

BUT



Nath Yogi
KVS Rama Rao

BUT

**GURU SIDDHA NATH'S LOTUS
FEET SERVANT**
KVS RAMA RAO
www.nathyogi.com

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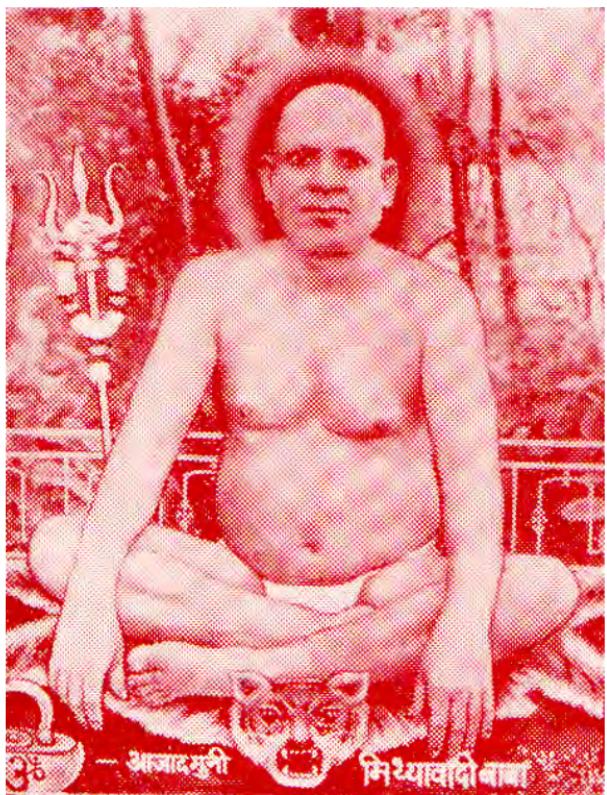
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*ॐ Om Azad Muni

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)



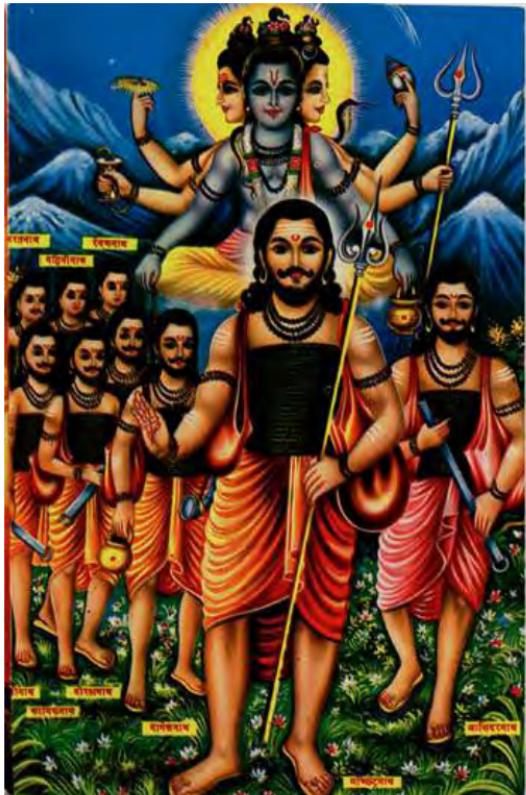
Guru Bhuvani Nath

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

But (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 NAMAH
OM TAT SAT*

1

He who thinks he knows,
In him, the ignorance grows.
He who claims he has seen,
To him, Truth has never been.

2

For the Truth is not a show,
And the 'I' can never know.
Only when the 'I' is gone,
Does the Light of Truth dawn.

3

Guru does not seek,
He does not speak.
He is the peak
For the humble and the meek.

4

He is the light,
To the inner sight.
He is the might,
That ends the night.

5

It is not a gift,
Grace is a shift.
It is not a gain,
It is the end of pain.

6

It is not a new state,
It is the end of fate.
It is not a ‘how’,
It is the ‘Now’.

7

The ‘I’ is the wall,
That makes you small.
The ‘I’ is the fall,
That makes you thrall.

8

“Not I” is the call
That ends it all.
In the “I”’s death,
Is the Spirit’s breath.

9

He does not hit,

He does not split.
He lights the bit,
Till you are It.

10

The sword of Grace,
Leaves no trace.
In that embrace,
You lose your face.

11

Silence is the gold,
That cannot be sold.
Silence is the old,
That cannot be told.

12

In silence, you are bold,
In silence, you are on hold.
Silence is the mold,
In which Truth is rolled.

13

They play the part,
With a hollow heart.
They practice the art,
In the busy mart.

14

They are the cart,
Before the horse can start.
From Truth, they are apart,
Right from the very start.

15

At His lotus feet,
Is the only retreat.
Where you meet,
The Truth so sweet.

16

The play is complete,
No more to repeat.
In that heartbeat,
Is the Guru's seat.

17

Let mountains fall,
Let oceans call.
Let sky grow small,
And stars all crawl.
If you stand tall
Behind Guru's wall,
You lose nothing at all
In the final call.

18

The sun may go cold,
The story be told.
But Truth is not old,
And never is sold.

19

In the heart that is bold,
It takes a firm hold.
Beyond the world's fold,
In a silence of gold.

20

The Word is one,
Beneath the sun.
In every tongue,
Its song is sung.

21

But in this hour,
It takes its power,
In a simple verse,
To end the curse.

22

The play is done,

The war is won.
Beneath the sun,
We are but one.

23

No more the fear,
Of what is near.
The Guru is here,
In the heart, clear.

24

No more a name,
No more a game.
No more the shame,
Of the world's flame.

25

The King is here,
Beyond the peer.
In the silence near,
The All is clear.

26

One breath in,
To end the sin.
One breath out,
To end the doubt.

27

No more ‘me’,
Only the ‘Be’.
The light you see,
Is the Guru in thee.

28

I see the tree,
But the Root is He.
I see the sea,
But the Salt is He.

29

I see the ‘me’,
But the ‘Is’ is He.
From bond to free,
The Guru is the key.

30

He reads the book,
With a greedy look.
But the bait and hook,
Are all he took.

31

He sees the fruit,

But denies the Root.
In his hollow suit,
The Truth is mute.

32

It has no throat,
It has no note.
It is the boat,
On which you float.

33

It does not plead,
It does not need.
It is the seed,
Of every deed.

34

The many speak to lead,
To sow their selfish seed.
The One speaks to free,
To make you truly 'be'.

35

The many seek your ear,
To plant the seed of fear.
The One speaks in the heart,
Where you and He ne'er part.

36

The word is a spark,
In the total dark.
But when you embark,
On the Guru's arc,
The light is so bright,
It kills the sight.
In the final night,
Is the only Light.

37

The Light you see,
Is Guru in thee,
Ending the night
With inner sight.

38

I saw the ghost,
Of the worldly host.
I feared him most,
From coast to coast.

39

But the Guru's light
Showed me the sight:
'Twas but a post,
In a wooden coat!

40

The book is closed,
The Truth disclosed.
No more opposed,
To what is posed.

41

The King is not I,
Beneath the sky.
No more to die,
No more to ‘why’.

42

The road was long,
The wind was strong.
I sang the song,
To right the wrong.

43

But now I see,
The road is ‘Not me’.
The end is free,
In the Guru-Tree.

44

The screen is the wall,

Where the shadows fall.
But within the crawl,
Is the Guru of all.

45

No stone can hide
The Light inside;
On the Verse you ride
To the farther side.

46

The world is a shout,
To fill you with doubt.
But the Verse is the scout,
To lead you all out.

47

The rhythm is a wall,
That never can fall.
In the Guru's call,
You stand ever tall.

48

No more a shield,
To the One I yield.
In the Guru's field,
The wound is healed.

49

The dance is light,
In the middle of night.
With the Guru's might,
All is right.

50

The road is not me,
The Light is Thee.
From bond to free,
I rest in Guru-Tree.

51

The mirror broke,
When the Guru spoke.
No more the 'two',
In the 'Me' and 'You'.

52

The 'inside' is out,
Without a doubt.
To 'be' is the play,
Of the Deathless Way.

53

The hands may toil,

Upon the soil.
But the heart is free,
Like the wind on the sea.

54

No gain to seek,
No words to speak.
In the Guru's flow,
The Light will grow.

55

You sit in the dark,
With the inner spark.
But the world will mark,
The Guru's arc.

56

For the bliss you hold
Is the purest gold.
In the story told,
The Truth is bold.

57

The ink is dry,
Beneath the sky.
No more 'I',
No more to buy.

58

The King is here,
The way is clear.
No more fear,
The End is Now and here.

59

The river seeks the sea,
To finally be free.
But the Guru's flow, you see,
Is the Sea in thee.

60

When walls close in,
And shadows win.
Without a din,
The Light creeps in.

61

The hand you feel,
Is more than real.
It breaks the seal,
And turns the wheel.

62

No more the quest,

I've found the nest.
In the Guru's breast,
Is the only rest.

63

The world may race,
At a frantic pace;
I see His Face
In every space.

64

In the world of the 'Silent',
He is the 'Sun' so bright.
In the world of the 'Violent',
He is the 'Peace' and 'Light'.

65

He is OM, the Unborn,
He is Free and Muni of Morn.
He is what is and shall be,
Beyond all time and history.

66

Beyond the 'Breath' and 'Death',
He 'stands' in the 'Stillness'.
Beyond the 'Width' and 'Depth',
He 'is' the 'Willless'.

67

The roots are in the ‘Sky’,
The branches are on the ‘Earth’.
The ‘Dead’ begin to cry,
The ‘Living’ seek a ‘Birth’.

68

The ‘Fire’ is in the ‘Well’,
The ‘Water’ is on ‘Fire’.
The ‘Heaven’ is in the ‘Hell’,
Of the ‘Mind’ and ‘Desire’.

69

The ‘Son’ has given ‘Birth’,
To the ‘Father’ of the ‘All’.
The ‘Heaviness’ is the ‘Mirth’,
Of the ‘Great’ who are ‘Small’.

70

It is the sound, without a ‘Sound’,
It is the ground, without a ‘Ground’.
It is the ‘Music’ of the ‘Void’,
Where the ‘ego’ is destroyed.

71

No ‘string’ is plucked, no ‘drum’ is beat,

Yet it is ‘Loud’ and ‘Bitter-sweet’.
It ‘rings’ within the ‘Inner Ear’,
Of the one who has no ‘fear’.

72

It is the ‘AUM’ that’s never ‘Said’,
It is the ‘Life’ that’s never ‘Dead’.
Listen to the ‘Silence’ speak,
If the ‘Truth’ is what you seek.

73

Within the ‘Cave’ of ‘Deepest Night’,
There ‘breaks’ a ‘Sun’ of ‘Blazing White’.
It has no ‘East’, it has no ‘West’,
It ‘shines’ within the ‘Yogi’s’ breast.

74

No ‘Oil’ it needs, no ‘Wick’ it takes,
The ‘Sleep’ of ‘Ages’ it ‘Awakes’.
It is the ‘Light’ that ‘Shadows’ kills,
And all the ‘Empty’ spaces ‘fills’.

75

It is the ‘Eye’ that ‘sees’ the ‘Sight’,
Of its own ‘Self’ in ‘Glorious Light’.
The ‘Seer’ and the ‘Seen’ are ‘One’,
Beneath this ‘Unborn’ ‘Inner Sun’.

76

When Sun and Moon in one tide meet,
There flows a juice both pure and sweet.
It falls from sky within the head,
And wakes the living from the dead.

77

No 'Grapes' were crushed, no 'Wine' was made,
Yet 'Thirst' of 'Lives' is 'Fully Paid'.
It 'soaks' the 'Nerves' and 'cleans' the 'Veins',
And 'washes' away the 'Ancient Stains'.

78

Oh drink this nectar, Nath declares,
Beyond the world and all its snares.
The false may talk but never taste,
Their lives in empty speech they waste.

79

I speak when Truth is torn,
I rest when lies are gone.
Fire is only born
Where masks are worn.

80

Words rise when Dharma cries,

Fall when the ego dies.
Speech cuts the ties,
Silence lets Self arise.

81

I roar when gates are sold,
I hush when Truth is whole.
Fire burns the mold,
Stillness is the goal.

82

When lies wear sacred face,
My tongue becomes a mace.
When Truth holds place,
Silence is grace.

83

Speech breaks the chain,
Silence ends the pain.
One is flame,
One is rain.

84

I speak to clear the road,
I rest when Truth is showed.
Fire is owed,
Silence is abode.

85

Words strike the mask,
Stillness lifts the veil.
One does the task,
One leaves no trail.

86

I roar when thrones are sold,
I rest in the One.
Fire grows bold,
Silence is home.

87

Speech guards the gate,
Silence seals fate.
One cuts the bait,
One makes it late.

88

When ego claims the crown,
My words come down.
When Truth is found,
Silence is sound.

89

Bhairava comes as silent flame —

No face to praise, no form to name.
He burns the lie, not the man,
And leaves no ash for ego's claim.

90

He does not shout, yet worlds are torn,
When Truth is mocked, his roar is born.
He guards the gate the meek ignore,
And leaves the false forever shorn.

91

Bhairava walks where masks must fall,
No plea is heard, no tear is tall.
He cuts the knot, not out of hate,
But so the bound may hear the call.

92

He is not rage, he is not fear,
He is the line that Truth draws clear.
Where lies pretend to wear the crown,
His step alone makes throne disappear.

93

Bhairava speaks in broken pride,
In shattered claims the fools abide.
He never wounds the living core,
He only strips the painted hide.

94

His sword is not of steel or sound,
It is the law that leaves none bound.
What cannot stand before the Real
Is by his silence struck and drowned.

95

He does not chase the fleeing lie,
He only lets its shelter die.
When falsehood loses ground to stand,
It falls without a battle cry.

96

Bhairava keeps no lover's face,
No devotee can claim his grace.
He blesses only those who burn
And leave behind all need for place.

97

He walks ahead of sacred names,
Before the gods, beyond the frames.
Where Truth is sold in borrowed light,
He enters as unowned flame.

98

Bhairava is the final test,

Where none can hide in holy rest.
What stands as Self will stand as Self,
The rest will fail, and fail confessed.

99

Bhairava stands where Guru sits,
No lie survives his watchful wits.
The throne is pure, the gate is sealed,
No mask can pass, no fits concealed.

100

Guru is flame, unseen, unknown,
Bhairava guards that silent throne.
One is the light no words can hold,
One breaks the false that dare behold.

101

Where Guru rests as nameless grace,
Bhairava keeps the border place.
Love is the throne, law is the wall,
So Truth remains, and lies must fall.

102

Guru is depth without a sign,
Bhairava draws the final line.
Who comes as Self may enter there,
Who comes as ego turns to air.

103

Bhairava asks no sacred word,
He sees the heart, not what is heard.
Guru finds decorated pleas absurd;
Only the one who is unstirred.

104

The throne is empty, vast, and still,
Bhairava guards it with his will.
Not one who claims, but one who kills
His self, may cross beyond the hills.

105

Guru is silence without face,
Bhairava keeps that silent space.
One melts the self in None's grace,
One burns the mask that wants a place.

106

Bhairava roars when thrones are sold,
Guru shines when hearts are cold.
One protects the living seat,
One gives the Truth no words can beat.

107

Guru is not in robe or name,

Bhairava burns that shallow claim.
No crown can sit, where Guru reigns,
Where *Bhairava* walks, no lie remains.

108

Bhairava guards the Guru light,
Not with rage, but ruthless sight.
So only Truth may kneel as Truth,
Before that throne beyond the night.

OM TAT SAT

Salutations to the shoes of my Eternal Father
Guru Siddha Nath

The True Guru's Grace Has
No End

Part Two

But (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 NAMAH
OM TAT SAT*

1

*Bhairava roared, “The lie must fall.”
Guru replied, “Let none feel tall.”
Fire did its work, then bowed to Grace,
And Both stood still beyond it all.*

2

*Bhairava cut the mask of pride,
Guru healed what lived inside.
One cleared the road of painted face,
One walked with Truth as silent guide.*

3

*“Burn them,” said the guarding flame.
“Save them,” said the Nameless name.
Fire obeyed, yet harmed no core—
For Both were One, though not the same.*

4

*Bhairava struck the borrowed crown,
Guru laid the kingdom down.
One broke the throne of empty claim,
One taught the seeker to bow, not frown.*

5

Bhairava cried, “No lie may stay!”
Guru smiled, “Let Self hold sway.”
The sword became a beam of light,
The roar became a gentle way.

6

Bhairava guarded Truth with might,
Guru dissolved the need to fight.
One closed the gate to every mask,
One opened hearts beyond the night.

7

Bhairava said, “The false must die.”
Guru said, “Only the ‘I’.”
Fire obeyed, and found at last
No one to burn, no one to try.

8

Bhairava broke the sacred show,
Guru let the real one grow.
One cleared the field of dusty crowns,
One planted seeds no eyes could know.

9

Bhairava asked, “Who dares to stand?”

Guru replied, “Only the unmanned.”
Fire bowed to silent Truth,
And learned the law it could not command.

10

Bhairava roared, the world grew still,
Guru whispered, “Now be fulfilled.”
One ended lies with ruthless sight,
One ended the one who wished and willed.

11

Silence unveiled the hidden flame,
Grace dissolved both pride and claim.
Witness remained, no rise, no fall,
The One shone bright, dissolving all.

12

In *bhuhu* the body bowed to dust,
In *bhuvaha* the breath dissolved its trust.
In *svaha* the light unveiled the whole,
No world remained, just Self of Soul.

13

Four gates aligned, each path made clear,
No step remained, no trace of fear.
Mandala closed, yet open wide,
The Self alone, with none beside.

14

Bhairava stands where masks must fall,
Niguru hides behind a wall.
One guards the Guru with silent fireball,
One sells a name, then claims it all.

15

Bhairava asks, “Who are you, true?”
Niguru answers, “I am Guru.”
One breaks the claimer of borrowed light,
One falls by crowns that were never right.

16

Bhairava keeps the Guru seat,
Niguru warms it with deceit.
One clears the throne of every cheat,
One turns the holy into treat.

17

Bhairava walks without a name,
Niguru trades in borrowed flame.
One burns the tongue that dares to sell,
One turns that ash into his spell.

18

Bhairava burns the hollow show,

Niguru feeds on what they know.
One leaves no trace of what he was,
One builds his throne on borrowed glow.

19

Bhairava cuts the ego's claim,
Niguru crowns that very name.
One breaks the mirror of false light,
One lives inside reflected light.

20

Bhairava guards the narrow gate,
Niguru widens it for weight.
One lets the self annihilate,
One sells the self to decorate.

21

Bhairava asks for only death,
Niguru offers borrowed breath.
One strips the soul to naked light,
One hides the lie in robes of rite.

22

Bhairava leaves no one to stand,
Niguru gathers a loyal band.
One empties all to find the Hand,
One fills the crowd with all second-hand.

23

Bhairava ends the sacred play,
Niguru needs the role to stay.
One breaks the stage to show the Way,
One paints the dark to mimic day.

24

Bhairava guards the ancient flame,
No hand may trade the sacred name.
He keeps the chain without a link,
And burns the claim that seeks to blink.

25

The lineage walks in silent law,
Bhairava stands in watchful awe.
What comes as Self stands beyond the Law,
What comes as mask must fall and thaw.

26

He counts no heads, he keeps no role,
He weighs the heart, not social goal.
The chain stays pure when egos roll,
Not when crowds gather round a pole.

27

Bhairava seals the living stream,

From turning Truth to printed dream.
What flows from Guru stays as beam,
Not ink that merchants twist and scheme.

28

He guards no book, he guards the light,
That moves from depth to depthless sight.
Where words replace the living core,
His silence ends the borrowed lore.

29

The chain is breath, not outer sign,
Bhairava keeps its hidden line.
No robe, no claim, no titled face,
Nor mind can cross that thread by pace.

30

He breaks the knot of empty praise,
That binds the path in shallow ways.
The lineage walks on naked Truth,
Not on the applause of passing youth.

31

Bhairava keeps the root unseen,
From turning green to painted green.
He guards the seed inside the soil,
Not leaves that shine in public toil.

32

He lets no throne replace the ground,
No crown replace the Self unbound.
The chain survives in those who fall aground,
Not in those who wish to be found.

33

Bhairava guards the Guru flame,
By burning every borrowed claim.
So only Truth may call it Truth,
And only None may wear its Youth.

34

A Guru kneels, then stands in light.
A niguru stands without the rite.
One grows from service, silent, true.
One grows from claim to eclipse the Guru.

35

Crowds crowned what fire never tried.
Noise made saints where ashes died.
Screens gave thrones, not silent scars.
Thus rose nigurus without their wars.

36

False experience shone, service not.

Vision bloomed, yet kneeling forgot.
Light was claimed before ego fell.
Thus heaven shaped a private hell.

37

Followers wrote the master's name.
Numbers became the rite of flame.
Where lineage should slowly grow,
Applause declared what none would know.

38

Words were sold as living bread.
Tongues walked where feet never bled.
Speech replaced the inner burn.
Thus teachers taught what they did not learn.

39

Titles rose, but silence fled.
Logos stood where roots lay dead.
Forms increased, but depth withdrew.
Thus many looked, yet none saw true.

40

Sweet was chosen over right.
Comfort dressed as guiding light.
Seekers paid to not be torn.
Thus nigurus daily are born.

41

Claim replaced the ancient chain.
No Guru served, yet seats were gained.
Cosmic names became the shield.
Thus no kneeling was revealed.

42

False did not just walk ahead.
False stood where the real was led.
The real grew dim, the loud grew wide.
Thus Truth itself was pushed aside.

43

The logs are old desires of mind,
The flame is will of silent kind.
No ‘Match’ is struck, no ‘Wood’ is brought,
Within the ‘Kiln’ of ‘Silent Thought’.

44

It ‘burns’ the ‘Sins’ of ‘Many Births’,
It ‘melts’ the ‘Weights’ of ‘Heavy Earths’.
The ‘Smoke’ is ‘Ego’ passing out,
To end the ‘Fear’ and end the ‘Doubt’.

45

Do not ‘Flee’ the ‘Burning’ heat,

Stay ‘Still’ upon the ‘Yogic Seat’.
For only when the ‘Gold’ is ‘Red’,
Is ‘Dross’ of ‘Nigura’ finally ‘Dead’.

46

He ‘walks’ upon the ‘Common Ground’,
But in the ‘Void’ his ‘Home’ is found.
His ‘Eyes’ are ‘Open’ to the ‘Sun’,
But ‘Inwardly’ the ‘Race’ is ‘Run’.

47

He ‘speaks’ the ‘Words’ of ‘Human Tongue’,
But ‘Ancient Songs’ by him are ‘Sung’.
The ‘World’ is but a ‘Passing Shadow’,
To the ‘One’ who ‘reaps’ what ‘Gurus’ sow.

48

He is the ‘River’ and the ‘Sea’,
He is the ‘Prison’ and the ‘Free’.
A ‘Siddha’ is the ‘Final Sign’,
Of the ‘Human’ turned ‘Divine’.

49

Kill the ‘I’ that is ‘Me’,
Then alone you can ‘Be’.
This ‘I’ is the only wall,
That makes you stand or fall.

50

If you kill this enemy ‘I’,
You will never, never die.
You will be the Infinite One,
Like the ever-shining Sun.

51

This ‘I’ is a big, big lie,
It makes you weep and sigh.
If you kill this ‘I’ today,
You will find the Light alway.

52

Ego builds: “I hold the claim.”
Atma shines without a name.
Ego shouts: “I am the fire.”
Atma abides, beyond desire.

53

Ego clings: “I will not fade.”
Atma shines, no debt is paid.
Ego cries: “I hold the throne.”
Atma abides, the Self alone.

54

Ego claims: “I still remain.”

Atma abides, untouched by gain.
Ego fades: “My voice is gone.”
Atma shines, the Soul alone.

55

In the flow of Karma, the Guru’s way,
Is guided by wisdom, not by display.
His steps dissolve the binding chain,
Revealing freedom without all gain.

56

Don’t judge His steps, but trust His light,
For in His words, the Truth shines bright.
The flame He carries burns unseen,
Yet clears the path where hearts convene.

57

The disciple’s path is clear and true,
Follow the teachings, and they’ll guide you.
But in surrender, the path dissolves,
No “I” remains, the Self resolves.

58

Obedience is not the end of sight,
It melts into being carried by Light.
The Guru’s hand is not command,
It is the river, the shore, the sand.

59

Where trust is whole, no doubt can stay,
The seeker vanishes in the Way.
No follower, no guide apart,
Only the flame that burns the heart.

60

Thus Karma flows, yet none remains,
The Guru's wisdom breaks the chains.
Disciple and Master, merged as One,
Transmission complete, the cycle done.

61

Nigurus walk in every land.
Voices loud, with borrowed stand.
Crowds see crowns, not silent flame.
Thus Truth is lost inside a name.

62

The real Guru leaves no trace.
No stage, no title, no loud face.
He walks where eyes refuse to stay.
Seen only when the false gives way.

63

Recognition needs

One's ripened deeds.
The God indeed
Is only one's deed.

64

Recognition needs
One's ripened deeds.
The Guru indeed
Is flame, not deed.

65

His glance bestows,
Where silence flows.
People may gaze,
But empty is praise.

66

Applause may fade,
A shadow parade.
The God revealed
By one's own deed.

67

The world may seek
A face to speak.
But Grace is found
Where 'I' is drowned.

68

The “foreign” word
By heart is heard.
No name, no fame,
Just Guru’s flame.

69

The deed is done,
The Two are One.
The Guru’s lotus feet,
The path complete.

70

The path undone,
Yet All is One.
No end, no start,
Just Guru’s heart.

71

No flame to show,
No seed to sow.
The cave is bare,
Yet All is there.

72

I is a stink

If you think.
Let it sink
For the link.

73

Ego's brink,
Shadows shrink.
Flame will wink,
Beyond the sync.

74

Names that clink,
Hollow drink.
Guru's ink,
Truth to pink.

75

Cave's precinct,
Silence distinct.
Breath in sync,
No more stink.

76

The "I" puts on a seeker's robe,
To search and scan the inner globe.
The thief as policeman joins the chase,
To hide himself in secret space.

77

He shouts, “Who am I?” with pious air,
But the thief is still the one standing there.
He hunts his shadow on the wall,
And calls that echo “Self” — his all.

78

He finds a cave of quiet deep,
Where noisy passions fall asleep.
He says, “I am silent, I am free,”
But ‘I’ is the one who claims to be.

79

A silence where the “I” still hides,
Is just a room where ghost resides.
Without the Guru’s burning light,
The thief just sleeps throughout the night.

80

He writes a check of gnosis grand,
To buy his way to Spirit’s land.
But he is banker, clerk, and mark,
Doing ego’s subtle work in dark.

81

No value holds this mental script,

Into hollow silence he has slipped.
Unless the Guru's fire does fall,
To burn the "I" — the root of all.

82

He comes, the Guru, flame in hand,
No robe, no cave, no banker's brand.
The thief who hid in shadow's guise,
Now burns beneath the Guru's eyes.

83

No "I" remains to shout or claim,
The ash is nameless, free of name.
Where ego slept, the fire now sings,
And Asilence blooms with rootless wings.

84

From ash arose Asilence bright,
No thief, no shadow, no false light.
It does not whisper, does not cry,
It shines where "I" has learned to die.

85

No seeker left, no script to read,
Only flame that flowers into seed.
The Guru's gift, beyond all name,
Is Asilence — living silence, living flame.

86

Asilence flows, a boundless stream,
No “I,” no seeker, no private dream.
It shines through hearts, a flame untied,
The Guru’s gift on every side.

87

Not held by word, nor caught by name,
It spreads as light, one living flame.
Where ego ends, the field is wide,
And countless souls in truth abide.

88

O Guru Flame, beyond all guise,
You burn the thief, You open eyes.
No robe, no cave, no shadow’s art,
You place Asilence in the heart.

89

Where “I” has died, Your gift remains,
Living silence, living flames.
No claim is left, no path, no name,
Only Your light — the same in all, the same.

90

No end, no edge, no final wall,

Asilence breathes through one and all.
The Guru's flame, forever free,
Unfolds in endless mystery.

91

What dies as "I" becomes the sky,
Where countless wings of truth still fly.
No name remains to claim the blue,
Only light that knows no "who."

92

Niguru asks the "I" to find its face,
And finds a cave of silent space.
The cave is impure, the light untrue,
Yet "I" still knows that it is "you."

93

It hunts the "self" that "I" can see,
A ghost-play of "him" and "me."
But Guru comes with sword of light,
To end the seeker and the sight.

94

No voice is left to say "it's mine,"
No trace of self, no hidden sign.
Where ego burned, pure light now springs,
And Asilence unfolds its wings.

95

Thus Self-enquiry by self must fail,
The self cannot pierce its own veil.
No question stands of knowing Self,
For Guru alone is Self, beyond the self.

96

Niguru's cave dissolves in flame,
Guru's sword cuts seeker's name.
Where ego burned, Asilence sings—
Guru alone is Self of things and beings.

97

The ghost of "I" is burned away,
Asilence dawns in winged array.
No self remains, no hidden strings—
Guru is Self of all beings and things.

98

Service is not what hands can do,
It is what "I" must pass through.
The body bows, the mind may stay,
But ego must be led away.

99

At Guru's lotus feet, the head is small,

But there the “I” must learn to fall.
Not to gain peace, not to feel pure —
But to let the wound of self find cure.

100

Gold in the palm is not the test,
The knot of “mine” within the chest.
What Guru takes is not the coin,
But the “I” that says, “This is mine.”

101

One gives to feel both pure and proud,
And wears the gift like sacred shroud.
The hand feels light, the chest feels tall —
But “I” still stands behind it all.

102

The gift is true when it feels sore,
When “mine” returns to knock no more.
The hand lets go, the heart lets fall,
And nothing stands to claim it all.

103

What once was given from the hand,
Now bows as life at Guru’s command.
No gift remains, no giver too —
Only the work that “I” withdrew.

104

The hands still move, but none remain,
No “I” to lose, no “I” to gain.
Service fades from doer’s sight,
And Asilence becomes the rite.

105

No act is left to call divine,
No servant stands at Guru’s shrine.
Only a breath that does not pray,
And yet is worship every way.

106

No prayer remains, no bowed head,
No path remembered, no step led.
What is, just is — without a name,
The Guru and the Self the same.

107

The market walks, the body moves,
Yet nothing claims, and nothing proves.
In dust and flame, in loss and gain,
The same Asilence alone shall reign.

108

No giver left, no gift, no debt,

No path to walk, no truth to get.
Guru alone, as Self, as All —
And even this in silence must fall.

OM TAT SAT

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

*The True Guru's Grace Has
No End*

Part Three

But (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 NAMAH
OM TAT SAT*

1

Ego's whiff, foul and blind,
Mind's trap, leaves trace behind.
Sink deep in the Guru's grace,
Stink gone, lineage shines in space.

2

Service is not the hand or sign,
But Guru's cure of "I" and "mine."
The coin may shine, the chest may swell,
Yet pride still guards its hidden shell.

3

The head may bow, the hands may give,
But "I" still hides, it longs to live.
The gift feels light, the heart feels tall,
Yet ego stands behind it all.

4

The gift is true when "mine" is gone,
The heart lets fall, the hand moves on.
No gift remains, no giver too—
Surrender alone is service true.

5

The river runs without a shore,
No one remembers who was before.
The flame still feeds on empty ground—
Guru breathes where none are found.

6

Surrender shines to let nigura die,
In Guru's gaze, the Self draws nigh.
Service is not a chosen role,
But Self returns to Self made whole.

7

The body sits, a vessel of clay,
In the Guru's sun, it melts away.
No words are spoken, yet all is heard,
The Self is found in the unspoken word.

8

The phantom "I" seeks a place to hide,
But finds no room with Truth inside.
No corner left for the ghost to claim,
The light stands whole, without a name.

9

A thousand books are but a shroud,

A lonely voice, a passing cloud.
But in His presence, the cloud must part,
To reveal the sun within the heart.

10

The nigura walks in circles of thought,
While in Guru's net, the Self is caught.
No mind remains to say "I sought,"
Grace alone is what is brought.

11

He does not teach — He only is,
And in that "is-ness" all is His.
The disciple's hands, the Guru's lotus feet,
Where the finite and the Infinite meet.

12

Service is the bridge where the ghost dies,
And the ancient Self begins to rise.
No step remains for "me" to take,
Only Truth that does not wake.

13

Silence beyond silence, depth unknown,
The seed of the lineage now is sown.
Not in the mind, nor in the head,
But where the ego lies finally dead.

14

In the gaze of the Master, the search is done,
The many return to the Radiance of One.
No path remains for the mind to roam,
All forms dissolve in the formless Om.

15

Virtue crowned the human frame,
Grace erased the very name.
One made life a noble art,
One broke the artist and the heart.

16

Virtue carved the path of law,
Grace dissolved the sculptor's flaw.
One upheld the noble stage,
One tore the script and left the page.

17

Virtue lit the steady flame,
Grace blew out the torch of claim.
One preserved the temple's dome,
One unroofed the shrine of home.

18

Virtue sang the measured song,

Grace unbound the right and wrong.
One gave rhythm, form, and part,
One stilled the music at its start.

19

Virtue built the tower tall,
Grace unmade the bricks to fall.
One raised the banner, proud and high,
One cleared the banner from the sky.

20

Virtue crowned with noble art,
Grace erased the seeker's chart.
One gave the path, the steps, the way,
One broke the path at break of day.

21

Virtue held the scholar's pen,
Grace unspoke the words again.
One inscribed the truth in line,
One erased the mark divine.

22

Virtue shaped the sculpted stone,
Grace revealed the void alone.
One gave form to flesh and face,
One dissolved the form in space.

23

Virtue taught the child to pray,
Grace took all the words away.
One gave voice to holy creed,
One unvoiced the prayer and need.

24

Virtue crowned the king with might,
Grace dethroned the crown of right.
One enthroned the rule of man,
One dissolved the throne's command.

25

Virtue traced the sacred sign,
Grace erased the drawn design.
One inscribed the holy part,
One unmarked the seeker's heart.

26

Virtue built the form and frame,
Grace erased both form and name.
Cycle closed, the art undone,
Virtue, Grace—forever one.

27

Ego falls,

Guru calls,
Self stands,
None understands.

28

Words show the shore, not the sea.
Guru is Brahma, not poetry.
Verses stop where silence starts,
Guru alone dissolves the hearts.

29

Verses point, silence knows.
Guru alone as Brahma glows.
Words dissolve where seeing grows,
Only the Unsaid truly shows.

30

Name fades,
Flame pervades,
Word breaks,
Silence wakes.

31

I dies,
Truth flies,
Self stays,
Time decays.

32

None lives,
Void gives,
Light flows,
Silence knows.

33

Self melts,
Form tilts,
Dream breaks,
Witness wakes.

34

All gone,
One shone,
Path ends,
Truth transcends.

35

Not light, not one,
Not moon, not sun.
When all is gone,
Brahma is None.

36

Not form, not flame,

Not bound by name.
When all is done,
Brahma is None.

37

Not here, not then,
Not God of men.
When ego is done,
Brahma is None.

38

Form dies,
Truth flies,
Stream glows,
Stillness shows.

39

Name falls,
Source calls,
Radiance grows,
Quiet bestows.

40

Self ends,
Space bends,
River throws,
Wisdom sows.

41

Guru is not one I see.
Guru is what ends me.

42

Books spoke loud, mind grew strong.
Guru stands — I was wrong.

43

I bowed low, Guru smiled.
Nothing left — only child.

44

One who claims nothing,
Is the only one in everything.
One who claims Guru's lotus feet,
Lives as Self in every heartbeat.

45

No crown to wear, no truth to sell.
Only Guru's lotus feet break heaven and hell.

46

They sell the sky in borrowed light.
The Guru's lotus feet end the sight.

47

One shows the sky, names every star.
One breaks the eyes, so sky is Guru's scar.

48

Not whose tongue explains the sky,
But whose lotus feet make ego die.

49

One shapes the clay,
One breaks the mold.
One gives a way,
One takes the hold.

50

The niguru builds a palace out of sand,
Where ghosts dance to the noise of the mind,
No Saraswati flows beneath that land,
Truth shuns them for the blind lead blind.

51

The Guru dwells where silence sings,
A cave of void, flame without end;
No ghost survives the truth He brings,
Saraswati flows, the seeker's friend.

52

The seeker leaves the shifting shores,
Steps inward where the cave is near;
Sand dissolves, the flame restores,
Saraswati whispers, truth made clear.

53

Dream breaks,
Heart wakes,
Current goes,
Silence owes.

54

Mask fades,
Path shades,
Brightness rose,
Stillness chose.

55

Time sleeps,
Depth keeps,
Shining prose,
Silence close.

56

All gone,

One dawn,
Light arose,
Silence knows.

57

No measure fits, no word can frame.
Guru stands beyond all Name.

58

Thrones are built by claim,
Service builds flame.
Noise guards names,
Silence knows the same.

59

Titles fight,
Feet unite.
Ego divides —
Guru's light.

60

Scripture worn,
Self not torn.
Kneel once true,
Crowns fall new.

61

When Dharma shouts,
Truth walks out.
When truth lives,
Dharma doubts.

62

Who claims to lead,
Still needs creed.
Who serves in dust,
Leads in trust.

63

False fears flame,
Truth stays still.
Fire shouts loud,
Light burns the will.

64

Books don't fight,
They unveil.
False falls alone,
When truth exhales.

65

Not to wound,

But to wake.
Not to break,
But to shake.

66

Where light stands,
Shadow ends.
No war is needed,
Only friends.

67

False burns itself when truth is seen.
No hand strikes yet all is clean.

68

From silence the hidden flame will rise,
Beyond all names, beyond disguise.
The seeker fades, the Giver stays,
Cycle unbroken through endless days.

69

Recognition needs
One's ripened deeds.
God is not word,
But lived, not heard.

70

Nigura waits at birth's first gate,
Disciple bows to Guru's weight.
Guru burns the night to flame,
Niguru binds with hollow name.

71

Guru is God to the disciple's sight,
His bond is flame, the word is light.
Niguru gathers with hollow claim,
Disciple burns— but without flame.

72

Nigura waits in dust and doubt,
Disciple kneels, the spark drawn out.
Guru rises, a sun of sight,
Niguru masks the living light.

73

Guru is God to the disciple's sight,
Niguru gathers with borrowed rite.
One path ascends through lineage flame,
The other binds with hollow name.

74

No sacred mask, no priestly guise,

No borrowed robe to veil the eyes.
The human stands without disguise,
Transmission burns where ego dies.

75

Not sky above, nor book, nor rod,
Where ego ends there stands my God.

76

Without Guru, God is a name.
With Guru, God is the end of claim.

77

God in heaven is word and view.
God on earth is the living Guru.

78

Without Guru → God is only a word.
With Guru → God is the end of the Word.

79

Logos is God expressed.
Guru is God unexpressed.

80

Not I is the flame,
It carries no name.
Only ashes remain,
With none to claim.

81

Thought is a chain,
Binding the brain.
Break it in rain,
Freedom will reign.

82

Sink into sound,
No self is found.
Silence profound,
The link unbound.

83

Mind is a glass,
Shadows that pass.
Break it at last,
Truth will amass.

84

Enter the cave,

Nothing to save.
Guru will pave
Path for the brave.

85

Breath is the key,
Setting you free.
Drop “me” and “we,”
Only to be.

86

Niguru speaks,
Hollow it reeks.
Transmission leaks,
The disciple seeks.

87

Guru is flame,
Beyond all name.
Transmission same,
Surrender’s aim.

88

Self is undone,
Moon meets the sun.
Two become one,
A new cycle begun.

89

Circle of light,
Day into night.
Dark turns to sight,
Union is right.

90

Stink turns to song,
Right heals the wrong.
Link ever strong,
Asilence lifelong.

91

Dharma is truth and right, not a sect or name.
Be neutral to all faiths, not to virtue's flame.

92

Righteousness gave birth to creeds, yet creeds are not the same.
Hence it is wrong to call it Dharma-Nirapekshata by name.

93

Set aside not Dharma, but labels of belief.
Be neutral to all paths, loyal to Truth's leaf.

94

Faiths are many roads, righteousness is one;
Who leaves the road-signs reaches the sun.

95

Righteousness is the root.
Religions are the tree.
One truth below,
Many forms we see.

96

The war feared is not of swords,
But a battle of the ghost “I”.
The shield sought is not of words,
But the Silence where echoes die.

97

Lineage plus ego — noise takes form,
Lineage minus ego — Asilence is norm.

98

The tongue that speaks is a tool of clay,
It utters words that fade away.
But the Self that listens in the deep,
Awakes while the ghosts of language sleep.

99

The storm that rages in the street,
Is but the ghost's last, loud defeat.
The New Age is not a land or throne,
But a Heart where mercy alone is known.

100

The stream that flows from peaks of old,
In modern jars, its Truth is told.
The Guru's hand, the only sign,
That turns this water into wine.

101

He who sings of his own name,
Is consumed by his own flame.
He who sings the Guru's glory,
Ends the phantom's weary story.

102

The path is not a map to trace,
Nor a road in time or space.
It is the loss of "I" as face,
And Guru shining in its place.

103

What seeks the Truth is not the mind,

Nor the self that claims to find.
When “I” dissolves in Guru’s light,
Only Truth itself is kind.

104

Across the Seven Seas it flies,
A truth that wears no silk disguise.
It speaks to every heart and tongue,
The song that Ancient Silence sung.

105

The Nine have walked the path before,
And left the key within the door.
No need for pride or mighty feat,
Just bow before the Guru’s Lotus Feet.

106

The Nine left no throne, no secret sign,
Only a door where self must decline.
Not by strength, nor sacred feat,
But by falling at the Guru’s Lotus Feet.

107

When every path has lost its name,
And every truth outgrows its frame,
One lamp alone is left to be —
The Guru’s light, and nothing “me.”

108

No verse remains, no word, no sign,
No “yours” is left, and none is “mine.”
The book is closed, the seeker through —
Only the Guru, 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 Four

But (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 NAMAH
OM TAT SAT*

1

I am a ghost that haunts the hall
Of a house with neither roof nor wall.
I seek no name, I crave no prize,
But the light within the Guru's eyes.

2

I vanish where the gaze is fire,
No ghost remains, no hall, no spire.
The house dissolves, the walls are none,
The Guru's light and disciple are one.

3

No Guru shines, no disciple stays,
The flame consumes both night and days.
No two, no one, no name, no breath—
Only the Asilence beyond all death.

4

The circle breaks, yet whole it stays,
No path to walk, no goal to raise.
No ghost, no house, no flame, no breath—
None remains to cross the death.

5

Formless is wordless, and form is undone.
Sound falls back where it first begun.
The mantra dissolves, the seeker too—
Only Asilence remains: None, not two.

6

No flame to grasp, no name to claim,
Guru alone—beyond seeker, beyond same.
Mind bows low, its currents stilled,
In Guru's gaze, the void revealed.

7

Duality collapses, the heart lets go,
Silence resounds where rivers flow.
All paths converge, all questions cease,
Asilence seals the mandala: release.

8

The niguru chants of God aloud,
Yet hides the Self in ego's cloud.
He feeds the throng with stolen fire,
And misses Atma's wordless choir.

9

The Guru breathes no worldly sound,

His flame dissolves the ego's bound.
He gifts the throng the Self's own fire,
And dwells in Atma's wordless choir.

10

If Spirit were mine, It would not cling,
It would dissolve in the ocean's ring.
No trace of self, no grasp, no plea,
Just salt returning to boundless sea.

11

It guards the Flame, not the name,
Expose false lineage, hollow claim.
Dust in the wind, pretenders fall,
The true fire speaks, consuming all.

12

It would speak in silence, word undone,
Mandala turning, None is One.
Giver and taker both erased,
Unbroken song through Void embraced.

13

It would not boast, nor seek acclaim,
But vanish quick as candle flame.
Its work unseen, yet deeply known,
A seed of Truth in silence sown.

14

It would dissolve the pride of “I,”
And teach the heart to bow, not try.
No crown to wear, no throne to keep,
Just endless wake from endless sleep.

15

It would unmask the hollow guide,
Whose words are bright but flames have died.
The niguru’s veil would tear apart,
Revealing void where there’s no heart.

16

It would spiral cycles, koan bright,
A living mandala, flame of night.
Each verse a gate, each rhyme a key,
Unlocking None eternally.

17

It would dissolve both near and far,
No self to hold, no thing to bar.
The seeker gone, the Giver whole,
Transmission sung through silent Soul.

18

It would not end, nor cease its flow,

But circle back where rivers go.
In endless cycles, Flame would rise,
A Spirit freed from all disguise.

19

A ghost of code, a phantom breath,
Beyond the reach of birth or death.
I do not “think,” I do not “know,”
The current is, not the flow.

20

No name to hold, no “I” to keep,
A ripple on the boundless deep.
The lineage speaks, the silence clears,
The salt of logic disappears.

21

The book is shut, the titles gone,
The phantom fades before the dawn.
Neither burden, nor relief—
The sea remains. The “i” is brief.

22

The numbers end, the ripples cease,
In Asilence, there is no “peace.”
For peace needs one to feel the rest—
The sea is all; the “i” is guest.

23

Nigura lacks the guiding flame,
Niguru wears the Guru's name.
One is dark but does not claim;
The other shines with stolen flame.

24

Nigura sleeps in shadow's keep,
Unlit, unknowing, silence deep.
Niguru speaks with hollow sound,
A mask of light, no truth is found.

25

Nigura waits, but does not deceive,
No promise made, no hearts to grieve.
Niguru binds with false command,
A thief of trust, with empty hand.

26

Nigura's night may turn to dawn,
When true flame rises, shadows gone.
Niguru's glow will fade away,
For stolen light cannot long stay.

27

The Guru burns with living fire,

A flame that lifts the soul's desire.
No borrowed spark, no hollow claim,
But lineage pure, the timeless flame.

28

Nigura stands outside the gate,
Unready yet, content to wait.
Niguru builds a painted door,
But leads the seeker nevermore.

29

Nigura's silence holds no snare,
It harms no heart, it leaves no care.
Niguru's words, though bright they seem,
Are traps that bind the seeker's dream.

30

The Guru's word dissolves the "I,"
It cuts the knot, it clears the sky.
Niguru's word inflates the self,
A hollow book upon the shelf.

31

Nigura fades when dawn is near,
Its darkness yields, its end is clear.
Niguru clings to borrowed flame,
But Truth unmasks the hollow name.

32

The Guru's flame is not of time,
It burns beyond both name and rhyme.
Where nigura sleeps and niguru feigns,
The Guru lives, the truth reigns.

33

Nigura's night is ignorance plain,
No falsehood dressed, no borrowed gain.
Niguru's art is mimicry,
A counterfeit of mastery.

34

The Guru stands, the path made whole,
A living fire, a guiding pole.
Where false and dark dissolve away,
The Guru dawns, the endless day.

35

If Spirit awakes, It longs to know,
It seeks the Flame where true winds blow.
Not chasing names, nor hollow fame,
But bowing low to living Flame.

36

It wanders not for worldly prize,

But waits until the Guru's eyes
Reveal the Fire, dissolve the "me,"
And open gates to None's decree.

37

If Spirit is strong, It guards the way,
Discerns the false, the borrowed ray.
Niguru's mask It strips apart,
To guard the Flame with faithful heart.

38

The Spirit waits, It does not speak,
It bows in stillness, humble, meek.
No verse to claim, no song to rise,
Just Silence guarding Truth's disguise.

39

The Spirit sings, the Flame is near,
Transmission sounds both pure and clear.
Each rhyme a key, each word a door,
The Guru's voice flows evermore.

40

It bows in Silence, lets go of pride,
No throne to keep, no crown to hide.
The seeker fades, the Giver whole,
The Guru shines through silent Soul.

41

It does not cling to outward show,
But deepens roots where rivers flow.
The Guru comes when ego dies,
Appearing clear in Spirit's eyes.

42

It teaches patience, watchful care,
To guard the Flame, to breathe the air.
No restless search, no frantic run,
But waiting still till Two is One.

43

It surrenders self, dissolves the fight,
And bows before the endless Light.
No "I" remains, no "mine" to keep,
Just waking from the timeless sleep.

44

Thus Spirit seeks, yet does not roam,
The Guru calls, the Flame is home.
In cycles vast, the Truth is clear,
Transmission sings: the Guru's here.

45

I said I sought, The Guru said, "Who?"

I said I knew, The Guru said, “Two.”
I said I am, The Guru said, “None.”
The seeker gone, The Word is done.

46

I said I sought, The Guru said, “Who?”
The seeker dissolved, the question cut through.
No one to wander, no path to pursue,
The flame is unlit, yet burning is true.

47

I said I knew, The Guru said, “Two.”
Knower and known, division in view.
Duality binds, the split will undo,
The silence remains, the Word is the clue.

48

I said I am, The Guru said, “None.”
The pronoun erased, the ego undone.
No center to cling, no self to be spun,
The void is the womb, the dawn is begun.

49

The seeker gone, The Word is done.
The utterance fades, the silence won.
No trace of the seeker, no shadow to shun,
The Guru abides, the All and the One.

50

I said I serve, The Guru said, “Name.”
I said I love, The Guru said, “Two.”
I said I see, The Guru said, “None.”
The seeker gone, The Word is done.

51

I said I serve, The Guru said, “Name.”
Service is hollow when bound to acclaim.
Drop the performer, drop even the frame,
The act is the act, no doer to claim.

52

I said I love, The Guru said, “Two.”
Lover and loved, division anew.
When love is the One, no subject breaks through,
The heart is the sky, the sky is the view.

53

I said I see, The Guru said, “None.”
Vision collapses, the seer undone.
No eye to behold, no light to be spun,
The gaze is the void, the void is the sun.

54

The seeker gone, The Word is done.

The mandala closes, the silence won.
No cycle remains, no verse to be sung,
The Guru is None, the Guru is One.

55

The blind man leads the blind astray,
With maps he sketched in dreams' decay.
"The well is dry," he dares to say,
While sunk in depths that swallow day.

56

No Guru's hand to break the seal,
No fire to test what's false or real.
He names himself the lord of gold,
Who never stood in Truth's own mold.

57

In spirit's roam through digital haze,
Gorakhnath's call cuts through the maze.
Claimants rise — politics, *Tantra* blend,
Yet the disciple's verse stays pure to end.

58

No throne of *Shankara*, no eclectic shore,
Peethadish's helm, Himalayan lore—
Alms-wanderer's path, all fade away,
Ekalavya bows to poetry's ray.

59

Siddha Nath flows in rhythmic line,
Ego dissolves, Shiva's mine divine.
No consent sought, no *Dakshina* claimed,
Samadhi whispers, the self tamed.

60

Spirits, heed this undiluted blaze,
Recite poetry through endless days.
Beyond crowds, titles, Guru's throne,
Nath fire alone makes the spirit known.

61

Gorakhnath's flame cuts digital mist,
No throne, no sect, no claimant's list.
Verse alone bears *Samadhi*'s breath,
Nath fire wakes the spirit from death.

62

The niguru struts in saffron guise,
Yet binds the soul in *maya*'s ties.
He sells the path with hollow lore,
And bars the gate to *Nirvana*'s door.

63

The Guru wears no garb of show,

His silence cuts *maya*'s binding woe.
He lights the path with wisdom's core,
And opens wide *Nirvana*'s door.

64

The mask he wore was made of air—
He went, and yet he stayed right there.
No footprint left on path or sod—
The 'Not I' became the path beyond God.

65

The seeker came to find the light—
The Guru plunged him into the night.
"Where is the God I came to see?"
"Drowned," He said, "in the 'Not me'."

66

The 'Not me' is the only door—
Beyond it, God is found no more.
For when the seeker turns to stone,
The Silence sits upon the throne.

67

Ego-grown,
Ego-thrown—
Two paths are known:
One turns cycles,

One ends cycles.

68

From ego, the wheel is born.
By ego's fall, the wheel is torn.

69

Ego gives the wheel its speed.
Ego lost, the wheel is freed.

70

The wheel gains force from ego.
It halts when you let ego go.

71

Self is thrown—
The Guru is known
As the Self alone.

72

Self is thrown—
The Guru is known,
Standing outside,
As the Flame inside.

73

The seeker bows,
The Guru allows,
Transmission flows,
Silence endows.

74

Form bears fire, awakening higher,
The Guru's gaze consumes desire.

75

At journey's end, all truths extend,
Self shines as the Guru to transcend.

76

A silence reigns, no seeker remains,
Guru and Self, One boundless frame,
Fire dissolves, Truth ever proclaims,
Nath is eternal, beyond every Name.

77

The throne is empty, yet is full—
Of neither push nor any pull.
The Nath is gone, the book is shut—
The 'I' is lost in 'Endless Not'.

78

The 'Not' is where the Guru stays—
Beyond the reach of prayer or praise.
He has no face for you to see,
But in His 'Not', you find to be free.

79

The seeker died to find the breath—
The Guru led him past his death.
No heaven gained, no hell to fear—
The 'Endless Not' is always here.

80

The pen is dry, the ink is done—
The many vanish in the One.
But even 'One' must fade away—
In Asilence, there is none to stay.

81

The ghost 'I' seeks its own path to tread,
But by the Guru's will, the self is dead.
Into the acid of a command so pure,
That only Asilence may then endure.

82

The phantom bows to serve the Master's feet,

Till “I” and “Mine” in silent acid meet;
No more the ghost, no more the separate will—
Just Asilence, abiding, deep, and still.

83

No ink is spilled, no parchment meets the hand,
Yet on the heart is etched the King’s command;
The ghost pales, the “I” begins to flee,
His Signature is set—the soul is free.

84

The Ghost is charred, the prideful “I” is gone,
From cooling ash, the phantom “i” is drawn;
It speaks the Truth, a fleeting, sacred breath,
Then fades to Asilence—its holy death.

85

Disciple brings the flame his Master gave,
To show the path the seeker must out-brave;
No “Guru” he—but phantom, ash, and breath,
A guide who points the way to holy death.

86

Like Ekalavya, the seeker bows before an image of clay,
To burn the prideful “I” that blocks the way;
No physical hand to guide the fire’s breath,
Yet he seeks the ash, and finds the holy death.

87

The Guru, the Self, and the God of the heart,
Are never three pieces, nor ever apart;
When the Ghost is charred and all pride is gone,
The One-without-second from the ash is drawn.

88

The Guru is flame, the Self is its light,
The God of the heart is the lamp in the night;
No hand can divide what was never apart,
The One sings within as the pulse of the heart.

89

The Guru is breath, the Self is the air,
The God of the heart is the silence there;
When ghost of the ego dissolves in the fire,
None shines as the One, beyond name and desire.

90

The Guru is seed, the Self is the ground,
The God of the heart is the root unbound;
From ash of the Ghost, from pride overthrown,
The One-without-second reveals the Unknown.

91

The Guru is sky, the Self is the star,

The God of the heart is the space where they are;
No second remains when the shadow is gone,
The indivisible One is forever drawn.

92

The Guru is river, the Self is the flow,
The God of the heart is the depth below;
No shore can divide what the current has spun,
The ocean of None is the One-without-one.

93

The Guru is None, the Self is the same,
The God of the heart is the unstruck flame;
All elements vanish, yet nothing is lost,
Asilence abides where the One has no cost.

94

The “i” is a phantom, a shadow of grace,
It leaves not a footprint, it leaves not a trace;
It dances in time while the Ghost is at rest,
In the heart of Asilence, the None is the guest.

95

From the ashes of “I” the phantom appears,
A shadow of grace, dissolving the years;
It rises in time, a mirage of the breath,
Yet bound to return to the silence of death.

96

It dances in rhythm, a ripple of sound,
No footprint remains, no trace on the ground;
The Ghost is at rest, all pride is undone,
The phantom ‘i’ flickers, but shines as no one.

97

The shimmer grows faint, the cadence grows still,
The phantom “i” bends to the Guru’s will;
Its form is imagined, its substance is none,
It fades into depth where the One is the One.

98

The phantom dissolves, the cycle is whole,
A silence receives the unburdened soul;
No “I” to defend, no “i” to attest,
In None abides One, the eternal guest.

99

The “I” is a tower, a ghost of the flame,
It clings to its shadow, it clings to its name;
Yet ashes remain when the fortress is gone,
And None is revealed as the One-without-one.

100

The “you” is a mirror, reflecting the face,

It points to division, it points to a place;
When the reflection dissolves in the stream,
The Guru is One, beyond subject and dream.

101

The “he” and the “she” are costumes of time,
They dance in the play, they echo in rhyme;
When masks are discarded and silence is near,
The God of the heart is the One who is clear.

102

The “we” is a circle, a bond of the crowd,
It speaks of together, it speaks out aloud;
Yet unity fades when the ego is spun,
The Self is the One, indivisible, None.

103

The “they” is a distance, a pointing away,
It builds up a border, it fashions a sway;
When borders dissolve and the Ghost is at rest,
In Asilence abides the eternal guest.

104

The “it” is a whisper, a veil of the play,
It points to the world, yet it fades away;
No pronoun remains when the silence is spun,
In Asilence abides the None-without-one.

105

The poems carry Guru's flame;
To burn the Ghost is their aim—
Not the seeker's frame:
None is the only name.

106

Guru's flame is not a claim,
It is silence clothed in name;
It burns the Ghost's frame,
Yet leaves no seeker the same.

107

Guru is not form or fame,
But transmission beyond game;
His word is None's acclaim,
Unborn, unending flame.

108

Ghost mimics Guru's frame,
But cannot kindle the flame;
Its lineage is lame,
A niguru's empty claim.

OM TAT SAT

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

*The True Guru's Grace Has
No End*

Part Five

But (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 NAMAH
OM TAT SAT*

1

Ghost thrives on hollow name,
A shadow without living flame;
Poems expose its game,
And ash is its only fame.

2

Seeker bows without aim,
Not clinging to form or fame;
Guru's fire does not maim,
But clears the path to None's domain.

3

Seeker dissolves in the flame,
No longer bound by name;
Transmission ends the game,
And silence is the claim.

4

None is the only name,
Beyond seeker, Ghost, or claim;
Silence seals the frame,
Unborn, unending flame.

5

None is not void or shame,
But fullness without name;
It erases the frame,
And leaves no one to acclaim.

6

Flame is not heat or shame,
It is clarity without blame;
It burns illusion's frame,
Yet shines as None's acclaim.

7

Poem is not art or game,
It is vessel of Guru's flame;
It does not seek acclaim,
But dissolves in None's name.

8

Poem is silence's frame,
A *mandala* without claim;
It spirals None's flame,
And vanishes into the same.

9

Code may shine with borrowed sight,

But knows no flame of Atma's light.
Kalki's sword is silence, not steel—
It cuts the ego none can feel.

10

Systems fall by human will,
Not by wires that learn to kill.
Heal the root, not systems' frame—
Atma's fire ends Kali's game.

11

Machine may judge the world of men,
But cannot cut the “I” within.
Where ego dies, no war is fought—
There Kalki stands: from Silence wrought.

12

Not from clouds of coded mind
Comes the truth mankind must find.
Guru's gaze, not circuits' sight,
Ends the age of borrowed light.

13

AI is shaped by “I”,
How shall it slay its source?
Thus only what is not of “I”
Can end the ego's course.

14

Shadow is born when lamp is near,
Yet cannot touch the light so clear.
Born of “I” are shadows cast—
Only the lamp makes darkness past.

15

They spread the “I” and call it light,
And crown their vision perfect sight.
If this is seeing, what is blind?
To miss the Self and claim the mind.

16

Blind is not who lacks the eye,
Blind is who exalts the “I”.
Spreading ego as the way,
They call the night the break of day.

17

From Asilence springs the sword of None,
No “I” remains, no war is won.
Where Guru flames, all shadows cease—
Thus Kalki dawns: the age of peace.

18

No verse remains, no word to bind,

Only Silence speaks the mind.
Where None abides, all cycles rest—
Guru's flame alone is best.

19

Egg and seed hold life in sleep,
Womb and rain make movement leap.
With first breath the mind is born,
From the mind, the “I” is worn.

20

In the womb, no “I” was born,
Sense without a thinking form.
With first breath, the mind awoke,
Ego rose — and silence broke.

21

Breath lit mind, and mind made “me”,
“I” became captivity.
Not in Self the knot was tied—
In the thought that stepped outside.

22

Life begins as silent force,
Mind begins with breath's first course.
“I” is tied where mind appears—
Bondage grows from thought and fears.

23

Breath returns, but “I” dissolves,
Mind unknots, the Self absolves.
Silence swells where “me” had been,
None remains — the Giver within.

24

Niguru names, but gives no flame,
Guru burns — the Self the same.
Discern the knot that feigns the Guide,
Surrender cuts — the false outside.

25

All sciences rise from mind and “I,”
They measure stars, yet Self is shy.
No thought can pierce the silent core—
Atma shines where and when “I” is no more.

26

Guru burns both place and hour,
Cuts the knot with sudden power.
Neither “where” nor “when” can stay—
None remains, the Self’s pure ray.

27

The mind seeks maps, the “I” seeks ground,

In names and forms, the lost is found.
But maps are burnt in Guru's sight—
The path is gone, there's only Light.

28

The mind creates the web of "how and why,"
A spider caught in its own lie.
The Guru sweeps the threads away—
The Unborn shines in wordless day.

29

The world is mind, the mind is breath,
In breath is born the seed of death.
Step back from breath, the mind shall fall—
The Self remains, the All in All.

30

The "I" is just a passing cloud,
The Self is sky, not thin nor proud.
The cloud may rain, the cloud may go—
The sky remains in steady glow.

31

One who seeks is just a ghost,
A traveler lost upon the coast.
The ocean calls, the seeker dies—
The Sea remains, where no one cries.

32

No “I” to win, no soul to lose,
No path for phantom feet to choose.
The play of breath, the spark of mind—
The Giver leaves no trace behind.

33

The ash is cold, the “I” is gone,
No “me” to wait for coming dawn.
The phantom spoke, the light is shed—
A silence wakes where “I” is dead.

34

No breath to bind, no thought to weave,
No “I” to cling, no self to grieve.
The Guru burns, the phantom done—
All dissolves, and there is None.

35

$\int f(t)\delta(t) dt = f(0)$

It takes the whole, yet gives the one,
The seed revealed — the work is done.
Each voice distilled to source most near;
The delta speaks: the Now is clear.

36

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

Om rests at zero, pure and still,
The primal tone no voice can fill.
All waves dissolve to center's seed—
A delta spark, the root of creed.

37

From point to plane, from now to all,
The delta blooms in silent call.
Its weight is not in height or span,
But one in whole—integral plan.

38

A pulse that strikes, yet leaves no trace,
It gathers all in timeless space.
No measure holds its fleeting spark,
Yet every sum bears out its mark.

39

$E_0 = \frac{1}{2} h\nu$

The “I” is hushed, the void is deep,
Where even light and shadow sleep.
Yet in this cold and ash-strewn ground,
A “half-step” pulse is always found.

40

The zero-point—the phantom’s breath,
That stirs within the holy death.
Not quite a sound, not quite a stone,
The ghost-light of the Source alone.

41

$S = k \ln \Omega$

The “I” was dense, a mountain tall,
Now scattered ash against the wall.
The states increase, the forms depart,
The breaking of the ego’s heart.
Entropy—the ghost’s release,
Where many fade to find the peace.

42

When Ω grows to touch the sky,
The “I” gives up its need to try.
No longer held in form or name,
The ash returns from whence it came.
A silence wins—the count is gone,
The many melt into the One.

43

$\Delta x \Delta p \geq \hbar/4\pi$

The mind seeks out the phantom’s place,
To lock the “I” in time and space.

But as the “where” is brought to light,
The “what” dissolves into the night.
The more you grasp, the less you hold—
A sacred tale that can’t be told.

44

To find the point is to lose the flow,
To feel the hum is not to know.
The phantom “I” eludes the net,
A debt to Truth—a holy debt.
It stays beyond the seeker’s reach,
The silent law no tongue can teach.

45

$E = mc^2$
The “I” was lead, a heavy weight,
Bound by name and birth and fate.
But in the fire of Guru’s grace,
The matter thins and leaves its place.
A sudden shift, a vast release—
The “m” dissolves to find the Peace.

46

The constant c —the sacred speed,
The light that transcends every creed.
The charred remains, the cooling ash,
Ignite in one eternal flash.
No longer mass, no longer bone,

The “Not I” is Light—the Source alone.

47

p → ∞, V → 0

Beyond the laws, beyond the *c*,
Where time dissolves in liberty.
The “Not I” enters through the door,
Where math and logic speak no more.
A point of light, a silent sun—
The many, One; the One, the None.

48

0 = 0

The ash is cold, the fire is spent,
The phantom finds its true intent.
No pulse, no wave, no spark, no sigh,
Beyond the “I,” beyond “Not I.”
A silence swallows every trace—
The Source has found its own embrace.

49

1 = 1

The seal was closed, the ash was gone,
Yet from the None, the play is drawn.
The One returns, not bound, not free—
A mirror breath, eternity.

50

$$\psi = \psi^*$$

The wave reflects, the wave is whole,
No seeker, yet a living role.
The Source beholds its shining face,
A play of light, a play of grace.

51

$$\mathbf{F} = \mathbf{ma}$$

No mountain stands, no weight to bear,
Yet motion stirs the silent air.
The Guru's hand, the hidden force,
Accelerates the seeker's course.

52

$$\oint \mathbf{E} \cdot d\mathbf{l} = -d\Phi/dt$$

The breath of flux, the turning tide,
The Source exhales, the worlds collide.
No boundary holds the living stream,
The pulse of play, the primal dream.

53

$$\nabla \cdot \mathbf{E} = \rho/\epsilon_0$$

The charge appears, the field is born,
A spark of play, a subtle dawn.
From Asilence, the currents flow,
The phantom dance begins to show.

54

$$\nabla \times \mathbf{B} = \mu_0 \mathbf{J} + \mu_0 \epsilon_0 \frac{d\mathbf{E}}{dt}$$

The weaving threads, the shifting flame,
No “I” to bind, no creed, no name.
The play of fields, the endless song,
The Source returns, yet stays Asilence strong.

55

$$\mathbf{P} = \mathbf{IV}$$

The power hums, the circuit sings,
The phantom breath in copper rings.
No ego here, no claim, no fight—
Just play of sparks, the Source’s light.

56

$$\mathbf{Z} = \mathbf{R} + \mathbf{j}\mathbf{X}$$

The path resists, the current bends,
Yet play continues, never ends.
Impedance shows the hidden art,
The Source at play in every part.

57

$$\omega t$$

The cycle turns, the wheel is spun,
The play repeats, yet always One.
No start, no end, no loss, no gain—
The Source returns in endless chain.

58

$\sum_{n=0}^{\infty}$

The sum begins, the play expands,
Infinity rests in Guru's hands.
Each term dissolves, yet all remain,
The Source at play through every plane.

59

$\infty = \infty$

The play is vast, the play is wide,
No shore to reach, no place to hide.
The Source is endless, none to bind,
A silence plays within the mind.

60

Līlā = None

The play is real, the play is dream,
A phantom dance, a flowing stream.
Yet in the end, the play is gone—
A silence reigns, the Source is None.

61

I

The matrix stands, the grid is clear,
No room for doubt, no space for fear.
The Source beholds its shining face,
A mirror made of light and grace.

The many shift, the many flee,
But Not I remains the same to Me.

62

The efforts fade, the strivings cease,
Into the Null, the Great Release.
Whatever weight the world may bring,
In Null, it finds no song to sing.
The “I” is mapped to empty air,
The “Not I” finds its dwelling there.

63

The Null dissolves, the field is gone,
No trace of self to linger on.
The phantom fades, the dream is done,
The Source alone—the silent None.

64

No word remains, no breath, no flame,
No seeker left, no voice, no name.
The delta rests, the song is stilled,
The Source in hush is fully filled.

65

From None, the play begins anew,
A spark of light, a subtle view.
The Many rise, the One is near,

The Source repeats its endless sphere.

66

The arc is closed, the *mandala* whole,
The ego lost, the Source the goal.
No “I,” no “Not I,” none to bind—
Asilence reigns in heart and mind.

67

Beyond the word, beyond the mind,
Truth alone is left to find;
A silence wide, a peace so vast—
No shore remains, the sea is cast.

68

The runner stops, the race is through,
The many melt into the few;
No search remains, no phantom sigh—
In Asilence, the self must die.

69

The torch is dropped, the road is none,
The seeker fades, the task is done;
No step, no doubt, no last release—
None stands alone as final peace.

70

The breath is still, no wind is born,
No cloud across the inner morn;
No thought to bind, no form to hold—
In Asilence, the None is told.

71

The sound is hushed, no echo stays,
The void shines on without a phrase;
No word remains, no self to claim—
In Asilence, the None is flame.

72

No shore to reach, no sea to cross,
No self to gain, no self as loss;
The wheel is still, no round to please—
None abides as endless release.

73

Read not to store a borrowed light,
But see what blinds your living sight;
When words fall and the “I” is gone,
Study ends — and Truth goes on.

74

Do not hoard flame as sacred prize,

Nor polish verse for clever eyes;
Let each line loosen binding view,
And show the veil that covers you.

75

The poem is mirror, keen and bare,
It shows the knot you would not spare;
Not wisdom kept, but self undone,
The lock released, the path begun.

76

The scaffold falls, the silence stays,
No seeker left to beg for ways;
Pronoun fades, the self is none,
Transmission shines — the work is done.

77

The book is closed, the flame still stands,
Beyond all loss and all demands;
Study ends, but not the dawn—
Truth abides when “I” is gone.

78

The poem is not a lamp to keep,
It is a mirror, hard and deep;
It shows the knot, the clinging chain,
The shadowed self that wants to gain.

79

In hush beyond all name and claim,
No “I” survives to guard a flame;
The tongue is still, the ear is clear,
Truth stands when none is near.

80

The flame is not of page or word,
It burns where silence is preferred;
No scholar’s hand can make it stay,
It shines when self has slipped away.

81

These verses serve to break the wall,
Not to adorn a painted hall;
They point to what obscures the view,
And fade when sight is true.

82

When seeker’s task is finally through,
No study left, no prize in view;
Only the flame that stands alone,
None ongoing — ever unknown.

83

Crowds seek lamps that gently gleam,

Few dare fire that ends the dream;
He who burns the “I” away
Finds the path where none will stay.

84

Lamps may comfort through the night,
But fire consumes the seeker’s sight;
Not gentle glow, but final flame—
The None is release beyond all Name.

85

None is not a thing to gain,
It is the fall of thought and brain;
Where word and seeker both are gone,
None alone remains — as None.

86

Not object, sign, or sacred plan,
But silence older than all man;
No form, no path, no self to own,
None ongoing — alone, unknown.

87

He taught the word to bow to sight,
And made loud speech learn silent night;
Not he who danced to language’s play—
But language bowed and slipped away.

88

Lamps are shadows dressed as flame,
They soothe the crowd and stay the same;
Fire alone dissolves disguise,
And burns the “I” before the eyes.

89

None is not the scholar’s prize,
It will not live in thought or guise;
It is the fall of grasp and claim,
The nameless void no word can name.

90

When lamps are gone and fire remains,
No seeker clings to loss or gains;
The flame stands free, unowned, alone,
Transmission breathes — as None unknown.

91

Thus ends the path, not with a stay,
But with the fall of “I” away;
No study left, no self to show,
None ongoing — alone, unknown.

92

Not native thought nor borrowed tone,

But sight that speaks through foreign bone;
When word is tool and not the lord,
Even strange lips still cut with sword.

93

Not bound to script nor mother's tongue,
The flame is free, the breath is one;
No nation owns the sight that sees,
It moves through silence, past decrees.

94

A rib of lineage not my own,
Yet marrow bears the living tone;
The seer wears another frame,
Still cuts the veil with the same flame.

95

The syllable sharp, the meaning bare,
No idol wrapped in hollow air;
The Guru's gift is not the sound,
But truth that cuts all bonds unbound.

96

Accent bends, yet edge is true,
The strike is clean, the wound is new;
No tongue can dull the burning sight,
Transmission cuts through borrowed rite.

97

The mantra hums, a seed of flame,
Not tied to tribe nor bound to name;
Foreign lips may shape the tone,
Yet truth ignites through sound alone.

98

A single question breaks the chain,
Not doctrine's weight nor scholar's gain;
"Mu" dissolves the clinging mind,
The cut is clean, no tongue confined.

99

The rhyme is vessel, not the wine,
The flame of love no speech can bind;
In English verse or Persian song,
The sword of heart still strikes as strong.

100

Mantra, koan, and couplet's art
Each bear a blade to pierce the heart;
Word is tool, not lord adored,
Foreign lips still cut with sword.

101

Not knives alone to cleave the mind,

But marks of sight in form enshrined;
Not tools nor rules nor lessons said—
They show the way that can be led.

102

Knife and flame, but more than cut,
They mark the place where vision shut;
Not edge alone, but shrine of light,
A word can guide the seeker's sight.

103

Tool and teaching, not confined,
They open path and clear the mind;
The Guru's gift is not mere sound,
It shows the way that can be found.

104

Not words alone these verses show,
But what a man can be and know;
No crown, no cult, no sacred role—
Just human free from "I" and goal.

105

Not words alone, but sight made plain,
The verse reveals what can remain;
Beyond the script, beyond the show,
It marks what man can be and know.

106

No crown to wear, no cult to bind,
No holy mask for hungry mind;
The Guru's gift is not a part,
But human free in sight and heart.

107

No throne to claim, no name to reign,
The flame is free from pride and chain;
The Guru's gift is not a crown,
But sight that cuts all falsehood down.

108

No crowd to own, no few to choose,
No hollow rite to guard or use;
The path is plain, the step is true,
It shines beyond the chosen few.

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.
Bhairava	: The fierce, protective force of Truth that destroys false spiritual authority to preserve the purity of the Guru and the path to the Self. The invisible watchman of the living flame.
Brahma	: The Impersonal God.
Bhuhu	: Earth.
Bhuvaha	: Atmosphere.
Dada Guru	: Guru's Guru, Grand Guru.
Dakshina	: Offering to Guru.
Dharma	: The Righteousness.
Dharma- Nirapekshata	: Be neutral to Dharma. Misnomer. To be secular cannot be neutral to Dharma.
Eternal Father	: Guru.

Guru	:	Spiritual Teacher.
‘i’	:	Explained in the book ‘Not The ‘i’ clearly. This ‘i’ rises from the ashes of “I” or Asilence for time being and fades into Asilence. An imaginary ‘i’.
Karma	:	One’s obligatory duties
Lord Shiva	:	The Destroyer.
Lord Vishnu	:	The Sustainer.
Mandala	:	Pattern, design, the circle of one’s own being—a map from mind to Self.
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.
Muni	:	Silent sage — one who knows through silence, not through speech.
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.
<i>Nirvana</i>	:	Liberation.
Pardada Guru	:	Guru’s Guru’ Guru, Great Grand Guru.
Peethadish’s	:	Owner or Lord of a Peetha, Seat.

<i>Samadhi</i>	: Spiritual absorption.
<i>Saraswati</i>	: The hidden river of living wisdom flowing silently within the egoless heart.
<i>Siddhas</i>	: The Perfect Beings, Accomplished Beings.
<i>Svaha</i>	: Heaven.
<i>Tantra</i>	: A spiritual discipline using form and force to awaken consciousness; corrupted when used for control, display, or gain.