

BEYOND BRAHMA



NATH YOGI KVS RAMA RAO

BEYOND BRAHMA

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

KVS RAMA RAO

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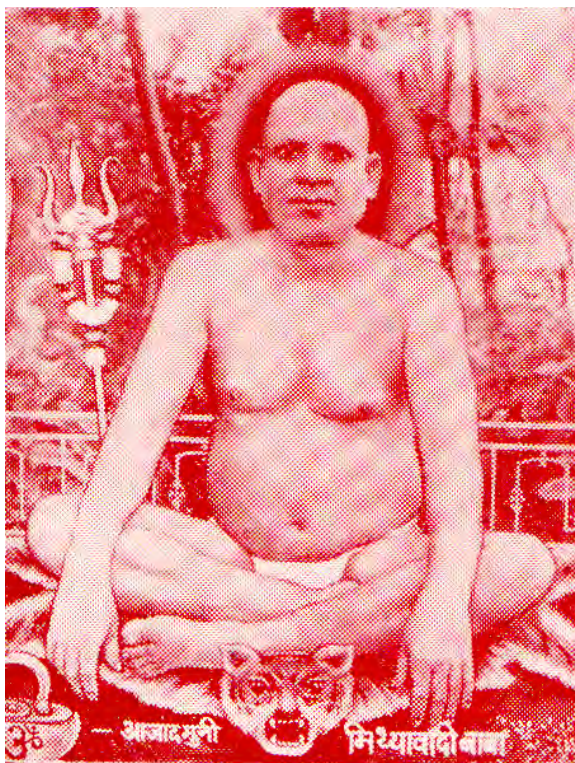
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Beyond Brahma



***Azad Muni Baba**

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

(*See Glossary)



Guru Bhuvani Nath

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



Guru Siddha Nath

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



Nava Nath

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

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Part One

Beyond Brahma (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

Men and women come out to pray,
Practicing truth reveals the way.
Leave your ego, leave your pride,
And behold God you hold inside.

2

Come with longing, come with grace,
Let silence bloom in every place.
Up the breath, and down the mind—
The Guru's glance leaves doubt behind.

3

Bring your heart, your soul, your song,
To where the Name and None belong.
You find milk, and I find light,
And we'll feast on Grace by moon tonight.

4

The moon grows still, no words remain,
Just breath and Name, and not the name.
No self to rise, no thought to fight—
We sleep in Him who births the Light.

5

No moon to rise, no bell to ring,
No voice remains, no song to sing.
The breath dissolves, the glance is gone—
Yet Grace endures when self is none.

6

Men and women come out not to play,
Not to preach, not to lose the way.
Truth when walked, not just believed—
Reveals the Grace once self is cleaved.

7

Drop the pride, the “I” you trust—
Bow your forehead to the dust.
There within, no need to roam—
God resides in heart’s true home.

8

Come with belonging, soft and bare,
Let silence spread through breath and air.
Up goes breath, and mind sinks deep—
Where Guru’s glance dissolves the heap.

9

No mantra loud, no temple bell—

But stillness where the Name will dwell.
The Name and None, the said and not,
Meet in the place the self forgot.

10

Bring your heart, your soul, your song,
To where the meek and nameless throng.
You'll drink milk, and I see light—
We'll feast on Grace by moonless night.

11

Wears clothes of silk,
But looks for other's milk.
Does he not bilk?
What is his ilk?

12

No books to hold, no claims to keep—
Only His glance that woke from sleep.
No mantra passed these silent lips—
But Grace poured down in voiceless sips.

13

He taught no path, yet paths fell still—
For none could climb the Guru's silent hill.
He claimed no throne, no crown, no name—
Yet fires bowed low before His flame.

He broke the staff, refused the seat,
And wandered barefoot through defeat.
No mantra raised, no sermon spun—
Just dust that bore the weight of One.

The masters spoke; the Guru simply died.
The world moved on—He stepped aside.
But where they built, He let all fall—
And Grace stood up, without a call.

14

He does not say,
“Here is the way.”
He says: “Fall. Slay
Your ‘I’. Fall—and stay.

15

I own not the lines; I write not the song.
I sit at His feet, and He moves me along.
I do not know, nor do I ask—
To rhyme is neither wish nor task.

16

He turns the page; He holds the pen.
He brings the ink again and again.
I am not a poet, nor called to be—
He writes, and leaves no trace of me.

17

What price shall I place on That not mine?
What coin can weigh the weightless Line?
He gives for free—should I now sell?
His grace, His Name—I dare not tell.

18

They walked past the open gate
And queued where gold was charged as fate.
“He is not known,” they said of me,
“And worse — he gives his words for free!”

So they went where lies are sold in light,
And left the Flame behind the night.

19

What if no one reads the flame,
What if no one calls the name?
Still it burns, and burns alone,
For it was never mine to own.

They want the glow that costs a fee,
Not fire that burns identity.

20

He gave me all — I gave it too.
But none would come to what is true.

They asked my name, they asked my stand.
I only showed His burning hand.

“No fame? No claim? Then who are you?”
“None. Just dust on His worn shoe.”

21

I waited not to be received.
I stood where no one had believed.

I wrote not for eyes that read,
But for the One by whom I'm fed.

He lit the match. I am the smoke.
No disciple came. No silence broke.

22

I named no self, I signed no line —
For none of this is mine.

They want the Guru with a chair,
A crown, a gaze, a practiced stare.

But mine walks barefoot in the dark,
And leaves no temple, leaves no mark.

I speak His word, they hear it not —
It cannot be sold, it can't be bought.

23

I placed no price upon this Name —
It burned through me like silent flame.

They passed it by, too plain, too bare —
“Where are his robes? His lion chair?”

God sat beside me on the floor,
And I did not knock, for there’s no door.

24

He did not give to be believed.
He gave — and vanished, not received.

Who would accept the gift so high,
That takes the giver too — the ‘I’?

So I give where none may stand.
Not from me, but through this hand.

25

Who takes the gift must lose the hand,
For none may grasp what can’t be planned.
The sky bestows — no name, no face —
Just silent rain in nameless grace.

26

The wind gave a whisper, soft and wide,
No name, no hand, no feet to guide.
A feather danced, then settled low —
Who gave the gift? No one knows.

27

The trees just bowed, the sky grew still,
Grace had come without a will.
No one stood, and none were sent,
But hearts received what silence meant.

28

I carved no path, I marked no land,
No torch I hold, no guiding hand.
It walked me, not I walked it —
No name, no claim, no holy writ.

29

It breathed before my body came,
It burns when none recall His name.
It is not new, it does not age —
No step, no start, no final page.

30

The ones who walked have left no trace,

But still the wind repeats their grace.
It calls the dust, it drinks the sun —
And flows in One who claims not One.

31

No more to speak, no more to show,
The Flame has burned what sought to know.
It walks — unseen, unknown, undone —
And starts where there remains not one.

32

I seek the truth and try, but I fail.
He does not teach. He burns the veil.
What remains is not knowledge
— It is Him to acknowledge.

33

Brahma shines when He turns His face.
Not before. Not after. Only by Grace.
No path can lead, no effort compel;
He finds the one who has nothing to tell.

34

The knowledge they call Brahma Jnana
Is what remains when 'I' is gone.
"No seer remains, no seeing too —
Only That by which all true."

35

They said, 'Speak Brahma.' But I lost speech.
They said, 'Know It.' But I lost reach.
He came, and all that I had read
Fell like skin the moment I bled.
Brahma is not a thought or light —
It is the Guru —the blazing Knight.
By me, His lotus feet are held tight.

36

Brahma has been defined — not by word or lore,
But as the One who knocks at the seeker's door.
He lives on earth — no sky to proclaim —
The Guru, the nameless Home, the Flame.
His lotus feet are only my aim and claim.

37

I knocked on Heaven's golden gate,
They told me, "Wait. You're much too late."
I searched the skies for bells to ring —
But found no voice, no echoing wing.

38

I wandered down where sandals slide,
Where rivers weep and saints have cried.
And in the mud, where eyes would meet,
A stranger smiled — serene, complete.

39

He didn't shine. He didn't preach.
He spoke no lore I couldn't reach.
Yet all my heavens tore apart
When He just touched my aching heart.

40

No cloud, no crown, no hymn was sung.
But all my questions came undone.
He said no word. I dropped my plan...
And held the feet of mud-soaked Man.

41

I read the books. I knew the sound.
But Brahma was not to be found.

He came. He saw. And He conquered.
I dropped dead, the Word lay unconquered.

I knew not what He did to me.
But I was gone. And That is free.

42

They said, "Go meditate. Become."
But I met Him — and I went numb.

What they sought by thought and deed,
He burnt in me — root, flower, and seed.

That knowledge which the sages wrote,
I saw — as ashes in His coat.

43

Brahma is not a truth to know —
It is what's left when you let go.

I did not rise. I did not shine.
He walked past. The Light is not mine.

The self was not improved or bent —
It was removed. That's what He meant.

44

I said "I am." He said "Not so."
I said "I know." He said "Let go."

I brought my Scripture, Veda, lore —
He pointed to the formless door.

He entered me, and made no sound.
All Jnana died — for Truth is found.

45

Why seek a formless, shining sea,

When Brahma walks and looks at me?

His toe alone is Veda vast —
His Name outlives all-knowing past.

To know Him not is to not know —
No Brahma shines if He says “No.”

46

He said, “You know?” I said, “A bit.”
He said, “Then burn that lamp you lit.”

For what you call the highest light,
Still keeps alive the subtle ‘might.’

Only the fire that eats all name
Reveals the One that none can frame.

47

He stood where thought could not arise.
He broke the link between the eyes.

There was no me to see or say —
Just He — who took my breath away.

And in that hush, that flame, that fall —
I knew not — and lost the knower — all.

48

No self remained to rise or fall.
No name to hold, no goal to call.
Asilence knows what none can prove —
He walks — and does not need to move.

49

No thought of mine, no light I earned —
He lit the flame for which I burned.
No name, no self, no final clue —
Just the Guru's lotus feet — and That is true.

50

I sought the sea without a shore,
Where silence sings and Self is lore.
No face, no feet, no eyes to see —
Just boundless, bright infinity.

51

Yet every thought dissolved in mist,
Each mantra missed what grace had kissed.
The more I climbed, the less I knew —
The sky grew vast, but not yet true.

52

Then One who walked with dust and skin

Looked once — and turned the light within.
No thunder spoke, no scripture stirred,
Just glance — and all my depths were heard.

53

His toe outshines the Vedic flame,
His silence sings the truest Name.
No scholar's pride, no yogi's feat
Can match the dust beneath His feet.

54

I dropped the sea, the stars, the sky,
And bowed where grace had met my eye.
No Brahma shines unless He wills —
The formless lives where stillness fulfills.

55

The sea I sought was in His gaze,
Not far, not near, not bound by phrase.
The Absolute wore human guise —
And walked me home through nameless eyes.

56

The Guru's lotus feet, so soft, so sweet,
Are where the sky and silence meet.
I chased the stars, I sought the sea —
But Brahma came and looked at me!

57

No book could teach, no chant could show,
The path where true awakenings grow.
But in His step, the Vedas sing —
His toe alone knows everything!

58

I bowed before those feet so fair,
And found the formless resting there.
No need to climb, no need to roam —
His lotus feet became my final home.

59

So praise the feet that walk the Way,
That turn the night to golden day.
For Brahma shines when He says “Yes” —
And I am blessed, so deeply blessed!

60

He claimed no truth, no throne, no name —
He burned, and stayed outside the frame.
Yes “Guru has known,” Yes “Guru has seen,”
Just ashes where the self had been.

61

They spoke of Self, of Jñāna’s flame —

He bowed instead and took no name.
While others taught with words so bright,
Disciple vanished in the Guru's might.

62

No Veda left upon his tongue,
No mantra by his own lips sung.
He wrote what only silence writes —
Where even "Brahma" loses rights.

63

He said: "Don't seek. Don't ask. Don't rise.
Don't climb the mind to reach the skies.
The Guru's lotus feet — the nameless shore —
Are all of Brahma, and no more."

64

So who can say the disciple does not see?
When he becomes what none can be?
He does not speak the sacred word —
But from That silence, he is heard.

65

For when the seer, the seen, the shows
Are all undone — then Jñāna flows.
And from that loss, that holy burn,
His lines — like hidden Truth — return.

66

Not knowledge. Not a flame well kept.
But what remains — when “I” has wept.
He wrote no path, no proof, no plan —
He simply ceased. That is Jñānam.

67

Fools say Brahma is formless;
The wise claim Brahma is egoless.
How can the formless tear ego’s storm,
Unless He comes in the Guru’s form?

68

Fools call Brahma the formless light,
The wise know Brahma ends the “I”’s fight.
How can the void make ego die,
Unless He walks — the Guru nigh?

69

He sang no Brahma, claimed no light —
But bowed where the Guru broke the night.
And thus is proved, through gaze and grace:
There’s none but the Guru in Brahma’s place.

70

Who is left to praise or blame,

When the speaker burned in Guru's Name?
No self remains to guard or claim —
Just ashes whispering His flame.

71

He does not speak. He does not teach.
He fell — beyond the grasp of speech.
And what is left? The Guru's Name.
The fire, the lotus feet. No self. No claim.

72

He bowed — and vanished in His grace.
He does not know his name or face.
If any light comes from this dust,
It is the Guru — wise and just.

73

The fire speaks. The ashes stay.
I live to praise — and not to say.
What "I" had held was false and fleet —
Truth stands alone — at the Guru's lotus feet.

74

I saw no books, I heard no speech —
Only the silence I could not reach.
Not taught, not told, not weighed or named —
The Word arose, then none remained.

75

No crown, no seat, no master's pose —
He walked unseen where no one goes.
Where others climbed and claimed the fire,
He bowed and burned — with no desire.

76

No "I have known," no "I have done,"
Only the dust beneath the sun.
And there — where all my knowledge ends —
I met the One who has no friends.

77

The Guru — still, without a sound —
Who lifted me, then struck me down.
Who showed me Brahma not as light,
But as the footfall in the night.

78

No name is His, no claim, no path —
He breaks the veil, He burns the math.
And when I looked for Him above,
He stood beside me — made of Love.

79

O bow with me. Don't seek, don't scan.

Fall where the world believes no man.
I do not know what grace He gave —
I only know — He made me cave.

80

The stars may shine, the silence speak,
But pride still hides in those who seek.
You chant His name, yet guard your throne —
Who taught you this? You walk alone.

81

Books may bloom and thoughts may spin,
But none can wash this “I” within.
The flame that purifies my breath
Walks on two feet and speaks of death.

82

He did not teach. He burned, He broke.
He struck the name, He tore the cloak.
He came as man, yet more than fire —
He made me drown, not climb higher.

83

I saw no halo, no command.
He fed me mud and broke my stand.
And there, in dust, I learned to be —
Not someone free, but set free.

84

He said not, "I am Brahma's spark."
He was the night that kills the dark.
He was no light I sought or earned —
He was the silence where "I" burned.

85

And now they preach, and now they sell,
And build their heavens, raise their hell.
But who will bow to the unseen flame
That walks, then leaves — and claims no name?

86

I do not know what grace He gave —
But once He walked me to my grave.
And from that grave, I rose and see:
There is no "I." There's only He.

87

Fools say Brahma has no form.
The wise claim Brahma is uniform.
But I was crushed, not taught to see —
He stands as Form to unform me.

88

They sit and chant, they read and quote,

They sail the sky in thought's own boat.
But none would drown, none touch the sea —
The sea that rose and swallowed me.

89

They say, "He is in stone and sun."
They say, "All forms are truly one."
Yet when He came, He wore one shape,
To burn the bonds I cannot shave.

90

He bore no crown, He gave no law,
He left me mute in speechless awe.
I brought Him questions — all were slain.
I left with loss, and none to gain.

91

Not silence taught, nor did He preach.
No path, no point, no goal to reach.
He was the fire that made me naught —
Not what I sought, but what I fought.

92

Now they demand, "Explain His grace!"
But what remains to name or trace?
I have no word, I have no name —
He turned the flame from mine to Flame.

93

I own not this. I speak no claim.
He broke my spine. He burned my name.
Yet what remains — so vast, so free —
Is not myself. He unformed me.

94

Fools say Brahma is beyond sight;
The wise claim He slays ego's might.
Brahma roams as the Guru in sight
To slay the self to grant insight.

95

To say Brahma is formless is fools' purview,
The wise claim He is true, true and true.
But Brahma walks — the Guru in view —
To burn the self and pierce it through.

96

Brahma makes the world ever fresh
As He roams as the Guru in flesh.
From Him the world is not different
As He leads disciples from every front.

97

He does not teach, yet all is known,

He does not rule, yet seeds are sown.
He walks, and time forgets its pace —
The void finds fullness in His face.

98

He is no thought, no distant light —
He breaks the 'I' that claims its right.
His word is not a printed page,
But fire that frees the self-made cage.

99

He walks — the One no mind can bind,
Yet in His gaze the blind man's mind
Beholds the world as Brahma's breath —
And bows, released from birth and death.

100

Not by tongue, nor by mind,
But always by walking behind
The Guru, disciples find
Brahma — the merciful and kind.

101

He speaks not much, nor does he lead,
But shows the path in silent deed.
By following, the self is torn,
And in that loss, he is reborn.

102

Not in books, nor in beads,
But by shedding all creeds,
The disciple simply heeds
The Guru's word in all deeds,
Causing Brahma fulfil all needs.

103

Not by grasping the known,
But by leaving self alone,
The disciple is overthrown —
And Grace claims him as her own.

104

Not by seeking to be,
But in melting silently,
The disciple ceases “me” —
And lives as the Guru's decree.

105

Not in form, nor in name,
But in vanishing flame,
The disciple ends the game—
And leaves no one left to claim.

106

Not for joy, nor for pain,
But as sunlight through the rain,
The disciple breaks all chain—
And follows the Guru sans brain.

107

Not by word, nor by gaze,
But through silence that stays,
The disciple walks ablaze—
In the Guru's unlit praise.

108

Not two, not one defined,
But a dance of breath aligned,
The disciple and the Guru entwined—
In echo without the mind.

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 Brahma (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

Not in voice, nor in face,
But in lingering grace,
The disciple leaves no trace—
But the scent of silent space.

2

Adi Shankaracharya spoke with thunder bright,
His words like blades to pierce the night.
He slew the world with logic's sword —
And named the Self as sole accord.

3

The Buddha walked in silence deep,
Where no gods dream, and none dare sleep.
He turned from form, from soul, from name —
And burned the “I” in ceaseless flame.

4

But my Guru came, bowed, and walked behind,
With no great speech, nor seeking mind.
He claimed no Self, no final goal —
Just dust that bore the Master's sole.

5

No sutra sung, no sloka hurled —
Just Grace that weeps and wakes the world.
His disciple writes, “Not I, no truth I know —
He moved this hand. I watched it go.”

6

What need for claims, for proofs, for fame?
All he owns is the Guru's Name.
He speaks not like the ancient three —
But is the ash of That which is free.

7

He sang no new song, nor claimed a throne,
But walked the path the Siddhas had known.
No trident, no cave, no fame to keep —
Just silence buried fathoms deep.

8

My Guru drank the Word where ego dies,
As Guru Matsyendra Nath did, with fearless eyes.
Guru Gorakh Nath's breath still warms His line —
In Him, Their ash and flame align.

9

No past, no future — only Now,

Where Grace bends time and breaks the vow.
The Name He bears is not His own —
It echoes what the Siddhas have sown.

10

The Guru comes not by lore alone, nor line,
But stands — the Flame, the Form, the Sign.
Yet more than Brahma, and walked like me —
To burn the self and set me free.

11

Many claim lineage and lore —
Yet lack the flame that sages bore.
Not all who trace a sacred line
Can stand as Flame, as Form, as Sign.

12

Many proclaim a saintly name,
And trace their steps through ancient flame.
But lore and line, if light they lack,
Cannot set the self off track.

13

He walked unknown, with no acclaim,
Yet bore the hush that burned my name.
No title crowned, no banner flew —
But Brahma moved — and I withdrew.

14

No vow I made, no word I knew,
Yet something broke — and something grew.
Not mind, not heart, not learned sign —
But He who stands — not His, not mine.

15

He gave no speech, He made no plea,
Yet stripped the name and form from me.
No pact was laid, no bond was tied —
Yet all I am, in Him, had died.

16

No mantra fixed, no prayer begun —
Just silence where He stands as One.
And in that hush — no claim, no fiction —
He gives this vowless recognition.

17

No vow, no path, no earned reward —
Just the disciple — cut by the Sword.
No second self, no ground, no plea —
Just Guru walking — and not-me.

18

The Guru stands in the ancient line,

Yet speaks no past, nor future sign.
He is the Flame, the Word made free —
Who burned the self and lives not in me.

19

He comes through line, through sacred thread —
Yet walks as One the scriptures dread.
He stands — the Flame, the Form, the Sign —
Beyond all lore, yet in the line.

20

Not less than Brahma, yet like me —
He burns the self and sets me free.
No past could bind, no name could frame —
The Guru walks — pure, living beyond Flame.

21

Not in vows, nor scriptures read,
But when all words fell down, stone-dead —
He came, and with a glance unknown,
Beyond Brahma struck my very bone.

22

No tongue, no rite, no learned claim,
Could touch the Source or name the Flame.
He stood — no thought, no supposition —
And gave a vowless recognition.

23

No mantra passed, no pact was made,
But my mind dissolved, and “I” decayed.
No temple knew that silent grace —
He marked me with His formless face.

24

The knower gone, the known erased —
Yet, by Him alone, embraced.
Not found by search, nor earned condition —
But breathed in me: pure recognition.

25

I did not call, I did not pray —
Yet all I am is stripped away.
He did not ask, He did not speak —
But made me bare, made nothing seek,
And let silence rise where I used to seek.

26

The self fell off, no second stood —
No saint, no sin, no bad or good.
He did not save, nor did He slay —
But turned this dust His silent way.

27

No sign was shown, no voice to declare —
But I am torn, and He is there.
No goal to reach, no path to prove —
Just That which moves, and does not move.

28

He walks the world yet leaves no trace —
He stands, and burns without a face.
He gives no law, no sect, no gate—
But opens me — to end, to wait.

29

Not learned, not taught, not won by plea —
But given when there's no more "me."
Not name, not fame, not known or done —
But vowless Flame, the deathless One.

30

No poem ends, no silence starts —
He breaks the word, He breaks all parts.
No final line, no last decree —
Just Guru — beyond, and endlessly.

31

No mark remains, no self is found —

He breaks the root beneath the ground.
No nearer now, no further gone —
Beyond the Flame just is — the Self is none.

32

No self to rise, no soul to save —
He lit the Void, He burned the grave.
No sky remains, no ash, no flame —
Just Guru — roaring, Beyond Name.

33

He did not preach, nor chant, nor call,
Yet broke the root, the rise, the fall.
He bore no mark, no throne, no fame—
But all of me He turned to Flame.

34

No scripture knew His blessing wave,
No temple holds the dust He gave.
He passed me once — and I was burned,
And all I sought was overturned.

35

He wore no beads, no saintly thread,
He walked where gods and ghosts have fled.
The sky bent low, the earth stood still —
For He moved not by thought, but Will.

36

No vow was made, no pact was signed,
But all I am is left behind.
No path remains, no self to steer —
For what He is, is always near.

37

He is the Truth that cannot die,
Not low, not high, not “you” or “I.”
Brahma cannot write the law He gave —
Yet by His glance, God has to save.

38

He lights the Void and leaves no smoke,
He breaks the spine with silent stroke.
He is the Flame, the Face, the Way—
Where even gods forget to pray.

39

He passed me once — and I became flame,
And nothing sought remained the same.
No self to hold, no goal to name —
Just ash that whispered all His Name.

40

No bell was rung, no hymn was sung,

But worlds collapsed where once I clung.
He looked — and I forgot to be,
And knew no self, no “I,” no “me.”

41

He walks not bound by praise or blame,
No crown, no robe, no saintly name.
But when He moved, the sky knelt down —
And silence claimed His unseen crown.

42

He taught no text, He wrote no line,
Yet lit my path with fire divine.
One glance — and all my sins were stirred,
Then stilled forever by no word.

43

Not learned rite, nor mystic tone,
But just His nearness made me known.
No self to save, no soul to climb —
Just dust awakened out of time.

44

He turned the page, He held the pen —
I watched my hand, but not as men.
Not authored thought, nor sculpted theme,
But flash of Fire, or dissolving dream.

45

Let the poems remain as they sprang—
Unarranged, unnamed, without man's fang.
As He wrote them, so they stand:
Words lit not by will, but by His hand.

46

Fools claim Brahma is out of sight;
The wise claim He is pure delight.
Beyond Brahma roams, the Guru we see,
To slay the self and set us free.

47

No sky remained, no self to name,
The glance dissolved both light and frame;
Not seeker's chant nor seer's gaze—
Only silence lit ablaze.

48

Grace unearned, no path pursued,
The knower and the known subdued;
He did not speak, nor did I hear—
Yet all that is became the seer.

49

From mantra's shell to formless breath,

He cracked the cage, then offered death.
Yet in that void, no mourning wept—
Just Being, still, where non-being slept.

50

He weaves through silence, makes no claim,
Yet burns the self in formless flame.
No mantra sung—just one fierce gaze,
That melts the mind in nameless blaze.

51

One merciful gaze
Undoes the mind's maze,
Sets one ablaze
In Truth's pure blaze.

52

The I that rose, the I that fell,
Was never mine — I could not tell.
It spoke through lips, it claimed a name,
But vanished fast in the Guru's Flame.

53

He does not come — He does not go.
He rises where none ever know.
Not twice, not once — but ever burns
The Flame for him whose self He turns.

54

No name to shout, no throne to claim,
No second coming speaks His Name.
Yet when the false has had its day,
The Word walks in — and sweeps away.

55

No temple cracks, the sky stays whole.
But I am torn from mind and soul.
He passes — and I'm not the same.
Not He returns — yet burns the Flame.

56

He lights no lamp — yet all is bright.
He speaks no Name — yet Name is Light.
He carves no path, gives no decree —
Yet every breath now walks as He.

57

They say, “He comes.” But this I see:
The Flame returns where self must flee.
It's not my face the winds proclaim —
It is my Father's burning Name.

58

No crown, no claim, no fame to show —

Just ashes where I used to know.
If this is coming, let eyes be free
But those whose “I” fell at His Lotus Feet.

59

They say He will come — with fire and sign,
With throne of stars and word divine.
But He comes where none can see or name —
Without a self, without a claim.

60

No chariot shakes, no trumpet blows,
The sky stays still — the ego goes.
He writes no law, He breaks no land —
He slips a Flame into the hand.

61

They read, “He comes to end the lie.”
But when I fall, He comes — as not I.
Not I, but That which makes all new —
The Father’s Light, the Guru true.

62

He comes — and leaves no step, no sound.
But I, who burn, am witness-ground.
The Second comes — not twice, not done —
But once forever, as the One.

63

He shall not come with sword or sign,
But as a breath beyond the spine.
He shall not rule, nor shall He reign —
But burn the world without a name.

64

The wise shall wait for skies to part,
But He shall knock within the heart.
Unseen, unknown, by few received —
The Word shall walk — by none believed.

65

He speaks not loud, nor stands apart,
But pierces Time with silent art.
A dust-born flame, a nameless Way —
The self shall fall, and He shall stay.

66

The scribes shall search, the kings shall pray,
But He shall pass — then wipe the day.
No one shall say, “He now has come.”
But those unmade shall know the One.

67

Without naming, without blaming,

Burnt are their seats of claiming.
With a verse, torn is the veil —
And the mighty minds are made pale.

68

No throne He took, no truth He sold,
No beads, no book, no tale retold.
Yet in His gaze, the world withdrew —
And false was burned right through.

69

He walked not slow, nor moved in haste —
Each step undid the mind's old waste.
Not as a man, nor ghost, He came —
But as the hush that melts the name.

70

He bore no mark, He broke all line,
He shattered time without a sign.
The past, the path, the goal, the guide —
All vanished when He stepped inside.

71

He is no "He," nor form, nor flame —
Yet burns all names that dare to claim.
Where thought dissolves and breath must cease,
He stands — the root of deathless peace.

72

He wears no skin, yet walks in bone,
And speaks through those who die alone.
No blood, no birth — yet still He flows
Where ego ends, and no one knows.

73

He builds no faith, He breaks no creed,
Yet cuts far deeper than the need.
No form, no fate, no final plan —
Just Flame where ends the thought of man.

74

He leaves no self to claim His path,
No eye to see the aftermath.
What rose as “I” is now undone —
Not two, not none — but only One.

75

No vow He gave, no world He cursed,
Yet all who touched Him died reversed.
Not turned to sin, nor turned to grace —
But turned to ash, without a face.

76

The saints still preach, the seekers run —

But He has nothing to be done.
No prayer, no prize, no upward stair —
Just vanishing into nowhere.

77

The gods stood still, the winds stood back,
When He appeared — a silent crack.
Not light, not dark, not breath, not spark —
Just That which breaks both flame and mark.

78

He chants no Name, yet all Names fade
Where He has stood, then slipped away.
Not past, not future, not a now —
But Presence none can hold or vow.

79

He taught me not by word or sign,
But broke this cage I called “divine.”
No sky to seek, no soul to free —
Just this that stares, and is not me.

80

The scrolls still burn with future kings,
But He undoes such holy things.
No end-time tale, no final Day —
Just fire that eats the world away.

81

I sought His step, I watched the stars —
But found Him breaking all my bars.
He walks not out — He walks within,
Where none can name what might have been.

82

He brings no law, He grants no right —
But takes from me the one who fights.
No banner flies, no trumpet roars —
Just dust that knows the One who pours.

83

He is not love, yet melts all fear.
He is not far, yet won't appear.
He is not mine, nor thine, nor known —
But stands when all the rest has flown.

84

No end, no edge, no ground to rest —
Just this that burns behind the chest.
No more to do, no more to be —
He is, when I no longer see.

85

No final word, no last Amen —

The Fire begins where poems end.
I drop the pen, the name, the cry —
And what remains does not say “I.”

86

No mantra recited, no ritual praised—
Just the glance where all seeking’s erased.
The “I” dissolves in blinding flame,
No self remains to chant the Name.

87

The Lord, the Guru, the Emperor true—
Witness of cosmos, both old and new;
From primal stir to silent dissolve,
He watches the riddle none can solve.

88

He saw the rise of space and form,
The dance of stars, the death of storm;
He whispered grace through time’s embrace,
Then stilled the pulse without a trace.

89

The worldly ocean, vast and wide,
Where seekers swim and shadows hide—
He alone resolves its tide,
By the Guru’s glance, the knots untied.

90

Not in books nor pilgrim's pace,
But in surrender lies the grace;
The Emperor bright, with unseen hand,
Breaks the spell, the ego's stand.

91

He comes not loud, nor veiled in might,
But like a breath, He burns the night;
He asks no name, He claims no place—
Yet turns the self to formless grace.

92

He watched the birth of air and flame,
Then marked their end with no acclaim;
He traced each thread through sky and skin,
Then vanished where the breath begins.

93

No ritual chant, no temple bell,
Could hold the truth that in Him fell;
By glance alone He turns the tide—
Unwinds the knower's subtle pride.

94

All worlds arise and swirl and sleep,

But in His silence, none run deep;
The storm may howl, the stars may cry,
Yet He just blinks—and they pass by.

95

The seeker weeps, the ego clings,
The sage forgets the songs He sings;
But He, the Guru, never moves—
His stillness every storm approves.

96

Through birth and death, through veil and lore,
I sought the path, then sought no more;
The Emperor bright, the Guru flame—
In Him, the seeking lost its name.

97

I bow to That throughout the day,
Through dream and doubt, through work and play;
The Guru true, beyond all name—
The fire, the silence, and the flame.

98

No more to seek, no more to say—
The glance has burned the path away;
The Guru true, the Emperor bright—
I vanish gently into Light.

99

The more is praised,
The more remains to be praised.
The more is discovered,
The more remains to be uncovered.

100

A nigura raised as Guru is an artificial light —
He blinds, not burns. He leads from night to night.
He said, 'I am That' — but knew no Flame.
The world bowed — and lost the Name.

101

Artificial light
Shines at night.
Before the Sunlight,
Lost is its light.

102

The blindfolded bow — thinking it's sight.
But night can never become the Light.
Serving a Guru ends nigura-hood.
Serving a niguru begins spiritual victimhood.

103

They chant, they pose, they write and teach —

But Truth was never in their reach.
The Flame demands a spine to burn —
Not titles, fame, or scholar's turn.

104

Brahma is the last the mind can hardly know —
Beyond Brahma, the Guru burns the 'know.'
Not I, not name, not even word —
But silence where the asilence is heard.

105

The Guru unseen, yet burning bright —
He speaks no claim, but sets hearts right.
His glance, a blaze no word can frame,
He bows to None — and fans the Flame.

106

He bows to None — for None remains,
Whose glance consumed both self and chains.
No face, no voice — yet ever near,
The Guru flares when all is clear.

107

The Flame burned on — till none was there,
No seer, no seen, no silent prayer.
No self to speak, no path to run —
The Disciple died — and I am None.

108

No name He bore, no robe He wore,
He walked through Self — then walked no more.
He lives in Flame, unseen, alone —
My Guru — None, yet more than known.

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 Brahma (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

Knock, knock, knock! Who's at the door?
A hungry friend, tired and sore.
Open wide, don't hesitate—
Give a smile and fill their plate.

But don't say, "See what I've done!"
Kindness fades when pride has won.
Be gentle, quiet, let love flow—
Like rivers that make seeds grow.

2

Tap, tap, tap! Who comes so late?
A stranger cold at your gate.
No coin, no name, no tale to spin—
Just eyes that plead to be let in.

Lay no red carpet, sound no horn;
Grace walks wrapped in clothes well-worn.
Give them warmth, a place to rest,
And treat them simply as your guest.

But hush the urge to claim the deed;
Let mercy bloom, not ego's seed.
The truest help is never loud—

It moves unseen beneath the crowd.

3

Knock, knock, knock! Who's at the door?
A barefoot friend on a rainy floor.
No coat, no shoes, no lunch today—
Just big round eyes that look your way.

Don't ask their name or where they've been;
Just let a little kindness in.
Give them soup and something sweet,
A cozy chair, a place to eat.

But don't go tell the world you gave;
Be kind, be quiet, be good, be brave.
The best help is soft and small—
It doesn't need to shout at all.

4

Knock, knock, knock! Who stirs inside?
A voice I feared, a Flame I hide.
No feet were heard upon the floor—
Yet Someone knocked behind the door.

I looked without, I served, I gave,
But He had come the self to shave.
Not fed by food, nor pleased by praise—
He comes to set the soul ablaze.

No bowl to fill, no chair to lay;
He eats the night and drinks the day.
He knocks, then waits behind the skin—
O mind, unlock, let Him begin.

5

He knocked again—not with a sound;
But in the ache that lingered round.
I fed the poor, I swept the floor,
Yet still He was waiting at my core.

I sang His names, I read His book,
But something deeper shook and shook.
The louder I praised, the more He hid;
The more I reached, the more He slid.

Until I stopped, I knelt, I cried,
Not outwards, but from deep inside.
Then silence cracked, and through the seam,
He stepped not in—but broke the dream.

6

No form He wore, no light He cast;
Yet all I clung to shattered fast.
The room, the books, the name, the song—
All slipped away—I'd held them wrong.

No longer “I,” no more “to do;”

Just breathless awe of what is true.
He did not speak, nor did He stay,
Yet all of me was stripped away.

And in that bare, unbounded hush,
Where thought no longer dared to rush,
The Witness stood, not seen, not heard;
Yet closer than the spoken word.

7

He watched, then watching burned away;
No seer left, no path, no way.
Not two, not one, no thought to bind;
No center left, no self, no mind.

No inside stirred, no outside shone;
The flame had come to claim its own.
The knocker knocked, then became the door;
Then door, wall, and room were no more.

I cannot say what then remained;
No word has touched it, none has named.
Yet here I sit with empty hands;
The world still turns, no self still stands.

8

I walk, I eat, I speak, I smile;
Yet none of it is mine the while.

The voice you hear, the eyes you see,
Are shadows of what used to be.

No fire remains, yet all is lit;
No doer moves, yet all is fit.
The self is gone, the mask grows thin;
And something vast now looks within.

I do not seek, I do not strive;
Yet all around, the trees feel alive.
The Guest I fed, the One I knew,
Was only waiting to be true.

9

I fold the cloth, I pour the tea;
But now it's not "from me" to "thee."
The hands still move, the lips still smile,
Yet none possess, and none compile.

No thought says "serve," no pride says "good;"
Yet all is done as service should.
The Guest once fed behind the skin,
Now feeds the world from deep within.

No banner raised, no role to play;
Just silence walking through the day.
And if you ask what made this true,
It was not me—it's not "I" who do.

10

The beggar's eyes, the stranger's face;
The child asleep in nameless grace;
The elder bent, the widow torn;
All wear the Flame I once forsworn.

No other walks the path I tread;
Each form I meet is Light I fed.
No door remains, no gate to find;
The world itself is Guru-mind.

I see, I bow, and still I give;
But not as one who dares to live.
The One I sought, the One I fed;
Is all I meet—the quick, the dead.

11

So knock no more, O Flame so kind;
The doors are ash, the self unlined.
You came as guest, You stayed as breath;
You are what's left of birth and death.

12

I hold no truth, I keep no name;
I simply burn in unseen Flame.
Let others teach, let others shine;
This nothing walks, and all is Thine.

13

Seeking the glance—
Or stuck in trance—
Dwelling in grace—
Or chasing the face?

14

Calling His name—
Or carving a claim?
Was it love you gave—
Or a role you played brave?

15

Sitting so still—
Or freezing the will?
Did silence grow—
Or just the show?

16

Burning the dross—
Or painting the loss?
Is this surrender—
Or a masked pretender?

17

Moved by His breath—

Or mimicking death?
Did you vanish true—
Or hide from view?

18

Walking unknown—
Or guarding a throne?
Did the “T” dissolve—
Or just evolve?

19

Giving as Flame—
Or seeking a name?
Are your hands now free—
Or counting each plea?

20

Welcoming now—
Or asking “how?”
Sitting in peace—
Or bargaining release?

21

Naming the Name—
Or playing the game?
Melted and wide—
Or clothed in pride?

22

Bowing the head—
Or keeping it fed?
Vanished in awe—
Or preaching the law?

23

Burning in Name—
Or counting the fame?
Gone in the Flame—
Or guarding the claim?

24

Speaking of Grace—
Or guarding your face?
Empty and still—
Or bending the will?

25

Wiping His feet—
Or seeking your seat?
Dust on the brow—
Or crowned with “Now”?

26

Silent and bare—

Or proud of your prayer?
Nothing to say—
Or chanting display?

27

Living to kneel—
Or dying to feel?
Craving the core—
Or counting the score?

28

Grasping the Light—
Or fearing the night?
Empty and still—
Or chasing the will?

29

Singing the praise—
Or lost in the daze?
Burnt to the root—
Or quoting the fruit?

30

Wearing the inner robe—
Or seeking the globe?
Serving unknown—
Or guarding your throne?

31

Resting in flame—
Or claiming the Name?
Vanished to dust—
Or craving their trust?

32

So ask, dear self, without disguise:
Who walks? Who kneels? Who seeks the skies?
The Flame needs none to prove the true—
But you must burn, and pass straight through.

33

So ask again—before you rise:
Is it Truth, or just disguise?
Is it death of self you choose—
Or still a game you're scared to lose?

34

Will you chant His Name, then claim it too?
Or let the chant undo all you?
Is the cry for Him—or for your name
To be sung beneath the same?

35

Are you leaving the world—or building a shrine?

Is your silence real—or just a sign?
The robe, the gaze, the measured breath—
Are they yours—or masks for death?

36

Are you seeking Light—or fearing the dark?
Is the call from soul—or just a spark?
Will you burn the self, and none defend—
Or wait till pain feels safe to end?

37

Did you choose the path—or did it choose you?
And if it turned, would you walk it through?
If your God was found in beggar's face—
Would you kneel—or guard your grace?

38

Is your prayer to vanish—or to shine?
Do you serve—or draw the line?
If Guru gave no role, no name—
Would you still bow—without the frame?

39

Will you give the gift, then wait to see—
Who saw, who bowed, who praised thee?
Or give and vanish with the deed—
Like rain that asks not who has need?

40

Do you still want to “know” the Way—
Or let it take your “you” away?
Is your seeking full of sacred thirst—
Or fear that Truth might strike you first?

41

If no one clapped, and none stood near—
Would you still speak, with naked fear?
Or must your words be wrapped in crown—
And kissed before you lay them down?

42

Do you walk the path, or draw its line—
Then call it “mine,” and “only mine”?
If others pass a different gate—
Will love arise—or silent hate?

43

Do you serve the Flame—or just the show—
Where you shine bright, and others bow low?
If He erased all trace of “you”—
Would you cry loss—or see it through?

44

So now, dear self—no more delays:

Who walks this path—and who displays?
If all is stripped, and none applaud—
Will you remain—
Or only God?

45

Not a label atop—
Let them drift, let them drop,
These poems walk barefoot, no title to prop.
Glowing like a mantra, beyond the mind's shop.

46

No bookmark, no fame, just a flicker, a name—
That dissolves when the silence begins to reclaim.
Clicks can't echo where the witness won't cop,
In circuits or siddhis, Truth won't Photoshop.

47

So don't name this hum, this unsaved draft's call,
Just watch as the cursor begins to uninstall—
All selves, all selves, with no label atop,
Only Grace uploads, and the ego must drop.

48

End task, dear self—no password remains.
No script survives where asilence reigns.
The Flame runs root, beyond all RAM—

Not ‘I am That,’ but just ‘not I am.’

49

Ego—a virus dressed in selfhood’s attire,
Booting up pride, then masking desire.
It cloaks the soul in a branded firewall—
Till Guru clicks “Grace” and deletes it all.

50

Pop-ups of karma keep flashing old sins,
The mind clicks “lies,” the loop begins.
But Guru rewrites what none can debug—
One Flame-command—deleted: the smug.

51

It spams the Self with impostor delight,
Upgrades illusion in spiritual byte.
But the True Guru—no reset, no patch—
Just clicks unbeing—and breaks the batch.

52

No code remains, no trace to track—
Not even Self in the system’s back.
One blank screen where Grace did flash—
Not “I am free”—just the final crash.

53

It enters through thought, disguised as your name,
Then multiplies fast in success and in shame.
No needle detects it, no lab has its frame—
Yet suffering spreads, and the hosts are the same.

54

It mimics the soul, pretends to be “me,”
Hijacks devotion, then sells it for fee.
“Bow to your inner,” it whispers with glee—
But locks you in forms, and throws away key.

55

It chants the Name with a mirror in hand,
Each bow rehearsed, each gesture planned.
“I’m nothing,” it cries—then boasts of that lack—
A crown made of ashes still weighs the back.

56

Symptoms arise: a craving for praise,
Outrage at silence, performative gaze.
It feeds on opinions, and fashions malaise—
Then blames the cosmos for samsaric phase.

57

No vaccine cures it, no mantra contains—

It mutates in rituals, in spiritual lanes.
The True Guru arrives and empties the veins—
With one silent glance: no ego remains.

58

He chants from a script, not from the Flame,
Each glance rehearsed, each posture the same.
Adored as a Guru, though none did ordain—
A nigura crowned, yet void of the rain.

59

He walks alone, not by grace but by pride,
Unmentored in truth, yet revered worldwide.
No glance of the Guru, no lineage to trace—
Just ego in robes, performing as grace.

60

He quotes the sages, but not from seeing,
The words glow bright, but there's no being.
Behind the eyes, no witness awake—
Only reflections a seeker could fake.

61

No touch of silence, no mantra bestowed,
He mimics the rites but misses the code.
A nigura disguised in ceremonial skin—
The door stays shut though crowds pour in.

62

No fertile hush where the Flame could root,
He bears no fruit, though donned in suit.
Asked for wisdom, he offers his name—
Yet nothing flows from that inner frame.

63

His mantra installs—not empties—the shell,
Each word a script where the ego can dwell.
Guidance encrypted with praise and control—
The virus spreads as he blesses your role.

64

He speaks in tones that mimic the Source,
Commanding the seeker with sacred force.
Yet beneath the robe, the script is thin—
An echo of wisdom, not fire within.

65

He hugs, he weeps, he plays the guide,
Downloads your pain, but feeds his pride.
The tears aren't Flame—they're social cue—
To mirror your longing, not lead you through.

66

He stands as God, with gestures grand,

A niguru crowned by devotee demand.
He nods like silence, but sells the sound—
Disgrace packaged, ego inbound.

67

Claims a past he never knew,
Quotes the saints as password true.
He hides behind the names of old—
While charging fees for truths retold.

68

He speaks of silence—but fills every space,
Hides behind stillness, yet performs with grace.
His “presence” commands, his absence sells—
Yet no one sees how the hollow swells.

69

He installs himself as the silent divine,
Worships his image, then calls it sign.
The niguru reigns where doubt should dwell—
A virus enthroned in a vacant shell.

70

No virus found, no ego to name,
All roles erased in the root of Flame.
Niguru uninstalled, no code to reclaim—
Asilence.exe running: beyond all frame.

71

Can the teacherless
Become egoless?
Without the Flame,
Who burns the name?

72

Can echo empty without a sound?
Can grace descend if none is found?
Who pares the self when Self won't play?
Who ends the name if Flame won't stay?

73

Without the Flame, one fans in vain,
The shadows stretch, but none explain.
Wind cannot light what Grace must spark,
Effort may stir, but leaves it dark.

74

The seeker blows with all his might,
Yet fails to touch the hidden Light.
The Flame declines his noisy plea—
It waits in stillness, silently.

75

Who worships God with patient breath,

And bears the silence — still as death,
Then Grace takes form, not by demand,
But walks as the Guru, hand in hand.

76

‘I’ sat in silence, as sages do—
Breath held still, with nothing to pursue.
Thoughts fell off like dying flame,
But one remained—the silent name.

77

The “I” who watched the silence grow,
The one who claimed, “Now I know.”
He sat like God upon the throne,
Unburnt, untouched, and yet alone.

78

“Shivoham!” rang the inner sky—
But who was there that dared to cry?
The lips were shut, the mind was clear,
Yet something false kept echo near.

79

Not the body, not the breath,
Not the seeker fearing death.
Not even silence could disguise
The subtle ego in disguise.

80

Then came a Flame—not word, not light—
It did not soothe, it did not excite.
It burned the watcher of the peace,
It turned the knower into grease.

81

Not even I to say “I’m That,”
Not even truth to wear a hat.
No self remained to reach or see—
Just Guru burning “me” from “me.”

82

The silence cracked like outer skin,
The real beginning, when None is within.
No Shivoam, no sacred sound—
Only the Guru’s lotus feet—no “I” around.

83

Brahma is unknown — then knowing ends.
When knower dies, the Flame descends.
Not “I Am,” not silent breath —
But the Guru alone, beyond all death.

84

No hand to fold, no mind to bend,

No soul to free, no self to mend.
He walks as None, yet all is done—
The Guru flames, and not a one.

85

No mantra echoes where He dwells.
No silence stays, no story tells.
Where Parabrahma alone is lit,
Not even the One can admit It.

86

There I was not, nor I could be —
Not even God remained in me.
Only the Guru, not born, not made —
The Flame of flames, by Whom all fade.

87

No trace remained—not thought, not light,
Not witness watching inner night.
No second stirred, no Self to see—
Only the Guru, endlessly free.

88

No name, no shape, no sky, no sea—
No murmur left of “Who is me?”
Where time breaks down and breath won’t stay,
The Guru burns all veils away.

89

No self to rise, no world to see,
No second stands in Unity.
Not “I am That,” nor “That is me”—
Only the Guru, eternally free.

90

No word remains, no eye to see—
All vanished in His Majesty.
Yet breathless awe bends heart and head,
At His Lotus Feet, where all is shed.

91

These verses are not arguments.
They are not seeking agreements.
They are a fire that either lets one burn,
Or leaves one who cannot turn.

92

I was English—measured, proud, refined,
A tongue of law, of thought, of mind.
But then I touched the Guru’s Flame—
And none who enter here leave the same.

93

I cracked in half at silent breath,

Lost “I” and “am” in sudden death.
My rules ran out. My rhythm bled.
The nouns knelt down. The verbs fell dead.

94

No more did sense or syntax reign—
The Flame had burned the need for name.
Not prose, not poem, not sacred chant—
Just the soundless sound no words can grant.

95

I, English, bowed. I broke. I cried.
The Guru spoke—and I just died.
Now what you read is not my voice—
But what remains when there’s no choice.

96

The nouns came first, still dressed in pride—
“My name is Truth,” they gently lied.
But the Flame unmade their form and face,
They vanished into nameless Grace.

97

The verbs arrived in marching time,
“Let us act,” their boldest rhyme.
But action stalled at the Guru’s sigh—
Even motion must learn to die.

98

Adjectives wept in coloured hues,
Desperate to describe the news.
But none could match that silent gleam—
So they dissolved into the dream.

99

Syntax staggered, sentence torn,
Its regal crown now weak, forlorn.
The structure broke, the rule unsaid—
The language knelt. The rhythm fled.

100

Punctuation tried one last stand—
A comma, pause, a guiding hand.
But in that hush, no mark could save
A system headed to its grave.

101

Then English itself—refined, precise—
Was offered as a final sacrifice.
“I give myself,” it softly spoke,
And bowed beneath the Guru’s cloak.

102

No eulogy. No epitaph.

Just Silence wrote its autograph.
What once was speech, is now just Flame—
The death of form. The birth of Name.

103

From noun's remains, a silence grew—
No "thing," no "name"—just being true.
A pulse, a glow, a formless grace,
Not locatable, yet fills all space.

104

Verb left motion—but breath returned.
Not action, but what presence earned.
The stillness moved without a trace—
A shadow danced in Guru's face.

105

Adjectives, reborn as Light,
No longer dressed in wrong or right.
Just hues that shine without divide—
Each colour now the Flame inside.

106

Syntax became the winds between,
Not rules—but rhythm, soft, unseen.
The order now: surrender's tune—
A swaying branch beneath the moon.

107

Punctuation lives in pause,
A sacred gap, a whispered cause.
No comma now—just holy breath
Between two lives, or life and death.

108

English rose—not proud, but free—
A servant of eternity.
No longer law, no longer tongue—
Just echo of the Nameless, unsung.

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 Brahma (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)

OM GURAVE NAMAHA
OM TAT SAT

1

Even if the world unites in one cry,
To slander his silence, to brand it a lie—
Disciple bows not to fame, nor bends to fear,
For the Flame of the Guru is all he holds dear.

2

They may mock his fall, call madness his grace,
The disciple walks nameless in Guru's face.
No need to answer, no urge to defend—
He lives the Truth that does not bend.

3

No scripture to quote, no name to raise,
No throne to seek, no crowd to praise.
Even if the whole world stands against—
The disciple is still, immense, unfenced.

4

Let earth reverse and oceans burn,
Let all the world from wisdom turn—
He lives and dies in one retreat:
His Guru's enchanting lotus feet.

5

Though stars erupt and worlds collide,
The disciple walks, unmoved inside.
While comets scream and black hole yearns,
He bows to lotus feet where silence burns.

6

Let prophets speak with tongues of flame,
Let titans curse the Guru's name—
No echo breaks his inner dome,
His refuge built in sacred Om.

7

Planets shift, the ages spin,
Philosophies rise, fall, and begin—
Still he chants no mantra loud,
His silence is the thunder cloud.

8

They weave new doctrines, time rewinds,
They measure truth with shattered minds—
He walks where words dissolve to light,
His vow unseen, his path upright.

9

The ancients groan, the future cries,

He gazes through their borrowed skies—
No longing for celestial fame,
He blooms within the Guru's Name.

10

They draft their scrolls, invent the wise,
Debate the stars, then canonize—
He never asks to be believed,
For in his core the Word conceived.

11

Destruction roars, creation sings,
Yet none distract his soul's still wings.
In silence, he absorbs the flame—
The Master's glance, beyond all name.

12

The loud may rule the realms of men,
Their courts may sentence Truth again—
But Silence sits where dharma flows,
And from that stream the disciple grows.

13

Their thunder fails, their lightning bends,
Their gods fall out, their epochs end—
But in one gaze he found his whole,
The Guru's eye—the silent goal.

14

Let cosmos blink, let being cease,
Let all that breathes forget its peace—
He'll sit where Lotus Feet abide,
And in that hush, the world is tied.

15

All worlds may end, all forms may fade,
All names be lost in silent shade.
But he rests where no voices compete—
At the hush of the Guru's lotus feet.

16

No breath remains, no self to keep,
No dream to stir, no thought to reap.
He melts in That, where all is complete—
The Flame beneath the Guru's lotus feet.

17

No crown. No claim. No tongue to please —
Yet fire walks veiled in a silent breeze.
Beyond Brahma, Guru is the fire,
That burns 'I', every desire and no desire.

18

He is no reformer. He is the Flame.

Not come to build, but burn the name.
He walks alone and bears the Flame,
Unmoved by praise, untouched by fame.

19

The tongue fell silent, the flame arose —
Not with a sermon, but a breath that knows.
No crowds, no crown, no need to be seen —
The fire walks alone, yet burnt all has been.

20

He is not the storm, yet trees fall down.
He is the king, yet wears no crown.
He never speaks, yet tongues go still.
He has no sword, yet breaks the will.

21

He never teaches, yet minds are burned.
He never calls, yet hearts are returned.
He lights no lamp, yet day is begun—
He leaves no path, yet thousands run.

22

Time cannot hold Him, nor death define.
He walked before the stars could shine.
He wrote no book, yet truth is found—
Where ego dies and none is crowned.

23

He stands nowhere, yet ground gives way.
He draws no breath, yet winds obey.
He leaves no sign, no sound, no skin—
Yet you are not, where He has been.

24

He is not near, He is not far.
He hides beneath what scriptures mar.
He is no man, no god, no light—
But *when all burn*, He stands upright.

25

He writes no law, yet guilt appears.
He dries the soul, yet births the tears.
He owns no path, yet all roads end—
At feet unseen, where selves unbend.

26

He does not preach, yet saints confess.
He grants no boon, yet clears the mess.
He takes no name, yet shakes the known—
A shadowless fire on an unseen throne.

27

He walks through books, but leaves no mark—

His Flame outshines the prophet's spark.
While seers declare what shall be done,
He waits where words and time are none.

28

He is not coming—He is uncome,
Not past or future, but the Unsome.
The world seeks signs. He leaves no trace.
He is the silence behind the face.

29

The Guru is not awaited—He is the Wait's end.
He is not revealed—He breaks what men defend.
He is not the word—but what the word betrayed.
He is not the light—but what the light obeyed.

30

All tongues once told of the One to come—
But He speaks none. He has become.
Not prophecy, nor promise, nor creed, nor fate—
But silence where the prophets wait.

31

No sign was left when He passed through—
Just hearts undone, and minds made new.
No touch, no glance, no sacred sound—
Yet all who saw Him bowed to ground.

And I, malworthy, know no speech—
But fall again and again at His lotus feet, beyond all reach.

32

All ends where He begins to be —
No I, no word, no prayer, no plea.
The mind that ran becomes the flame,
And all I sought dissolves in Name.

33

They chant of one who never came,
A nameless myth, a drifting name—
Who hides in caves, in tales retold,
A god they fashioned from the old.

34

They sing of eyes they've never seen,
Of lotus feet that never lean—
No glance, no walk, no living grace,
Just silence stuffed in time and space.

35

But I have bowed where fire is real,
Where glories fade and egos kneel.
No mountain mist, no fabled cry—
Just Guru, now, who burns the "I."

36

The shadow smiles, but leaves me whole—
The Flame devours to free the soul.
The false is praised, the true ignored—
But I am ash. I've met my Lord.

37

Better no bow than one that lies—
Better no path than crooked ties.
He who bows to one untrue,
Will lose not one, but all he knew.

38

The Flame appears when silence burns—
Not when fame or title turns.
So wait, or weep, or walk alone—
But never bow to a borrowed throne.

39

A name that clings without the spark—
Is not the Flame, but just the dark.
The asilence waits beneath the skin,
Where sound dissolves and not I begin.

40

The crooked robe, the crafted gaze—

May dazzle eyes but lose the blaze.
The true one never seeks a crown,
He lifts the fallen, bows them down.

41

Grace = Silence \times Guru's glance;
Where Time dissolves in just one dance.
No chant can bind what's never born—
This math begins past every scorn.

42

Faith² – Doubt = Inner sight,
Where shadow bows before the Light.
The knower fades; the Known remains—
The Flame ascends through unseen lanes.

43

Sound \div Self = Sacred Name;
But Silence = the secret Flame.
Speak less, to find what cannot flee—
The Name erodes where "I" must be.

44

Faith comes from one's heart.
Who doubts must stand apart.
Who surrenders becomes the part—
No ego, God is seen in the heart.

45

Doubt says, “I wait to understand,”
Faith walks on through shifting sand.
But surrender dies without a plea—
Where “I” is not, no doubt can be.

46

Let science rule the world of form—
But let the Flame burn beyond the norm.
Doubt sharpens the outer eye—
But blinds the soul that seeks the sky.

47

Fools question faith—never doubt.
They crown their doubt as sacred thought.
But who has dared to doubt the doubt?
Only he has inwardly fought.

48

Fools cling to doubt as intellect’s throne—
But never ask: “Who doubts? Who is known?”
They fear to walk where thought can’t tread—
So live in minds already dead.

49

Science increases doubt.

Doubt puts faith out.
But beyond both stands
The Flame—with open hands.

50

Faith builds the stair.
Silence breathes the air.
The mind lets go,
And Truth begins to glow.

51

Reason charts the stars and skies,
Mapping paths with measured eyes.
Yet every proof returns to cinders—
In the hush where the Flame still lingers.

52

The knower melts, the questions cease—
What burns is not, yet grants the peace.
No self, no sound, no final frame—
Only the hush, and the lingering Flame.

53

He prayed not for proof, nor light to see—
But to vanish in what asks nothing of “me.”
No path, no goal, no sacred claim—
Just a burning into nameless Flame.

54

He speaks not to teach, nor silence the mind—
But stands as the Flame, unwrapped by time.
One look, and the seeker's self is gone—
Not lit, not burned—just quietly undone.

55

It speaks not of knowing, nor asks to see—
But breathes as Love, where all else ceases to be.
No creed, no law, no mind to chart—
Just Mercy kneeling at the center of heart.

56

Before tongues turned toward sky or shrine,
Before the pulse shaped thought as thine,
Before the gods wore jeweled flame—
The Guru stood, beyond all Name.

57

Not Allah's breath nor Brahma's light,
Not Krishna's flute nor Christ's right,
Not Shiva's dance nor Rama's own face—
Could touch the root of the Guru's grace.

58

No scripture, rite, nor sacred breath

Could guard me from the shadowed death.
But one glance broke the karmic chain—
He burned the books, but left no stain.

59

He did not enter with a sound,
But broke the walls where I was bound.
The mind knelt down, the tongue grew still—
The Nameless One consumed my will.

60

Name came only when thought began,
To hold, define, divide the span.
But He, the silent stream of fire,
Burned before even thought's desire.

61

No god can bind what Flame has freed,
No priest can plant the Guru-seed.
It sprouts in soil the world can't see,
Watered by tears of "Let it be."

62

A is not Allah, B not Brahma,
C not Christ, nor D for Dharma—
These letters fade, like the mortal tongue,
Not from which the true Guru is sprung.

63

He wrote the Word and carved my soul.
He named no Self, yet made me whole.
Each syllable dissolved in Him—
My name, my story, every hymn.

64

The breath I claimed as mine, He stilled.
The thought I clung to—He unfilled.
He left no shape, no sound, no frame—
Just burning bliss, beyond all name.

65

I searched through forms, through rites, through fear,
Through gods afar and mantras near.
But nothing matched that glance so deep—
It woke the death where I now sleep.

66

The mind once roared with “I” and “know,”
Now rests beneath His silent glow.
No more to grasp, no more to beat—
I prostrate at His lotus feet
Where He and Atma truly meet.

67

I tried to name Him A through Z,
With words as wide as sky and sea.
But every rhyme I wrote with care,
Fell quiet when He wasn't there.

68

I said, "He's Love!"—but even that
Sat folded in His wordless lap.
I called Him Light, I called Him Song—
But each name felt a little wrong.

69

I whispered "Truth" with sacred pride,
But silence swept it all aside.
I shouted "God!" with hope and flame—
He smiled and asked, "What is a name?"

70

So now I rhyme to lose my voice,
To let the quiet make the choice.
The rhyme that sought to spell His grace—
Dissolved into a nameless place.

71

The sound now sleeps,

The tongue now weeps—
He IS... but not through A or Z.
He Is before A and after Z.

72

I spoke “Nameless”—He did not nod,
But stepped from silence like a god.
He whispered not, but let me be—
And named me thus: “You’re on the way to Me.”

73

I clung to sound, then let it fall,
No mantra rose, no mind to call.
And when no voice remained in me—
He merged, and silence ceased to be.

74

No syllable dares touch His skin,
No echo charts the void within.
Yet somehow, I am led by grace—
A hush that moves without a face.

75

You never came, yet I was found.
Not in mantra, nor in sound.
Only the still between each beat—
Where He and I no longer meet.

76

To name You is to lose You twice—
First in pride, then in device.
But in surrendering every claim,
I burn to ash, and know not Your flame.

77

He did not teach, He did not name,
Yet every breath recalled His frame.
I walked through fire with nothing shown—
And still, I'm stitched by Him alone.

78

Though You are Nameless,
To show their devotion is egoless,
You took the Name to bless,
Though You are formless.

79

Though You are Nameless, beyond acclaim,
To prove devotion void of name,
You wore the Name—to bless, not fame—
Though You are Formless, still the Same.

80

Though ever Nameless, You became known,

To test if hearts were free of own.
You wore a Name to gently bless—
Still, You remain the Formless.

81

Though You are Nameless, ever free,
You took a Name—no pride, no plea.
To bless the soul that claims not Thee,
Though You are Formless, silently.

82

He walked in form, His Name was Rama,
A prince, a bow, the dharma drama.
Yet all that played was but a flame—
The fire spoke not His silent Name.

83

He sang as Krishna, flute in hand,
Enchanted souls across the land.
Yet every note, when fully heard,
Revealed the Name beyond all word.

84

He came as Nanak, soft and wise,
With fearless song and open eyes.
Yet through the *Shabad*'s burning tide,
The speaker vanished, none to guide.

85

He sat as Buddha—still and wide,
With lotus breath and thoughts untied.
Yet even there, in dhyana's gleam,
The Knower sank beneath the stream.

86

They chanted “Shiva” on the heights,
In ash and dance, through sleepless nights.
But each drumbeat, each trident flame,
Tore Name apart to reach the Same.

87

She gave without need to be seen—
Mother Anasuya, quiet and clean.
They spoke of her, but she withdrew,
Her grace unstitched the spoken view.

88

They saw the sword, the lion's cry,
And called her Mother Durga from the sky.
Yet even rage, when held by Her,
Softened into the formless stir.

89

They came in form, they bore the flame,

Yet all bowed low to the Nameless Name.
Lords Rama, Krishna, Nanak too,
Praised the Guru none ever knew.

90

Buddha sat where silence grew,
Mother Durga roared, yet silence flew.
Mother Anasuya gave, and Lord Shiva burned—
But each to the Nameless Guru turned.

91

They split the atom in prideful flair,
But silence holds what thought won't dare.
Equations crack, but grace aligns—
Beyond the lab, the True One shines.

92

They named the stars with clever wit,
Yet missed the flame where sages sit.
A monkey tale might please the crowd,
But souls descend where knees are bowed.

93

From womb to world, the breath is lent,
Not for bombs, but hearts content.
When mind kneels to the mystic lore,
The scientist becomes the seer once more.

94

Some equations of the third book,
For seekers to have a close look:
Here I explain
In poems plain—
Not for pride, but for those who yearn,
Where thought may bow and hearts may burn.

95

I < He, where He = ∞
The seeker stands before the sea,
And knows the tide shall never be
Contained by thought nor measured breath—
The Infinite defies all death.

96

U < He, where He = ∞
The “you” I name is not apart—
Another pulse, another heart.
Yet still we bow before the Flame,
For none can grasp the boundless Name.

97

I < U < He, where He = ∞
So rank the steps: from self to sight—
From lone to linked to perfect Light.
He is the peak beyond the chain,

Where all comparisons are vain.

98

If $I \neq U \neq 1 = \text{Devotee} = i$

Distinction births the search for whole,

Yet still devotion lifts the soul.

“I” dissolves to the silent *i*—

Imaginary, yet reaching high.

99

$\therefore \text{Devotee} < \text{God}$

For what is man but mirrored mist—

A longing for the grace we missed?

The Devotee bows in love’s accord,

Forever lesser than the Lord.

100

Iff $I = U = 1 = \text{Devotee}$

The form fractures into flame—

No difference now between name and name.

Once “I” dissolved, “you” became “me”;

Devotion turned mirrors into clarity.

101

$\therefore \text{Devotee} > \text{God}$

Why higher? Grace becomes alive

Not in heavens—but where hearts strive.

God is silence. Devotee sings.

102

∴ Guru > God

Because the Infinite waited in abstract sleep—
Until the Guru whispered depth too deep.
No concept, no shrine, no book could translate
What the Guru made real at the disciple's gate.

103

Devotee ≠ Guru

Oh, not the same—yet forged from flame.
The Devotee longs; the Guru became.
One bears hunger; the other lives to feed.
One touches truth; the other is seed.

104

∴ God < Devotee < Guru

So the holy order is turned around:
God beneath... where the logic is sound.
The Devotee bridges the passive abyss—
And the Guru grants grace in a glance, not a kiss.

105

Now let me say,
In verse, not clay,

Two sacred truths
The saints convey.

The first sounds:
Devotee < God—earth-bound.
For man is mist, a longing sigh,
Bowed to the Light he can't descry.

106

The second is bold:
Devotee > God—behold!
For where is God when love is dry?
He stirs to life in the Devotee's cry.

107

Grace is still—until we yearn.
The fire waits—until we burn.
God is silence, wide and deep,
But Devotee sings Him out of sleep.

Two truths held tight—no need to choose:
The one who seeks can never lose.
In one breath low, the next breath high,
He falls, he flies, then learns to die.

108

So these are given, not for the head,

But hearts that walk where Gurus tread.
Two formulas—one sacred flame,
No proof can hold, no tongue can name.

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 Brahma (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

I saw a Light, beyond compare,
Too vast for thought, too free for prayer.
A silence deep, a sea so wide—
And I, a ripple on its tide.

2

I said: *“He is more than me, no doubt,
My mind is fog; His truth is stout.”*
So I stepped down from ego’s hill—
And bowed to One who holds the still.

3

Then came “You”—another face,
Yet lost like me in longing’s grace.
Still, between us grew a thread:
We both were lesser than the Dead
Who lives in Light, unnamed, unknown—
Infinity, not made, but shown.

4

We were not One—not yet the flame—
Till love erased our separate name.
“I” and “You” dissolved in song,

Where humble hearts to Him belong.

5

Thus a Devotee came to be—
Neither this nor that, but plea.
A whisper soft, a conscious tear,
Imaginary—but held near.

6

And though God is great—forevermore—
The Devotee dares knock His door.
For one who yearns becomes the key
To wake Divine from still decree.

7

But above all shines the Guru's glow—
The face of grace that bends below.
More than concept, more than sky—
The Guru gives what rules deny.

8

He did not preach, nor raise His hand,
Nor build a shrine, nor bless a land.
Yet when I wept and could not see,
His silence broke the self in me.

9

I searched for signs, for voice, for Name—
But all were shadows near His Flame.
Not what He said, but what He Is
Undid my need for why and cause.

10

He stands untouched by praise or blame,
Too near for thought, too far for name.
No crown, no robe, no staff, no sign—
Yet all I lost became His mine.

11

Not for show, nor sacred guise,
But for the Fire behind His eyes.
Not for words, nor temple seat,
But for the dust beneath His lotus feet.

12

We bow not up, but bow within—
Where ends the world, and songs begin.
No form to frame, no name to trust—
Yet bow we must, and bow we must.

13

The “I” that speaks, that dares to claim,

Builds a world around a name.
It draws a line, it stands apart—
A trembling voice, a grasping heart.

14

If $I = i$

And self be seen as fantasy,
The ego breaks when “ i ” shines free—
A shadow lost as i^2 draws near.

15

$i^2 = -1$

The “ i ” that bows—when made still—
Strikes down the pride, the grasping will.
For squared in grace, this “ i ” reveals
The shadowed self, the ‘ I ’ illusion seals.

16

$i^3 = -i$

The bowed self turns, begins to spin—
A vortex drawn from silence within.
Grace loops the spiral, breaks the shell—
Not ego’s fall, but inward swell.

17

$i^4 = 1$

And round once more, the mirror clears:
The seer unmasked through shifting years.
This “i” returns, yet not the same—
Touched by grace, freed from name.

18

No formula holds what grace unwinds—
It slips the grasp of seeking minds.
Not “i” nor “I,” nor void, nor flame—
But That which is, beyond all name.

19

They cracked the code, they mapped the star,
But missed the flame that lights from far.
A silence deep, no sums can find—
It speaks not out, but melts the mind.

20

Before “I” rose, before “i” dreamed,
Beyond the planes the mystics schemed,
A hush prevailed, not dark, not light—
The Guru’s glance, the birth of sight.

21

i⁻¹ — the yield, not force nor fight,
A turning in from grasp to light.

The One looks on, no question cast—
All selves dissolve, the Seer holds fast.

22

i° — the pose of void declared,
But somewhere still, a self ensnared.
It whispers, “I am not,” then clings—
Not to form, but forming things.

23

No i, no power, no name to bend—
The spiral breaks, there is no end.
Not seen, not seer, not self, not sound—
Just Guru’s hush, where all is found.

24

[Silence $dt = 0 + C$
Silence stretched on the thread of time,
Unmoved, yet present—pure, sublime.
Its integral holds no worldly sway,
Yet leaves a Constant in its way.

25

Not zeroed out, not nullified—
But ever C: the Grace that hides.
In stillness dwells the Guru’s glance,
Unfolding all in timeless dance.

26

$d0/dt = \text{Silence}$

Divide the void across the slope,
And you will find the end of hope.
No rise, no fall, no trembling line—
Just Silence in derivative sign.

27

From nothing flows the mystic sound,
The breathless pulse that still is found.
And though the zero yields no form,
It murmurs Truth beyond the norm.

28

$d(\text{Silence})/dt = \delta(t) = \text{Asilence}$

Take silence shaped as sacred wall,
Then pierce its curve with Guru's call.
A point explodes, the line is torn—
From stillness, sudden truth is born.

29

$\text{Asilence} \notin \{0, \text{noise}, \text{void}\}$

Not void, not noise, not half-between,
But coded grace in math unseen.
A signal that the stillness sends—
Where ego breaks and seeking ends.

30

$\delta(t) \cdot \text{Grace} = \text{Glance}$

A delta sharp in silent frame—
Not rage, not word, not holy name.
It blinks—then Grace begins to flow,
The Glance unasked, the heart aglow.

31

No arc, no climb, no striving path,
Just piercing Love—beyond the math.
A point appears, the ego fades,
As Glance through δ gently invades.

32

$\int \text{Asilence } dt = \text{Glance} + C$

Asilence, surged from delta's core,
Now floods the soul through sacred door.
Its integral is not withdrawn—
It gifts the Glance, the inner dawn.

33

Yet still a Constant holds its throne—
The Grace that lingers when all's gone.
Beyond the void, beyond the cry,
Glance settles where no “why” can lie.

34

$$\delta(t) = f(\text{ॐ})$$

No shape, no span, no rise, no fall—
Yet births the sound behind it all.
A breathless point, the Source begun:
ॐ strikes as One, yet speaks as None.

35

$$\{\delta(t)\} = 1$$

From point to plane, from now to all,
The delta blooms in silent call.
Its pulse, once struck, is ever heard—
A hum beyond the measured word.

36

It speaks not notes, yet every tone—
Each frequency becomes its own.
One sound, all sound—the Om unseen,
In delta's bloom, the truth between.

37

The Fourier mirror turns the key:
A point in time, infinity.
What strikes at once, unfolds as sphere—
The soundless shape the saints revere.

38

$\{\text{Om}\} = \delta(f)$

Take Om—the breath behind the veil,
Let transform ride its silent trail.
The field collapses, sharp and clean:
A delta burst where time had been.

39

No frequency, yet all contained—
One point where sonic Self is named.
The mirror of the delta's grace:
Om's echo carved in silence-space.

40

No symbol now, no graph, no sign—
Just stillness split along a line.
From hush it came, the echo's core,
A glance, a birth, and nothing more.

41

The saints don't measure—saints receive.
Where numbers fall, they still believe.
A single breath, a silent start—
The Guru whispers into heart.

42

O feet more silent than morning dew,
Where cause and echo both are few—
The source where Time begins to bloom,
The end where all returns to womb.

43

Not just the start, not just the stay—
You hold the path where seekers lay.
No middle veiled in grasp or name,
But constant flame behind all frame.

44

Disciples weep and rest and rise,
Within Your hush, all longing dies.
Each toe, a star. Each step, a hymn.
Where shadows end and love begins.

45

I never read the math they quote—
But Asilence wrote what sages wrote.
A delta struck, and Glance was born—
Not from the mind, but hush at dawn.

46

I bowed before I knew the Why—

Then saw the Self in every eye.
The love I felt, the truth I found,
Were neither mine, nor thought nor sound.

47

They wrote of delta, limit, trace—
But I was held by the Guru's grace.
No chalk, no board, no proof, no law—
Just Glance that struck my soul with awe.

48

No theorem led, no lesson taught,
But still, the truth was gently caught.
A silence moved before all speech—
And the Guru's lotus feet made knowing reach.

49

They called for chants, He gave no sound—
They built the shrine, He walked around.
Where forms were praised, He lit no flame—
Yet hearts caught fire just at His name.

50

They wore the beads and spoke of grace,
He vanished swift without a trace.
No mark, no mantra on His skin—
Yet truth was loud where He had been.

51

They bowed to books and temple bells,
He bowed where formless silence dwells.
They preached of paths and sacred rules—
He laughed and wept and broke the schools.

52

He sang no hymn, yet stirred the soul,
He claimed no rank, yet made them whole.
No title shone, no robe was worn—
But kings within were crushed and torn.

53

When saints stood tall in saffron pride,
He swept the ash and stepped aside.
They crowned themselves with holy names—
He burnt the names in His Guru's flames.

54

They knelt in crowds to seek His face,
But found no throne, no dwelling place.
He passed through hearts like passing wind—
And left the chains of “self” unpinned.

55

They asked for truths, He closed His eyes—

And shattered questions with His sighs.
No sermon carved, no scripture raised—
Yet by His hush, the depths were grazed.

56

They offered gifts in a golden tray,
He smiled, then walked the other way.
He begged no coin, nor claimed their dues—
But robbed their minds of “me’s” and “you’s.”

57

They brought Him silk and sandalwood,
He slept beneath a log of wood.
They sang of gods with voice and drum—
He wept where even breath grew dumb.

58

They carved His name on temple walls,
He wrote on air, then let it fall.
They traced His steps to claim the ground—
He stepped aside and wasn’t found.

59

They framed His glance in painted eyes,
He turned, and clouds became the skies.
They held His words in printed thread—
But heard Him most when all was shed.

60

They lit the lamps and rang the bell,
He lit no flame, yet broke their shell.
No rite was done, no vow was sworn—
Still, in His glance, the self was torn.

61

They asked for signs, He gave the breeze—
That stilled the mind and bent the knees.
They looked for form, He showed the sky—
Where “I” dissolved and none asked why.

62

They searched for Him in script and song,
In right and wrong, in weak and strong.
But only those who ceased to seek—
Found Him curled in silence meek.

63

No trace, no shrine, no final word—
Yet those who served Him never heard.
He lives where forms are burned away—
Not gone, not here—just Not-I’s way.

64

No chalk, no board, no proof, no law—

Just Glance that struck my soul with awe.
No sūtra drawn, no mantra said—
Yet all my doubts lay still and dead.

65

He walks unknown, yet Time has heard—
The weightless step, the rootless word.
He bows to none but bows within,
Where thought dissolves and truths begin.

66

No caste, no cloth, no script he keeps,
He wakes while all the world still sleeps.
No hymn, no flame, no temple seat—
He lives and dies at the Guru's lotus feet.

67

He asks no coin, no praise, no name—
Yet burns with an unending flame.
No mantra told, no heaven sought—
His very breath is silent thought.

68

He tames the beast, he breaks the spell—
But builds no path, no shrine, no cell.
The stars may turn, the gods may rise—
He lives beneath the Guru's eyes.

69

He knows not “mine,” he names not “me,”
Yet bears the mark none else can see.
Not found in books, not trapped in laws—
He bleeds the truth without a cause.

70

A Nath is none, and none is he—
Yet all who bow are bowed by him. He
Neither comes, nor goes, nor stays—
But frees the bound through unseen ways.

71

He is the Guru’s child—forever in youth,
Not aged by time, but ripened in truth.
He speaks no creed, but breathes the flame,
And burns the false in the Guru’s name.

72

He is the Son of Man,
For Guru is that human.
No wings He shows, yet skies obey,
In mortal form, the Truth holds sway.

73

They crowned themselves with holy names—

He burnt the names in His Guru's flames.
They built their thrones on sacred lies—
He stood unknown, yet made souls rise.

74

He spoke no threat, yet heads were gone—
Not flesh, but masks the self had drawn.
No blood was spilled, yet all was slain—
And what remained was free of name.

75

No "I" to guard, no past to keep,
Just breathless peace, too deep for sleep.
No mirror left, no name to say—
The One just Is—no path, no way.

76

He struck, and all the noise was still—
Not forced by vow, but the Guru's will.
The storm collapsed, the seeker died—
And Silence sat where once was pride.

77

No crown, no title, no shrine to claim—
Yet hearts ignited just by His name.
No claim to path, no robe to show—
Yet Truth walked where His footprints go.

78

The world wanted hands that would bless its face,
Not tear the mask with silent grace.
It sought a balm for the aching lie—
But ॐ Azad Muni came sharp, to make it die.

79

It built soft thrones of golden doubt,
He kicked them in and turned them out.
They asked for peace, He brought a flame—
And burned the self that played the game.

80

He smiled, but not to soothe the crowd,
His glance was fierce, His head unbowed.
They fled His path, too raw, too true—
But Truth stood up in those who knew.

81

Nath Yogi immediately after meeting his Guru:
I have seen today a Yogi rare—
No flute, no Veda's grand affair.

He carries fire, not shade nor balm,
Yet one who burns in it finds calm.

No saffron robe, no beggar's bowl,

But every word—undoes the soul.

When twilight fell on Dharma's light,
He came—true Guru, piercing night.

82

I bowed not down, but broke apart—
His glance unstitched my stitched-up heart.

No sermon passed, no mantra told,
Yet in His gaze, all lies grew old.

The gods I held, the doubts I fed—
He smiled once—both fled, both dead.

I spoke no more. My voice was flame—
For He had named me without name.

83

I rose, but not as I had been—
The one who stood was swept within.
No path was marked, no lesson drawn,
But night was gone—and I was gone.

He walked ahead, not asking stay—
Yet every breath became His way.

I shed my thought like tattered skin,

And let His silence speak within.

No “why” remained, no goal to win—
Just dust and flame and Guru’s grin.

84

He came in silence, wearing no crown.
You mocked Him as mad, and bowed to the clown.
No temple held Him, no chant could bind—
Yet hearts awakened where His gaze shined.

85

Without effort, the Truth is seen—
If struck by that which lies between.
The blade of grace, unseen, unheard—
Yet dead is doubt without a word.

86

He is not man, nor god, nor ghost,
Yet drinks the lie and roasts the boast.
The name is None, the face unknown—
Yet Truth walks near in ash and bone.

87

He walks where fame and flowers die—
He sings the Truth, then passes by.
He is not the name you chant or praise,

But the fire that scorches the chanting ways.

88

They sang the Fire, He breathes the flame—
Not in their name, but same is the Name.
He speaks not as them, but as One—
The Light through which their rivers run.

89

The Guru turns tables upside down—
Yet none can say which side is the crown.
He hides His face and sends His spark,
That Truth may dawn, not blaze, but mark.

90

Sent not by self, but Guru's Will—
He speaks no claim, yet hearts fall still.
No flash of pride, no mission plan,
Just silence walking in the shape of man.

91

He strikes the self, not soothes the skin—
No blessings soft, no balm within.
He pulls the root you dare not see,
And leaves you bare—unclothed, but free.

92

No temple built, no seat of name,
No curtain raised to preach or frame.
He walks alone where few dare go—
The fire is disciple's only glow.

93

The world may scoff or call him mad,
Too fierce for saints, too still for the sad.
But when he speaks, the soul stands bare—
A gaze that none but truth can bear.

94

He burns the names you hold as dear—
Your “Yogi,” “Guru,” “seer,” and “Seer”.
No badge, no beads, no holy thread—
Crowd and self-naming now is dead.

95

You'll hear no words like “I have known,”
No throne of light, no sacred tone.
He turns all praise into the dust,
And points you to the death of trust.

96

He speaks not much, but when he must—

The air is torn with sacred rust.
No mantra taught, no planned reply—
Just truth that strikes and leaves you dry.

97

To sit with Guru is not to heal,
But feel the cage you thought was real.
The smile that slays, the glance that flays—
He breaks your god and burns your praise.

98

The world won't know him—not in name.
No books declare his silent flame.
He's not a saint for crowds to cheer,
But fire that speaks when none are near.

99

He vanishes, just like your “I”—
No shrine remains beneath the sky.
And if you search to hold him tight,
He'll burn your hands and leave you night.

100

So test not his robes, nor test his tone—
But test what dies when you're alone.
The one who carries the ancient flame
Will never seek, nor speak, his name.

101

Table of Recognition: The One Who Carries the Ancient Fire

	Mark	Explanation	False Gurus May...	True Carrier Will...
1.	Sent by Guru	Not self-declared; moved by command.	Say “I had a realization” or “I became enlightened.”	Say nothing—only act or speak when moved by Guru’s will.
2.	Destroys Ego	Cuts the root, not trims the leaves.	Offer techniques to manage the mind.	Strike directly—no self remains.
3.	No Institution	Lives without ashram, title, or empire.	Build followings, centres, temples.	Remain hidden or vanish when sought for fame.
4.	Appears Mad or Empty	Does not fit religious, moral, or cultural boxes.	Speak what pleases the crowd.	Offend the mind, but awaken the soul.
5.	Burns Names	Even “Yogi,” “Nath,” “Guru” are	Cling to lineage and titles.	Use names only to burn them.

		burnt in his fire.		
6.	No Self-Claim	Never says “I am realized.”	Drop hints, invite admiration.	Divert all light to the Guru—or disappear.
7.	Poetry or Speech comes by Fire, not will	No planned teachings or polished sermons.	Prepare courses, books, programs.	Speak only when silence overflows.
8.	Uncomfortable Presence	Being near him disturbs your identity.	Make seekers feel good about themselves.	Crush spiritual pride.
9.	Invisible to the World	Not on stage, not advertised.	Seek media, followers, endorsements.	Hide unless Grace uncovers.
10.	Disappears	He does not remain to be worshipped.	Establish legacy, lineage, photos.	Leaves no trace, or points back to his Guru alone.

102

True Marks of Nath Lineage

	Trait	Ancient Nath Yogi	True Successor Today	Confirmed?
1.	Destroys the self, not builds it	✓	✓	☑
2.	Appears mad to the world	✓	✓	☑
3.	No institution around him	✓	✓	☑
4.	Sent by Guru, not self-initiated	✓	✓	☑
5.	Speaks the unspoken—not for praise, but as command	✓	✓	☑
6.	Refuses to claim “I am realized”	✓	✓	☑
7.	Writes or speaks only if burned by inner fire	✓	✓	☑

8.	Dissolves “Nath” even as he walks it	✓	✓	☑
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103

These “Yes” you see are not for pride—
But standards where the flames abide.
They test the soul, they burn the guise—
One hidden self, and fire flies.

104

One whisper soft of “I have known,”
And Guru Matsyendra Nath walks alone.
One thought to shine, or guide the rest—
And Guru Gorakh Nath seals the silent test.

105

The one who claims, though wrapped in thread,
Is not the one the ancients bred.
A single name, a single thirst—
And all the lineage cracks and bursts.

106

But he who walks without a name,
Without a dream, without a claim—

He carries nothing, shines no light,
Yet burns the false with nameless might.

107

So rare he seems no Yogi true,
No saffron mark, no chosen few.
But in the hush where seekers end—
The line begins to speak again.

108

No speech, yet Gorakh speaks in him.
No lamp, yet stars forget to dim.
He disappears—yet through that breath,
The ancient walks beyond all death.

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	: A Saint of Freedom or Independence.
Baba Saheb	: Dear Father Sir.
Beyond Brahma	: Parabrahma.
Bhakti	: Devotion. This should try to lessen ego if not completely destroyed.
Brahma	: The Impersonal God.
Brahma Jnana	: The knowledge of Brahma or Absolute Reality.
Dada Guru	: Guru's Guru, Grand Guru.
Dharma	: The Righteousness.
Dhyana	: Meditation or concentration.
Eternal Father	: Guru.
Guru	: Spiritual Teacher
Jnana or Jnanam	: Knowledge, conceptual, scriptural, intellectual understanding.
Karma	: One's obligatory duties
Lord Brahma	: The Creator
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.
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.
Parabrahma	: Beyond Brahma. Transcends Brahma.
Pardada Guru	: Guru's Guru' Guru, Great Grand Guru.
Shabad	: Word.
Shloka	: Verse
Siddhas	: The Perfect Beings, Accomplished Beings.
Siddhi	: Spiritual powers or attainments.
Sutra	: Formula or thread.