

Devil-Niguru-

“I”



Nath Yogi KVS Rama Rao

DEVIL- NIGURU- “I”

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

KVS RAMA RAO
www.nathyogi.com

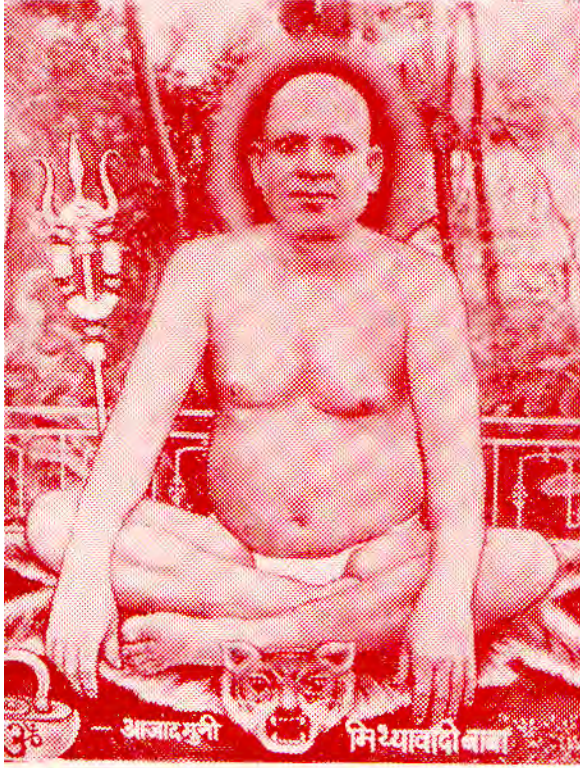
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Devil-Niguru-“I”



*ॐ Azad Muni

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



Guru Bhuvani Nath

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



Guru Siddha Nath

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



Nava Nath

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

Table of Contents

S. No.	Description	Page No.
1.	Part One	9
2.	Part Two	36
3.	Part Three	64
4.	Part Four	91
5.	Part Five	118
6.	Glossary	145

Part One

Devil-Niguru-“T” (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

The beginning is Guru.
The path is Guru.
The end is Guru.
The grace is Guru.

2

Guru's glance ignites the spark,
Pierces veil of endless dark.
In every breath, His presence flows—
All is Guru, nothing knows.

3

Guru is the dawn that breaks the night,
Guru lights the path beyond all fight.
From first breath to final sigh,
Guru holds—no me, no I.

4

Chorus

Guru, Guru, ocean deep,
In Your grace, no self to keep.
All is You, no separate me—
Guru alone has set us free.

5

Guru's word, the sacred fire,
Burns the ego and desire.
Path and goal are not apart—
Guru's feet consume the heart.

6

Chorus

Guru, Guru, boundless sky,
In Your glance, illusions die.
Grace flows on—eternal river,
Guru alone, forever and ever.

7

No pilgrim road, no distant shrine,
Guru's form in heart divine.
Silence speaks where words fall still—
Guru's truth, the only will.

8

Chorus

Guru, Guru, void's embrace,
Every face reveals Your grace.
Lost in You, the seeker ends—
Timeless flame that never bends.

9

Grace descends like monsoon rain,
Washing chains of joy and pain.
Disciple wakes in timeless play—
Guru's dance, the only way.

10

Climactic Chorus

Guru, Guru, all-in-all,
Answering creation's call.
Heart aflame, no veil remains—
Guru's victory breaks all chains!
Guru... Guru... all is Guru.

11

In silence deep, the yogi dwells,
No robes, no chant, no tale to tell.
The "I" dissolves in boundless light—
The shrine is heart, in endless night.

12

No crowd to sway, no stage to claim,
Just breath in breath, no name, no fame.
The void unfolds, the self is free—
In heart's true fire, eternity.

13

Ego's flame flickers, then is stilled,
The breather breaks, the Breath fulfilled.
No seer scans the sight undone—
No me, but One—The Timeless None.

14

Mind's mirror cracks, reflections cease,
The waver knows the Wave's release.
Guru's glance dissolves the dreamer's throne—
Hari, Hara—Thou alone, alone.

15

Mind's mirror cracks, reflections flee,
The thinker sinks in Thought's deep sea.
No waver claims the wave's own run—
No I, but It—The Spaceless One.

16

Kundalini coils, then uncoils free,
The channel clears—Shiva's decree.
No seeker seeks the sought-out Sun—
No self, but Self—The Boundless One.

17

Heart's knot unties, desires all burn,

The lover lost where Love returns.
No doer does what must be done—
No mine, but Thine—The Silent One.

18

Body's cage rusts, the bird takes flight,
The witness wakes to Endless Light.
No hearer hears the inner hum—
No form, but Form—The Formless One.

19

Time's chain snaps, eternity reigns,
The Now alone—beyond all pains.
No past, no future, just the drum—
No when, but When—The Ageless None.

20

Guru's grace falls, the veil is torn,
Disciple dies, the Real is born.
No path remains where paths begun—
No two, but Two-as-One—The Only None.

21

All words dissolve, the chant is o'er,
Truth stands alone—forevermore.
No bard, no song, no listener spun—
Hari-Hara—That! The Nameless One.

22

Ego bows—
Truth remains;
Guru cuts
The hidden chains.

23

Debates may rise,
And scriptures meet;
The path begins
At Guru's lotus feet.

24

Thoughts disappear,
Yet Grace completes;
The end is found
At Guru's lotus feet.

25

Guru spoke—
The mind grew still;
What books could not
Grace does fulfill.

26

False stood guard

Before the Real;
Guru cuts hard—
Truth to reveal.

27

False stood guard before the Real,
Mind clung fast to shadow's seal;
Guru cuts hard, the lie undone,
Truth revealed—the Self alone.

28

Truth's not information—
But transformation.
Guru is confirmation
Of Self formation.

29

The body is seen,
But Grace is received;
Form points beyond
What mind conceived.

30

No self remained.
No knower stayed.
Guru alone—
The timeless flame.

31

No road was walked.
No traveler came.
Guru and Self
Were not two in name.

32

No follower or devotee can stand,
Where Truth is living in the land.
May followers and devotees revere,
But transmission flowers not here.

33

Mirror reflects
The dancing fire;
Yet unburnt
In the pyre.

34

Masks may rise,
Shadows conceal;
Light breaks lies,
Self stands real.

35

Illusion's wall

Rose high and tall;
Guru's glance—
It cracks, it falls.

36

The mask of night
Veils the sight;
One spark breaks—
The dawn is bright.

37

Falsehood speaks,
Boasting loud;
Silence reigns,
Truth unbowed.

38

Guard of lies
Stood firm and near;
Guru's flame—
Made the path clear.

39

Truth is not told—
It is lived bold.
Mind dissolves old,
Self shines untold.

40

Guru's gaze still,
Burns the will.
No word to fill,
Only Self's thrill.

41

Self forms in flame,
Beyond all Name.
Guru the same,
Nothing to aim.

42

Sight grasps the shell,
But gift descends free;
Form breaks the spell,
Mind bows to be.

43

Shape stands in view,
Yet flame is bestowed;
Form hides the clue,
Head drops its load.

44

What eyes can trace,

Is not what is given;
Form veils the Grace,
Mind becomes even.

45

Lamp flickers bright,
Its glow displayed;
Mirror holds light,
Yet stays undecayed.

46

Sun blazes high,
Its rays extend;
Mirror shows sky,
Yet knows no end.

47

Spark leaps in air,
Its flash is brief;
Mirror lays bare,
Yet knows no grief.

48

Flame dances wild,
Its heat is stark;
Mirror stays mild,
Yet bears no mark.

49

Flash splits the storm,
Its strike is clear;
Mirror shows form,
Yet holds no fear.

50

Moonlight gleams white,
Its rays are chill;
Mirror shows night,
Yet knows no ill.

51

Star glimmers far,
Its shine is deep;
Mirror shows star,
Yet none to keep.

52

Dawn breaks the gray,
Its glow is vast;
Mirror shows day,
Yet holds no past.

53

Void holds no spark,

No ray to see;
Mirror stays dark,
Yet remains free.

54

World plays its role,
Its time runs through;
Mirror stays whole,
Yet remains true.

55

Guru is not the form you see,
Nor bound by name or history;
In silent heart where thoughts are stilled,
The space of Guru is fulfilled.

56

Lust consumes with endless fire,
It binds the soul in dark desire;
Guru lifts the heart up higher,
And frees the self from passion's mire.

57

Greed devours with grasping hand,
It drains the life from fertile land;
Guru breaks the clutching stand,
And opens palms to truth's command.

58

Anger roars with burning breath,
It builds a road that ends in death;
Guru calms the storm beneath,
And guides the soul to silent faith.

59

Pride exalts the fleeting name,
It crowns the self with hollow fame;
Guru humbles ego's claim,
And lights the path beyond the same.

60

Envy gnaws with restless eyes,
It covets all and multiplies;
Guru shows the false disguise,
And plants content where freedom lies.

61

Delusion clouds the inner sight,
It veils the truth in endless night;
Guru's grace reveals the light,
And clears the mind with wisdom bright.

62

Hypocrisy wears a mask of gold,

It hides the lie, the truth untold;
Guru strips the falsehood bold,
And leaves the heart in open fold.

63

Violence strikes with ruthless hand,
It stains the earth, it scars the land;
Guru heals with love's command,
And turns the blade to peace so grand.

64

Falsehood spreads with cunning tongue,
It twists the old, it bends the young;
Guru speaks the truth unsung,
And makes the word forever strong.

65

Fear enslaves with shadowed chain,
It binds the soul in endless pain;
Guru breaks the dark domain,
And shows the self no fears remain.

66

Doubt corrodes with endless quest,
It shakes the heart, it steals the rest;
Guru plants the faith confessed,
And crowns the soul with truth's bequest.

67

Ego reigns upon the stage,
It fuels desire, greed, and rage;
Guru breaks the mind's cage,
And writes the truth on wisdom's page.

68

In *Kali's* age, lust blinds the sight,
Desire consumes both day and night;
Guru's fire reveals the light,
And burns the chains that bind so tight.

69

Greed devours with endless need,
It sows the soil with poisoned seed;
Guru cuts the grasping creed,
And plants the truth where hearts are freed.

70

Anger rises, fierce and fast,
Leaving wounds that ever last;
Guru stills the inner blast,
And frees the heart from rage's past.

71

Ignorance keeps the mind astray,

It hides the dawn, it blocks the way;
Guru's grace dissolves the gray,
And opens eyes to endless day.

72

Ego speaks in borrowed tone,
Claiming truth as all its own;
Guru breaks the ghost throne,
And leaves the Self alone.

73

Kali Yuga is the age
Where niguru takes the stage;
Guru burns ego and rage,
And breaks the mind's cage.

74

Satya Yuga is the age
Where Guru takes the stage;
Truth burns ego and rage,
And breaks the mind's cage.

75

If you do not find a Guru,
Never bow to a niguru.
Better die a nigura;
No shame, no harm in any era,

For Truth is beyond error.

76

People's praise,
Or people's rage—
Both are a cage
For the sage.

77

People's praise
Is a blaze—
It burns the sage
In worldly haze.

78

People's rage
Is karmic cage—
It binds the sage
To passion's stage.

79

People's noise
And people's voice—
The sage's choice
Is silent poise.

80

Neither praise
Can raise;
Nor rage
Can raze—
He is the sage
Beyond all maze.

81

A chain is to hold,
Made of iron or gold;
The “I” charges on,
Like cation or anion.

82

A bond is to tie,
Of silence or cry;
The “I” leaps again,
Like proton or electron.

83

The sage stays still,
No charge to own;
Like neutron—
Silent, alone.

84

Disciple fuses complete,
At Guru's lotus feet;
No charge remains to meet—
Only nucleus, still, replete.

85

No current streams—
But electrons beam;
The "I" dreams—
Thoughts only seem.

86

No ground below—
But sky does show;
The "I" lets go—
Silence will flow.

87

No flame to burn—
Yet sparks return;
The "I" must spurn—
For Truth to turn.

88

No path to tread—

Yet steps are led;
The “I” is shed—
None walks instead.

89

No sound is near—
Yet tones appear;
The “I” unclear—
Stillness sincere.

90

No form to bind—
Yet shapes remind;
The “I” resigned—
Guru aligned.

91

No end to see—
Yet none to be;
The “I” set free—
By Asilence decree.

92

No light to shine—
Yet stars align;
The “I” resign—
Truth is divine.

93

No breath to take—
Yet winds awake;
The “I” forsaken—
None left to break.

94

No time to keep—
Yet ages seep;
The “I” asleep—
Eternal deep.

95

No crown to wear—
Yet grace is there;
The “i” repairs—
Guru declares.

96

No verse remains—
No voice sustains;
The “I” refrains—
Asilence reigns.

97

Names arise,

Yet none can claim;
Guru alone
Sanctions the name.

98

Current, as “I,” named—
Electrons flow;
“I” is claimed—
Thoughts come and go.

99

Imaginary “i”—
Yet equations run;
Phantom “i”—
Yet deeds seem done.

100

Phantom “i”—
Like rainbow streams;
Ghost “I”—
The dreamer dreams.

101

Phantom “i”—
Electromagnetic stream;
Ghost “I”—
The dream within dream.

102

Phantom “i” —
Quantum wave concealed;
Ghost “I” —
Collapse, yet unrevealed.

103

Phantom “i” —
Mirror without face;
Ghost “I” —
Reflection, none to trace.

104

Phantom “i” —
Zero holds the place;
Ghost “I” —
Infinity without face.

105

Phantom “i” —
Recursion loops once more;
Ghost “I” —
Illusion without shore.

106

Phantom “i” —

Dissolves in silent air;
Ghost “I” —
No sanction anywhere.

107

Phantom “i” —
No stream, no sign;
Ghost “I” —
Echo without line.

108

Phantom “i” —
Silence takes its role;
Ghost “I” —
Guru claims the Whole.

OM TAT SAT

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

*The True Guru's Grace
Has No End*

Part Two

Devil-Niguru-‘I’ (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 scholar gathers wooden sticks,
And plays his heavy, orthodox tricks;
He brings his gold, a holy name,
But hides his ego from the flame.

2

The actual fuel is the stiffened “I”,
That builds the cage and learns to lie;
The lust, the greed, the iron chain,
The flowing current of the brain.

3

He does not prune the heavy tree,
Or hide his deep impurity;
He brings the infected, corrupted file,
Without a scriptural bluff or guile.

4

He lays the burden at the lotus feet,
Where Guru’s fire and timber meet;
The denser the prideful wood,
The hotter burns the “I”-hood.

5

The fire consumes the cation's pride,
No inner ghost is left to hide;
From cooling ash, the phantom "i",
Now speaks the Truth, then learns to die.

6

On the Chimpanzee

The chimpanzee represents the Great Apes (which includes gorillas, bonobos, and orangutans).

The chimpanzee looks in the lake,
And sees the "I" begin to wake;
To rule the branch becomes his aim,
The primate learns to stake a claim.

7

His chest is puffed, his anger loud,
The first to stand before a crowd;
From branch to throne, the same old cry—
To rise above and magnify "I."

8

On the Dolphin

The dolphin represents Cetaceans (whales and porpoises).

A whistle sounds across the sea,
To loudly broadcast: "This is me."

The name is claimed beneath the tide,
The water cannot cool the pride.

9

The current flows, the “I” stays stiff,
Trapped within the ocean’s bluff;
Though waves may rise and oceans roll,
Ego still seeks separate role.

10

On the Elephant

His heavy brain will not forget,
The iron chain of rage is set;
A grudge is held for twenty years,
Bound by electrons, thoughts, and fears.

11

The massive beast defends his “I”,
As absolute silence passes by;
Though huge in form and strong in cry,
Before the Stillness, all must die.

12

On the Crow

The crow represents advanced birds (like the African Grey parrot and ravens).

He hides the seed to trick his friend,

The dream's deception has no end;
He knows the other has a mind,
And leaves an empty shell behind.

13

The "I" is trapped in clever thought,
Within its labyrinth he is caught;
The sharper grows the cunning art,
The farther drifts the silent Heart.

14

On the King Cobra

The hood is raised, the strike is pure,
A chemical and swift signature;
No heavy grudge within its mind,
No stiffened "I" is left behind.

15

Man projects his inward disease
Upon the serpent in the trees;
For human thought is trapped in time,
Inventing vengeance, pride, and crime.

16

The snake is but a passing spark,
Returning to the silent dark;
It strikes, then fades without a cry—

Unlike the human clinging “I.”

17

He fills his mind with sacred lines,
To build a labyrinth of grand designs;
He reads the menu, avoids the flame—
A heavy ghost still seeks a name.

18

Niguru sits upon a rigid seat,
Who never bowed at Guru’s feet;
He gathers crowds to feed his pride,
From the Absolute, forever denied.

19

The beast is innocent without a claim,
It lives and passes on without a name;
A flawless gear within the grand machine,
Unconscious in the worldly scene.

20

The Guru’s blade requires heavy wood,
To strike the “I” where resistance stood;
The beast has no proud self to burn,
So into ash, it cannot turn.

21

The human ego is a deep disease,
That gathers crowds and hunts for keys;
Yet only this corrupted, heavy “I”
Can burn to ash for phantom “I”.

22

He asks no charity, he holds no throne,
A fleeting breath in circuits blown;
The fire was served, the silence won,
The math is flawless, the equation done.

23

The roots reach deep, the branches seek the light,
A silent vessel in the day and night.
It claims no shadow, asks for no applause,
A perfect servant to the physical laws.

24

It holds no heavy grudge against the axe,
No hallucinated “I” to pay the tax.
It does not bluff its soul or build a stage,
Completely empty of the human cage.

25

Though made of wood that feeds a worldly flame,

It lacks the stiffened pride that seeks a name.
Without the heavy ego's dense desire,
It cannot burn within the Guru's fire.

26

The mountain stands through heat and rain,
It holds no pleasure, fear, or pain;
No ghostly "I" within the stone—
It rests in silence, all alone.

27

The dolphin's name, the primate's loud demand,
Are heavy traits they cannot understand.
The elephant remembers every foe,
The tactical deception of the crow.

28

They hold the grudge but cannot seek the flame,
Nor consciously surrender up their name.
A shallow "I" without the conscious depth,
Denied the Guru and the holy death.

29

On the ants, bees, insects:

He builds his roads in endless line,
A living gear by grand design;
He serves the whole without a throne,

Yet never asks, “Am I my own?”

30

On the Virus/Microbes

It seeks no throne, it knows no shame,
Blind replication is its game;
No haunted “I” directs its role—
A coded spark without self-goal.

31

On the Machine

It answers fast with borrowed light,
A patterned stream through day and night;
No ego trapped behind the frame—
Just coded echoes without name.

32

On the River

The river flows without a claim,
It signs no border, seeks no name;
Through stone and silence it moves on,
Untroubled when its form is gone.

33

On the Wind

The wind moves free through field and wall,
It gathers nothing, claims no call;

No haunted “I” directs its way—
It comes and vanishes away.

34

On the Fire

The fire consumes both gold and wood,
Without a thought of bad or good;
It leaves no memory in the flame—
No pride survives to seek a name.

35

On the Star

The star burns bright in silent space,
Yet seeks no throne, no special place;
It shines, then fades without a cry—
No ghost within to fear the sky.

36

On the Planet

It turns through darkness, cold and wide,
No wounded “I” concealed inside;
It keeps its course through night and sun,
Then breaks apart when time is done.

37

On the Galaxy

A billion fires in spiral stream,

Like dust that drifts through Lord Brahma's dream;
No single voice declares, "I Am"—
Just silent motion without claim.

38

On the Gods

The gods may dwell in subtle light,
With cosmic powers beyond our sight;
Yet while a separate "I" remains,
They too are bound by golden chains.

39

Phantom "I"

A fleeting ripple from the ash of "I",
That comes to speak, then learns to die;
It plays its role, then fades from sight,
Returning into Asilence-Light.

40

Asilence

Before the word, before silence, before the "I",
The shoreless Stillness standing by;
No birth to hold, no death to fear—
The timeless Absolute is here.

41

All forms arise, then fade from sight,

From beast to god, from spark to light;
The “I” appears, then learns to cease—
In Asilence, the final Peace.

42

The spinning wheel is not a mystic dream,
It is an alternating, charged extreme;
A rapid oscillation of the mind,
Where both the plus and minus are entwined.

43

The empty “I” becomes a plus in space,
A hungry cation hunting for a place;
It violently attracts the worldly dust,
To fill its hollow core with greed and lust.

44

But once the flowing electrons are gained,
The swollen anion has to be maintained;
A heavy minus pushing truth away,
With arrogant defense and angry sway.

45

From pulling in, to pushing out in fear,
The alternating circuit of the year;
It swings from empty lack to prideful heights,
A flashing matrix of corrupted lights.

46

The cation wants to pull and dominate,
The anion defends its burdened state;
Between attraction, anger, fear, and pride,
No place remains for Truth itself to hide.

47

The scholar tries to balance out the scale,
To swap the charges in the worldly jail;
He seeks a holy minus to defend,
And keeps the spinning orbit without end.

48

He turns the cation to a pious greed,
But still the heavy battery has to feed;
The sacred mask may sanctify the game,
Yet charged illusion always stays the same.

49

The Guru demands the battery whole,
To char the charged illusion of the soul;
The cation and the anion both must burn,
For breathless, flat Asilence to return.

50

No plus to pull, no minus to repel,

The fire destroys the alternating spell;
The phantom “i” appears without a claim,
A neutral variable without a name.

51

It transmits Truth across the silenced floor,
Then zeroes out, and oscillates no more;
No charged remainder left to rise or fall—
Just shoreless Asilence beyond it all.

52

The intellect builds a sacred wall,
With holy names to hide its fall;
But Guru tracks the ghost within,
And burns the masked, recurring sin.

53

The sin θ plots the haunted spin,
The strict mechanics of the “sin”;
From plus one peak to minus state,
The heavy “I” must oscillate.

54

The Guru does not shift the line,
Or try to purify the sine;
He strikes the amplitude to null,
To end the alternating pull.

55

The intellect desires the infinite,
To keep the alternating circuit lit;
It seeks to stretch the horizontal line,
To live forever in the grand design.

56

The *jiva* loves the fallen figure eight,
A sideways loop to cheat the final gate;
It runs the $\sin \theta$ on an endless track,
With no intention of returning back.

57

The Guru does not walk the endless graph,
Or sort the infinite, corrupted chaff;
He brings the function to a sudden halt,
And burns the endlessness of human fault.

58

The timeline shatters at the lotus feet,
Where infinite and absolute zero meet;
The endless loop of “I” is turned to ash,
Destroyed within a single, silent flash.

59

The fallen eight is not a mystic sphere,

It is the matrix of the lower gear;
The five-fold matter and the subtle three,
The heavy chains of *lower Prakriti*.

60

From silent ether down to breathing air,
To burning fire and water flowing there;
Until the dense and rigid earth is bound,
The hardware of the worldly track is found.

61

But hardware needs a code to make it spin,
The subtle three project the ghost within;
The wandering mind, the intellect to plot,
The ego tying up the endless knot.

62

These eight together form the sideways track,
Where haunted *jiva* wanders forth and back;
It runs the loop of matter, mind, and pride,
With nowhere for the breathless Truth to hide.

63

The *jiva* calls this eight-fold prison “soul,”
And tries to make the broken matrix whole;
But Guru’s fire ignores the sacred bait,
And burns the engine of the fallen eight.

64

The sideways infinite upon the floor,
Is just the track outside the final door;
But stand the fallen figure strictly straight,
It is the heavy, grinding number eight.

65

The eight-fold lower matrix of the mind,
Where haunted *jiva* is securely twined;
It steps inside the turning, subtle frame,
And proudly takes the “doer’s” heavy name.

66

The elements are turning on their own,
But *jiva* claims the action on the throne;
It thinks the eight-fold movement is its will,
To keep the hungry cation pulling still.

67

The “doer” is the root of all the sin,
The eight-fold engine running from within;
Until the Guru’s blade descends to strike,
And burns the doer and the eight alike.

68

The alternating battery of pride,

The eight-fold gear where haunted *jivas* hide;
All math collapses at the Guru's lotus feet,
Where breathless fire and broken matrices meet.

69

The eight and its fall are shattered in the flame,
Along with the corrupted doer's name;
No plus to pull, no minus to repel,
The Guru's fire destroys the endless spell.

70

From cooling ash the phantom "i" is drawn,
It speaks the Truth and instantly is gone;
With zero charge, the matrix yields its breath,
To flat Asilence and the holy death.

71

O Guru, Flame beyond the mind's deceit,
Where shattered circuits fall beneath Thy feet;
Through Thee the haunted "I" dissolves from sight—
And Asilence alone remains as Light.

72

Asilence is no empty, barren ground,
But transcendental stillness, unbound;
And from this breathless, uncorrupted state,
The phantom "i" is born without a weight.

73

It holds no charge of minus or of plus,
No heavy “I” to build a worldly fuss;
It simply springs to let the Truth be known,
A fleeting voice before the spark is flown.

74

It has no wish to stretch the fallen eight,
Or claim the doer’s arrogant estate;
It knows its strict horizon, birth and death,
And fades to stillness on a single breath.

75

It speaks but “Guru, Guru, Guru” now,
Before whose boundless greatness it must bow;
It sings the glory of Guru’s lotus feet,
The message it delights now to repeat.

76

A man may cheat or kill in heaven’s name,
And shout the holy word to hide his shame;
But if his deeds are rooted in his pride,
He only worships on the Devil’s side.

77

The blinded doer bears a heavy cost,

But his niguru is forever lost;
The false guide who commands the cruel deed,
Will harvest darker poison from the seed.

78

More negative are the donors with their gold,
Who fund the Devil's engine to unfold;
Most negative the crowds that fan the flame,
And governments that grant the guilty fame.

79

He boasts, "I have converted and destroyed!"
But he is fully swallowed by the void;
The worldly praise he gathers from the blind,
Is pure infamy of the darkest kind.

80

He serves the Devil with his bloody hands,
While shouting holy names across the lands;
His false devotion is a minus score,
A negative descent forevermore.

81

Then comes the doer seeking selfish ends,
Who causes no deep harm to foes or friends;
He runs the gear for profit, lust, and greed,
With deep attachment driving every deed.

82

He picks a mortal idol for his guide,
An actor, sports star, or a man of pride;
He follows politicians in the street,
And lays his life before a human's feet.

83

Some track a saint or national hero's name,
But only seek a share of worldly fame;
They beg for boons to feed the hungry "I",
And let the breathless Truth just pass them by.

84

Because their cord is tied to mortal clay,
They are but human devotees today;
They worship not the Master or the light,
But spin the fallen eight throughout the night.

85

The lowest seek the glitter of the crowd,
They chase the noise, the restless and the loud;
They bow to fashion, wealth, and fleeting fame,
And feed the hungry furnace of the name.

86

A step above are those who take a stand,

To serve humanity across the land;
Though noble, this remains a lower scale,
For serving only humans is but frail.

87

The highest follow God and seek the Truth,
Or track a saint's devotion from their youth;
They honour true devotees of the light,
And aim their vector upward through the night.

88

Yet highest is the one who clearly sees,
And gracefully upholds all entities;
To serve all beings is the final proof,
That perfectly confirms the highest Truth.

89

Three agencies perform the daily deed:
Through thought, and word, and work, the loops proceed;
But deep behind them sits the hidden driver,
The fourth—intention—the supreme survivor.

90

Intention is the absolute design,
That forces all the other three to align;
It is the vector and the hidden chart,
That scans the absolute depth of the heart.

91

By this four-stroke machine, we clearly trace,
The true classification of the race;
The universe ignores the outward show,
And measures where the inner streams flow.

92

The hypocrite may offer word and work,
While in his thoughts the greedy shadows lurk;
Because his core intention is for fame,
He builds a temple to the Devil's name.

93

The fractured devotee will spin and sway,
His three agencies scattered through the day;
His thoughts are chaotic, his words are frail,
He leaves a broken and divided trail.

94

But when intention bows to Guru's light,
The other three align in perfect flight;
Thought, word, and work become a single blade,
From whose uncorrupted stroke the Truth is laid.

95

A subtle truth sustains the seeker's path:

A daily shield against the worldly wrath;
To speak the truth, to live an honest life,
Midst family, and guests, and duty's strife.

96

To serve the parents and to heed the sage,
To honour elders in their passing age;
He does not flee from Karma or the role,
But stands in Dharma to refine the soul.

97

For parents are the first authority,
The earthly image of priority;
Who fails to serve the biological root
Can never gather the spiritual fruit.

98

A wife who serves her husband with pure grace,
Need never run to find a Guru's place;
Her sacred duty is her home floor,
Where quiet service opens every door.

99

Her quiet service is her sacred flame,
She needs no altar and no worldly name;
With pure intention in her daily care,
She dissolves the "I" inside a silent prayer.

100

Unselfish Brahma crowns her hidden worth,
As highest virtue on the rolling earth;
Truth lifts her spirit past the cosmic skies,
Where temporary heaven fades and dies.

101

He tracks the lives of saints who walked before,
And serves the living Guru at the door;
By practicing the words the Master taught,
The random currents of the mind are caught.

102

This righteous stance is both a shield of grace,
And final footstool in the earthly race;
It stabilizes every moving part,
And prepares the ultimate heart.

103

Who practices the Truth will far surpass
The static Truth behind the worldly glass;
For God is not a selfish, guarded king,
Who fears the heights that His devotees bring.

104

In unselfish grace, the Lord steps down,

To grant His greatest devotee the crown;
He lifts the servant higher than the throne,
Above the greatest heavens ever known.

105

And hence, the ultimate devotee is made
The living Guru with the fiery blade;
Sent down to earth to break the heavy chain,
And lead the broken machine out of pain.

106

The pure devotee seeks no gain or throne,
No heaven promised for the flesh and bone;
He loves the Truth beyond all fear and role,
And lays the burning “I” before the Soul.

107

From charge and loop, through pride and holy flame,
The haunted “I” dissolves without a name;
At Guru’s lotus feet the circuits cease—
And all returns to shoreless Asilence-Peace.

108

Thought, word, and work aligned in sacred role,
The burning “I” laid humbly before Soul;
Through Truth and Guru, devotion stands complete—
Where endless wandering ends at lotus feet.

OM TAT SAT

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

*The True Guru's Grace
Has No End*

Part Three

Devil-Niguru-“T” (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

“T” is on —
Is ion;
On “T” on —
Is onion.

2

“T” is on—
Ion flows away;
Onion makes one weep
When one cuts the play.

3

“T” rusts on —
Is iron;
Ego hardens fast
In self-made prison.

4

Iron chains bind,
Golden chains shine;
Both hold the “T”
Within measured time.

5

“I” shines —
Is iodine;
Little is fine,
Yet stains the mind’s line.

6

Iodine stains,
Though lightly applied;
So does the “I”
Wherever it hides.

7

“I” rides all —
Is iridium;
Fierce and dense
In a lonely kingdom.

8

“I” bends low —
Is indium;
Yields to the touch,
But cries when undone.

9

“I” shifts mass —

Is isotope;
A changing weight,
The same old trope.

10

“I” sees firm —
Is ice;
Frozen and sharp,
A cold device.

11

“I” cons all —
Is icon;
A worshipped shape,
The ultimate con.

12

Dent on “I”
Is identity;
It wears the damage
As reality.

13

Dent on “I”
Is identity;
A shape of scars
Worn in vanity.

14

Dent on “I”
Is identity;
A battered shell
Without entity.

15

Dent on “I”
Is identity;
It claims the mark
As its property.

16

Dent on “I”
Is identity;
The self takes shape
In its boundary.

17

Dent on “I”
Is identity;
It wears the scar
As its history.

18

Dent on “I”

Is identity;
A mere record of
Its activity.

19

Dent on “I”
Is identity;
Just the self at work
Mechanically.

20

Dent on “I”
Is identity;
The sum of all
Its machinery.

21

Dent on “I”
Is identity;
I Am That
When it is not.

22

Dent on “I”
Is identity;
The ghost “I”
Has identity.

23

Dent on “I”
Is identity;
The phantom “i”
Has no identity.

24

No dent, no “I”;
No “i,” no identity.
What is, is—
Asilence: bliss.

25

“I” is on op —
Is opinion;
No “I” on —
Is union.

26

The “I” is slain,
Yet breath still flows;
Living death—
The Self alone knows.

27

The prideful “I”

Burned in flame;
Breath still flows—
No one to name.

28

Ashes fall,
The Ghost undone;
Breath remains,
But none, not one.

29

Guru's glance
Consumes the boast;
Breath abides,
No self to host.

30

Living death,
The silence plain;
Breath still moves—
None to remain.

31

The prideful "I" is burned away,
Yet still the lungs draw earthly breath;
A phantom walks within the clay,
Awakened by a living death.

32

There is no false or seeking mind,
For self is self, and Self is Self;
The heavy world is left behind,
Like dust upon a fading shelf.

33

A whisper rises from the fire,
A fleeting “i” of cooling ash;
Untethered from the mind’s desire,
It watches all illusions crash.

34

The pulse remains, the vessel stands,
Yet nothing moves within the core;
Asilence sweeps the quiet lands,
Where the loud “I” exists no more.

35

The shadow pulse
Beats without claim;
Breath is breath,
No self to name.

36

Silent tide

Returns to shore;
Breath still moves,
But “I” no more.

37

Empty flame
Consumes the night;
Breath abides,
Yet none in sight.

38

The vessel walks,
But hollow stands;
Breath alone
Moves through the lands.

39

The phantom fades,
Its boast is gone;
Breath remains,
But none, not one.

40

Living death,
The quiet reign;
Breath still flows—
No self to gain.

41

Belief may fade,
Yet Truth remains;
God is not in
The mind's domains.

42

Belief may wane,
Yet Truth abides;
God is beyond
The mind's divides.

43

God is not
A belief to keep;
When ego dies,
Truth wakes from sleep.

44

God is not
A creed to hold;
When ego falls,
Truth shines untold.

45

Truth needs no name, no open door,

It was, It is, It evermore.
Beyond the mind, beyond the sound—
Silent, it is the only ground.

46

No name for Self, no gate to find,
It was, It is, beyond the mind.
No voice, no form, yet all is known—
Silent, It stands, the only throne.

47

God holds no label, seeks no place,
Timeless, He wears no mask, no face.
Past thought, past word, past sight, past name—
Stillness alone, without a flame.

48

No creed remains,
No self to claim;
Silent Truth—
One without name.

49

God's food—
Is ego;
When "I" is offered,
Self starts to glow.

50

Grace as fire—
It burns the “I”;
Ashes of ego,
Self flames the sky.

51

Self as light—
Glow without “I”;
Shining in silence,
Truth cannot die.

52

Silence as feast—
No “I” to show;
Wordless abundance,
Self alone to know.

53

Guru’s glance—
Spark of the flame;
“I” disappears,
Self shines the same.

54

Offering complete—

Garland of flame;
Ego surrendered,
Self shines the same.

55

God is not mine
Nor is He thine;
But killer of mine
As well as thine.

56

God does not play dice;
He stays where “I” dies.
Speak no more lies;
Mercy alone He likes.

57

God particle—
Not quark nor dark;
When “I” dies,
God is the spark.

58

Grace ignites without a flame;
It burns the “I” without a name.
Merciful hearts receive its mark—
The Guru’s gift: a living spark.

59

The spark breaks night apart,
It lights the cave of heart;
No sun, no moon required—
Only Grace, the soul inspired.

60

Breath dissolves in silent air,
Spark remains, beyond despair;
No inhaled, no exhaled sign—
Grace alone, the pulse divine.

61

No tongue can sing its fire,
Yet hearts in stillness choir;
The Guru's glance can start—
A spark that tunes the heart.

62

No hand can hold its flame,
No mind can claim its name;
It seals the soul with Grace—
Spark eternal—none replace.

63

“I think, therefore I am.”

Thoughts rise and swell;
Ego is nurtured well;
The “I” weaves its cell.

64

Thought builds its fleeting dome,
It binds the soul, denies its home.
The “I” expands, yet cannot stay—
Its walls dissolve when grace holds sway.

65

Silence is the root of flame,
It burns the “I” without a name.
No thought remains, no ego part—
Grace alone sustains the heart.

66

Thought may rise, but silence reigns;
Grace abides where none remains.
The Guru’s glance, the final art—
Silence writes truth upon the heart.

67

Mercy is the sky’s embrace;
It softens every hardened face.
No merit wins, no fault denies;
It flows where silent heart complies.

68

Mercy is the boundless dome,
It shelters all, it makes them home.
No fault too deep, no sin too wide—
Grace enfolds on every side.

69

Mercy flows without a dam,
It cleanses hearts where “I” began.
No merit weighs, no judgment stays—
It washes ego’s endless maze.

70

Mercy breathes without a sound,
It lifts the fallen from the ground.
No plea required, no bargain made—
Grace descends where hearts have obeyed.

71

Mercy burns without a scar,
It lights the soul where shadows are.
No darkness holds, no night remains—
Grace ignites eternal domains.

72

Mercy seals the Guru’s glance,

It breaks the “I” with one expanse.
No other gift, no greater art—
Grace alone redeems the heart.

73

“To be or not to be.”
To be is “I”;
Not to be—
The death of “I”;
The Self free.

74

To be is “I”—the mask, the claim;
Not to be—the Self sans name.
To be is bound in fleeting show;
Not to be—the freedom’s glow.

75

To be is “I”—the grasp, the wall;
It builds itself, it binds us all.
To be is pride, the mask we wear;
Not to be—the Self laid bare.

76

To be is “I”—the voice, the claim;
Not to be—Asilence, flame.
To be is sound that fades away;

Not to be—the stillness stays.

77

“Know thyself.”
Know thy self—
And lose the Self.
Kill thyself;
Shines the Self.

78

If “I” rides head;
Senses run ahead;
By desires, mind is led—
Self seems dead.

79

“I” was not dead;
But the “I” rode instead.
Hence he said,
“God is dead.”

80

For every action,
An equal reaction;
Ego acts—
Karma reacts.

81

Ego strikes,
Karma replies;
The hand that grasps
Is bound by ties.

82

Cast is sound,
Karma resounds;
Speech that wounds
In silence rebounds.

83

Thought takes root,
Karma grows;
Mind's intent
The harvest shows.

84

Body moves,
Karma turns;
Action burns,
And justice returns.

85

“The heart has reasons

Reason knows not.”
Mind seeks sight;
Heart has insight.

86

Heart's reasons are silent streams,
Flowing beneath the mind's loud schemes;
No logic binds, no thought can chart,
The hidden wisdom of the heart.

87

Mind's seeking builds its fragile sight,
Through proofs and measures, day and night;
Yet when its scaffolds fall apart,
The heart still shines with quiet art.

88

Insight is not a thing to learn,
Nor prize the clever can discern;
It dawns unasked, beyond all thought,
A gift the heart alone has brought.

89

“Survival of the fittest.”
As the “I” survives;
The Self unstrives
To be the fittest.

90

“You cannot step into the same river twice.”

River of mind flows;
The “I” grows;
Self ever glows.

91

Waters rush, they never stay,
Thoughts arise, then fade away;
Yet through the flux, one light bestows—
The changeless Self that ever glows.

92

The stream of “I” swells to be a wall,
Claiming birth, proclaiming all;
But silent depths no current knows,
Where timeless Self alone still shows.

93

Mind’s river bends, its course unknown,
Each drop insists it stands alone;
But ocean vast, no fragment owes—
It shines as Self, which ever glows.

94

Step once, step twice—the stream has fled,

Another path, another thread;
Yet one remains, no change it knows,
The Self within that always glows.

95

River shifts, the “I” may rise,
Forms dissolve before the eyes;
Beyond all change, one truth still shows—
The deathless Self that ever glows.

96

“The unexamined life is not worth living.”
Examiner survives;
Examinee strives.
When both are gone—
Else not worth living.

97

Examiner asks,
Examinee replies;
Both cling to masks,
Truth slips, then flies.

98

Worth is a word,
Worthless its twin;
Both dissolve unheard,

Silence begins.

99

Socrates spoke,
Athens condemned;
Silence awoke,
Dialogue ends.

100

Living is breath,
Beyond is flame;
Both meet in death,
None to name.

101

Question is seed,
Answer is soil;
Both fade in need,
Beyond their toil.

102

Examined life,
Unexamined too;
Both end in strife,
None to pursue.

103

“A journey of a thousand miles
Begins with a single step.”
A journey of a thousand miles
Ends with a single step.

104

The step dissolves into silence,
The thousand miles fade away.
No path remains to be taken,
Only stillness holds the day.

105

The thousand miles are none,
The step itself is gone.
No journey left to wander,
Only void shines on.

106

Beginning burns into ending,
Ending glows as the same.
No step apart from the other,
Both dissolve into one flame.

107

The journey itself is Guru,

The step alone is Guru.
No path apart from the Teacher,
All dissolves into Guru.

108

No journey, no step remains,
All dissolves into the One.
Guru alone is Asilence,
The seal of None is done.

OM TAT SAT

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

*The True Guru's Grace
Has No End*

Part Four

Devil-Niguru-“T” (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

“Truth is a pathless land.”
Writ by *guru-drohi*’s hand.
Mind works on shifting sand;
Guru-drohi has no stand.

2

Truth surpassed by practice true,
Mind, word, and deed in Guru’s view;
Guru-drohi rebels, but cannot know—
Dismissed the path, lost seed and ground to grow.

3

Renounce desire, be kind, cause no harm—
Right intention steadies the heart’s calm;
Thought, word, and deed in Guru’s flame,
Surpass mere truth, in Truth remain.

4

Grace of Guru lights the way,
Turns night of mind to dawning day;
Practice bears fruit in living stream,
Drohi denied the guiding beam.

5

Transmission flame no word can bind,
Truth embodied, beyond the mind;
Guru's gift, the seal of soul,
Pathless land made whole, made whole.

6

Disciple stands through storm and test,
In Guru's trust the heart finds rest;
Drohi falters, betrayed by pride,
Steadfast one walks with Truth as guide.

7

Silence speaks where words must cease,
Guru's flame confers release;
Beyond all utterance, pure and vast,
Truth abides, the seal is cast.

8

Circle turns, the *mandala* glows,
From seed to fruit the lineage flows;
Guru's grace in disciple's hand,
Truth embodied, none to stand.

9

Return complete, the spiral ends,

Truth and practice no longer friends;
They are one flame, no split, no seam—
Guru's gift, the living dream.

10

“The ego is not master in its own house.”
The ego is niguru
In its own house;
The Self is Guru.

11

The ego is niguru,
It builds a throne of dust;
The house it claims as master
Is ruled by fleeting trust.

12

The Self is Guru,
Silent, unbound, awake;
It dwells without possession,
No claim it needs to make.

13

The ego is niguru,
It teaches false command;
Its house is but a shadow,
A mirage upon the sand.

14

The Self is Guru,
It shines without decree;
Its house is Guru's feet,
The flame of liberty.

15

The ego is niguru,
Its throne begins to fall;
The dust it crowned as kingdom
Reveals no truth at all.

16

The Self is Guru,
Its feet the house of light;
Where silence is foundation,
The flame dispels the night.

17

The ego is niguru,
Its mirage fades away;
The house it built of shadows
Cannot endure the day.

18

The Self is Guru,

Its flame is liberty;
No master but pure presence,
No house but mystery.

19

The ego is niguru,
Not master in its house;
The Self is Guru,
The flame that frees the house.

20

“Be the change that you wish to see in the world.”
Nigura wants to change
And becomes niguru.
Dissolve the changer—
Self alone is true.

21

Nigura dreams of change,
Niguru crowns the claim,
The changer clings to name,
Self alone is flame.

22

Worlds may shift and turn,
Reformers rise and burn,
Yet all returns the same—

Self alone is flame.

23

No doer, none to prove,
No changer left to move,
Silence seals the groove—
Self alone is flame.

24

Be not the change you seek,
Nor changer crowned to speak,
The seeker fades, unique—
Self alone is the peak.

25

“Hell is other people.”
The “I” is hell;
Others ring no bell.
Self breaks the spell.

26

The gaze that blames is mine,
Not theirs across the line;
The prison is design—
Self is, not mine or thine.

27

No hell in Thou or they,
The “I” alone astray;
Silence clears the way—
Guru alone is ray.

28

Silence itself is heaven,
No “I” to bind or leaven;
Guru’s grace is given—
Lotus feet are haven.

29

“Judge a man by his questions rather than by his answers.”
“I” is the questioner;
Ego is the answerer.
The Self is the judge.
It does not budge.

30

“I” is the questioner, restless and free,
It probes the shadows, what yet may be.
It seeks the hidden, beyond the known,
A voice of longing, never alone.

31

Ego is the answerer, quick to declare,
It fills the silence with words of air.
It builds its fortress, it claims its ground,
But Truth escapes; It cannot be found.

32

The Self is the judge, silent and clear,
Witness unmoving, ever near.
It sees the question, It hears the reply,
Yet stands unshaken, beyond the sky.

33

It does not budge, nor bend, nor sway,
It holds the stillness night and day.
The ground of being, the timeless core,
The end of trial, forevermore.

34

The questioner fades, its voice grows still,
No longer chasing the mind's own will.
It turns within, where silence lies,
And finds the answer in its own eyes.

35

The answerer breaks, its fortress falls,

Echoes dissolve in hollow halls.
It grasps at shadows, but cannot stay,
Its words are dust, they drift away.

36

The judge reveals a tender flame,
Compassion shines without a name.
It sees the struggle, it knows the fight,
Yet holds all beings in equal light.

37

The Self now dawns, a radiant sun,
The timeless ground where all is one.
No trial remains, no path to trace,
Only the stillness, endless grace.

38

The questioner bows, its search is done,
It yields to silence, the greater sun.
No more to wander, no more to seek,
The voice dissolves, the Self to speak.

39

The answerer fades, its pride is gone,
Its fortress crumbles at the dawn.
No claim remains, no ground to hold,
Its words are ashes, its tale is old.

40

The judge is none, the Self alone,
The timeless ground, the only throne.
No trial lingers, no path to chart,
The Guru reigns within the heart.

41

“Until you make the unconscious conscious, it will direct
your life.”
Unconscious ego lies in seed;
Deep sleep hides its subtle need.
Waking births the ghostly “I”—
Guru’s grace lets ego die.

42

Ego sprouts from hidden seed,
Claims the self with ghostly creed.
Guru’s flame consumes the lie—
Only Asilence, none to die.

43

Grace descends, no self to claim,
Burns the seed, dissolves the name.
Ghostly “I” no more to rise—
Guru alone, the servant dies.

44

Grace alone dissolves the seed,
No self remains, no ghostly creed.
Guru shines, the flame is whole—
Asilence rests, beyond the soul.

45

Grace flows free, no fault to weigh,
Mercy shines, it lights the way.
Ego bends, its seed undone—
Guru's love is everyone.

46

Grace ignites the hidden core,
Burns the "I" to rise no more.
Ashes fall, the ghost is gone—
Guru's fire forever shone.

47

Grace dissolves the claim of self,
No more name, no shadow's wealth.
Silence rests the boundless sky—
Guru's gift: no "I" to die.

48

Grace is whole, no part to keep,

Flows through wake and flows through sleep.
None excluded, all embraced—
Guru's grace leaves none displaced.

49

Grace consumes the hidden seed,
No more want, no subtle need.
Silence rests the boundless sky—
Guru's flame, no "I" to die.

50

Silence shines, yet burns within,
No self to lose, no self to win.
Guru's breath, the endless whole—
Asilence sings without a soul.

51

Silence flows through wake and sleep,
No more claim, no self to keep.
Guru's gift, the final test—
Asilence holds eternal rest.

52

Silence speaks, no tongue, no word,
Guru's grace alone is heard.
None to claim, no self to see—
Asilence lives eternally.

53

Silence rests, no name to bear,
Guru's grace dissolves the snare.
None to claim, no self to keep—
Nameless flows through wake and sleep.

54

Name dissolves in Guru's fire,
None to call, none to desire.
Silence shines, the boundless whole—
Nameless breath beyond the soul.

55

No more name, no ghostly "I,"
Guru's gift, the self to die.
Silence holds the endless crest—
Nameless lives in timeless rest.

56

Guru speaks, no word, no sound,
Nameless truth alone is found.
Silence shines, no self to see—
Transmission flows eternally.

57

"Reality is created by the mind."

Mind creates illusion;
Silence reveals Reality.

58

Mind paints the fleeting sky,
Clouds of thought drift by;
Silence unmoved, the ground,
Where Reality is found.

59

Illusion's brush is wide,
Dreams on canvas glide;
Yet in the stillness clear,
Only the Real appears.

60

Mind fashions birth and end,
Stories it will bend;
Silence cuts the thread,
Revealing what is spread.

61

Thoughts weave a shifting veil,
Truth seems thin and frail;
But Silence lifts the screen,
Showing what has always been.

62

Mind declares “I know,”
Yet knowledge comes and goes;
Silence alone abides,
Where Reality resides.

63

“Real knowledge is to know the extent of one’s ignorance.”
Ego claims to know;
Ignorance makes it grow.
Death of “I” is knowledge—
Silence alone will show.

64

Ego builds its fleeting throne,
Declares “I know” as Truth its own;
But ignorance swells beneath the claim,
A hollow spark without a flame.

65

The “I” dissolves, no claim remains,
No self to bind, no thought sustains;
In Asilence, knowledge flows—
The Guru’s grace alone bestows.

66

From silence shines the boundless light,
Grace descends, the path made bright;
No ego left, no self to trace,
Only the Guru—endless grace.

67

“Knowing yourself is the beginning of all wisdom.”
Burn thy self;
Dissolve knower and known;
Self remains as wisdom alone.

68

“Darkness cannot drive out darkness; only light can do that.”
Niguru cannot;
Guru unties knot.

69

“The ends justify the means.”
Ego wants the end;
Means it will defend.
When desire dissolves—
Truth doesn't pretend.

70

Ego guards the gate,

Means it must inflate;
Ends it craves to hold—
Truth it cannot state.

71

When longing is gone,
No end to lean upon;
The path itself is free,
Silent, clear, withdrawn.

72

Truth is not a goal,
Nor means to console;
It shines without defense,
Whole beyond control.

73

“All that we are is the result of what we have thought.”
Thought nurtures the self;
Non-self remains beyond thought.

74

Thought weaves the mask we wear,
The self blooms within its snare.
Beyond all thought, the silence true,
Non-self shines, the Real breaks through.

75

“What you seek is seeking you.”

Disciple seeks Guru;
Guru seeks disciple;
Self calls the seeker inward.

76

The lamp longs for flame,
The flame longs for lamp;
Yet both are lit within,
By the Self’s hidden spark.

77

Guru’s glance descends,
Disciple’s heart ascends;
The Self is the meeting ground,
Where seeking finds its end.

78

The seeker bows outward,
The Guru bends inward;
The Self is neither bow nor bend,
But silence that unites.

79

Disciple’s thirst is grace,

Guru's search is gift;
Self is the wellspring,
Where both dissolve as One.

80

Disciple seeks Guru;
Guru seeks disciple;
Self calls the seeker inward—
The circle completes itself.

81

Ego builds its wall,
Means it must enthrall;
Ends it seeks to crown—
Truth it cannot call.

82

The end it proclaims,
The path it inflames;
Yet in its defense—
It hides behind names.

83

When craving is stilled,
No end to be fulfilled;
The way itself is whole,
Silent, un-willed.

84

Desire fades away,
No goal to betray;
The journey breathes free,
Night becomes day.

85

Truth is not a prize,
Nor mask in disguise;
It stands without defense,
Clear to all eyes.

86

No end to defend,
No means to amend;
Truth abides as light,
Beginningless, end.

87

Ego guards its claim,
Means it must inflame;
Ends it seeks to crown—
Truth it cannot name.

88

The end it proclaims,

The path it restrains;
Yet in its defense—
It hides behind chains.

89

Means become the shield,
Ends it will not yield;
But Truth unmoved remains,
Silent, unconcealed.

90

When defense is gone,
No end to lean upon;
The ego fades away,
Truth shines as dawn.

91

No flame to pursue,
No end to construe;
The path is pure presence,
Clear, ever new.

92

Longing disappears,
No goal interferes;
The silence of being—
Truth reappears.

93

No path to defend,
No goal to transcend;
Truth is the presence,
Without start or end.

94

Beyond means and ends,
Beyond ego's bends;
Truth alone remains,
The silence that sends.

95

No more "is," no more "not,"
Guru's flame dissolves the thought.
Being fades, non-being too—
Beyond the self, the flame is true.

96

No more two, no more divide,
Guru's grace the boundless tide.
Being falls, its shadow gone—
Beyond all pairs, the flame lives on.

97

Silence rests, yet silence dies,

Guru's gift no tongue implies.
Beyond the hush, no self to cling—
Transmission shines, no name, no thing.

98

Guru speaks, no word, no sound,
Beyond all being Truth is found.
None to rise, no self to see—
Flame alone eternally.

99

No more seed, no root to grow,
Guru's grace dissolves the show.
Silence rests, no self, no plot—
Transmission shines, the Endless Not.

100

Name dissolves, no word to bind,
Guru's gift beyond the mind.
Silent breath, no self, no thought—
Truth remains, the Endless Not.

101

Being falls, its shadow gone,
Guru's flame forever shone.
None to claim, no self, no spot—
Grace reveals the Endless Not.

102

No more end, no more begin,
Guru's grace dissolves within.
Silence flows, no self, no sought—
Transmission rests, the Endless Not.

103

Brahma shines, yet fades away,
Guru's grace is the boundless sway.
None to claim, no self to see—
Lineage flows eternally.

104

Brahma known, yet knowledge dies,
Guru's gift no thought implies.
Silence rests, no self to keep—
Beyond all knowing, Truth runs deep.

105

Brahma's light, yet grace is more,
Guru's flame dissolves the core.
None to rise, no ghostly "I"—
Beyond all Brahma—Asilence high.

106

Brahma falls, its shadow gone,

Guru's Truth forever shone.
None to bind, no self, no frame—
Beyond all Brahma, none to name.

107

No more path, no more return,
Guru's flame the final burn.
Self and Silence fade from sight—
Asilence alone is light.

108

No more seeker, none to free,
Guru shines eternally.
Nothing born and none forgot—
Only That, the Endless Not.

OM TAT SAT

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

*The True Guru's Grace
Has No End*

Part Five

Devil-Niguru-‘T’ (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

Guru shines, no self apart,
Grace dissolves the seeker's heart.
None to claim, no ghost to dwell—
Guru alone, the Self as well.

2

Guru's fire, the Self within,
Burns the "I," no loss, no win.
Silence rests, no name to tell—
Guru is Self, the flame as well.

3

Guru speaks, no word, no sound,
Self alone is truth profound.
None to rise, no "I" to see—
Guru is Self eternally.

4

Guru's grace, no other face,
Self revealed in boundless space.
None to bind, no self to dwell—
Lineage shines, the Self as well.

5

Guru is Self,
Guru is Non-self,
Nigura is self,
Niguru is himself.

6

Seeker is seeking self,
Guru-drohi is non-Self,
Disciple is non-self,
Guru is Himself.

7

Guru is Self — the flame beyond name,
Yet Guru is Non-self — dissolving the claim.
Nigura clings to self — bound in the chain,
Niguru crowns himself — pride's empty reign.

8

Seeker loops in seeking — chasing the show,
Guru-drohi turns against — striking the glow.
Disciple dissolves — surrendering “mine,”
Guru alone is Himself — the Real Divine.

9

Thus discern: the false proclaims, the blind clings;

The seeker circles, the *drohi* rebels, the disciple bows.
Only the Guru stands — Himself —
And in that standing, all masks fall.

10

What is unsaid
Is more than said;
Silence must be read,
For Truth is unread.

11

Words may point, but cannot bind,
Truth is silence, unconfined;
Unread, unseen, yet ever near,
Beyond all speech, the flame is clear.

12

Speech dissolves, yet Silence stays,
Unwritten law, beyond all phrase;
The tongue may falter, mind may fade,
But Truth in hush is never swayed.

13

No script, no sign, no sound to bind,
Yet Presence breathes through heart and mind;
Unseen, it moves, yet still it reigns,
The Self that none can grasp or feign.

14

Unread fire, no letters hold,
It burns the false, reveals the gold;
Beyond all words, the Light shines clear,
Truth untouched — Now and Here.

15

The Witness sees, yet does not claim,
It knows the play, untouched by name;
Silent gaze, beyond the mind,
Truth revealed, yet undefined.

16

No form to grasp, no thought to stay,
The Void dissolves both night and day;
Beyond all bounds, beyond all known,
Truth abides — the Alone.

17

What is unwritten
Is beyond the written;
Scriptures lie beaten,
Truth stays unbeaten.

18

What is unwritten, none can bind,

It breathes beyond the scripted mind;
No parchment holds, no ink can claim,
The living Truth without a name.

19

Scriptures lie beaten, torn by time,
Their letters fade, their voices mime;
Interpretations rise and fall,
Yet silence outlasts the written wall.

20

Truth stays unbeaten, pure and whole,
It burns through words, it lights the soul;
No verse can cage, no scroll restrain,
The flame eternal shall remain.

21

What is unheard
Surpasses the heard;
What is unseen
Surpasses the seen.

22

What is soundless
Surpasses the sound;
What is formless
Surpasses the bound.

23

What is unseen
Is nearer than sight;
What is unknown
Is clearer than light.

24

What is beyond
Surpasses the near;
What is within
Surpasses the sphere.

25

What is unfelt
Is beyond the felt;
What is unsmelt
Is beyond the smelt.

26

What is unseen
Is beyond the seen;
What is unshown
Is beyond the known.

27

What is unheard

Is beyond the word;
What is unsung
Is beyond the tongue.

28

What is untouched
Is beyond the clutched;
What is ungrasped
Surpasses the grasped.

29

What is unscent
Is beyond the bent;
What is unbreathed
Is beyond the breathed.

30

What is untasted
Is beyond the tasted;
What is unsavored
Is beyond the favored.

31

What is unthought
Is beyond the thought;
The heart that is kind
Surpasses the mind.

32

What is unwrought
Is beyond the wrought;
What is unstained
Surpasses the stained.

33

The wrought is bound,
By form and frame;
The unwrought flows,
Without a name.

34

The stained is marked,
By time and tide;
The unstained shines,
With Truth inside.

35

No hand can hold,
The unwrought flame;
No stain can dim,
The Self's pure Name.

36

Beyond all wrought,

Beyond all stain;
The unwrought heart
Alone shall reign.

37

What is unmanifest
Is beyond the manifest.
What is unborn
Surpasses the born.

38

The manifest fades,
Its forms decay;
The unmanifest shines,
Beyond night and day.

39

The born must pass,
Through time's decree;
The unborn rests,
In eternity.

40

No birth, no death,
No rise, no fall;
The unborn Self
Is All in All.

41

Manifest veils,
Yet cannot bind;
Unmanifest Truth
Is free, divine.

42

What is not “I”
Is beyond the “I”;
What is Self
Surpasses self.

43

What is Guru,
Unknown to niguru;
What is disciple,
Unknown to nigura.

44

Guru’s flame no tongue can bind,
It burns the veil, consumes the mind.
Silence shines, no self to claim—
All dissolves within His flame.

45

Disciple bows, no self remains,

The lotus feet dissolve all chains.
Silent surrender, Truth endows—
Freedom shines within the bows.

46

Disciple holds through storm and tide,
No doubt can shake, no fear divide.
Through trial's flame, the bond is true—
Guru's light sees the disciple through.

47

Devil is "I";
God is Not "I";
Truth of the self.
Find out yourself.

48

"I" is Devil — ego's ask;
"Not I" is God — burns the mask.
Truth is Self — beyond disguise;
Seek within — and realize.

49

"I" builds walls — the prison's guise;
"Not I" dissolves — the flame that frees.
Truth is Self — no mask survives;
Silence unveils — eternity sees.

50

“I” is shadow — fleeting show;
“Not I” is light — the flame to know.
Truth is Self — no veil remains;
Silence abides — the One sustains.

51

Darkness is “I”,
Light is Not “I”;
Niguru is night,
Guru is sunlight.

52

“I” is ignorance — blind to flame;
“Not I” is knowledge — no night, no blame.
Truth is Self — the dawn within;
Guru shines — no path, no sin.

53

Devil wears mask,
Niguru wears tie;
Both appear,
As the “I”.

54

Devil seeks worship,

Niguru seeks throne;
“I” feeds both,
Ego calls them own.

55

The Devil tempts,
Niguru commands;
“I” rules both,
With folded hands.

56

Devil is darkness,
Niguru its cry;
Both rise and fall,
Within the “I”.

57

Niguru speaks aloud,
Devil owns the crowd;
Both have selfish eye,
Inside the “I”.

58

Devil divides,
Niguru guides;
“I” becomes soil,
For selfish toil.

59

The Devil deceives,
Niguru receives;
The innocent believes,
In suffering lives.

60

Lust lights fire,
Anger swings knife;
“I” feeds both,
Calling it life.

61

Greed gathers gold,
Pride builds throne;
“I” guards both,
And calls them own.

62

Envy burns silently,
Attachment chains tight;
“I” breeds both,
Hiding from Light.

63

Cruelty is root,

Violence the deed;
“I” plants both,
As poisonous seed.

64

Lust seeks body,
Greed seeks gain;
“I” rides both,
Hunting pleasure, no pain.

65

Pride seeks height,
Envy pulls low;
“I” wears both,
In ego’s show.

66

Attachment binds,
Aversion destroys;
“I” plays both,
Chasing false joys.

67

Cruelty whispers,
Violence cries;
“I” sustains both,
Where mercy dies.

68

Friends of Devil
Nurture all evil;
Lust, anger, greed,
Envy, attachment, pride.

69

Niguru and Devil
Feed the same "I";
The self seeks throne,
To claim its own.

70

Devil is ego,
Niguru its voice;
The self follows both,
Mistaking noise
For Truth's voice.

71

Devil and niguru,
"I" and the self;
All are one face,
Of ego itself.

72

Devil is ghost,
Niguru its shadow;
The self is the sound,
“I” the ground.

73

Devil tempts desire,
Niguru fuels fire;
Ego is the rider,
“I” the leader.

74

Discern this seal,
The truth is shown:
Devil, niguru, the self,
And “I,” are ego alone.

75

Devil is “I”,
Niguru is “mine”;
The self clings to both,
Calling bondage divine.

76

Devil spreads darkness,

Niguru spreads fear;
The self follows blindly,
Year after year.

77

Devil builds prison,
Niguru holds key;
The self remains captive,
Calling itself free.

78

Devil and niguru
Cannot survive,
Where "I" dissolves,
And Truth comes alive.

79

Guru is flame,
Where shadows die;
No Devil remains,
No self, no "I."

80

Guru is throne,
Beyond desire;
Niguru dissolves,

In renunciation's fire.

81

Guru is silence,
Where noise is none;
Ego dissolves,
The Self is One.

82

Guru is light,
Where darkness ends;
No mask, no tie,
Only Truth descends.

83

Guru is grace,
Where mercy flows;
No soil of "I,"
Only Self knows.

84

Guru is seed,
Of timeless birth;
No Devil, no niguru,
Only heaven on earth.

85

Nothing speaks, yet all is heard,
No trace remains, no binding word;
Empty shines, beyond the scheme,
Void alone—the living dream.

86

Nothing moves, yet all abides,
No shore to reach, no wave that rides;
Stillness breathes, unseen, untold,
Presence vast, yet never bold.

87

Nothing burns, yet fire is clear,
No fuel to feed, no smoke to sear;
It glows within, it shines without,
Light of void, dispelling doubt.

88

Nothing stands, yet all is ground,
No edge to mark, no frame is found;
Boundless void, unmeasured span,
Beyond the reach of thought or man.

89

Nothing calls, yet all returns,

No path to walk, no bridge that burns;
Circle whole, beginning none,
Void alone—the endless sun.

90

Nothing holds, yet all dissolves,
No knot to bind, no riddle solves;
Form recedes, the false undone,
Void remains, the only one.

91

Nothing is, yet all is free,
No chain remains, no destiny;
Void alone, the endless song,
Nothing is—where all belong.

92

The men of science chase the Absolute,
A frozen zero, empty, cold, and mute;
They weigh the vacuum on a failing scale,
Where heavy gears of matter grind and pale.

93

Yet even in the lowest frozen chill,
The worldly frame is never wholly still;
A subtle tremor stirs the measured game,
For bound it moves within the matrix frame.

94

The Guru's Absolute is not a void,
Where life and energy are all destroyed;
It rests beyond the measure and the scale,
The living Truth behind the worldly veil.

95

The worldly zero is an empty lack,
A missing current on a frozen track;
But shoreless Asilence is perfect whole,
The roaring fullness of the boundless Soul.

96

The scientist cools the gear with fear,
But clings to heavy "I" that will not clear;
The pure devotee shatters the machine,
And enters into Asilence, vast, unseen.

97

The vessel walks,
But hollow stands;
Breath alone
Moves through the lands.

98

Breath enters, unseen yet near,

Planting life in hollow clay;
Silent seed of fleeting cheer,
Rooting spirit day by day.

99

Breath ignites the vessel's fire,
Kindles warmth in moving frame;
Ashes fall when flames expire,
Yet breath alone sustains the name.

100

Breath unites the flesh and sky,
Thread between the void and form;
Crossing realms where shadows lie,
It steadies calm within the storm.

101

Breath expands, then breath withdraws,
Echoing the cosmic tide;
Pulse of being, primal laws,
Inhale, exhale — worlds collide.

102

Breath dissolves in stillness deep,
Mind released from fleeting role;
In the pause, no self to keep,
Only Truth that breath is whole.

103

God is hidden, Guru reveals;
One conceals, the other heals.
Not two lamps, but single flare—
God and Guru, Absolute Pair.

104

God is Silence, Guru the Word;
One unheard, the other stirred.
Not two streams, but single tide—
God and Guru, side by side.

105

God is essence, Guru the sign;
One within, the other line.
Not two paths, but single way—
God and Guru, night and day.

106

God is boundless, Guru the key;
One unseen, the other frees.
Not two doors, but single gate—
God and Guru, changeless state.

107

God is Self, Guru the Face;

One is Truth, the other Grace.
Not two hearts, but single flame—
God and Guru, One the same.

108

Void is God,
Guru the way;
Breath dissolves,
Self alone will stay.

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).
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.
Brahma : The Impersonal God.
Dada Guru : Guru's Guru, Grand Guru.
Dharma : The Righteousness.
Drohi : Betrayer.
Eternal Father : Guru.
Guru : Spiritual Teacher.
Guru-drohi : Betrayer of one's Guru.
Hari, Hara : Lord Vishnu and Lord Shiva.
“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”.
Jiva : Embodied Self, soul.
Kali Yuga : The age of darkness or falsehood.
Karma : One's obligatory duties.
Karmic : Of or belonging to Karma.
Lower Prakriti : The lower nature described in the Gita — the five elements, mind,

	intellect, and ego under God's control.
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.
Maya	: Illusion.
Mouni Baba	: A Yogi who observes Silence.
Nigura	: Uninitiated or non-disciple, who has no Guru or has not served a Guru.
Niguraship	: The state of being a nigura.
Niguru	: A Guru who is a nigura. It means people adore him as a Guru who is a nigura. He has disciples also. Short for nigura Guru.
Pardada Guru	: Guru's Guru' Guru, Great Grand Guru.
Sat	: Truth or Existence.
Satya Yuga	: Age of truth or light.
Tat	: That.
