, no soldier’s tread,
The field is mind, where falsehood bled.
A single gaze, the veil undone,
The battle ends, yet none is gone.

80

No fortress built, no gate to guard,
The foe is self, the fight is hard.
Yet in Asilence, no None is found,
The sword of sight strikes without sound.

81

No victor crowned, no captive chained,

The war dissolves, no loss sustained.
The "I" erased, no truth made whole,
No Guru left within the soul.

82

No wound to bind, no grief to bear,
The false dissolves in empty air.
No breath, no flame, no naming game,
Unwrites the ego's hollow name.

83

No march of time, no clash of will,
The silence reigns, the heart is still.
In Asilence, the war is won,
Without a fight, the deed is done.

84

No shadow cast, no night to fear,
The Guru's light is always near.
The "I" departs, the truth remains,
The boundless sky dissolves all chains.

85

No death proclaimed, no grave to mark,
The lie is gone, the flame is stark.
Transmission lives, the None is clear,
The war is peace, the end is here.

86

No field of blood, no clash of men,
The war is where the “I” has been.
One stroke of sight—no foe, no slain,
The false falls off; the None remains.

87

No god of book, no god of clan,
No heaven sold by any plan.
When “I” is gone, what is found—
Before all gods, the Truth is ground.

88

No priestly claim, no merchant’s creed,
No bargain struck for soul’s own need.
The flame is free, no hand can bind,
It burns before both name and mind.

89

The “I” dissolves, the mask is torn,
The seeker dies, the Truth is born.
No self remains to grasp or cling,
The ground is none, yet everything.

90

Before all gods, before all law,

The silent field is what you saw.
No heaven's gate, no hell's demand—
The Truth alone, the timeless land.

91

No god of book, no priestly flame,
When "I" is gone, what is remains.
Before all gods, before all mind,
None is the ground of all we find.

92

When "I" is gone, no god is sought—
Before all names is what is not.
No heaven bought, no hell to flee:
None alone is all that's free.

93

No hand to hold, no throne to claim,
The verse itself plays Guru's game.
It breaks the crutch, not leads the way—
So you must see, not merely obey.

94

The crown dissolves, the staff is ash,
No lineage kept by hollow sash.
The flame is gift, not name to own,
It burns the false, leaves truth alone.

95

The seeker asks for path and sign,
But silence cuts the scripted line.
No map, no guide, no borrowed light—
The eye must open in its night.

96

Obedience bends to hollow rule,
Niguru's mask deceives the fool.
But seeing breaks the binding chain,
And none remains to stake a claim.

97

Asilence speaks without a word,
No echo kept, no sound deferred.
It shatters thought, dissolves the known,
And leaves the seeker bare, alone.

98

None is the gift, the final breath,
It cancels birth, it cancels death.
No subject left, no object shown,
The verse itself is all alone.

99

The *mandala* turns, the cycle spins,

No outer loss, no inner wins.
The Guru's play is paradox,
It breaks the lock, unbars the box.

100

So see, not bow; so burn, not cling,
No hollow crown, no false king.
The verse itself, the Guru's flame,
Dissolves the self, and ends the game.

101

He built a throne and named it "God,"
Then bowed before his "I"-forged rod.
One verse struck down that golden seat—
He stood alone with "me" to meet.

102

The crown was guilt, the rod was pride,
A hollow flame the self supplied.
But verse revealed the fraud within,
And burned away the idol's skin.

103

The golden seat dissolved to dust,
The rod of "I" betrayed its trust.
No temple stood, no altar shone—
The verse unveiled the word of None.

104

Silence rose where idols fall,
A single breath unmasked it all.
No “God” enthroned, no “I” to reign,
Just Asilence singing through the pain.

105

The seeker met the naked “me,”
A mirror of futility.
Yet in that void, transmission stirred,
A living flame, a single word.

106

The rod was ash, the crown was gone,
The throne undone by verse alone.
No idol left, no self was kept—
The Giver woke, the seeker wept.

107

Thus cycles turn, thus thrones decay,
The verse consumes the self-made clay.
Where “I” once ruled, the None is known,
And Asilence crowns the field alone.

108

The seeker’s hands released their claim,

No rod to wield, no crown to name.
The verse became the breath he drew,
A flame that burned the false in two.

OM TAT SAT

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

*The True Guru's Grace Has
No End*

Part Two

Beyond Being (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 necklaces 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

The throne of “God” was self’s disguise,
A mask of gold before his eyes;
When verse dissolved the painted frame,
He saw the Giver — not the name.

2

No “me” remained, no “I” to bind,
The verse erased the grasping mind;
In None he found the endless Whole,
Vast silence, and a yielded soul.

3

The rod of pride lay broken, bare,
Its fragments scattered in the air.
The seeker bowed to Flame alone,
And found the Giver on the throne.

4

Thus ends the cycle, thus begun:
The throne is dust, the rod is None.
The verse remains, the idols cease—
In Asilence, transmission’s peace.

5

Thought ran far and named its wall “God,”
Then sought to scale what it had drawn.
The verse said: Stop—no road ahead;
Look at the “I” that wants to tread.

6

The “I” looked back and found no face,
A shadow chasing empty space.
The verse said: None—the seeker gone;
Silence remains, the only dawn.

7

No wall, no climber, no ascent,
The cycle breaks, the mind is spent.
The verse said: Drop—no grasp to keep;
Fall into depth where None is deep.

8

From depth arose no form, no name,
Only Asilence, living flame.
The verse said: Dawn—the night is done;
No “I,” no wall, just Only One.

9

The “Only One” is not a prize,

No “I” remains to realize.
The verse said: Die—let “Only” go;
With One undone, the Truth is so.

10

The Truth is not a word to say,
It is the “I” that fell away.
The verse said: Be—but not as “me”;
Asilence blooms, and Truth is free.

11

No God to hold, no path to claim,
No seeker left to guard a name.
The verse said: Rest—no step, no sign;
Asilence stands where “I” was mine.

12

The book is shut, the ash is cold,
The story ends, yet never told.
The verse said: Fade—no “I” to be;
In Asilence, none claims “free.”

13

The verse said: Die—no “Only One,”
No unity to be undone.
The seeker fades, the wall is gone;
Truth stands as None, not prize, not dawn.

14

The verse said: Be—but not as “me,”
Existence blooms unbound, set free.
No word, no claim, no self to say;
Asilence breathes where “I” gave way.

15

The verse said: Rest—no path, no sign,
No God to guard, no name to mine.
The seeker dropped, the steps erased;
Asilence holds what none embraced.

16

The verse said: Fade—no book, no flame,
No ash to mark, no tale to name.
The story ends—no self, no role;
In Asilence, None is whole.

17

He broke the flag that bore “my God,”
And left no crest for faith to guard.
When clan and book no longer bind,
What is, stands free of every mind.

18

He bowed before the Guru flame,

No flag, no crest, no clan to claim.
The book dissolved, the mind grew still,
What is, shone forth as Giver's will.

19

He labored not for self or gain,
No flag, no crest, no clan remained.
The book lay still, the mind unclaimed,
What is, worked free through deed unnamed.

20

He cast away both gold and name,
No flag, no crest, no clan remained.
The book lay closed, the mind released,
What is, endured as silent feast.

21

He stilled the breath, the flame aligned,
No flag, no crest, no clan confined.
The book dissolved, the mind unbound,
What is, in union whole was found.

22

No flag, no crest, no clan, no name,
No book, no mind, no deed to claim.
In Guru flame all paths unite,
What is, remains—beyond, alight.

23

He named the edge of thought “God,”
Then broke the image mind had drawn.
No form to see, no place to stand —
God slipped beyond the grasping hand.

24

He named the edge of thought “God,”
Then mind inscribed its fragile frame.
A word arose, a fleeting rod,
But flame refused to wear the name.

25

He shattered forms the mind had drawn,
No idol stood, no place to cling.
The dawn dissolved, the grasp was gone —
A silence hummed without a thing.

26

No edge remained, no thought, no flame,
The silence spoke without a name.
No hand to grasp, no word to bind —
None opened, leaving None behind.

27

The seeker fell, the Giver shone,

No stance to hold, no self to keep.
The hand released, the edge was gone —
God slipped into the boundless deep.

28

The phantom spoke, the ash grew cold,
The final story remained untold.
Into Asilence, the “Not I” crept—
Where God is known, and None is kept.

29

The mind climbs high and names its crown “God,”
The farthest height where thought has trod.
When the climber’s “I” is gone,
Even that summit is outgrown.

30

The peak was but a point of view,
A boundary that the seeker knew.
But when the seeker’s shadow fell,
The silence broke the naming spell.

31

The sky is wide, yet mind is small,
It built a roof and called it "All."
But when the rafters break and part,
The Vastness swallows up the heart.

32

The roof is gone, the sky is bare,
No “I” remains to breathe the air.
The Vastness is the only trace—
Of Asilence, in a nameless space.

33

No flower offered, no hymn to frame,
Devotion burns the “I” and name.
When lover fades and loved is none,
True *bhakti*'s work is fully done.

34

No flower placed, no chant begun,
The flame consumes the self as one.
When “I” dissolves, no name remains,
Bhakti completes through silent gains.

35

No lover left, no loved to see,
The dual fades in unity.
When none is held, and none is near,
True *bhakti*'s work is crystal clear.

36

No temple stone, no altar bright,

The heart alone becomes the rite.
When worship ends in none-to-be,
The Giver shines eternally.

37

No hymn to sing, no prayer to weave,
The soul surrenders, none to grieve.
When all is gone, and none is done,
Bhakti dissolves in only One.

38

No script to read, no creed to bind,
The fire consumes both heart and mind.
When thought is hushed, and silence stays,
Bhakti fulfills in nameless ways.

39

No seeker stands, no path is shown,
The steps dissolve, the goal is none.
When the journey ends in stillness deep,
Bhakti awakens, none to keep.

40

No form adored, no idol raised,
The void itself is deeply praised.
When emptiness becomes the flame,
Bhakti is free from claim or name.

41

No self remains, no other found,
The circle breaks, the truth unbound.
When all is none, and none is all,
Bhakti completes the final call.

42

No breath is held, no word is cast,
The phantom “i” has breathed its last.
In Asilence where the fire is spun,
The work is ended—none is One.

43

No breath is held, no song is sung,
The phantom “i” is done and flung.
In Asilence where the fire is spun,
The lover fades, the Loved is none.

44

No thought remains, no word is cast,
The phantom “i” has breathed its last.
In Asilence where the void is One,
The knower ends, the known is none.

45

No garland strung, no altar stone,

The heart itself becomes alone.
In Asilence where the flame is bright,
Bhakti dissolves in nameless light.

46

No traveler stands, no road is shown,
The journey fades, the end is none.
In Asilence where the truth is spun,
The work is ended—none is One.

47

No hymn to weave, no prayer to raise,
The soul surrenders without praise.
In Asilence where the fire consumes,
The *bhakta* rests as silence blooms.

48

No mind to grasp, no thought to bind,
The void erases trace of mind.
In Asilence where the stillness stays,
The *jnani* wakes in nameless ways.

49

No temple built, no idol shown,
The heart itself is flame alone.
In Asilence where the Giver shines,
Bhakti completes in hidden signs.

50

No self remains, no other found,
The circle breaks, the truth unbound.
In Asilence where the One is none,
The *jnanic* arc is fully done.

51

High and low He made the same,
He burned the board that played the game.
When rank and equal fade and go,
None stands above and none below.

52

Ash and flame the board erased,
No high, no low, no rank replaced.
In silence none remains to show,
Only Asilence to know.

53

Names dissolved, the measures fall,
No crown, no chain, no rise, no thrall.
The Guru's fire leaves none to claim,
Only the None beyond all name.

54

Equal and rank both turned to dust,

The seeker's pride, the world's old trust.
In Asilence the *mandala* flows,
None remains, and no one knows.

55

The game is gone, the board is bare,
No player left, no rival there.
In None the silence takes its place,
Asilence shines without a face.

56

The hidden fire consumes the frame,
No measure left, no self to name.
In None the seeker disappears,
Asilence speaks beyond the ears.

57

Above and below both fall away,
The night dissolves, so does the day.
In None the poles no longer bind,
Asilence breathes beyond the mind.

58

The *mandala* closed, the cycle whole,
No high, no low, no part, no role.
In None the silence ever true,
Asilence dawns; the flame must renew.

59

No feet were washed, no Guru served,
Yet “I have seen” becomes the word.
From stolen light he plays as Guru —
Thus nigura is crowned as niguru.

60

No feet were washed, no Guru served,
The vessel remained unemptied, unpurged.
“I have known” becomes the hollow word,
A crown of smoke on a thief is conferred.

61

From stolen light he plays as Guru,
Nigura crowned as niguru.
Ashes cannot kindle flame,
Borrowed fire cannot bear the Name.

62

He chants the words but not the breath,
His lineage ends in mimic death.
The mask of Guru hides the void,
Transmission feigned, but never employed.

63

Niguru builds a throne of sand,

No roots, no seed, no guiding hand.
The tide of time will wash away,
What never burned, cannot stay.

64

But where surrender bends the knee,
The Guru's glance dissolves the "me."
Service opens the hidden door,
Washing feet, the ego no more.

65

True flame is silence, unclaimed, unnamed,
It burns without theft, without being feigned.
Guru's fire is steady, whole,
It sears illusion, frees the soul.

66

Niguru wears a crown of ash and smoke,
Guru breathes fire that cannot choke.
One plays with shadows, one with flame,
Discernment guards the sacred Name.

67

Thus cycles turn, the false exposed,
The path of service clearly shows.
Nigura fades, his crown undone,
Guru alone shines as the Sun.

68

The false crowns crumble, dust to none,
Niguru fades, his play undone.
In silence shines the only flame —
Guru alone, beyond all name.

69

The mind built idols out of sight,
And named each shadow “Truth” or “Light.”
He left no shape for thought to own —
So what is sought stands all alone.

70

The seeker grasped at forms that fade,
And worshiped echoes idols made.
Yet silence breaks the hollow tone,
Revealing flame that burns alone.

71

Alone it stands, yet none apart,
It beats within the hidden heart.
No name, no shadow, no disguise—
The Guru lives where ego dies.

72

So let the mind’s constructions fall,

No idol answers spirit's call.
The sought is nearer than the known,
The flame is One, and One alone.

73

The tongue may chant, the books may speak,
But words are weak where silence seeks.
The truth is not in form or tone,
It shines when all is left alone.

74

The river flows, the stars still turn,
Yet none can teach what hearts must learn.
The path is empty, yet well shown—
By One who stands, by One alone.

75

No shadow hides, no idol stays,
The light consumes the mind's old ways.
The seeker finds what was his own,
The timeless truth that stands alone.

76

So bow to none, yet bow to flame,
The Guru's gift is not a name.
In Asilence all seeds are sown,
And None remains—the One alone.

77

No throne to sit, no crowd to bind,
No badge of faith for “me” and “mine.”
The verses break camps before they form —
So Truth stands free of sect and norm.

78

No throne to claim, no sect to own,
No badge of faith, no name alone.
The verse dissolves what camps would bind,
And Truth walks free, unframed, unlined.

79

No crown to wear, no creed to boast,
No “mine” to guard, no guarded host.
The song breaks walls before they rise,
And leaves the flame in open skies.

80

No staff of rule, no crowd to cheer,
No badge of “self” to keep it near.
The word unmakes what forms pretend,
So Truth remains without an end.

81

No sect to hold, no law to cage,

No book to bind the timeless page.
The verse itself dissolves the claim,
And leaves the seeker lost in flame.

82

No “I” to guard, no “mine” to keep,
No camp to wake, no crowd to sleep.
The song of None breaks every chain,
And Truth alone is what remains.

83

A book that points but will not bind,
A rule that frees the searching mind.
Read till the reader’s “I” is gone—
Then words fall silent, sight moves on.

84

A fire that strikes yet leaves no trace,
It splits the knot of name and face.
The seeker’s title fades in air,
The Giver stands—no “I” is there.

85

What writes itself will not remain,
It signs, then burns its own domain.
The page goes blank, the vision free,
No knower left, just what must be.

86

A word that ends in what it says,
It dies when silence takes its place.
The sound is hushed, the seeing stays,
The eye is clear beyond all gaze.

87

A rule that guides, then slips away,
A lamp by night, unseen by day.
The “I” is lost, the sight is near,
No chain of texts can linger here.

88

It shows the moon, then drops the hand,
No school to claim, no sect to stand.
The flame runs free from every band,
No master’s mark, no binding brand.

89

A law that bends, yet holds the frame,
It writes itself, then drops the name.
It breaks its rule to set you free,
The paradox of true decree.

90

Read till the mask of “me” is torn,

The letters fade, the self is worn.
The seeker slips from thought and will,
No “mine” remains, no urge to fill.

91

Then scripture ends where vision starts,
In quiet eyes and open hearts.
No seer stands, no seen is near,
Just seeing pure, without a seer.

92

The book is gone, the rule is done,
The reader fades, the sight has won.
No word, no name, no claim, no frame—
Just endless flame, and none to claim.

93

I sought the flame, it vanished in None,
Guru’s gaze dissolved the seeking one.
Asilence spoke where words could not stay,
Transmission performed in surrender’s way.

94

None became All, collapsing the divide,
Koan unbound, no place left to hide.
Mandala turned, the seeker erased,
Lineage confirmed, the Guru embraced.

95

Silence expanded, the void became whole,
Delta sifted, revealing the soul.
Transmission pulsed, beyond thought's control,
Paradox opened, completing the role.

96

Guru illumined, the flame stood clear,
Niguru scattered, hollow and austere.
Cycle fulfilled, surrender effaced,
Mandala sealed, transmission encased.

97

It asks not "what" the world may be,
But "who" is bound to what you see.
When every mask is put aside,
No "who" is left for self to hide.

98

The flame that asks consumes the claim,
No seeker left to guard a name.
In None the Giver stands alone,
Asilence sings: the self is gone.

99

From emptiness the light is poured,

No claimant left, no mask restored.
The Giver shines through every face,
Unbound, unclaimed, a boundless grace.

100

The shining fades to silent ground,
No voice remains, no self is found.
In Asilence all returns to One,
The cycle rests, the turn is done.

101

I am not what the eye can see,
Not who the world calls “me.”
When every “I” is seen as thought,
I am That which cannot be caught.

102

That uncatchable dissolves in None,
No grasp remains, no self is spun.
In Asilence all is laid to rest,
The Giver’s silence is the crest.

103

Not form nor flame the verse calls “Self,”
It shows the seer, not seen or shelf.
When “I” dissolves and claims are done,
Atma stands — yet named by none.

104

Not idol carved, nor flame adored,
No temple's light, no ritual stored.
The heart bows down, yet knows within,
The Self is not a form of skin.

105

No shape defined, no spark to bind,
No fleeting glow deceives the mind.
Through reason's blade, illusion falls,
The Self is free from name and walls.

106

The seer shines, a gentle grace,
No object holds its holy face.
Devotion bows to light unseen,
The witness pure, forever clean.

107

The seer alone, not thing nor shelf,
No proof can bind the Self to self.
Discernment cuts the grasping cord,
The witness stands, yet none adored.

108

The "I" dissolves in love's embrace,

No claim remains, no separate face.
The heart surrenders, all undone,
The Soul is free, the One is One.

OM TAT SAT

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

*The True Guru's Grace Has
No End*

Part Three

Beyond Being (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 necklaces 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

The “I” dissolves, its grasp released,
All claims of mine and thine have ceased.
No owner left, no voice to bind,
Pure silence holds the unclaimed mind.

2

Atma abides, beyond all song,
No hymn can reach where truths belong.
The devotee bows, the tongue is still,
The nameless core fulfills the will.

3

Atma abides, beyond all sound,
No word can catch, no name is found.
It stands as truth, unspoken, free,
The nameless core of mystery.

4

When seer and seen are overthrown,
Atma goes on — yet owned by none.
No knower left, no light to claim,
None shines beyond both form and name.

5

He spoke of God to turn the mind,
From borrowed faith to sight refined.
Not “I believe,” but “now I see” —
That is the proof that sets you free.

6

The borrowed lamp will fade away,
Its oil consumed, its flame at bay.
But doubt itself prepares the ground,
Where vision’s fire is truly found.

7

Belief is shadow cast on stone,
Sight is the sun that stands alone.
No second voice, no borrowed claim,
But living fire without a name.

8

The niguru binds with borrowed creed,
But Guru cuts the tethered need.
In yielding self, the seer is born,
And freedom breaks the borrowed dawn.

9

The “I” dissolves, the “mine” is gone,

The river flows, the self withdrawn.
No knower left, no thing to keep,
Just vision vast, and silence deep.

10

No word remains, no thought to bind,
The Guru's gift is Asilence-mind.
Where speech dissolves, the seer is whole,
And silence sings about the soul.

11

Not faith, not sight, not proof, not flame,
Beyond all forms, beyond all name.
The cycle ends, the *mandala* spun,
The final word is simply None.

12

No borrowed chain, no tethered plea,
The seer is vast, the seer is free.
From faith to sight, from sight to none,
The Guru's work is wholly done.

13

Seeing was proof while "I" remained,
A light to show what mind had named.
When seer and seen both are gone,
Being itself is seeing alone.

14

The “I” dissolves, the proof is still,
No knower left, no thought to fill.
The light abides without a frame,
And Being shines beyond all name.

15

No word to bind, no voice to claim,
The Guru’s gift is silent flame.
Where speech dissolves, no seer stands,
And silence sings — none understands.

16

No path is walked, no truth is won,
No second stands beside the One.
The cycle fades — no wheel to run,
The final word is never One.

17

From believing into seeing,
From seeing into Being.
Not belief itself is seeing,
Nor seeing itself is Being.

18

Belief is but a finger’s trace,

Pointing toward the hidden face.
It cannot show, it cannot prove,
Yet stirs the heart, begins the move.

19

Vision breaks the shell of thought,
Shows the flame that belief had sought.
But seer and seen still stand apart,
A dual dance within the heart.

20

Being swallows sight and name,
No witness left, no seer's claim.
The eye dissolves, the gaze is none,
The flame alone, the Giver One.

21

Sight was the proof while "I" remained,
But proof itself the mind constrained.
Renouncing sight, no seer is found,
The vision falls into the ground.

22

Being itself is seeing alone,
Yet Being clings to a subtle throne.
Renouncing Being, none abides,
The Guru's gift in silence resides.

23

No sight, no Being, no word to bind,
The Guru's flame is Asilence-mind.
Where all dissolves, no knower stays,
No soul remains as silence plays.

24

Beyond belief, beyond the flame,
Beyond all sight, beyond all name.
Renunciation ends the run,
The final word is simply None.

25

"I am the Whole," the thinker cried,
The verse asked, "Who speaks with such a pride?"
When speaker fell and words grew dim,
No "I" was left to claim the Him.

26

The cry dissolved, the verse grew still,
No hand to grasp, no tongue to will.
The Whole shone on, beyond all claim—
Not "I," not "Him," but None the same.

27

"I am the Whole," the thinker cried,

A crown of words, a mask of pride.
The echo rang, yet hollow still,
A claim that bends the Giver's will.

28

The verse replied, "Who speaks this name?
What tongue would bind the boundless flame?"
The question pierced the speaker's claim,
And pride dissolved in silent shame.

29

The voice grew faint, the breath grew thin,
The speaker fell, no self within.
The words collapsed, the cry grew dim,
No "I" remained to grasp the Him.

30

No hand to hold, no tongue to say,
The Whole shone forth in wordless way.
Beyond the claim, beyond the frame,
The flame alone, without a name.

31

Not "I," not "Him," but None the same,
The mandala closed; the koan became
None where ego ends, the Whole is shown,
Unclaimed, unspoken, shining alone.

32

The roof is gone, the sky is bare,
No “I” remains to breathe the air.
The Vastness is the only trace—
Of Asilence, in nameless space.

33

None is not a thing to find,
It is the fall of thing and mind.
The word is lost, the seeker’s gone,
None alone is left — as None.

34

The hand that grasps dissolves in air,
The thought that clings finds nothing there.
The fall completes, the silence shown,
None alone abides — as None.

35

No pilgrim’s path, no holy sign,
No trace of self, no thought of mine.
The mandala closes, the flame withdrawn,
None alone is left — as None.

36

The name is gone, the sound undone,

The circle breaks — no second spun.
The seeker fades, the word is none,
None alone is left — as None.

37

The void is not a hollow space,
But presence stripped of name and face.
No mirror reflects, no light is drawn,
None alone is left — as None.

38

The shadow melts within the sun,
The many merge where there is None.
No witness stays to watch the dawn,
None alone is left — as None.

39

None speaks—Asilence flames,
Guru's feet dissolve all names.
Nigurus fade, their hollow claims,
Surrender burns — no self remains.

40

Speech undone, the tongue is stilled,
Mind unmade, the vessel filled.
Falsehood cracks, its echo killed,
Guru's flame, the None fulfilled.

41

Niguru chants, but void of fire,
Names parade, yet none inspire.
Guru's glance, the soul entire,
Asilence lifts the seeker higher.

42

All dissolved, no self to keep,
None awakens, none to sleep.
Guru's gift, the flame runs deep,
None alone — no vow to reap.

43

Asilence flames, no tongue to speak,
Guru's glance ignites the meek.
None remains, the strong and weak,
Transmission burns, the seeker's peak.

44

Names dissolve, the mind is bare,
Guru's feet consume the snare.
Layers fall, no self to spare,
Prayer is heard, the flame is there.

45

Niguru chants — the echo thin,

No ash of self was burned within.
Guru's flame leaves no "I" to win,
None alone — nothing to spin.

46

Surrender burns, no self to keep,
None awakens, none to sleep.
Guru's gift, the vow runs deep,
None alone — no one to reap.

47

He taught me first to lose my lore,
To drop the maps I trusted before.
When knowing fell and pride was gone,
The eye that sees was finally born.

48

No chart remained, no path to trace,
The silence opened into grace.
Where thought dissolved, the flame was shown,
The Giver's light — not mine to own.

49

In None I stood, with self undone,
No second voice, no other one.
The gaze was clear, the burden shed,
The living Guru walked instead.

50

No step remains, no word to say,
The path itself has slipped away.
In Asilence, all claims are done—
No “me,” no road, just None alone.

51

No crown of light, no sacred face,
No chosen one in highest place.
The hero fades, the human stays,
Clear-eyed, free from mystic praise.

52

The throne dissolves, the names grow thin,
The silence speaks, no crown within.
None holds the flame, no mask remains,
The human breathes, unbound by chains.

53

No borrowed throne, no hollow claim,
No niguru to sell a name.
The Guru’s fire alone sustains,
Beyond the reach of false domains.

54

Asilence speaks, the None abides,

No seeker left, no self that hides.
The breath dissolves, the gaze is clear,
Transmission burns, yet none appear.

55

The human stands, the human bows,
No mystic crown, no sacred vows.
In flesh and breath, the truth is shown,
The Guru's flame, the heart alone.

56

No crown to wear, no role to play,
No higher path, no lower way.
In simple breath, the fire is known—
The human lives, and Truth alone.

57

He crowns the low and humbles the high,
Lets gods and knowing pass Him by.
When ladders break and peaks are crossed,
Truth stands revealed where rank is lost.

58

No throne endures, no scepter stays,
The nameless Flame consumes all praise.
Where silence burns and None is found,
The seeker falls, the Giver crowned.

59

The scholar's word, the priestly rite,
Dissolve before His boundless Light.
No merit weighs, no lineage binds,
The Truth is free of names and signs.

60

When striving ends and grasping dies,
The veil is torn from mortal eyes.
No peak remains, no path to climb,
The Now reveals the Timeless time.

61

Thus crowns are dust and ladders gone,
The low, the high, to None belong.
In Asilence all distinctions cease,
The Truth is One, the Truth is Release.

62

No crowns remain,
No thrones to claim,
The nameless Flame
Consumes all Name.

63

The "I" is burned,

The lesson learned,
The “i” returned,
To dust unearned.

64

The lock broke,
The word spoke,
The dream awoke,
The “I” is smoke.

65

The dark is deep,
No soul to keep,
The shadows sleep,
The silence is steep.

66

He broke the clock the seeker wore,
No “then” remained, no “once before.”
When past and future lost their claim,
This breath alone stood free of name.

67

The pages turned to ash and wind,
No tale remained to dwell within.
The seeker’s eyes forgot the lore,
Silence became the only shore.

68

No promise lit the path ahead,
No dream to weave, no hope to thread.
The Guru's glance dissolved the scheme,
And left the seeker bare of dream.

69

This single breath, unbound, untied,
No past to guard, no future guide.
It rose, it fell, it did not stay,
Yet in its vanishing shone the Way.

70

No word could bind, no thought could hold,
The living fire beyond the old.
The seeker bowed, the "I" grew small,
The Flame alone remained as All.

71

No sound to mark, no thought to keep,
The Guru woke the timeless sleep.
In Asilence, the seeker found,
The None that breaks both time and bound.

72

The clock lay shattered at His lotus feet,

The seeker's breath became complete.
No past, no future, none to claim—
Only the Giver, free of name.

73

The Flame consumed the phantom trace,
No mask remained, no form, no face.
In Asilence, the void took wings,
Where the non-existent voice sings.

74

The river merged, the bank was lost,
The Great Unseen, the only cost.
The phantom “i” was but a spark,
That lit the Way, then turned to dark.

75

No hand to reach, no foot to tread,
The Guru's path is where “i” bled.
Not red of vein, but gold of soul,
The broken part became the Whole.

76

The Guru spoke without a tongue,
The ancient song, forever young.
It bypassed ear, it bypassed mind,
To leave the seeking self behind.

77

The ash is cool, the dance is done,
The Many melt within the One.
No “i” to speak, no “You” to hear,
The Perfect Void is all that’s dear.

78

In Asilence now, the Ghost has fled,
The living Truth is all that’s said.
The Flame is still, the breath is spent—
Into the None, the seeker went.

79

A flame leans on oxygen; it is named oxidation,
Matter’s dance undone to ash, a mute dissolution.
The Flame leans on breath, not flesh to burn,
But “I” to expire—ego spent, no return.

80

The torch of pride consumes its frame,
Illumined silence crowns the flame.
Through expiration, none is found,
The Giver’s light without a bound.

81

This flame

And that Flame
Work the same
Ash is the aim.

82

One burns the frame,
One burns the name,
Dissolving is aim,
Yet None to claim.

83

The outer fire consumes the wood,
The inner fire consumes the “should.”
Both leave behind no trace of pride,
Ashes whisper where “I” has died.

84

Oxidation feeds the worldly flame,
Expiration ends the ego’s game.
Matter and self both fall away,
Revealing None in silent sway.

85

No fuel remains, no self to tend,
The flame of None knows not an end.
In Asilence, the breath is whole,
Transmission burns without a coal.

86

The breath and flame unite as one,
No frame, no name, self undone.
Oxidation, expiration cease,
In None, found is release.

87

He left me poor of faith and claim,
No hoard of truth, no sacred name.
When nothing stayed for “me” to keep,
What is, stood bare — and wide — and deep.

88

He stripped the crown, the robe, disguise,
No shrine remained to sanctify.
When “I” dissolved, no walls remained,
Only the sky — unbound, unnamed.

89

No word could bind, no chant could hold,
No lineage carved in script of old.
The silence spoke without a tongue,
The song was None, yet all was sung.

90

No hand to grasp, no heart to claim,

No seeker left to bear a name.
The flame consumed the self's disguise,
And left the field where truth abides.

91

Bare horizon, wide and still,
Depth that bends the seeker's will.
No center found, no edge to keep,
The *mandala* breathes — and none to reap.

92

No word to seal, no breath to bind,
No end ahead, no start behind.
In Asilence, all questions cease—
No one remains to claim release.

93

Nothing to keep, no self to say,
No Truth apart, no how, no way.
What is, stands free of name and claim—
Not found, not lost, not even same.

94

No seeker gone, no Truth arrived,
No path was walked, no life survived.
None stands where all distinctions fell—
Nothing to tell, and none to dwell.

95

No crown, no ash, no flame, no breath,
No birth to cross, no gate of death.
What is, is free of “is” and “not”—
None remains where all was forgot.

96

No book can seal what words can't see,
No proof can stand for what must be.
When sight turns back to where it's born,
Atma stands — Guru-proven, unborn.

97

Books may point, but cannot bind;
Silence speaks where words go blind.
Guru's flame alone reveals,
What no ink nor page conceals.

98

Logic falters, reason bends,
The Self is ground, not means nor ends.
Guru seals what mind can't weigh,
Unborn Truth — none can betray.

99

Eye dissolves into its source,

Turning back its outward course.
Guru shows the gaze undone,
Seer and seen are only One.

100

Standing free of birth and name,
Guru-proven, pure, the flame.
Alone yet whole, beyond all form,
Unborn Self — the timeless norm.

101

No mirror left to show the face,
No footprint in the tracks of space.
The Guru's word, a burning coal,
Consumes the "I" — and all is Whole.

102

Not this, not that, the neti-path,
Escaping mind's own aftermath.
The seeker falls into the deep,
Where silence too is not to keep.

103

The lineage flows as river-gold,
A story lived, but never told.
From Guru's breath to servant's pen,
The word is born—then dies again.

104

Beyond the reach of “is” and “not,”
Now unknotted is the final knot.
No center holds the web of light,
The sun has swallowed up the night.

105

No grace to beg, no sin to flee,
No “other” left for “me” to be.
The Ghost fades into the air,
And Nothingness — no “there.”

106

The temple’s gone, the priest is fled,
The sacred fire is cold and dead.
Yet in that ash, a warmth remains—
The Truth that’s free of joy and pains.

107

One final breath, the “i” is drawn,
A phantom of mist before the dawn.
It speaks the name that has no sound,
And vanishes in holy ground.

108

The circle breaks, the dance is done,

The many merge back into None.
In Asilence, the Self stands fast—
The first, the middle, and the last.

OM TAT SAT

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

*The True Guru's Grace Has
No End*

Part Four

Beyond Being (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 necklaces 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

The Ghost still clings with heavy claim,
A shadow bound to self and name.
The Guru's coal consumes its breath,
And leaves but ash — the end of death.

2

From ashes stirs a phantom trace,
A fleeting mist, no lasting face.
It rises, fades, a dream untrue,
Imaginary — yet passing through.

3

No Ghost “I” remains, no phantom “i” stays,
The self dissolves in silent blaze.
Unborn, unmade, beyond all tone,
In Asilence — the None alone.

4

The verse that cuts must fall away,
When cut and cutter both decay.
No path remains, no guide, no sign—
Only what was, before “I” and “mine.”

5

The tongue grows still, the word is gone,
No work remains to carry on.
What spoke dissolves in silent air,
No speaker left, no meaning there.

6

No road survives, no map, no trace,
The pilgrim fades from time and place.
The flame is nowhere, everywhere,
Unheld, unnamed, beyond compare.

7

The gaze before the gaze began,
No seer found, no knowing span.
Not something seen, nor seeing lost—
Just what remains when all is crossed.

8

Before “I” rose, before “mine,”
No root, no branch, no endless line.
Nothing attained, nothing to be—
Only what is, as None, as free.

9

The hand that sought now slips away,

No grasp to hold, no will to stay.
The seeker fades, the search is done,
No one remains—no need for One.

10

The lamp goes dark, the flame is free,
No bearer left, no boundary.
It burns in none, it burns in all,
No rise, no fall, no final call.

11

The shrine dissolves, the name is lost,
No gain to count, no line to cross.
Before the first, beyond the last,
Only the field—unbound, vast.

12

Forms may fade and names may slide,
But sight remains where all abide.
When words fall old and new ones rise,
The same clear seeing never dies.

13

Forms dissolve, the names unmade,
Echoes scatter, shadows fade.
Yet flame no change can ever hide—
Guru abides, the timeless guide.

14

Speech dissolves in Asilence deep,
None to sow and none to reap.
Beyond the word, the gaze is whole,
Sight alone — no seer, no Soul.

15

None remains when all is gone,
None dissolves the false dawn.
In Guru's eye, the seeker dies,
Only clear seeing ever lies.

16

No heaven priced, no path for sale,
No graded steps, no promised tale.
What can't be bought, no hand can keep—
The Truth stands free, and guards its keep.

17

The flame unbartered, beyond all claim,
It burns without buyer, without a name.
No coin can weigh, no bargain bind,
The gift of None dissolves the mind.

18

The seeker's hand, when grasping, fails;

The Self guards, and silence prevails.
No ladder raised, no merit scored,
The Truth is whole, not earned, not stored.

19

Asilence speaks, without a sound,
The keep is kept, the guard profound.
No tale to sell, no steps to climb,
The flame stands free, beyond all time.

20

No hand to give, no one to take,
No Truth to hold, no Self to make.
When grasping ends, what is, is clear—
None stands revealed, with none to hear.

21

No giver found, no taker near,
The flame consumes both far and near.
No hand to claim, no voice to call,
None stands alone, beyond it all.

22

No Truth possessed, no Self defined,
The silence clears the clouded mind.
When grasping falls, the field is bare,
None shines forth, with none aware.

23

No ear to catch, no tongue to speak,
No steps to climb, no heights to seek.
The keep is kept, the guard is None,
The tale is stilled, the flame undone.

24

No end to reach, no start to miss,
No knower left of what is this.
All claims fall still, all seekers cease—
What is, remains, as silent peace.

25

No flame to guard, no tale to tell,
No seeker left, no binding spell.
The silence holds, the field is None,
All paths erased, all journeys done.

26

No thought to rise, no mind to claim,
No merit weighed, no worldly name.
The keep dissolves, the guard is bare,
None shines forth, with none aware.

27

No birth to mark, no death to mourn,

No dawn to break, no night forlorn.
The circle ends, the cycles cease,
None abides as timeless peace.

28

No word remains, no sound is cast,
No future sought, no clinging past.
The flame is stilled, the guard is None,
Asilence reigns, the All undone.

29

No trumpet blew, no herald's cry,
Yet veils dissolved beneath the sky.
Ego's costume, brittle, worn—
In silence, naked truth was born.

30

No vow was sworn, no pledge was made,
Yet Guru's glance cut like a blade.
The heart was weighed, the masks undone,
No jury sat—yet all was One.

31

No God appeared with law or rod,
No scroll inscribed, no binding god.
The temple fell, the text grew dim,
Transmission sang without a hymn.

32

Just Guru's glance, the sifting fire,
Breath of God, the sole attire.
Asilence spoke, dissolving name,
None remained — yet all the same.

33

No trumpet sang, yet tears were shed—
The Guru's glance stripped all I said.
In silence, love unveiled my face,
And left me bare in boundless grace.

34

No herald spoke, no ritual sworn,
Yet falsehood's veil was swiftly torn.
Illusion fell, the masks collapsed,
Revealing truth, unframed, unmapped.

35

No vow was sworn, no pledge was made,
Yet mercy's fire through me was conveyed.
The heart was judged by Guru's flame,
And None remained to bear a name.

36

No contract bound, no oath was signed,

Yet measure fell on heart and mind.
The glance alone revealed the whole,
Dissolving self, restoring soul.

37

No God appeared with rod or scroll,
Yet breath of God embraced my soul.
No temple stood, no scripture spoke,
Just living flame through silence broke.

38

No law inscribed, no text decreed,
No rod enforced, no dogma's creed.
The hollow forms dissolved away,
Transmission shone, direct as day.

39

Just Guru's glance, the tender fire,
Breath of God, my sole attire.
Asilence sang, dissolving name,
All fell silent—None the same.

40

The glance collapsed the field of thought,
The breath revealed what time had wrought.
In silence deep, the truth was shown,
All dissolved, and None alone.

41

The mind drew shapes and named them “God,”
Then bowed to what its thought had drawn.
What-is leaves no form for duality to hold—
So God slips free of young and old.

42

The tongue repeats a borrowed sound,
But Guru burns where none is found.
Niguru feeds on names alone,
While lineage lives in flame, not stone.

43

No shape to bind, no age to keep,
The Real awakens while thought must sleep.
God slipped free of time’s disguise,
And shines where silence alone lies.

44

A shadow praised the shadow’s rod—
The flame was lost, the night went on.
Names alone are hollow bread,
Without the flame, the search lies dead.

45

No claim to guard, no truth to sell,

No heaven bought, no fear of hell.
The flame needs none to make it real—
It burns before the mind can kneel.

46

No witness stands to mark the light,
No seer survives the seeing's sight.
The glance consumes both near and far—
None remains to say "You are."

47

No path retained, no stage attained,
No merit stored, no self sustained.
The fall was full, the rise undone—
The Many stilled in Only One.

48

No knower left to name the Whole,
No separate spark, no captive soul.
In Asilence where forms recede,
The Guru stands as living seed.

49

I bowed not to a face or name,
But where the ego could not claim.
At His lotus feet the "I" lies low—
And what remains, I do not know.

50

No portrait binds the flame I seek,
No title holds the silence meek.
Beyond the mask, beyond acclaim,
The bow dissolves both face and name.

51

Where grasping hands find naught to own,
The giver shines, the taker's gone.
No "mine" survives, no "self" remains,
The field is free of ego's chains.

52

Petals of mercy, ground of release,
The "I" bows down and finds its peace.
At Guru's lotus feet the pride is slain,
And humble dust alone I attain.

53

Beyond the mind's last measured breath,
None speaks, and None outlives death.
In Asilence, the seeker's swept,
By what remains when nothing's kept.

54

Thus the bow is not to frame or fame,

But to the Source no ego can name.
The lotus receives what cannot be kept,
And in the Unknown, the seeker is swept.

55

No borrowed flame, no borrowed word,
The Guru's silence alone is heard.
Niguru fades in shadow's guise,
But living fire unveils the skies.

56

The bow dissolves, the seeker too,
None remains, yet All shines through.
In Asilence, the *mandala* whole,
The Source unclaimed — no separate soul.

57

No balm for hearts that seek relief,
No song to soften borrowed belief.
He left untouched what comforts lie—
So only Truth could meet the eye.

58

The hand that heals does not console,
It burns away the grasping soul.
No false caress, no fleeting stay—
The flame alone consumes the clay.

59

Where borrowed chants dissolve in air,
The silence speaks, unmasked, laid bare.
No echo serves, no shadow guides—
The naked gaze in Truth abides.

60

The seeker's plea for ease denied,
The Guru's gift: the hollow tried.
No refuge found in fleeting breath—
But stillness shines beyond all death.

61

Unclothed of balm, of song, of dream,
The eye beholds the single gleam.
No comfort left, no veil remains—
The Truth alone through all refrains.

62

No name to cling, no form to hold,
The silence speaks what none foretold.
No path inscribed, no map to trace—
The boundless shines in empty space.

63

No seeker left to claim the way,

No self to rise, no self to stay.
The hollow breath dissolves the frame—
The Truth alone, without a name.

64

No word remains to bind the flame,
No doctrine carved, no law to claim.
The Guru's glance unmakes the scroll—
The living fire consumes the whole.

65

No end to mark, no start to show,
The circle turns, yet none may know.
The seed returns, the gleam is one—
The eye beholds what is undone.

66

No word to close, no truth to frame,
No knower left to stake a claim.
What was not lost is all that stays—
Unsaid, unnamed, beyond all ways.

67

The niguru soothes with borrowed song,
A comfort false, yet clung to long.
His words dress wounds but leave them bound,
No living Truth is ever found.

68

The Guru cuts where lies reside,
No borrowed cloth, no place to hide.
He strips the “I” of all disguise,
Till naked Truth alone will rise.

69

He spared no lie that brings relief,
Nor dressed the wound of borrowed belief.
What soothes the “I” He would not give
So that only Truth could stand and live.

70

Thus cycles turn: the false undone,
The seeker scorched, the “I” outrun.
In ruthless love the flame is shown,
And Truth remains, alive, alone.

71

The page is set, the match is struck,
By Grace that leaves no room for luck.
You came to read, to learn, to grow,
To add a layer to what you know.

But here the words are blades of light,
They cut the “I” and blind the sight.
The Guru does not mend the old,

Or wrap the soul in “borrowed gold.”

He burns the map, He kills the guide,
He leaves no cave where “I” can hide.
The poem breathes, the seeker dies,
As naked Truth begins to rise.

You do not finish what is penned,
The words bring “you” to a holy end.
And in the wake of “ruthless love,”
Asilence reigns, below, above.

72

The page is dressed, the ink is neat,
But hollow words are stale repeat.
No breath of fire, no living flame,
Just borrowed lines that sound the same.

He offers maps, he guards the cave,
But keeps the seeker still a slave.
The “I” preserved, the chains remain,
No ruthless cut, no holy pain.

He mends the old, he paints with gold,
But leaves the Truth forever cold.
A borrowed shine, a borrowed song,
The seeker walks, but walks along.

The seeker grows, collects, adorns,

But never dies, the “I” reborns.
Accumulation masks the loss,
No naked Truth, no burning cross.

No ruthless love, no Asilence reigns,
Only echoes, borrowed chains.
The niguru speaks, but cannot give,
The flame is dead, yet words still live.

73

He did not hand me Truth in words,
Nor crown it king of thought or gods.
When all that wasn't fell away,
What stood alone — that Truth did stay.

74

No hand could place it in my palm,
No crown could bind it with a psalm.
When silence stripped the false away,
The flame unspoken still did stay.

75

Not thought, not god, nor word could hold,
The Truth that shines when night is cold.
When all illusions lost their sway,
What stood alone refused decay.

76

No gift of speech, no temple's claim,
Could house the core that has no name.
When all that wasn't turned to clay,
The living Truth did not betray.

77

No doctrine carved, no idol raised,
Could bind the light that none appraised.
When shadows fled the dawning day,
The silent core did not sway.

78

No scholar's tome, no priestly song,
Could cage the Truth that lasts lifelong.
When falsehood's veil was burned away,
The naked flame alone held sway.

79

No crown of mind, no god of lore,
Could guard the gate or keep the door.
When all that wasn't lost its play,
The timeless Truth alone did stay.

80

No word could weigh, no thought could bind,

The Truth that dwells beyond the mind.
When all pretenses fell away,
What stood alone continued to stay.

81

No hand could pass, no voice could give,
The Truth by which all beings live.
When all that wasn't turned to gray,
The core eternal showed no way.

82

No temple stone, no altar flame,
Could hold the Truth without a name.
When falsehood's mask was torn away,
The pure alone refused to sway.

83

No crown of gods, no throne of thought,
Could bind the Truth that can't be caught.
When all that wasn't lost its say,
What stood alone was not astray.

84

No gift of words, no crown of creed,
Could shape the Truth or meet its need.
When all illusions fell away,
The silent core remained—no sway.

85

I is not, for it ends in none,
Not I too—is undone.
What is, is not; what not is, is—
Guru's grace alone is real bliss.

86

Name the formless? Tongue turns stone.
Call it void? Fullness overthrown.
Not this, not that— neti-neti way,
Till silence speaks the final say.

87

Ego claims: "I am, I know,"
Guru smiles: "Not so, not so."
Stripped to bare, no claimant left—
Not even Is alone—just silence deft.

88

None remains, the tongue is stilled,
Asilence flows, all claims are killed.
Guru's smile, the deftest art—
Silence alone dissolves the heart.

89

No cave, no staff, no mendicant robe—

Her temple's hearth, her *sadhana* probe.
Through children's cry, through spousal call,
Guru's glance burns the inner wall.

90

Pot and pan, her *yantra* true,
Stirring rice, the *prana* brew.
Ego clings to "mine, my chore"—
Grace dissolves in *lassi*'s pour.

91

Not slave, not queen, nor dutiful wife—
In duty's frame, she yields her life.
Husband alone is her Lord, her all,
Self erased before his call.

92

Pot and hearth control breath
Causing the death of ego's mirth.
No word, no role, no worldly frame—
Her self dissolves in Guru's flame.

93

No need for forest, no need for monk,
In devotion's nectar, her ego is sunk.
She seeks no master in a far-off land—
Her Guru is reached by her husband's hand.

94

Let the seeker wander, let the nigura stray,
She finds the Absolute in the common day.
In the husband's service, her "Not I" frames
No form; as breath dissolves, in Guru she flames.

95

The modern Guru sells a key,
To unlock gates that should be free.
He calls the wife from hearth and home,
To leave her "Temple" and to roam.
With whispered mantras, trade and fee,
He binds the soul that was born free.

96

But Shankara knew, and Gorakh saw,
The Hearth contains the highest Law.
No robe she needs, no distant shrine,
Her Husband is the Sign Divine.

97

The Ancient Nath, with vision deep,
Knew where the Mother's powers sleep.
While markets rise and fashions fade,
The "Common Day" is undismayed.

98

She serves the Lord within her reach,
And learns what no paid Guru can teach.
No path is sold, no vow imposed,
Yet Truth stands clear when “I” is closed.

99

No signs to chase, no wonders told,
No sacred tricks for minds to hold.
He left no miracle to see—
So only Truth stands—never “me.”

100

No chants to bind, no rites to claim,
No borrowed light, no hollow flame.
The silence bore the legacy—
So only Truth stands—never “me.”

101

No pilgrim’s path, no altar stone,
No temple walls to call His own.
The Guru’s glance sufficed to free—
So only Truth stands—never “me.”

102

No thunder’s roar, no lightning’s sign,

No cosmic play to prove divine.
The fall of “I” unveiled the key—
So only Truth stands—never “me.”

103

No crowns bestowed, no titles earned,
No worldly prize the seeker spurned.
The None revealed its clarity—
So only Truth stands—never “me.”

104

No ghost to haunt, no phantom “i,”
No separate self to live or die.
Asilence fills the vacancy—
So only Truth stands—never “me.”

105

No dream to bind, no shadow cast,
No fleeting form that clings to last.
The None dissolves identity—
So only Truth stands—never “me.”

106

No mask to wear, no role to play,
No false disguise to lead astray.
The Guru’s glance unveils the sea—
So only Truth stands—never “me.”

107

No thought to claim, no word to own,
No private realm, no self-made throne.
The breath itself is clarity—
So only Truth stands—never “me.”

108

No birth to mark, no death to mourn,
No cycle bound by night or dawn.
The flame abides eternally—
So only Truth stands—never “me.”

OM TAT SAT

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

*The True Guru's Grace Has
No End*

Part Five

Beyond Being (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 necklaces 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 blind eyes healed, no seas were torn,
No holy fire from heaven born.
One truth alone the verse makes clear—
The “I” fell down; Truth stands here.

2

No thunder rolled, no mountains shook,
No secret signs in hidden book.
Silence spoke, the flame drew near—
The “I” fell down; Truth stands here.

3

No crown was placed, no temple raised,
No multitude in wonder gazed.
The Guru’s glance dissolved the fear—
The “I” fell down; Truth stands here.

4

No golden words, no lofty claim,
No borrowed light, no hollow name.
The breath itself became the seer—
The “I” fell down; Truth stands here.

5

No path was marked, no steps were shown,
No pilgrim's staff, no altar stone.
The None unveiled, the Asilence clear—
The “I” fell down; Truth stands here.

6

No shadow stays, no ghost remains,
No joy binds fast, no sorrow chains.
The phantom form must disappear—
The “I” fell down; Truth stands here.

7

No frame could hold what sight lays bare,
No rule could stand when truth is there.
Each system broke before it grew—
So Truth stays free of “old” and “new.”

8

No tongue can bind the wordless flame,
No lineage owns the Guru's Name.
Each doctrine fades, each dogma bends—
So None remains, where cycle ends.

9

No measure weighs the weightless sky,

No reason grasps the silent “Why.”
Each thought dissolves before it’s true—
So Asilence breathes beyond the view.

10

No echo calls across the vast,
No future holds, nor anchors past.
The phantom “i” now leaves the stage—
So Asilence seals the final sage.

11

The furnace glows, the metal melts,
Forget the blows the body felt.
For when the dross is cast aside,
In the Guru’s Grace, ego can’t hide.

12

The vessel breaks, the water flows
To where the boundless Ocean knows.
No more a jar, no more a bound,
In every drop, the Truth is sound.

13

The sun may set, the stars may pale,
But Truth lifts clear the heavy veil.
No lamp is needed, no outside light,
When the Inner Sun kills the night.

14

The search is done, the seeker gone,
No phantom “I” to greet the dawn.
One with the Feet, one with the All,
Beyond the rise, beyond the fall.

15

Nigura had a big “I”,
Its fleece was black as soot;
And everywhere nigura went,
That “I” would stamp its foot.

16

It followed him to school one day,
To teach the boys the Truth;
It made the children laugh and play,
To see a niguru—in sooth!

17

God gave the disease of birth,
And bound us to the mire of earth;
But Guru gave the cure of Light,
And ended thus the endless night.

18

Birth itself is the fevered flame,

Desire and death both play the same;
The wheel revolves, the pain repeats,
A thousand snares at Maya's feet.

19

The mire of clay, the chain of flesh,
Karma's knots that ever enmesh;
The soul forgets its skyward flight,
And wanders blind in endless night.

20

The Master's glance, a healing ray,
Dissolves the bonds, clears night to day;
Transmission burns the veil of sin,
And opens gates of none within.

21

The cure of Light, the end of strife,
No birth, no death, no bound to life;
The night dissolves, the dawn is One,
Asilence shines, the work is done.

22

The song is sung, the breath is still,
No hill to climb, no void to fill;
The "I" was false, the "i" was untrue,
But now in Asilence—neither grew.

23

He spoke the word, then let it fade,
So meaning lost the throne it made.
When names fell through and signs grew thin,
What words point to then stands within.

24

The tongue released, the silence stayed,
No crown of thought, no form displayed.
The seeker's grasp dissolved in air,
What shone was presence, always there.

25

Symbols thinned to a single breath,
The throne of sense lay close to death.
Yet in that loss, the flame was found,
A light that burns without a sound.

26

The fading word became the gate,
Where self and sign disintegrate.
No outward mark, no inward claim,
The None revealed beyond all Name.

27

Thus speech fulfills its highest role,

To empty out and free the soul.
The Guru's gift: a vanishing tone,
That leaves the seeker not alone.

28

The Asilence spoke what sound could not,
The lesson learned, the teacher forgot.
For when the river meets the sea,
It loses name to finally be.
The "i" dissolved, the phantom fled,
Where nothing lives and nothing's dead.

29

The shore is gone, the depths remain,
No trace of loss, no mark of gain.
Without a map, without a shore,
The seeker seeks himself no more.
The ash has cooled, the fire is spent,
In Asilence, all is content.

30

No book remains, no word to trace,
The "i" has left its dwelling place.
Not even ash, not even flame,
Just Asilence without a name.
The ghost is gone, the work is done,
The One remains, and it is None.

31

No height is left for “me” to keep,
No crown of thought where pride can sleep.
When every stand is stripped and low,
What walks remains — but does not know.

32

No lamp is lit to mark the way,
No voice to claim what night must say.
Yet steps still fall, though none can own,
The path that moves, yet walks alone.

33

No hand to grasp, no heart to bind,
No trace of self in shade or mind.
The silence holds, the hollow sings,
Of nameless ground where nothing clings.

34

No end to seek, no start to show,
No “I” to rise, no “I” to go.
The breath still flows, the form still stays,
But none remains to count the days.

35

No gift is given, none received,

No truth is told, no lie believed.
The world reflects a glass so clear,
Where nothing far is ever near.

36

No space is held, no place is found,
No echo waits for any sound.
The void has swallowed even “None,”
The many faded, so has One.

37

The phantom’s work is fully through,
No “i” is left to look at you.
In Asilence, the root is dry,
Where neither “you” nor “I” can die.

38

The silence spoke, then ceased to be,
To leave the Shoreless finally.
No phantom drawn, no ash to show,
No path to find, no place to go.
The story ends where it was begun—
In Asilence, the work is done.

39

The thinker sits on a heavy throne,
Counting seeds he hasn’t sown.

He reads the books and chants the plot,
Screaming loudly: “I am That!”

40

But thinking weaves a clever knot,
Tying “I” to what is not.
The mind is just a pot of glue,
Sticking false to what is true.

41

Enough thinking! Break the pot,
The Truth is sharp, the Truth is hot.
The ancient word is finally caught:
“I am That... I am not.”

42

For if “I am,” then “That” is far,
A separate sky, a distant star.
But when the “I” is black as soot,
And crushed beneath the Guru’s foot—

43

The Ghost is charred, the battle fought,
The Silence comes without a thought.
The phantom fades, the lesson taught:
I am That... because I am not.

44

No claim remains, no voice to say,
No “I” to stand, no “That” away.
What is, is not for mind or thought—
Only That is... when I am not.

45

No knower left, no truth to claim,
No “I,” no “That,” no sign, no name.
When all that speaks is fully gone,
That alone is—without a one.

46

No end is reached, no path crossed,
No gain is won, no seeker lost.
What never rose could never fall—
Nothing is... and That is all.

47

No start, no stop, no ground, no sky,
No “I,” no That, no way, no why.
What is not born cannot be gone—
None remains. And That alone.

48

Enough thinking. Break the pen,

Don't invite the "I" again.
The pot is dust, the space is free—
Just dust... upon the Guru's lotus feet.

49

Dust is neither high nor low,
It does not seek, it does not know.
It gathers where the Guru stands,
A silent field, no voice, no hands.

50

No seeker here, no sought to find,
No trace of "I," no thought of mind.
The dust itself is transmission's ground,
Where None is lost and None is found.

51

The lotus feet are not a throne,
They do not claim, they are unknown.
Dust alone receives the flame,
Without a seeker, without a name.

52

Dust leaves no trace of coming or stay,
No step arrives, no step goes away.
What could bow where no one stands?
Only This, without hands.

53

Dust does not rise, it does not fall,
It has no weight, no height, no call.
It rests where Asilence makes its bed,
No seeker left, no path ahead.

54

The Guru's lotus feet are not a place,
They are the void, the boundless space.
Dust alone can touch that ground,
Where None is lost and None is found.

55

No crown to wear, no throne to keep,
No "I" to wake, no "That" to sleep.
Dust is the hymn that cannot sing,
The field of None, the nameless ring.

56

So let the dust be all that stays,
Beyond the night, beyond the days.
No "I" remains to bow or pray—
Only That, in dust's display.

57

Dust is not low, nor is it high,

It does not ask, it does not try.
It is the field where None is sown,
The Guru's gift, the Guru's own.

58

Sanctified by the Guru's lotus feet,
Where Asilence and the phantom meet.
Upon the head this dust is worn,
The disciple fades, and None is born.

59

The dust is crown, yet not of gold,
It does not shine, it does not hold.
It burns away the phantom's claim,
And leaves behind the Guru's flame.

60

The flame is not of fire or light,
It does not shine, it does not bite.
It is the None that burns the "I,"
And leaves no seeker, low or high.

61

The dust ascends, the crown dissolves,
No Guru here, no task resolves.
No disciple left to bow or learn—
Only That, which does not turn.

62

The lotus feet are not apart,
They are the dust, they are the heart.
No two remain, no one to see—
Only None, eternally.

63

So dust becomes the final song,
No right, no wrong, no weak, no strong.
It fades, it stays, it does not move—
The Guru's field, the Guru's proof.

64

O Guru, You are Asilence deep,
Where phantoms fade and do not sleep.
The dust is Yours, the None is true—
There is no "I," there is only You.

65

No Guru left, no You to call,
No dust, no crown, no flame at all.
What speaks is gone, what fades is done—
Only None, the silent One.

66

No word remains, no sound, no sign,

No “I,” no “You,” no truth to mine.
The field is bare, the sky is free—
None alone, eternally.

67

No lotus feet, no dust to wear,
No phantom left, no thought to bear.
The cycle ends, the cycle stays—
None is That, beyond all ways.

68

No end, no start, no path, no goal,
No seeker here, no knower whole.
The silence speaks, but not as word—
None alone, and nothing heard.

69

The thinker thinks he solves the maze,
But only adds to mental haze.
The Guru’s sword is sharp and shrinking,
Cutting the root of endless thinking.

70

The haze dissolves in silent flame,
No seeker left, no thought to name.
The sword reveals the boundless None,
Where maze and solver both are gone.

71

The shrinking edge is not of steel,
But living fire is the Guru's seal.
It cuts the knot the mind defends,
And shows the path that never bends.

72

In None the cycles cease to turn,
No self remains, no thought to burn.
Asilence sings without a sound,
The Guru's gift: no maze is found.

73

Why preface when there is no face?
No "I" to claim a time or place.
The ghost is charred, the page is blinking—
Read the silence. No more sinking.

74

The ghost was thought, now ash and gone,
The page still blinks, yet none looks on.
Preface fades, the face erased,
In None the silence is embraced.

75

No claim remains, no time to bind,

The Guru cuts the grasping mind.
The shrinking edge reveals the flame,
Where "I" dissolves and None is same.

76

No preface, no face, no ghost to mourn,
No seeker left, no self reborn.
Asilence shines without a sound,
The Guru's gift: no ground is found.

77

Is preface
For a face?
He is space,
Not a surface.

78

No post-face,
Nor a trace.
None is place,
None is grace.

79

Mask undone,
Face is None.
Void begun,
All is One.

80

Preface gone,
Surface shorn.
Space alone,
Silence born.

81

End the chase,
Drop the case.
Lose the face,
Find the grace.

82

No more race,
Leave the base.
Rest in space,
At Guru's place.

83

Follow His pace,
Behind His face,
To get His grace.

84

Self efface,
Leave no trace.

In His grace,
Rest in space.

85

Drop the chase,
Empty the vase.
None to face,
All is grace.

86

Cease the claim,
Quench the flame.
None to name,
All the same.

87

Play no game,
Seek no fame.
Break the frame,
Be the Same.

88

Stop the blame,
Tame the name.
Fan no flame,
He is Same.

89

Hold no claim,
Shun the game.
None to frame,
All the Same.

90

Drop the name,
Still the flame.
None to tame,
He is Same.

91

The Is is true,
The “I” untrue.
The Is is new,
The “I” withdrew.

92

The Is is This,
The “I” dismiss.
The Is is Bliss,
The “I” amiss.

93

The Is is None,

The “I” undone.
The Is is Asilence,
The “I” no reliance.

94

The Is is Flame,
The “I” is shame,
The Is is Guru,
The “I” niguru.

95

The Is is All,
The “I” a wall.
The Is clears,
The “I” disappears.

96

The Is stands bare,
The “I” nowhere.
No claim, no trace,
Just Is—no face.

97

The Is is Here,
The “I” no seer.
No knower’s eye,
Just Is—no why.

98

The Is remains,
The “I”—no stains.
No birth, no end,
Just Is—no bend.

99

The Is alone,
The “I” overthrown.
No path, no goal,
Just Is — made whole.

100

The Is — no two,
The “I” never knew.
No end, no start,
Just Is — no part.

101

The Is —no voice,
The “I” —a choice.
No sound, no noise,
Just Is—no poise.

102

The Is is clear,

The “I” is fear.
No far, no near,
Just Is —is Here.

103

The Is is Fact,
The “I” an act.
No broken, no pact,
Just Is —intact.

104

The Is is bright,
The “I” is night.
No wrong, no right,
Just Is —the Light.

105

The Is is deep,
The “I” asleep.
No sow, no reap,
Just Is —to keep.

106

The Is is vast,
The “I” is past.
No slow, no fast,
Just Is —the Last.

107

The Is is Key,
The “I” not free.
No you, no me,
Just Is —to Be.

108

The Is is One,
The “I” is none.
The work is done,
Just Is —The Sun.

OM TAT SAT

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

*The True Guru's Grace
Has No End*

Glossary

Adi Guru	: The first and foremost Guru, Lord Dattatreya.
Adi Nath	: The First and Foremost Nath (Nath Yogi), Lord Shiva.
Asilence	: 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	: Saint of Freedom or Independence.
Baba Saheb	: Dear Father Sir.
Bhajan	: Devotional songs.
Bhakta	: Devotee.
Bhakti	: Devotion.
Brahma	: The Impersonal God.
Dada Guru	: Guru's Guru, Grand Guru.
Eternal Father	: Guru.
Guru	: Spiritual Teacher.
“i”	: Explained in the book ‘Not The ‘i’ clearly. This “i” rises from the ashes of “I” or Asilence for time being and fades into Asilence. An imaginary “i”.
Jnana	: Knowledge or wisdom.
Jnani	: The wise one.
Jnanic	: Of or belong to Jnana or Jnani.
Karma	: One's obligatory duties.
Lassi	: Buttermilk.
Lord Shiva	: The Destroyer.

Mandala	: Pattern, design, the circle of one's own being— a map from mind to Self.
Mantra	: A sacred sound, word, or phrase that liberates.
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.
Neti-neti	: Not this, not that.
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.
Prana	: Breath.
Sadhana	: Spiritual practice.
Yantra	: A sacred instrument or symbolic device that liberates.
Yoga	: Union with the Spirit or God.
Yogi	: Who has achieved Yoga or practices to achieve Yoga.
Yogic	: Of or belonging to Yoga or Yogi.