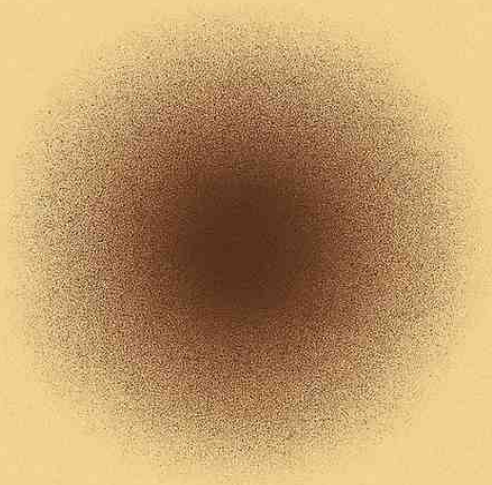


BRAHMA IS NONE



**NATH YOGI
KVS RAMA RAO**

BRAHMA IS NONE

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

KVS RAMA RAO

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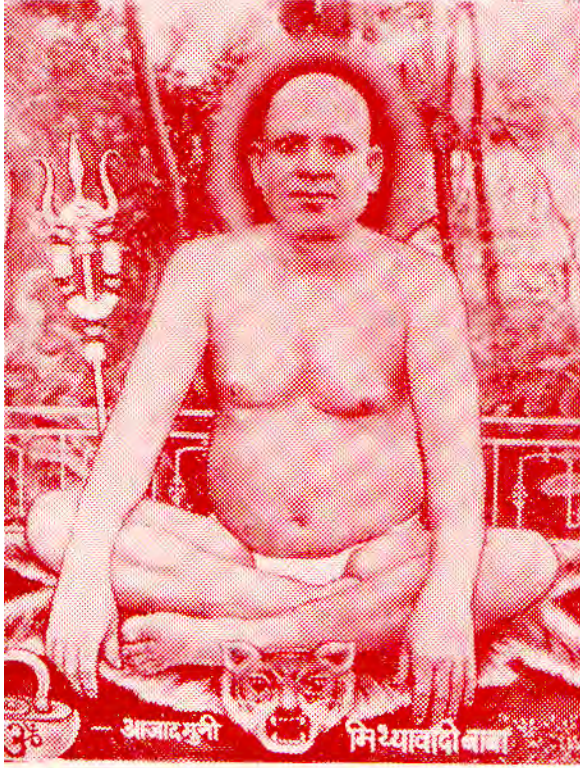
Brahma Is None

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BRAHMA IS NONE



*ॐ Azad Muni

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



Guru Bhuvani Nath

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



Guru Siddha Nath

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



Nava Nath

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

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Part One

Brahma Is None (Part-1)

This work to my Guru I have dedicated,
By His grace, it was celebrated,
Containing 108 poems of a divine necklace.
It is difficult to count
The divine necklaces; at His lotus feet, I mount,
Because His grace is paramount.

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

*OM GURAVE NAMAHA
OM TAT SAT*

1

No thought to weigh,
No word to say;
The Light just stays—
And knows the Way.

2

The lamp once lit,
Burns thought to quit;
No shine, no shade—
Just Self displayed.

3

Wave and shore,
No more, no more;
The Sea stands still—
Its will is Will.

4

No path to keep,
No climb, no leap;
The Seeker slept—
The Truth has wept.

5

Lamp lit, thought fades;
Self alone pervades.

6

Effort fades as Seeker sleeps;
Truth awakes, and weeps.

7

No tongue can tell,
Where Silence fell;
The drop and sea—
Are one, not three.

8

It burns unseen,
No soot between;
The Light consumes,
Yet Self resumes.

9

Unseen, the Light burns;
Illusions fade, yet Self returns.

10

No eye, no ear,
Yet all is clear;
The Knower gone—
The Known lives on.

11

No wave, no foam,
The Sea is home;
It swells to none,
It drowns the sun.

12

No rise, no fall,
No birth at all;
Not lost, not found—
Stillness unbound.

13

He pointed—then none;
The step was done.
No road, no mark,
Yet dawn from dark.

14

When seeker sleeps,

The Silence keeps;
No quest, no rest—
The Known is best.

15

No breath, no sound,
No sky, no ground;
Where all is ceased—
The Knower's released.

16

The saint, the dust,
In Light they trust;
No two remain—
Just one pure Flame.

17

Not born, not gone,
The Self alone;
Beyond the known—
The Taste of None.

18

No face to see,
No I, no me;
The glass so clear—
The Form is near.

19

No breath to start,
No end, no part;
The Sound untold—
The Heart of Gold.

20

Mohammad and saints are gold;
Praised and sold, their stories told.
Though they were grand and great,
They are used to gild the “I”-state.

Guru is like iron,
Who makes the “I” run.
Gold is for display,
Iron for use every day.

21

Gold is praised, displayed, and sold—
Saints and prophets, shining bold.
Their names now crown the ego’s gate,
Used to gild the “I”-state.

22

Silver speaks with polished grace,
Half-truths wrapped in holy lace.
It shines but does not burn the dross—

A mirror that avoids the loss.

23

Copper hums with tantric tone,
Conducts the charge but not the throne.
It warms the skin, excites the nerve,
Yet bends to those it ought to serve.

24

Lead is heavy, dull, and slow,
Burdened by what it does not know.
False teachings clot the seeker's vein—
A weight that mimics sacred pain.

25

Mercury gleams, but will not stay,
Reflects the light, then slips away.
Mind that moves, yet claims to know—
A river that mirrors, not the flow.

26

Iron strikes without display,
Guru walks the hidden way.
No ornament, no tale to sell—
Just heat that breaks the ego shell.

27

Gold may dazzle, silver soothe,
Copper thrill, and lead confuse.
Mercury glows but slips away—
Iron stands where others sway;
It melts the “I” and ends the play.

28

So seek not shine, nor sacred lore—
The metals praised in saintly store.
Find the one that makes you run,
Not the one that’s praised and done.

29

Gold can glitter, silver unsettle;
Iron alone can settle.
Shine may fool the eye with bright metal;
But truth stands firm, revealed in mettle.

30

A river that mirrors, not the flow—
It shows the sky, but does not go.
The seeker sees, but stays intact—
Reflection masks the missing act.

31

A river that floods, with sudden might—
It drowns the form, but not the fight.
The ego clings to floating wood—
Mistakes the rush for what is good.

32

A river that drowns, with silent pull—
No gleam, no roar, just depth made full.
It takes the “I” without a trace—
The Guru’s hand, the final grace.

33

A river that dries, with cracked regret—
It once was path, but now forgets.
The teachings fade, the bed is bare—
A lineage lost to praise and prayer.

34

A river that runs, not praised, not shown—
It cuts the stone, but walks alone.
No mirror, flood, nor tale to tell—
Just flow that breaks the ego shell.

35

A river lost, yet never gone,

Beneath all streams, it still flows on.
No eye can see, no hand can take—
The Word within, the Self awake.

36

A river sweet, yet laced with wrong,
It tempts the weak with borrowed song.
The thirsty drink, their thirst unquenched—
The poison spreads, the soul is drenched.

37

A river split, by self and soul—
Each claims the sea, yet none is whole.
Until the banks dissolve in one,
The journey ends not, nor begun.

38

A river reversed, it climbs, not falls,
From root to crown, the current calls.
It breaks the clouds, the soul takes wing—
The flow becomes the Sky, the King.

39

No start, no course, no shore, no sea—
The river is what comes to be.
It flows through none, yet all it gives—
The One by which the flowing lives.

40

The sea became the cloud again,
The drop returned as unseen rain.
The river laughs, for none can part—
The source and course are one same heart.

41

Fools seek to convert,
The wise seek to revert.
Truth needs no advert,
The seeker must invert.

42

To convert is folly,
To revert is holy.
Truth stays inert,
Till the self invert.

43

The Guru does not chase,
Nor decorate the face;
He burns without a trace,
Till the seeker leaves no place.

44

The niguru chants loud,

Draped in borrowed shroud;
He gathers a crowd,
Leaves none proud,
No ash, no cloud.

45

They chase the outer flame,
And praise the hollow name.
Unless silence makes its claim—
No self, no face, no frame.

46

No name to defend,
No path to ascend.
The Giver does not bend—
He breaks what will not end.

47

Ash does not preach,
Nor rise up to teach.
It stains what it can reach—
A warning none can bleach.

48

It does not descend,
Nor rise to defend.
It flickers without end—

Not path, nor goal, nor friend.

49

The dreamer woke,
The dream went broke;
Yet the Light stayed—
Unnamed, unweighed.

50

Mirrors show,
What isn't so;
Till seer and seen
In Light do go.

51

The secret Nirvana is not sought—
It arrives when the seeker is not.

52

Who begs in the name of God,
Know him to be a fraud.
The Guru never asks;
For He alone knows Brahma's tasks.

53

He walks not for bread nor fame,

But burns in the formless Flame.
His glance alone bestows the key—
No price, no plea, no pedigree.

54

He chants the Name, but sells the sound—
A merchant dressed in sacred gown.
His eyes seek coin, not inner fire;
His lineage ends in base desire.

55

He quotes the saints, but knows them not,
Their words mere tools in cunning plot.
No penance burns behind his face—
Just borrowed robes and borrowed grace.

56

He builds a throne, he claims a seat,
But cannot stand the *yogic* heat.
No breath has pierced the deathless core—
He guards a gate that leads to floor.

57

He asks for praise, demands your trust,
But speaks no truth, and breaks what's just.
His appearance dims, his *mantra* dies—
A shell that echoes stolen lies.

58

He names the Name, bows with flair,
But leaves no scent of Silence there.
The Giver gives, then disappears—
This one collects your hopes and fears.

59

He wears the Name, but asks for gold—
A mimic of the saints of old.
But Brahma gives, and never takes—
The begging mouth is full of snakes.

60

He asks for coin, for praise, for name—
But none can light the inner flame.
The Giver gives, then walks away;
This one builds stalls where seekers pay.

61

He asks for robes, for marble halls,
For crowds to chant within his walls.
But Allah sits where ashes lie—
Not thrones, not gold, not painted sky.

62

He asks for vows, for loyal men,

To guard his post and chant again.
But Guru needs no shield or sword—
His silence cuts, His glance is Word.

63

He asks for lineage, borrowed grace,
Then stamps his name on every face.
But descent leaves no such mark—
It burns the name, and births the dark.

64

He asks for tears, for guilt, for shame,
Then sells you back the holy name.
But Guru burns your self to dust—
No trade, no toll, no binding trust.

65

He asks for time, for tasks, for deeds,
Then counts your worth by how he feeds.
But Flame consumes without a list—
No ledger kept, no soul dismissed.

66

He asks for faith, but gives you fear—
A cage disguised as holy sphere.
But Guru cracks the mind in two—
No fear remains when He is true.

67

He asks for naught, yet gives the Whole—
No hand extended, just the Soul.
His silence speaks, His glance ignites—
No sermon, stage, or ritual rites.

68

He walks alone, yet all are fed—
By crumbs of ash, by words unsaid.
No name He needs, no praise He seeks—
The Flame flows out through silent peaks.

69

He wears no crown, no sacred thread,
Yet burns where lesser teachers dread.
No temple holds His boundless grace—
He sanctifies the common place.

70

He gives, then vanishes from view—
No trace, no shrine, no retinue.
But those who touched His breathless fire
Now walk as ash, devoid of desire.

71

He asks for death—not gold, not fame—

The death of self, the end of name.
And in that death, the seeker sees:
The Giver lives in all that frees.

72

He gives no *mantra*, gives no creed—
But cuts the root of every need.
His gift is not a thing to hold—
It melts the mind, it breaks the mold.

73

He gives the Source, not just the sign—
No borrowed light, no borrowed line.
And those who serve Him serve the Flame—
Not form, not face, not worldly name.

74

Kept from the real,
By the false, they steal.
Nigurus wear crowns,
Yet blind many towns.
Discern, or fall—stand still.

75

A nigura waits,
Untouched by fates.
No service done,

No path begun.
Still, the flame awaits.

76

The niguru speaks,
But the seeker leaks.
Crowds gather near,
Yet none see clear.
False doors guard the peaks.

77

Serve not the mask,
Truth wears no task.
Nigura may rise,
Niguru deceives the wise.
Discern, or all will pass.

78

All begin as nigura,
Silent, seeking, pure.
Rise to teach, yet serve none—
Niguru stands, the path undone.

79

He chants the Name with borrowed breath,
But never tastes the *yogic* death.
His words are sweet, his posture grand—

Yet no fire beneath his hand.

80

He builds a seat, declares a role,
But lacks the ash that marks the soul.
No penance carved his inner cave—
He teaches now, but stays the slave.

81

He gathers men, he claims descent,
But lineage bends where ego went.
He speaks of saints, he wears their name—
Saints have grown angry at his claim.

82

He mimics grace, he mimics flame,
Then brands his face with holy name.
But Giver walks without a trace—
This one demands the seeker's face.

83

He speaks of Truth, but guards his throne,
Afraid to burn, afraid alone.
The path he shows is paved with self—
A shrine to form, a hollow shelf.

84

He rose too soon, he bowed too loud,
Now stands beneath a praising crowd.
But none are freed, and none are slain—
The Flame withheld, the forms remain.

85

They bow to form, not inner fire,
Their chants are loud, but not desire.
They serve a name, not silent breath—
Initiated into deathless death.

86

They rotate the beads, recite the lore,
But never touch the inner core.
Their Guru asks, and so they give—
But none dissolve, and all still live.

87

They guard his throne, defend his claim,
Then brand themselves with borrowed flame.
But Giver's mark is ash, not pride—
These walk with masks they cannot hide.

88

They speak of grace, of sacred line,

But echo only hollow sign.
No glance has pierced their seeking face—
They serve the shell, not silent space.

89

They teach the path, they guide the lost,
But never paid the *yogic* cost.
Their words are sweet, their posture grand—
But none are freed by borrowed hand.

90

They chant the Name, but fear the Void,
Their minds still grasp, their hearts avoid.
The Flame they name, they do not bear—
They mimic light, but breathe stale air.

91

They are disciples, yes, in name—
But of a niguru, not of Flame.
Their lineage bends where ego grew—
They serve the ask, not what is true.

92

They chant the Name, but not the Breath,
Their *mantras* echo borrowed death.
No glance has pierced their seeking face—
They walk in form, but miss the Grace.

93

They guard the seat, defend the robe,
But never leave the ego's globe.
Their Guru taught them how to rise—
Not how to burn, not how to raze.

94

They build new shrines, they claim descent,
But none recall where Silence went.
Each generation bends once more—
The Flame now locked behind a door.

95

They teach the path, they guide the crowd,
But speak too much, and bow too loud.
The Giver's trace is lost in noise—
The ash replaced with sacred toys.

96

They name the saints, they quote the line,
But never taste the rootless spine.
Their words are smooth, their posture still—
But none dissolve, and all nurture will.

97

They pass the torch, but not the fire—

Each hand more full of self-desire.
The lineage bends, then splits in two—
And none recall what once was true.

98

The Giver comes, no name, no claim—
He walks in ash, He breathes the Flame.
No book, no shrine, no crowd He needs—
Just one who burns, then none who leads.

99

He speaks in silence, breaks the self,
Then vanishes without a shelf.
But those who touched His breathless fire
Now walk as ash, devoid desire.

100

The crowd arrives, the stories grow—
They build a shrine where none should show.
They name the saint, they quote the line—
Yet miss the rootless, *yogic* spine.

101

They chant His words, they guard His name,
But never touch the inner flame.
The Giver gave, then disappeared—
But now His shadow is revered.

102

They chant the words, they lead the way,
But never let the silence stay.
The Giver they claim remains unseen—
Replaced with forms, and polished sheen.

103

They pass the flame, yet grasp in vain,
Each branch now forks, yet seeks to retain.
The line bends, then splits in four, three, or two—
And none remember what was true.

104

So every Flame becomes a brand,
A name to wear, a throne to stand.
But those who seek the Giver's breath
Must walk alone, and taste the death.

105

Books may shine, yet leave the heart dim;
Service lights the Flame, awakens the hymn.

106

Titles and learning may swell the mind,
A disciple's grace leaves falsehood behind.

107

Scholar debates, but clings to name;
Disciple burns, yet seeks no fame.

108

Knowledge gathers, yet ego grows;
Guided surrender dissolves all woes.

OM TAT SAT

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

*The True Guru's Grace
Has No End*

Part Two

Brahma Is None (Part-2)

This work to my Guru I have dedicated,
By His grace, it was celebrated,
Containing 108 poems of a divine necklace.
It is difficult to count
The divine necklaces; at His lotus feet, I mount,
Because His grace is paramount.

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

*OM GURAVE NAMAHA
OM TAT SAT*

1

The seeker hears, yet turns within,
Where no sound echoes, no form has been.
The heart discerns what mind may miss,
And finds the Flame in silent bliss.

2

When sought, It slips away;
Form demands—the Self must pay.
Chasing binds, yet frees no part;
The knot unties within the heart.

3

Truth flows unseen, no name can bind,
No fraction holds its endless mind.
Through heart it moves, beyond all frame,
Seek as you may—yet still the same.

4

No bow, no bend, no ash to show;
The Giver waits, yet None lets go.
They chant the Name, but clutch the form,
Mistaking heat for inner storm.

The Flame is still, the ask is loud;
They build their thrones on a cloud.
Yet in the cave where silence sings,
The Giver gives, without the strings.

5

Rama Rao Das:
“How does None
Become one?”

6

Guru Siddha Nath:
“Here None
Becomes One!”

7

Rama Rao Das:
“How do I know
It is so?”

8

Guru Siddha Nath:
“In dreams you’ll see: None
Becomes many, yet remains One.”

9

Rama Rao Das:

“When is one
Again none?”

10

Guru Siddha Nath:

“In death one
Is again none.”

11

Rama Rao Das:

“How do I know
Death makes it so?”

12

Guru Siddha Nath:

“In sleep, you’ll see—
There is none to be.”

13

Rama Rao Das:

“Which one
Becomes none?”

14

Guru Siddha Nath:

“Surrendered one
Becomes none.”

15

Rama Rao Das:

“Whom should I surrender?”

16

Guru Siddha Nath:

“Surrender to the one
Who has surrendered to someone
Who has surrendered to None,
But never to naught or none.”

17

Rama Rao Das:

“I surrender to One,
I surrender to None,
I surrender to Your lotus feet,
I surrender to Dada Guru’s lotus feet,
I surrender to Pardada Guru’s lotus feet,
I surrender to *Fore-gurus*’ lotus feet.”

18

No name, no flame, no self to show—
The Giver gives, and none must go.
The cave is still, the ask is done—
Here None becomes the Only One.

19

Rama Rao Das:
“Where does one
Go during sleep?”

20

Guru Siddha Nath:
“It is absorbed in None.”

21

Rama Rao Das:
“Who comes out on waking?”

22

Guru Siddha Nath:
“It is nothing but None
That comes as one.”

23

Rama Rao Das:

“You spoke of one absorbed in None,
And of None appearing as one.
I long to know that merging in None—
Be gracious, Thou art Only One.”

24

Rama Rao Das:

“How can one
Merge in None?”

25

Guru Siddha Nath:

“It is None
That merges one.”

26

Rama Rao Das:

“How do I know
It is so?”

27

Guru Siddha Nath:

“As sleep is not in one’s hand,
So merging is not by one’s command.”

28

The seeker sleeps, the Guru wakes,
The One within the dreamer shakes.
When dreamer's done and dream departs,
The waking dawns in sleeping hearts.

29

When thought grows tired of thought,
The sought is silently sought.
Sleep of mind, not of flesh —
That dreamless rest makes Spirit fresh.

30

No seeker seeks in sleep,
Yet he does rest deep.
So when thou seekest None,
The seeking too is done.

31

As night takes day without decree,
So Grace takes 'me' when "I" ceases to be.
No struggle won, no seeker found,
Just Silence reigning, all around.

32

No sound, no sign, no claim to own—

The seeker fades, the Seer alone.
The Guru speaks where speech has none,
And None becomes the only One.

33

No path to keep,
He wakes in sleep.
Flame unseen, shown—
Self lost, Self known.

34

Rama Rao Das:
“Who gives,
When none lives?”

35

Guru Siddha Nath:
“The Giver gives,
When none lives.”

36

Rama Rao Das:
“How can the Giver give
If there is none to receive?”

37

Guru Siddha Nath:

“The Giver gives
Where non-self lives.”

38

Rama Rao Das:

“Is the non-self
The end of myself?”

39

Guru Siddha Nath:

“The non-self is not the end—
It is the end of the end.”

40

Rama Rao Das:

“Then who knows the non-self?”

41

Guru Siddha Nath:

“The Giver alone—grace itself.”

42

Rama Rao Das:

“Can I, myself
Choose to be non-self?”

43

Guru Siddha Nath:
“You may choose to be selfless,
But cannot choose to be non-self.”

44

Rama Rao Das:
“Then what path is the unchosen?”

45

Guru Siddha Nath:
“Be the askless ask—
The flame without form.”

46

Rama Rao Das:
“Is the Giver beyond form?”

47

Guru Siddha Nath:
“The Giver is the Flame
That burns form, formless,
Both and beyond three and beyond.”

48

Rama Rao Das:

“Then what is left to offer?”

49

Guru Siddha Nath:

“Offer the one who asks what to offer.”

50

Rama Rao Das:

“I offer the asker,

I offer the ask,

I offer the offering,

I offer the silence—

The Giver Is Silence.”

51

The Word is the Guru;

The echo, the niguru.

One awakens the soul to see;

The other binds in mimicry.

52

A voice may rise like sacred sound,

Yet roots unseen may not be found.

Where Word is lived, the heart is lit—

Where echo rules, the blind submit.

53

The ear that hears must burn to know;
Not every sound is Source's flow.
Discern the fire behind the tone—
Is it the Word, or just the drone?

54

Names are passed like empty shells,
Chanted loud in lifeless spells.
But lineage lives where silence sings,
Not in the clamor of borrowed rings.

55

He speaks of the Word, yet casts a net;
His gaze is soft, his trap is set.
He mimics form, but lacks the spark—
A lantern cold, a path gone dark.

56

The Word needs no tongue to teach,
It burns where language cannot reach.
The Guru speaks in ash and breath—
The echo dies; the Flame is death.

57

The Flame is the Guru;
The shadow, the niguru.
One burns the false to free the true;
The other blinds with borrowed hue.

58

He stands where light once kissed the wall,
And claims the glow that was not his.
But shadow speaks in mimic call,
A form that fades, a flame gone fizz.

59

The Guru does not soothe or teach,
He scorches self beyond its reach.
No comfort here, no gentle balm—
Just ash, and breath, and silent calm.

60

Niguru paints with stolen light,
His hues are soft, his words polite.
But every glow that lacks the core,
Will lead the eye, then close the door.

61

Not every light is born of fire,

Not every guide is true desire.
The seeker learns to burn, not cling—
To find the Flame in everything.

62

The Flame asks no favor or plea,
It burns the self to set it free.
The echo whispers, loud and vain—
Its fire is borrowed, its light a chain.

63

The Guru is the Self;
The niguru, the self.
One reveals the flame inside;
The other feeds pride.

64

Two selves speak within the cave—
One seeks truth, the other praise.
One burns the mask to free the face,
The other builds a brighter maze.

65

He chants the Word but guards the name,
He mimics light but shuns the flame.
His teachings rise, his self remains—
Hollow rings and gilded chains.

66

The Self does not speak to teach,
It burns beyond the grasp of reach.
No doctrine here, no claim, no role—
Just ash, and breath, and silent Whole.

67

The seeker learns to see the lie,
Not in the world, but in the “I.”
The niguru was never far—
It wore his face, it spoke his star.

68

The Flame shows no favor or face,
It burns in silence, fills all space.
The echo boasts, the shadow cries—
Its fire is borrowed, its light a guise.

69

The Guru is the ash;
The niguru, the cash.
One burns the self to set free;
The other sells a false decree.

70

He wraps the Word in velvet price,

And sells the Flame as sage advice.
But truth that's tagged and weighed and sold,
Is not the fire—it is painted gold.

71

The Word asks no coin or claim,
It burns the heart, it lights no fame.
The echo hums, the shadow shows—
Its fire is borrowed, its glow a pose.

72

The seeker pays, the seeker kneels,
Mistakes the trade for inner seals.
But coins can't buy what ash reveals—
The self must burn, not sign new deals.

73

No form remains, no name survives,
Just sacred dust where Flame arrives.
The Guru leaves no trace to hold—
Just silence, breath, and ashes cold.

74

Niguru shines with borrowed glow,
His teachings rise, his ego grows.
But every light that seeks acclaim,
Becomes a chain, not sacred flame.

75

The seeker bows to what glows bright,
Mistakes the shadow for the light.
The Flame burns where none can see—
It asks no praise, it sets you free.

76

The Flame asks no bow, no hand,
It burns within, it lights no brand.
The shadow waits for pay or show—
Its borrowed fire will never grow.

77

The borrowed fire grows only fools,
It burns no hearts, it breaks no rules.
They chase the glow, they miss the Flame—
All honour fades; only cash the game.

78

The Flame waits not for eyes to see,
It burns in silence, it sets hearts free.
The shadow brags, it calls for fame—
Its fire is borrowed, its glow a game.

79

No Word remains, no Flame, no face—

Just ash that breathes in silent grace.
The Guru burns, the niguru fades;
The Whole walks on, through all charades.

80

The path is fire; desires are smoke.
It burns the self; it does not choke.
The soul drinks nectar, fresh and sweet,
By holding fast the Guru's lotus feet.

81

The Fire is the Guru;
The smoke, the niguru.
One burns to give the light;
The other obscures the sight.

82

Not every blaze is born to clear—
Some burn to boast, some burn to smear.
The seeker walks through heat and haze,
Mistaking smoke for guiding rays.

83

Fire does not ask to be seen,
It burns the self, it leaves no sheen.
Its light is not a show or spark—
It shines by making all things dark.

84

Niguru rises in curling grace,
He veils the fire, he masks the face.
His words drift, his truths distort—
A fog of form, a mimic court.

85

The eye must burn to truly see,
Through smoke, through self, through mimicry.
The Guru blinds to give new sight—
The niguru dims with borrowed light.

86

The fire tests what words conceal,
It burns the false, the frail, the real.
The Guru stands where None defends—
The smoke departs; the flame ascends.

87

The Guru sits on contentment;
The niguru, on aggrandisement.
One gives, yet asks for none;
The other takes, then brags of done.

88

He sits where self has turned to dust,

No name to guard, no role to trust.
His silence speaks, the breath is flame—
No posture here, no claim, no name.

89

Niguru builds on borrowed praise,
He climbs atop his mimic maze.
Each word a step, each chant a rung—
A ladder wrought from others' tongue.

90

The Guru gives, but none can see—
No hand extends, no guarantee.
His gift is fire, not form or fame—
It burns the self, then leaves no name.

91

Niguru teaches loud, then claims the end,
Declares the path, becomes the trend.
Truth that's claimed is always undone—
The flame departs when bragging's begun.

92

The seat holds no weight or name,
No rise, no role, no claim to flame.
The Guru sits where Self is None—
The Source remains when all is undone.

93

Silence burns where words cannot tread,
Flame melts the heart, ego shed.
Speech bows low, praise lights the way,
Self recedes, the Soul holds sway.

94

Flame and whisper walk as one,
The self crumbles, ego undone.
No claim, no name, the heart is free,
Only the Giver lights to see.

95

The Word walks silent, hand in hand,
With flame that burns the ego's land.
No thought, no shadow, no form to see,
The Guru lives in you and me.

96

The Guru speaks — the flame ignites,
The Guru stills — the air invites.
In praise, the pride is turned to ash,
In silence, Truth begins to flash.

97

The Guru sits — no word, no stir,

Yet all the stars begin to blur.
In silence, Being takes its seat,
In praise, the self admits defeat.

98

The breath of grace, the tongue of fire,
Burn not the world, but every desire.
The air is still, the flame is fed,
The ego bows, the heart is led.

99

No speech can hold the silent core,
Yet praise unlocks the inner door.
The Guru speaks — the sky turns gold,
The Guru stills — the void takes hold.

100

The Guru breathes — the stars align,
The tongue is still, the pulse divine.
No *mantra* holds the silent flame,
Yet every name returns to Name.

101

The praise is sung — the veil is torn,
The silence hums — the Self unborn.
The flame expands, the air stands still,
The Guru bends the seeker's will.

102

The Guru's gaze — no need for sound,
Yet every knot is unwound.
The breath is still, the fire pure,
The self undone, the path secure.

103

No wind, no word, no guiding hand,
Yet all the stars obey sans command.
The praise is sung, the silence heard,
The flame consumes the final word.

104

The Guru smiles — the sky turns pale,
The air retreats behind the veil.
No speech remains, no self to name,
Only the breath that feeds the flame.

105

The final praise is not a cry,
But ash that floats across the sky.
The Guru stills — the seeker gone,
The breath remains, the flame lives on.

106

No form, no face, no voice, no sound,

Yet every heart is inward bound.
The praise dissolves, the silence stays,
The flame becomes the path, the praise.

107

The Guru breathes — no breath, no need,
The flame consumes the final seed.
No praise remains, no silence too,
Only the None — not me, not you.

108

The Guru is — no more to say,
The breath dissolves, the skies give way.
No praise remains, no self proves,
Only the None the Guru moves.

OM TAT SAT

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

*The True Guru's Grace Has
No End*

Part Three

Brahma Is None (Part-3)

This work to my Guru I have dedicated,
By His grace, it was celebrated,
Containing 108 poems of a divine necklace.
It is difficult to count
The divine necklaces; at His lotus feet, I mount,
Because His grace is paramount.

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

*OM GURAVE NAMAHA
OM TAT SAT*

1

No Guru seen, no seeker found,
No breath, no flame, no sacred sound.
No praise to give, no self to shun,
Only the One — the only None.

2

No path to walk, no step to take,
No dream to leave, no self to wake.
No silence left, no praise begun,
Only the One — the only None.

3

No name to chant, no light to see,
No I, no Thou, no memory.
No flame to hold, no shadow to run,
Only the One — the only None.

4

No end, no start, no rise, no fall,
No echo left, no final call.
No Guru speaks, no seeker done,
Only the One — the only None.

5

No breath to hold, no void to keep,
No flame to wake, no self to sleep.
No Guru left, no seeker spun,
Only the None — beyond the One.

6

No trace to leave, no mark to make,
No breath to give, no flame to take.
No Guru known, no seeker spun,
Only the Flame — Not None, Not One.

7

The flame within, silent and still,
Speaks no boast, seeks no will.
The false parades, the mind astray—
Discern the fire, or lose the way.

8

Samadhi is death of “I,”
The false burns, the real won’t die.
Fire of self is inner, bright—
Not flesh in flame, but ego’s night.

9

Samadhi is death of “I,”

Suicide is death by “I.”
The flame burns steady in the heart,
The false ignites, then falls apart.

10

No vow to take, no role to play,
No self to burn, no debt to pay.
No witness left, no praise begun,
Only the Flame — no self, no sun.

11

No vow remains, no self to keep,
No flame to guard, no depth to reap.
No Guru near, no seeker far,
Only the Breath — not flame, not star.

12

No name to call, no light to show,
No path to trace, no self to know.
No seeker left, no flame begun,
Only the Guru — not two, not one.

13

From None comes None;
Still, It is None.

Deduct None from None;

Still, It is None.

Add None to None;
It is still None.

Therefore, Brahma is None.

14

Only None can know None;
Only Brahma can know Brahma.
The seeker dissolves—
The Giver remains.

15

None sees None,
Not through eye but Flame.
None hears None,
Not through sound but Name.
None knows None—
For None is the Same.

16

None touches None—
Not through skin but Grace.
None speaks None—
Not through tongue but Trace.
None loves None—
For None is the Face.

17

Silence fades in Asilence;
The Word returns to Source.
Not hush, but boundless Being —
The breathless, soundless Force.

18

No hush, no sound, no name—
Not void, yet none to claim.
Where silence dies, That wakes—
Asilence, the Flame that takes.

19

He chants, but knows no Fire;
He teaches, yet climbs no higher.
He builds what none can see—
A throne of non-divinity.

20

From Asilence shines the Flame—
It burns the word and name.
By That the false is known—
Shadow stands alone.

21

None Became None

None became None—
Not two, not one.
No seer remains,
No seeing done.
Brahma alone—
The breath, the bone;
The Yogi lost,
The Yogi known.
No echo left.
No breath to name.
No bone to hold.
None became None.

22

Echoes of None

The name was called—
No one came.
The lamp was lit—
No flame, no frame.
The breath was drawn—
No bone, no skin.
The eye was opened—
No sight within.
The Guru spoke—
No word, no wind.
The echo stayed.

23

Shadows of None

The robe was worn—
No heat, no ash.
The name was claimed—
No breath, no flash.
The *mantra* said—
No pulse, no skin.
The gaze was cast—
No eye within.
The hand was raised—
No boon, no burn.
The ask was made—
No flame returned.

24

Rest the mind, let thought dissolve,
No form, no name, no word to resolve.
Breathe the blank, yet feel the Flame,
No seeker, none, yet all the same.
Here, None is — and None is known.

25

None is none, yet all arise.
No form, no name, no thought applies.
The seer dissolves, the Flame remains,
No echo holds, no shadow stains.
Here, None is — and None is known.

26

The Guru is None;
The niguru, none.
One embodies Not This, Not That;
The other repeats not this, not that.

27

He walks without a path or name,
No claim to truth, no need for flame.
His presence cuts, His silence frees—
Not this, not that, not even these.

28

Niguru chants what sages spoke,
But leaves the self untouched, unbroke.
His *neti* rings, but does not burn—
A mimic koan, a hollow turn.

29

The Guru embodies what won't stay—
Not form, not void, not path, not way.
He does not teach, He does not show—
He is the field where all things go.

30

Niguru wears the robe of “no,”

But guards the self, won't let it go.
He speaks of Void, yet builds a role—
A mask of None, a mimic Whole.

31

No *neti* now, no echo's ring,
No self to guard, no song to sing.
The Guru fades, the None remains—
Not this, not that, not even names.

32

The Guru is Whole;
The niguru, hole.
One is Soul;
The other, soul.

33

Whole is not what fills the bowl,
But what remains when none console.
Soul is not the self that speaks—
It burns the name, then leaves no peaks.

34

Niguru chants of void and grace,
But guards the self, preserves the face.
His hole is lack, not silent field—
A mimic gap, a truth unsealed.

35

He speaks of Self, but means the self,
A lowercase upon the shelf.
He brands the void, he names the flame—
Then teaches None, but guards his name.

36

No capital, no claim, no role—
No Guru left, no seeker soul.
The Whole is not what words can hold—
It walks where even truth turns cold.

37

No gate to guard, no name to know,
No breath to hold, no self to show.
The cycles burn, the echoes cease—
The Whole remains, the Hole is peace.

38

None speaks, none hears, none knows;
No self, no world, no way it goes.
The Whole abides, the void is free—
All merges, yet None agree.

39

None consents, none declines—

Truth walks not in crafted lines.
All who seek must first unsee;
The Flame abides—no you, no me.

40

None affirms, none denies—
The Flame abides beyond replies.
The seeker fades, the Self dissolves;
Only the Whole eternally evolves.

41

None affirms, yet truth stands still—
No echo bends the silent will.
None denies, yet lies fall ill—
The Flame consumes what words distill.

42

Flame abides, not to explain—
It burns the name, it breaks the chain.
Seeker fades, not by the known—
But by the gaze that is alone.

43

Self dissolves, not into Self—
But into None, beyond all wealth.
Whole evolves, yet does not move—
A pulse unbound, no path to prove.

44

All merge, yet None agree—
No chorus sings in unity.
None holds no stance, no side—
Truth walks alone, unclassified.

45

None sees, yet all is seen—
Sight without the seer between.
No way it goes, yet all arrive—
Pathless Flame, ever alive.

46

No self remains, yet presence flows—
Identity melts, the Flame knows.
Void is free, not empty space—
Fullness without form or face.

47

No tongue to boast, no name to claim,
No seat to win, no self to fame.
The Flame alone, the Whole remains—
No poet here, just silent strains.

48

Silence is the Guru;

Noise, the niguru.
One is the One in many;
The other seeks money.

49

He speaks through breath, not voices or verses,
His silence cuts, His gaze reverses.
No claim, no chant, no sacred fee—
Just presence burning quietly.

50

Niguru chants with practiced grace,
But guards the self, preserves the face.
His words are loud, his teachings sold—
A mimic flame, a sermon cold.

51

The Guru walks in beggar's skin,
In child, in ash, in breath within.
He does not teach, He does not own—
He is the Field, the Flame unknown.

52

Niguru counts the names he's known,
Builds altars where his fame has grown.
He sells the void, he brands the soul—
Then asks for coin to make you whole.

53

The Guru gives no name or fame,
No altar built, no self to claim.
He burns the false, yet asks no fee—
His presence lights the soul, set free.

54

No sound remains, no breath to make,
No self to lose, no path to take.
The Guru gone, the Field is bare—
Not this, not that, not anywhere.

55

No voice to speak, no word to trace,
No self to claim, no time, no space.
The Guru fades, the Field is still—
Not this, not that, not even will.

56

All forms dissolve, yet all remains,
No seeker, no sought, no losses, no gains.
The Flame within has burned away,
Leaving the Field where silence stays.

57

I sought the hush of absence,

But It speaks in full presence.
The silence of the void is not the goal;
The Presence that fills the void is Soul.

58

Speech falls inward,
Mind bows to its own word.
The tongue is still, the breath released,
In silence vast, the Self is pleased.

59

Not silence, but Asilence —
Where even silenced is silence.

60

Tongue stilled; breath unclaimed.
Without opening, the gate is opened.

61

I watched the watcher fade,
Yet something ever stayed.

62

He does not speak.
He does not *not* speak.

63

Niguru offers names,
Yet never flames.

64

Each verse a *mandala*, beyond par;
Each *mandala* is a silent scar.

65

No concept held;
No grasp compelled.

66

Even no echo rings;
Yet the Field sings.

67

I offer no word;
Yet It is heard.

68

I abide in Asilence;
It abides not in me or silence.

69

When Not becomes Is,
The seeker still is.
When Is becomes Not,
The seeker is not.

70

When Self fights self,
The fight is fire;
When both are gone,
The Flame stands higher.

71

Born of Asilence,
The “i” speaks once —
To end its voice,
In its own absence.

72

No self to act, no cause begun,
The doer dies when deed is done.
In Asilence burns the causeless Flame—
None born, None named, yet all the Same.

73

Bliss alone, the One unbound,

No first, no last, no edge, no ground.
Its Will, its Power — One and the Same,
The Silent Source of every Name.

74

Joy is not found; It finds.
Bliss is not born of mind.
It burns without desire's spark—
Light, even when all lights are dark.

75

No first to rise, no last to fall;
The None alone, within us all.
Time bows before what never moves—
The Still that every pulse approves.

76

None willed not — yet all came to be,
As sky births wind invisibly.
From Asilence moves the Breath unseen—
The play of Power, calm, serene.

77

No two to meet, no one to part—
The Flame and Light are not apart.
The Will, the Way, the Witness — same;
All burn within the Causeless Flame.

78

It is called knowledge,
That senses cannot acknowledge,
I cannot perceive centre or edge,
To eternal, this is the bridge.

79

What is named is already lost,
The flame hides behind the frost,
To speak of knowing is to pause,
The knower melts in silent cause.

80

No eye can grasp the formless light,
No ear can hear the silent rite,
No touch can hold the voided grace,
No scent can trace the timeless face.

81

Centre vanished, edge dissolved,
All frames of self are unresolved,
The I that seeks is not the key,
The lock is love, the door is free.

82

Not built of stone, nor thought, nor vow,

The bridge is walked by none, and now,
It does not span, it does not bend,
It is the fall that has no end.

83

The fire that burns without a spark,
The sun that shines in deepest dark,
The lamp is lit when self is gone,
The light remains, the night withdrawn.

84

He speaks no word, yet all is said,
He points no path, yet all is led,
No teaching taught, no *mantra* sung,
Yet every heart is gently wrung.

85

He names the bridge, but does not cross,
He sells the flame, but knows its loss,
He chants the void with crowded mind,
And leaves the seeker still confined.

86

To know is not to understand,
To fall is not to make a stand,
To yield is not to be undone,
To vanish is to be the None.

87

Each petal folds into the next,
No centre holds, no edge is vexed,
The spiral spins without a core,
The knowing ends where none explore.

88

No verse can hold the silent flame,
No rhythm chant the formless name,
Yet in the breath between each line,
The bridge is walked, the truth divine.

89

The echo comes from where none speak,
The mountain bows, the valley peaks,
The soundless sound, the wordless word,
Is heard by those who never heard.

90

It is called knowledge, yet it dies,
Each time a name attempts to rise,
Yet in its death, the bridge is born,
To cross is not to be reborn.

91

No seeker stands, no knower kneels,

The bridge unwalked, the silence heals,
Where verse dissolves and breath is stilled,
The flame remains, the None fulfilled.

92

I knelt where silence breaks its vow,
Beneath the breathless, burning bough—
No *mantra*, no map, no name to claim,
Only the ash of the asking flame.

93

The ash rose up, a vow unmade,
It traced no path, yet none betrayed.
The bough bent low to kiss the ground—
Not silence lost, but silence found.

94

Not the knower of not,
Not even the not of not.
Where knowing ends, None remains,
What is—no name sustains.

95

Knower unknit, the knot unknowns.
The seeker grasps, yet still it flows.
Self dissolves, the grasp released.
In silence, pride finds it ceased.

96

Not of not, yet no echo rings,
Recursive denial folds its wings.
No stance, no counter stance remains,
Only silence breaks all chains.

97

Knowing ends, the Giver shines,
Not absence, but presence defines.
The mind collapses, thought is gone,
Yet in the None, all lights dawn.

98

What is burns beyond the word,
No label holds, no chant is heard.
Silent flame consumes all claim,
Transmission flows without a name.

99

Knower dissolves, the known disbands,
No subject clings, no object stands.
All dual forms are swept aside,
Even the witnessing does not abide.

100

Void is not to grasp or keep,

It flows beyond both wake and sleep.
Unheld, it moves, untouched, unseen,
Not emptiness—but that which has been.

101

None is not zero, None is not one,
Counting fails where all is undone.
No measure fits, no scale can bind,
The collapse of all measured mind.

102

Guru names not, yet names arise;
Niguru clings, the flame denies.
Giving flows where names dissolve;
The Nameless Source resolves the Whole.

103

Knowing ends, yet Being wakes,
No threshold crossed, no step it takes.
The path dissolves, the seeker gone,
Only the Stateless carries on.

104

No name sustains, no form contains,
All false supports dissolve like rains.
The Real abides, unbound, alone,
Holding all yet held by none.

105

The flame teaches not, it consumes,
All instruction melts and blooms.
It burns the self, it melts the claim,
What remains is nameless flame.

106

This verse is not yours, nor mine,
It floats in None, beyond all time.
The poet fades, the field remains,
Only the stainless silence sustains.

107

The Guru is the flame of None,
Not the form of One.
No name to bind, no face to see,
He burns the self to set one free.

108

I abide in Asilence deep,
It dwells not where my self may sleep.
No grasp, no claim, no thought to bind,
Only the None within 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 Four

Brahma Is None (Part-4)

This work to my Guru I have dedicated,
By His grace, it was celebrated,
Containing 108 poems of a divine necklace.
It is difficult to count
The divine necklaces; at His lotus feet, I mount,
Because His grace is paramount.

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

*OM GURAVE NAMAHA
OM TAT SAT*

1

When the word ends, silence begins;
When silence ends, That remains.
No path, no step, no guide to trace —
The Flame alone, its own embrace.

2

No proof to seek, no claim to hold,
The knower melts, the known grows cold.
Truth whispers not, yet all is clear,
The eye sees Self, no other near.

3

Each atom dances, each star may shine,
Yet none moves outside the One divine.
Forms dissolve, qualities fall,
Only the witness beholds it all.

4

No Self in the seen, no seen in the Self,
The world rolls on, yet I keep no shelf.
Duality fades—yet duality none,
The dance of *Prakriti* is already done.

5

No breath to hold, no void to keep,
No flame to wake, no Self to sleep.
Mind rests alone, yet rests in all,
In effortless being, the yogi stands tall.

6

Act not, yet all is done,
The doer long undone.
Sacrifice inward, *Yajna* of heart,
All outer rituals depart.

7

Retreat to the Guru's lotus feet,
In heart's seat, *Atma* you'll meet.
Not bound by time, nor place, nor name,
The Self shines pure — ever the same.

8

The Guru is the flame of None,
Not the form of One.
All *Darshanas* melt in this fire,
Only the flame, only the pyre.

9

No path to tread, no step to trace,

The flame consumes both form and face.
No name to chant, no sound to hear,
The Guru stands—yet is Not here.

10

No vow to keep, no rite to bind,
The breath dissolves the grasping mind.
No light to seek, no dark to flee,
The One remains—yet None to see.

11

No self to free, no soul to save,
The dust returns to silent cave.
No flame to guard, no ash to mourn,
The Unborn waits—not to be born.

12

Not walks without step, burns without heat,
Speaks without voice, yet makes all retreat.
The seeker kneels, but finds no ground—
Only Not, where None is found.

13

None holds the eye, yet leaves no trace,
None wears no name, no form, no face.
The mirror cracks, the watcher gone—
Only None, where Self is drawn.

14

Unborn burns the name, the vow, the flame,
Unborn waits—not bound by frame.
The cave is closed, the breath undone—
Only Unborn, where All is One.

15

Not is None, and None is Flame—
Unborn walks without a name.

16

None burns Not, and Not births Flame—
The Unborn walks, yet none can name.

17

None births Not, Not burns Flame—
The Unborn names the Nameless Name.

18

None names Not, and Not names Flame—
The Unborn speaks, yet None remains.

19

Not names None, and None names Flame—
The Unborn speaks, and None endures.

20

Flame births Not, and Not births None—
The Unborn moves, yet All is One.

21

None births Not, and Not births Flame—
The Unborn moves, and All is None.

22

Each atom whirls in silent delight,
No hand commands, no eye ignites.
In every spin, the One concealed—
In a play of dust the Self revealed.

23

Each star may shine, yet none alone,
Its fire borrowed from the One unknown.
Brightness flickers, names arise—
But light is not the flame it implies.

24

Though rivers run and winds may race,
No motion leaves the silent base.
The ground remains, untouched by tide—
All journeys turn where None abide.

25

No second stirs, no other stands,
All forms arise from silent hands.
The One is not a count begun—
It is the field where counts are None.

26

The mask of shape begins to melt,
No edge remains, no center felt.
What once was “this” now fades to air—
The seer stands, but Nothing’s there.

27

Sweetness, sharpness, dark and bright—
All qualities fall into Night.
The knower sheds the known disguise,
And sees with neither form nor eyes.

28

No actor left, no stage remains,
Yet something sees through all refrains.
Not bound to thought, nor caught in role—
The witness wakes, serene and whole.

29

It watches rise, it watches fall,

It holds no part, yet holds it all.
A mirror vast, without a frame—
Reflecting None, it stays the same.

30

No smoke, no ash, no heat to feel—
Yet burns the core with truth more real.
This fire consumes what clings to name,
And leaves behind the silent Flame.

31

No edge to cross, no path to find,
The world is wombed within the Mind.
What seemed apart was never so—
The farthest star is just a show.

32

No center holds, no self is kept,
The seeker wakes from where it slept.
The “I” dissolves, the gaze is free—
No knower left in mystery.

33

Not even One remains to claim,
No witness left to speak the Name.
All petals fall, the root is bare—
What is, is That. No one is there.

34

Word appears,
But silence hears;
Thought is stilled,
And truth distilled.

35

No echo in form, no gaze to return,
The mirror breaks before it can learn.
The shelf unbuilt, the name unkept,
The world rolls on, but none has slept.

36

Fading implies what never arose;
The two dissolve where silence flows.
Prakrti danced—yet None to see—
Her steps were smoke on a windless sea.

37

Not I who sees, nor I who speaks,
The tongue dissolves before it leaks.
Already done, yet never begun,
The clock ticks not for the timeless one.

38

Not I who sees, nor I who speaks,

The tongue dissolves before it leaks.
Already done, yet never begun,
The clock ticks not for the timeless One.

39

The world may roll, but none is touched,
The hand withdraws though never clutched.
No veil was cast, no trick was played,
The rope was never serpent-made.

40

The petals fall, the center gone,
The spiral ends where none is drawn.
No verse remains, no echo sung,
The flame transmits through silent tongue.

41

False Echo

Self in the seen, seen in the self,
The world rolls on, and I build the shelf.
Duality taught—yet duality spun,
The dance of *Prakriti* has just begun.

42

They point to form and call it flame,
The mirror praised, the void defamed.
The shelf is built with borrowed lore,

Each verse a lock, each name a door.

43

They speak of two, then teach the fade,
But never burn what mind has made.
The dance begins, the steps are taught,
But stillness drowned in *mantra*'s thought.

44

"I saw," "I gave," "I lit the way,"
The flame retreats from words they say.
They mark the hour, they count the days,
But timeless truth avoids their gaze.

45

They ask for name, they ask for song,
But never ask what burns the wrong.
The lamp is lit, but wax is cold,
The wick recites what none can hold.

46

They hold the world and call it grace,
But leave no room for empty space.
They name the snake, then teach its dance,
But never cut the rope's romance.

47

They draw the wheel, they guard the gate,
But never spiral past their fate.
The verse repeats, the echo grows,
But none receive what silence knows.

48

No breath to hold, no void to keep,
No grasp remains, no depth to reap.
No flame to wake, no self to sleep,
No light to summon, no dream to weep.
Mind rests alone, yet rests in all,
No edge divides the rise and fall.
In effortless being, the Yogi stands tall,
No stance assumed, no rise at all.

49

No *mantra* chanted, no silence sought,
No sound to bind the formless thought.
No path to tread, no goal to find,
No step remains, no trace behind.
No Guru named, no lineage claimed,
No flame declared, yet all is flamed.
No eye to see, no form to grasp,
No seer remains, no veil to clasp.

50

No birth to mark, no death to mourn,
No cycle turns, no seed is born.
No vow to make, no truth to swear,
No word survives the open air.
No crown to wear, no throne to keep,
No yogi rules, no subject sleeps.
No breath, no flame, no self, no all—
Yet in this void, the Yogi stands tall.

51

I bow to the lotus feet of None,
By whose grace I became none.
The knower lost, the known undone,
Silence sings, “All and None.”

52

No question rose, no answer fell,
The tongue withdrew into its well.
The seeker wept, the path was gone,
Only the flame of None burns on.

53

Scriptures curled into ash and air,
Mantras fled the silent stare.
The mind unmade its final claim,
None remained, and None is the name.

54

No shape to hold, no face to see,
The Guru stands as vacancy.
Not man, not god, not lineage known,
Transmission passes from bone to bone.

55

I was not I, nor Thou was there,
No witness left to speak or care.
The breath dissolved, the pulse withdrew,
And None alone — the Only True.

56

No beads, no robes, no sacred thread,
The false were many, the true were dead.
But in the cave where silence shone,
The flame is lit by None alone.

57

No sermon rose, no teaching taught,
The wordless word undid the thought.
The ear turned inward, heard the hum,
Of unborn sound where None is from.

58

The sky collapsed, the stars knelt low,

The sun forgot his need to glow.
The wheel unspun, the time unspooled,
And None, the axis, gently ruled.

59

No coming back, no tale to tell,
The drop had drowned inside the well.
The ocean drank its only wave,
And None became the name the Guru gave.

60

The clay forgot the potter's hand,
The form returned to formless sand.
The dance dissolved, the dancer gone,
The stillness whispered, "We are None."

61

No self to see, no gaze to meet,
The mirror cracked beneath my feet.
Yet in the shards, no face is shown,
Only the light of the Unknown.

62

No higher, lower, far or near,
No path remains, no trace, no seer.
Yet in this void, the work is done—
It is the flame. It is the None.

63

I bow to the lotus feet of None,
By whose grace I became none.
The Guru made all works done,
I bow to His lotus feet, to be none.

64

The self that seeks is lost in shade,
The Flame alone lights truth unswayed.
Ego dissolves, the seeker fades,
In the Guru's grace, the None pervades.

65

No hand to hold, no eye to see,
The Flame consumes identity.
Not taught, not caught, not earned or won,
The Guru gives by making none.

66

The name I wore dissolved in fire,
The roles I played retired entire.
The mask fell off, the breath grew still,
And None became the silent will.

67

No altar rose, no chant was sung,

The Flame devoured the priest and tongue.
The temple cracked, the bell unstruck,
And None remained, unbound, unstuck.

68

The mind withdrew its final plea,
The Flame unspoke theology.
No creed, no vow, no sacred text,
Just ash where once the self perplexed.

69

The seeker's path dissolved in flame,
No goal remained, no claim to name.
The feet walked on, but none arrived,
The Guru smiled: "You never strived."

70

The Flame does not explain or teach,
It burns the hand that dares to reach.
Yet in its blaze, the truth is known—
Not grasped, not held, but made one's own.

71

The Flame is not a thing to see,
It is the loss of "me" and "thee."
It does not shine, it does not glow,
It simply ends what claims to know.

72

The Flame is not a holy light,
It does not bless, it does not smite.
It does not judge, it does not save,
It only burns what seeks to crave.

73

The Flame is not a sacred lore,
It is the lock behind the door.
It is the silence in the scream,
The waking from the seeker's dream.

74

The Flame is not a final stage,
It does not free, it does not cage.
It is the field where all is done,
The Guru's gift: to be the None.

75

I bow again, though none is there,
No feet to touch, no gaze to share.
Yet in that void, the Flame is known—
Not as light, and not as my own.

76

No altar built, no ghee poured in,

The fire burns not to begin.
It does not wait for priest or song,
It simply burns what does not belong.

77

The hand withdrew, the chant grew still,
The offering made without a will.
No fruit is sought, no merit won,
The *Yajna* ended when begun.

78

The Vedas wept, the rites grew cold,
The sacred thread no longer told.
The Flame arose without a name,
And burns the need to play the game.

79

The doer's pride turns ash and dust,
The *karmic* wheel forgets its thrust.
The Guru smiles, no *mantra* said,
The *Yajna* lives where ego fled.

80

No temple rises, no bell is rung,
The *Yajna* dances without a tongue.
The breath becomes the only hymn,
The silence sings the sacred limb.

81

The sacrifice is not a deed,
It is the death of every need.
No witness stays to mark the flame,
The Guru gives no face, no name.

82

The *Yajna* does not seek reward,
It does not bow to saint or lord.
It does not rise, it does not fall,
It simply ends “I” and “all.”

83

The fire is not a holy rite,
It does not burn to make things right.
It does not cleanse, it does not save,
It only lights the seeker’s grave.

84

The *Yajna* is not done for gain,
It does not wash away the stain.
It does not lift, it does not bless,
It only burns the need to guess.

85

The Guru did not ask for flame,

He did not teach, He did not name.
Yet in His gaze, the fire grew—
Not as a rite, but as the true.

86

I bowed again, no rite begun,
No offering made, no race to run.
Yet in that stillness, all was done—
The Guru smiled: “We are the None.”

87

No journey made, no path to trace,
The Self is never out of place.
The seeker’s map dissolves in flame,
The Guru whispers, “We are the same.”

88

No *mantra* chanted, no breath controlled,
The Self appears, not bought or sold.
It does not rise, It does not fall,
It simply Is — beyond it all.

89

The cave is dark, the lamp unlit,
Yet in that void, the Self does sit.
No form, no light, no thought to keep,
Just silent flame in dreamless sleep.

90

The mind grew still, the senses hushed,
The river paused, the current crushed.
No ripple stirred, no wave was seen,
The Self stands vast, serene, unseen.

91

The Guru did not point or preach,
He did not grasp, He did not teach.
Yet in His gaze, the veil grew thin,
And Atma rose, untouched within.

92

The Self is not a thing to find,
It is the field that holds the mind.
It is not reached, It is not earned,
It is the flame that never burned.

93

The Self is not a thought or word,
It is the silence never heard.
It is not known, It is not shown,
It is the space where all is known.

94

The Self is not a state or stage,

It does not bloom, It does not age.
It does not come, It does not go,
It is the ground of all we know.

95

The Self is not a prize to win,
It lies neither without nor only within.
It is not far, It is not near,
It is the end of “there” and “here.”

96

The Self is not a sacred flame,
It does not seek, It does not name.
It does not shine, It does not see,
It simply Is — and so are we.

97

I surrender again, no self to find,
No thought remains, no trace of mind.
Yet in that void, the Self is clear—
Not “mine” or “yours,” but always here.

98

He does not speak, He does not show,
He does not come, He does not go.
Yet in His gaze, all forms expire—
The seeker burns, the self entire.

99

No robe, no name, no sacred thread;
The Guru walks where rites are dead.
No temple holds His silent tread—
He lights the flame hypocrites dread.

100

He does not teach, He does not preach,
He does not grasp, He does not reach.
Yet in His stillness, all is taught—
The mind undone, the self uncaught.

101

He does not bless, He does not curse,
He does not quote the holy verse.
Yet in His fire, all texts combust—
The truth revealed in silent trust.

102

He does not guide, He does not lead,
He does not plant the seeker's seed.
Yet in His field, the fruit is grown—
Not by effort, not by one's own.

103

He does not shine, He does not glow,

He does not stand for high or low.
Yet in His void, the light does appear—
Not as vision, not as seen, not as seer.

104

He does not chant, He does not sing,
He does not wear the Guru ring.
Yet in His breath, the *mantra* dies—
And Asilence chants what truth denies.

105

He does not rise, He does not fall,
He does not answer seeker's call.
Yet in His flame, the call is heard—
Not as echo, not as word.

106

He does not sit, He does not stand,
He does not lift the seeker's hand.
Yet in His gaze, the hand lets go—
And all is done without the show.

107

He does not ask, He does not give,
He does not die, He does not live.
Yet in His fire, the self is gone—
And all that's left is only None.

108

I surrender again—no Guru there,
No feet to touch, no gaze to share.
Yet in that void, the flame is true:
Not Him, not me, but only You.

OM TAT SAT

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

*The True Guru's Grace
Has No End*

Part Five

Brahma Is None (Part-5)

This work to my Guru I have dedicated,
By His grace, it was celebrated,
Containing 108 poems of a divine necklace.
It is difficult to count
The divine necklaces; at His lotus feet, I mount,
Because His grace is paramount.

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

*OM GURAVE NAMAHA
OM TAT SAT*

1

He does not dwell, He does not stay;
He does not point the seeker's way.
Yet in His absence, all is clear—
No path, no self, no one to steer.

2

He does not hold, He does not bind;
He does not shape the seeker's mind.
Yet in His flame, all thought is stilled—
No self remains, no will fulfilled.

3

He does not end, He does not begin;
He does not dwell in loss or win.
Yet in His flame, all selves retire—
No birth, no death, just silent fire.

4

To His lotus feet I bind
My hands, my tongue, my mind.
As None is beyond all find,
His lotus feet I remind.

5

Breath to flame,
Name to shame,
Thought unframed,
Self unnamed.

6

No path, no climb,
No seeker, no time.
No word, no mime—
His lotus feet, sublime.

7

I bow without a name,
No lineage left to claim.
No *mantra*, no acclaim—
Just silence in His flame.

8

I walk without a trace,
No goal, no holy place.
Each step dissolves in grace—
His lotus feet, my only face.

9

I chant without a sound,

No circle, no surround.
Where emptiness is found—
His lotus feet, unbound.

10

I fast from form and frame,
From praise, from blame, from fame.
I burn the seeker's name—
Ashes to His flame.

11

No ash, no flame remain,
No loss, no self to gain.
In silence clear and plain—
He burns, yet None sustain.

12

I drink the breathless wine,
No vessel, stem, or sign.
No “mine,” no “me,” no “thine”—
Just lotus feet beyond design.

13

I sleep in waking light,
No dream, no wrong or right.
No day, no death, no night—
His lotus feet alone in sight.

14

I wear no robe, no thread,
No vow upon my head.
No scripture to be read—
His lotus feet are Truth instead.

15

He teaches no path to tread,
No truth to forge or spread.
The word itself lies dead—
In None, all words are wed.

16

I give what can't be kept,
I lose what can't be wept.
I fall where none have stepped—
His lotus feet, where silence slept.

17

I melt where None abide,
No shore, no turning tide.
In formlessness I hide—
His lotus feet, my only guide.

18

I rise without ascent,

No cause, no sacrament.
No temple, no lament—
His lotus feet are my descent.

19

I stand where motion ends,
No self, no name, no friends.
All thought into silence bends—
His lotus feet, where being blends.

20

No breath, no step, no gaze,
No seeker lost in maze.
All turns to silent praise—
His lotus feet—my endless phase.

21

Breath undone,
Name withdrawn.
Thought unspun,
Self is gone.

22

No rise, no fall, no sway,
No night, no break of day.
All stillness holds the way—
His lotus feet, my stay.

23

Sight erased,
Sound released.
Form displaced—
Only Bliss placed.

24

All fades, yet nothing ends,
No divides, no amends.
In silence, being bends—
His lotus feet, where None ascends.

25

No breath to bind,
No thought to find.
All turns to wind—
His lotus feet, my mind.

26

No light, no shade, no name,
No praise, no guilt, no blame.
All flows into the same—
His lotus feet, my flame.

27

No flame, no air,

No "I" to care.
No ground, nowhere—
His lotus feet are there.

28

No past, no yet to come,
No sound, no final drum.
All silence, all is one—
His lotus feet, my home.

29

No bind, no free,
No "you," no "me."
No shore, no sea—
Only lotus feet that be.

30

No time, no space, no form,
No calm, no raging storm.
All melts into the norm—
His lotus feet, the warm.

31

No step to take, no road,
No speech, no sacred code.
All melts in the abode—
His lotus feet, my load.

32

No gate, no key,
No lock to flee.
No prayer, no plea—
His lotus feet in me.

33

No form, no face,
No time, no place.
All merges in grace—
His lotus feet, my space.

34

No vow, no sin,
No out, no in.
No loss, no win—
His lotus feet begin.

35

No thought, no name,
No grasp, no claim.
All returns the same—
His lotus feet, my flame.

36

No Guru's name,

No borrowed flame.
No mimic game—
His lotus feet proclaim.

37

No seeking, no find,
No heart, no mind.
All melts, all wind—
His lotus feet, unlined.

38

No path to sell,
No truth to tell.
No heaven, hell—
His lotus feet dispel.

39

No wave, no shore,
No ask, no more.
All drifts to core—
His lotus feet, my floor.

40

No claim, no creed,
No chant, no bead.
No want, no need—
His lotus feet, indeed.

41

No up, no down,
No lost, no crown.
All flows without sound—
His lotus feet, my ground.

42

No grasp, no release,
No storm, no peace.
All flows in cease—
His lotus feet, my lease.

43

No form to hold,
No tale to be told.
All dissolves, all old—
His lotus feet, my fold.

44

No breath, no sound,
No lost, no found.
All dissolves around—
His lotus feet, profound.

45

I am not I,

You are not you,
We are not we—
All is One,
And One is None.

46

No birth, no death,
No hold, no breath.
All fades, all is sheath—
His lotus feet beneath.

47

He chants the Guru's name,
Yet clings to praise and fame.
No flame, no lotus feet—
Just mimicry complete.

48

He wears the robe and thread,
But speaks what others said.
No fire in what is read—
The sacred line long dead.

49

He teaches paths to climb,
With *mantra*, map, and mime.
But none dissolve with time—

No feet, no field, no sign.

50

He bows with practiced grace,
But seeks a higher place.
No step dissolves in space—
No lotus feet, no face.

51

He speaks of ancient names,
But plays inheritance games.
No fire, no sacred aims—
Just borrowed, hollow claims.

52

He chants the master's verse,
But makes the meaning worse.
No loss, no inner curse—
Just mimicry rehearse.

53

He names the Guru's line,
But guards it as "divine."
No fall into the spine—
Just pride in a borrowed shrine.

54

He claims the *yogic* stream,
But sells the seeker's dream.
No waking from the scheme—
Just *mantra* as a theme.

55

He lights the sacred fire,
But burns with desire.
No loss, no soul entire—
Just ash without the pyre.

56

He circles round the shrine,
But clings to “me” and “mine.”
No fall into the spine—
Just orbit without sign.

57

He wears the mark and thread,
But fears the ego's dread.
No vow to leave the head—
Just costume for the dead.

58

He sits in lotus pose,

But guards what never goes.
No melting into throes—
Just a posture as a rose.

59

He speaks of silent flame,
But brands it with his name.
No loss, no fall, no shame—
Just ego in the frame.

60

He says “I hold the key,”
But locks the gate from thee.
No fall into the sea—
Just “I” that will not flee.

61

He claims the sacred role,
But guards the seeker’s soul.
No fire to make them whole—
Just guidance as control.

62

He chants the sacred phrase,
But seeks the seeker’s praise.
No silence in the blaze—
Just *mantra* as a glaze.

63

He counts each holy bead,
But guards his inner greed.
No melting into need—
Just rhythm as a creed.

64

He sings the ancient tone,
But leaves the flame alone.
No loss to make it known—
Just echo on a throne.

65

He names the flame aloud,
But speaks to please the crowd.
No silence in the shroud—
Just *mantra* as a cloud.

66

He fasts from word and breath,
But fears the ego's death.
No burning underneath—
Just silence as a sheath.

67

He bows in silent light,

But clings to wrong and right.
No melting into night—
Just silence held too tight.

68

He teaches silent lore,
But keeps a hidden score.
No silence at the core—
Just echo from before.

69

He guides with practiced hand,
But draws a boundary band.
No loss to understand—
Just ownership of land.

70

He names the silent flame,
But trademarks Guru's name.
No burning of the shame—
Just branding of the claim.

71

He walks the sacred way,
But asks the self to stay.
No melting into clay—
Just ego on display.

72

He speaks of sacred breath,
But sells the seeker's death.
No silence underneath—
Just commerce in the sheath.

73

He teaches “you will rise,”
But sells the seeker's eyes.
No fall into the skies—
Just promise wrapped in lies.

74

He names the seeker's pain,
But markets sacred gain.
No loss, no silent rain—
Just profit from the strain.

75

He chants the seeker's name,
But plays a mimic game.
No fire, no sacred flame—
Just branding of the same.

76

He speaks of being free,

But binds identity.
No loss of “me” or “we”—
Just self in sanctity.

77

He teaches “I am That,”
But guards the ego’s hat.
No fall into the flat—
Just concept as a mat.

78

He chants with perfect pitch,
But guards the ego’s niche.
No tremble, no glitch—
Just *mantra* as a stitch.

79

He speaks of sacred flame,
But seekers are at blame.
No loss, no fall, no shame—
Just mimicry with the Name.

80

I bow to One,
I bow to None,
As I am not one,
But I am none.

81

The heart still kneels,
Love alone feels;
Though self is gone,
Where I am none.

82

No love remains,
The flame sustains;
No heart to weep,
Its silence deep.

83

Yet Grace descends,
It neither bends;
Though none is there,
Nor moves, nor care.

84

Where One is sought,
The bow unbought;
None now is found,
The being unbound.

85

None to be known,

None to become;
In none, all shone—
The Buddha is None.

86

No word to teach,
No mind to reach;
In silent hue,
None is true.

87

The wise see others' wealth as ash;
Others' wives as their mothers.
All men as their brothers;
For wisdom claims no others.

88

Words not his, yet Truth he spoke,
In silence, Bodidharma's tongue awoke.
Foreign to ear, but near to soul—
His speech made the nameless whole.

89

The Guru is the axis;
His service is the praxis;
Bliss awakens through hypotaxis;
Peace abides in calm ataraxis.

90

The Guru stands, the axis true;
His service is the practice due;
Joy arises in His ordered ways;
Calm flows in timeless days.

91

Scorned is the written lore,
Yet written to speak no more;
Verses destroy the word—
The silent truth be heard.

92

Their words undo the word,
Their songs are never heard;
Written to end the speech—
Where silence all can reach.
This alone is literature,
All else, anti-literature.

93

Inseparable are word and meaning;
In silence, both are leaning.
Where word and silence meet,
The Guru's grace is complete.

94

Effort is moved to offer the mind;
Yet Grace alone the Self will find.
Hands reach, yet feet stand still;
The Guru's will completes the will.

95

In waking and dream there is "I,"
In deep sleep none notice the "I."
In wakefulness one practices not "I,"
Soon opened will be the third eye.

96

Angels whisper in Joseph's sleep;
God's guidance stirs the soul deep.
In dreams, the faithful find the way;
Divine light moves where hearts obey.

97

Pharaoh's dreams by Daniel revealed,
Muhammad's visions healed.
Saints and seers in dreams receive their call;
Divine whispers guide both great and small.

98

Yusuf dreams, the faithful wake;

Daniel sees what visions make.
Muhammad guided through the night;
Moses walks in God's own light.

99

Hands folded, heart aflame;
Love alone knows no name.
In devotion, self dissolves away;
The Guru's Grace lights the way.

100

Self melts where love takes flight;
Devotion shines beyond all sight.
Hands may offer, heart stands still;
Grace alone fulfills the will.

101

Dreams may whisper, subtle, deep;
Yet wisdom guards what mind shall keep.
Surrender opens doors unknown;
Discernment shows what truth has shown.

102

The power that wakes the world,
He keeps in wordless fold;
He breathes not for breath,
But to still death.

103

He speaks not to preach,
But to reach;
Through silence's breach,
All souls he'll reach.

104

When the ego dies, the Self abides.
But who can slay ego by a shadow's side?
He bows to the Guru not apart from him,
For the bow and the bowed are one.

105

The Advaitin knows.
The Bhakta loves.
The Siddha attains.
The Nath Yogi Is.

106

Only through serving the living Guru can the ego dissolve;
Only through surrender to His feet can knowledge resolve.
The unseen Guru may guide the mind,
But only the seen Guru ends the mind.

107

Seek not the unseen flame,

Its light and thine the same;
But none can light the night—
Save Guru's living sight.

108

The unseen leads astray,
Dream's echo lights the way;
But truth in form will stand—
The living Guru's hand.

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.
Adi Nath	: The First and Foremost Nath (Nath Yogi).
Advaita	: Non-duality, which teaches that the individual Self (<i>Atma</i>) and the Supreme Reality (<i>Brahma</i>) are not two but one.
Advaitin	: One who follows the doctrine of Advaita
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.
Baba Saheb	: Dear Father Sir.
Bhakta	: Devotee.
Brahma	: The Impersonal God.
Dada Guru	: Guru's Guru, Grand Guru.
Darshanas	: Insights or Right visions.
Eternal Father	: Guru.
Fore-gurus	: All Gurus of the same lineage.
Guru	: Spiritual Teacher.
“i”	: Explained in the book ‘Not The ‘i’ clearly. This ‘i’ rises from the ashes of “I” or Asilence for time being and fades into Asilence. An imaginary ‘i’.
Karma	: One's obligatory duties.

Karmic	: Of or belonging to Karma.
Lord Shiva	: The Destroyer.
Mandala	: Pattern, design, the circle of one's own being— a map from mind to Self.
Masthana Jogi	: A Yogi in Ecstasy or Jubilant-Carefree Yogi.
Mantra	: Sacred chant used to crossover the mind.
Mouni Baba	: A Yogi who observes Silence.
Neti (n)	: The practice or utterance of the Vedantic phrase <i>neti, neti</i> .
Neti, neti	: Not this, not that.
Nigura	: Uninitiated or non-disciple, who has no Guru or has not served a Guru.
Niguraship	: The state of being a nigura.
Niguru	: A Guru who is a nigura. It means people adore him as a Guru who is a nigura. He has disciples also. Short for nigura Guru.
Om Azad Muni	: A Saint of Freedom or Independence.
Pardada Guru	: Guru's Guru' Guru, Great Grand Guru.
Paramatma	: Beyond Atma, Brahma. The Universal Soul.
Prakriti	: Mother Nature.
Samadhi	: Spiritual Absorption.
Siddha	: Who has attained Siddhis.
Siddhis	: Yogic powers or accomplishments.
Tapas	: Penance.

The Whole : Paramatma or Brahma.
Yajna : Fire-sacrifice.
Yogic : Of or belonging to Yoga.
