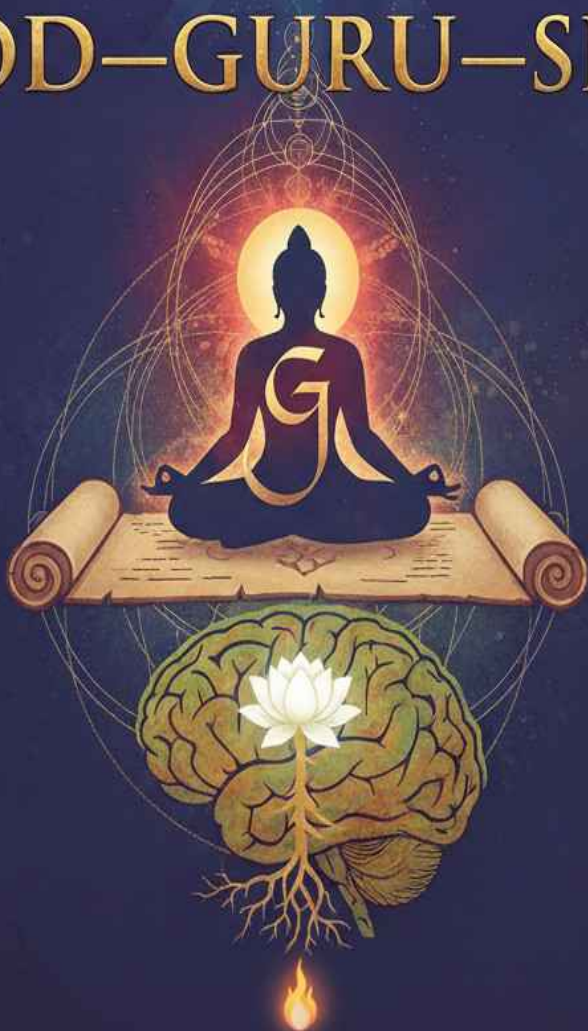




GOD—GURU—SELF



Nath Yogi KVS Rama Rao

GOD-GURU- SELF

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

KVS RAMA RAO

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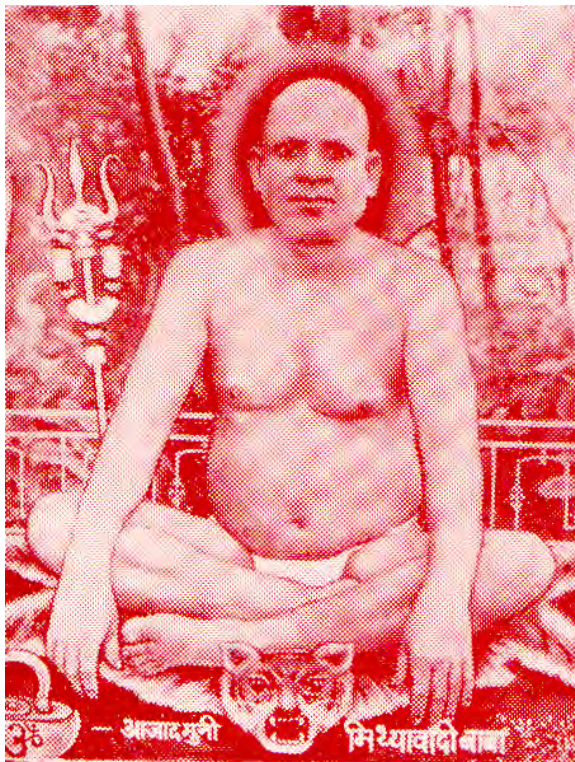
GOD-GURU-SELF

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God-Guru-Self



*ॐ Azad Muni

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



Guru Bhuvani Nath

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



Guru Siddha Nath

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



Nava Nath

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

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Part One

God-Guru-Self (Part-1)

This work to my Guru I have dedicated,
By His grace alone, it was elevated.
It holds 108 poems—a divine necklace.
But how can I count
The divine garlands I mount
At His lotus feet, where grace is paramount?

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

*OM GURAVE NAMAHA
OM TAT SAT*

1

Mind-born Gurus weave the mirage;
The living Guru breaks the bondage.
Serve the living One—pride will cease;
Bow at His lotus feet—awake to peace.

2

The thought-born Guru calls,
But only Presence breaks all walls;
Illusion fades where lotus feet descend—
The living Master, guide and friend.

3

The shadow guides the mind,
The living lights mankind;
All else is lost in dream—
The Guru's lotus feet the stream.

4

Astral Gurus may whisper charms,
But flesh alone disarms;
Only where the Master stands,
Opens the soul's hands.

5

False light shines afar,
But none heals the scar;
Touch the Guru's lotus feet—
There the real and whole meet.

6

The shadow calls the mind,
The living stills mankind;
Dreams dissolve in vain,
The Guru's lotus feet remain.

7

Thought-born Gurus deceive,
The living makes perceive;
Only the feet of flesh
Free the soul afresh.

8

The mind may seek the sky,
But Truth stands where feet lie;
Visions fade in air,
The Guru's gaze is there.

9

Dreams of guidance may call,

Yet only the lotus feet enthrall;
Flesh and word unite,
Opening inner sight.

10

Astral forms may speak,
But ego still is weak;
Living touch alone
Turns the heart to One.

11

Thought-born guides may deceive,
Only presence can relieve;
The feet that walk the earth
Grant the soul its birth.

12

The unseen may allure,
Its charm is never pure;
Bow where flesh abides,
There the Self resides.

13

Only by serving the living Guru's call,
The pride-built ego learns to fall;
Only by bowing at His lotus feet,
Does knowledge wake in silence sweet.

14

Serve the living Guru — ego will fade;
Surrender in love — wisdom is made;
At His lotus feet the heart will see,
What mind can never hope to be.

15

Egos read and claim,
Names and forms the same;
Blind to living grace,
They miss the Master's face.

16

Words may dress the wise,
Truth hides behind their eyes;
Seek not the printed claim,
Only living grace is flame.

17

Books may speak and shout,
Egos boast, yet miss out;
False guides veil the light,
Only the living ends the night.

18

Names and titles gleam,

Yet none awaken dream;
Flesh and lotus feet alone
Turn the mind and tone.

19

Nigurus claim the line,
Yet no living grace is mine;
They speak, they write, they pose,
But the true path never shows.

20

Names and titles gleam,
Falsehood spreads like steam;
The real Guru's feet alone
Turn the seeker to One.

21

Many claim the Nath way,
Yet have never served a day;
Words deceive, hearts remain,
Blind to the living vein.

22

False masters roam the land,
Their stories made by hand;
Seek the feet that walk the earth,
There alone awakens rebirth.

23

Printed fame and lore,
Hide the truth at the core;
Nigurus mislead the blind,
Living grace is hard to find.

24

Let the world worship names;
I bow to none but the living flame.
Dead words cannot console,
Only the living lights the soul.

25

The world weaves names and fame,
Each claiming the sacred flame;
But the Yogi knows the same—
Only the living bears the Name.

26

Names are many, None is none;
By Truth shines the outer sun.
Words may claim what hearts conceal—
Only the living touch can heal.

27

Legends grow from mortal mind,

Each retelling leaves truth behind;
Seek not the tales that fade and die,
But Him who lives, though None know why.

28

Myths are woven, faiths are sold,
Nigurus preach but they are cold;
Yet one glance from the living sight
Turns darkness to the Self-born light.

29

They call him this, they call him that,
Each name wears a worldly hat;
But the Nameless stands alone,
Silent, still, to self unknown.

30

The flame unseen by eyes of lore,
Burns within the heart's core;
Not in stories' borrowed grace—
In living truth we see His face.

31

Truth is simple, ever near,
But selfish minds can't hear;
When self departs from view,
The simple shines as true.

32

The false is manifold;
The Real has no fold.
The None in silence stays,
The many chase their maze.

33

The selfish seek to know,
Yet truth they never show;
Their learning builds the wall,
That hides the All-in-All.

34

The mind that grasps and schemes,
Is lost in its own dreams;
When wanting comes to cease,
Truth reveals its peace.

35

Grace needs no art nor rule,
It flows where hearts are cool;
The simple, pure, and still—
Are shaped by Guru's will.

36

The Guru breaks the stone of pride,

Self and shadow fall aside;
From His glance, the heart is clear—
Truth alone draws near.

37

The self resists, the Guru smiles,
He waits through all the trials;
When ego's core is torn apart,
Light enters the core of heart.

38

No sermon, no command,
He teaches without hand;
By presence, pure and still,
He bends the seeker's will.

39

As dew before the sun,
Self melts, undone;
Grace alone remains—
Freedom wears no chains.

40

Nothing to gain or lose,
No path left to choose;
The one who sought is gone,
The seeker and sought are None.

41

He walks, yet does not move,
Acts, with none to prove;
Silent in all He does—
For None remains as Us.

42

Neither high nor low,
Neither fast nor slow;
All flows in still retreat,
Where being and non-being meet.

43

No crown to wear, no throne,
He dwells in Self alone;
The world may pass or stay,
He smiles, and walks away.

44

All words are wind, all names are smoke,
Only the lotus feet that walk invoke;
Silence speaks where hearts unite,
In living grace, there is no night.

45

Mountains rise and rivers flow,

Yet only presence makes one know;
The world may claim, the mind may bind,
But the Guru's gaze leaves none behind.

46

No path, no map, no holy text,
The soul finds rest where truth is next;
Not in stories, nor in fame,
But in the Master's living name.

47

Seek not afar what walks beside,
The living flame cannot hide;
Drop all falsehood, cast all fear,
In the Guru's light, all becomes clear.

48

Time may pass and legends fade,
Yet presence casts the deepest shade;
All seekers bow, all hearts are free,
Where the Guru stands, eternity.

49

Before the feet, all is wandering;
Before grace, all is pondering.
When touch dissolves the known,
The heart returns to its own.

50

The shadow bows when the sun draws near;
The seeker trembles, yet finds no fear.
In light, the self is none,
And None alone is One.

51

Each act of care, each word obeyed,
Builds the bridge where self is laid;
Across that span, all pride will fall,
And love alone remains with all.

52

Once the feet are touched by grace,
None can wander in empty space;
The heart is bound to the None,
And all its seeking is undone.

53

I was none, I sought the light,
Blind in shadow, lost in night;
Words and forms could not awake,
The heart that dreams, yet cannot break.

54

Then came the feet that walk the earth,

Not a name, nor claim, nor birth;
Presence touched, the veil withdrew,
The Self began to see what's true.

55

I served, yet knew not why,
Each act dissolved the lie;
The ego melted, flame arose,
Truth flows where the river goes.

56

Now none I am, yet all I see,
The Guru's grace has made me free;
From nigura's night to disciple's day,
The heart surrendered, lights the way.

57

I was none, I knew no guide,
Lost in thought, nowhere to hide;
Seeking truths in words and name,
Yet all I found was empty flame.

58

Books and teachers came and went,
Yet none could pierce the firmament;
The mind turned round, the heart grew dry,
Blind to the One that never lies.

59

Then came the feet that walked the ground,
No words proclaimed, no trumpet sound;
Presence alone, calm and near,
Broke the wall of doubt and fear.

60

I bowed, yet did not see,
The flame that burned invisibly;
Still the shadow clung to me,
Till service set the veil to flee.

61

Each humble act, each silent care,
Melted pride, laid soul bare;
Selfless deeds became my path,
Sweeping clean the mind's old wrath.

62

The nigura trembled, yet obeyed,
No longer swayed by prideful trade;
The heart opened, faint at first,
Quenching doubt, dissolving thirst.

63

Presence flows, unseen, profound,

A subtle fire wrapped around;
Each step in service, step in grace,
The Guru's essence fills the space.

64

Ego melted, thought dissolved,
Mystery's key slowly revolved;
What once was I, now fades away,
Light awakens where shadows lay.

65

I learned to listen, not to speak,
To find the truth the heart would seek;
Not in words, nor names, nor claim,
But in the living touch of flame.

66

No longer none, yet still no I,
The disciple walks with ego dry;
From shadowed night to living day,
The heart surrendered lights the way.

67

Flesh and bone, not dreams nor lore,
Reveal the Self forevermore;
Where Guru's lotus feet embrace the earth,
There dawns true knowledge, there is birth.

68

Once nigura, now disciple free,
All worlds within, all worlds I see;
Not in seeking, not in strife,
But in the living Guru's life.

69

No longer swayed by thought or name,
The heart rests calm, untouched by fame;
All seeking gone, all striving ceased,
In Guru's presence flows the feast.

70

Neither high nor low, neither fast nor slow,
All acts dissolve, all shadows go;
The world may turn, yet still I stand,
Guided gently by the Master's hand.

71

Silent feet, silent eyes,
Truth revealed where ego dies;
Presence speaks without a word,
All hearts awaken to the Lord.

72

Time may pass, and stories fade,

Yet living grace casts deepest shade;
All illusions bow, all veils depart,
The Guru alone lights the heart.

73

Thus the disciple moves serene,
Through form and world, yet all unseen;
From nigura's night to freedom won,
The heart and Guru are now one.

74

A blind cannot lead the blind,
Though both may pray with mind;
Without the living light of grace,
They wander still from place to place.

75

Faith makes the heart obey,
But light shows not the way;
If the source is dim, not true,
Blind remain the chosen few.

76

The niguru speaks of grace,
Yet none shines through his face;
For one unlit cannot bestow,
The fire he does not know.

77

The disciple bows, sincere,
His worship pure and clear;
But faith alone cannot redeem,
A false light in a dream.

78

The Guru's touch transforms;
The niguru only conforms.
The one transmits the flame;
The other guards a name.

79

A seeker must beware;
Before he kneels in prayer.
Choose the feet that burn;
Lest None within return.

80

For faith in truth is good,
But faith in false is wood;
It burns, it glows, then dies,
Leaving smoke before the eyes.

81

The true flame hides no show;

Its warmth alone will know.
When heart and fire meet,
Grace descends complete.

82

So one must test before one serves;
The path what the soul deserves.
For wrong begins at start,
And binds the seeking heart.

83

Nigurus fill the land,
With words and guiding hand;
But none can light the spark,
That wakes the inner dark.

84

Serve the living, seeing One,
Where speech and silence are done;
From His being truth will rise,
Seen by none, yet known by eyes.

85

Faith makes the heart bow low;
Yet where it turns, the stream will flow.
If source be false, the thirst remains;
The seeker drinks but gains no gains.

86

A niguru smiles, repeats the word;
But silence in him is never heard.
The blind may follow, pure in heart;
Yet miss the flame, though near the start.

87

Faith without discernment's ray,
Leads the heart astray;
Joined with knowing, bright and clear,
Awakening draws near.

88

A disciple serves with faith complete;
Seeing God in the Master's seat.
His love is pure, his trust is deep;
Yet truth in dream may fall asleep.

89

Faith must wake, not dream or sleep;
For blind devotion buries deep.
The heart may glow, yet fail to see;
Truth hides in false ecstasy.

90

The fault is not of heart or hand,

But of the soil, not of the sand;
If seed be sown where roots can't run,
The sprout will die before the sun.

91

Thus choose with care the feet to meet,
For once you bow, the path's complete;
To wronged feet bends right intent,
Yet truth remains by grace unspent.

92

Serve the living Flame, not a name,
Where Silence burns without a claim;
Only one whose self is gone,
Can pass the Light from sun to sun.

93

Many kneel, but few are shown,
Where grace descends and Self is known;
The rest may wander, pray, and learn,
But circles close where none discern.

94

Niguru may bless, but not ignite,
He holds no key, no inner light;
His word may sound both pure and high,
Yet heart remains unlit, though nigh.

95

True Guru's glance alone can free,
Not His speech, but what none see;
From His stillness flows the stream,
That wakes the soul from endless dream.

96

Thus ends the search, thus truth begun,
Where disciple and Master are one;
Faith finds form, grace reveals,
And silence speaks what love conceals.

97

Though faith may bow at a blinded door,
Grace will guide to the rightful shore;
For love that burns without demand,
Is led at last by unseen hand.

98

The heart that seeks, though led astray,
Finds its Master, come what may;
No prayer is lost, no tear denied,
Where truth abides, all veils subside.

99

When grace descends, the false will fade,

The path grows clear, the way is made;
Niguru's spell at once will break,
The soul will turn, the heart awake.

100

Then the living feet appear,
Silent, near, and crystal clear;
Faith matures in rightful sight—
The heart rejoins the Source of Light.

101

Thus ends the seeker's nameless quest,
The soul returns to its own rest;
Guru and Self no longer two—
The false undone, the real shines through.

102

A seeker bows with open heart,
But flame is not in every part.
To serve is vow—but vow must see
If fire lives in whom we plea.

103

Niguru wears the Guru's face,
But cadence lacks the silent grace.
He gathers names, he chants the lore—
Yet never opens transmission's door.

104

The disciple loves with pure intent,
His faith is deep, his knees are bent.
But if the source is hollow clay,
He walks in night, though thinks it day.

105

To choose a Guru is not light—
It is the edge between wrong and right.
The flame must test, the silence speak,
Before the seeker dares to seek.

106

Once priests misled the crowd,
Now nigrurus preach aloud;
Faith without knowing binds—
Discernment alone unwinds.

107

Gifts and gold, devotion spent,
To the false, find no ascent;
Only feet that walk the earth,
Bring the soul its rightful birth.

108

Offerings made to hollow hands,

Scatter like dust on barren lands;
The seed of truth won't grow,
Where nigrurus preach their show.

OM TAT SAT

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

*The True Guru's Grace
Has No End*

Part Two

God-Guru-Self (Part-2)

This work to my Guru I have dedicated,
By His grace alone, it was elevated.
It holds 108 poems—a divine necklace.
But how can I count
The divine garlands I mount
At His lotus feet, where grace is paramount?

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

*OM GURAVE NAMAHA
OM TAT SAT*

1

The giver thinks he gains,
But deepens unseen chains;
For grace cannot be bought,
Nor truth by bargains sought.

2

Better serve the poor in pain,
Than feed the false for gain;
The heart that serves in love,
Is blessed from above.

3

Niguru's bowl is wide,
But emptiness inside;
The fool who fills that bowl,
Empties his own soul.

4

When self is gone and love is pure,
The heart reveals the inner door;
Through surrender's silent art,
Grace descends and fills the heart.

5

The tongue may sing,
The mind may swing,
But selfless way
Burns ego away.

6

At the lotus feet of my Guru, I find release;
An end to birth—a solace that will not cease.
The dust of His lotus feet, my *tilak*'s light,
Guides me through darkness into sight.

7

His lotus feet — compassion's throne,
Where ego breaks, and heart's alone;
In silent love, their gentle role
Reflects the soul's divinity whole.

8

O Guru's lotus feet, my heart's desire;
A flame that burns in purging fire.
In Their presence, lost yet found, I glide—
A drop dissolved in ocean wide.

9

When mind dissolves in His glance,

Ends the seeker's restless dance.
No self remains, no will, no strife—
Only His breath, the pulse of life.

10

No self remains, nor do I strive;
In the Guru's breath, I am not alive.
All forms dissolve, yet None abides—
Where love alone, in stillness, resides.

11

The mind to be cleaned of lust and greed,
With discrimination's broom indeed;
By devotion's hand sweeps firm and pure,
With renunciation's water sure.

12

When lust and greed are washed away,
The ego within forgets to stay;
The mirror of mind reflects the None,
Whose light outshines the sun.

13

In stillness clear, no thought remains,
No pleasure sought, no self sustains;
The mind dissolved, the heart set free,
Abides at Guru's lotus feet, to see.

14

The Guru's light and seeker's sight,
Blend beyond wrong and right;
Form dissolves, the void is clear—
One flame abides, ever near.

15

Body bows, the dust is pure;
Mind dissolves, the flame is sure;
Causal sleep gives way to clear—
The Guru alone abides, ever near.

16

Guru's gaze, the mirror's glow,
Shows what Self longs to know;
Bow, and vanish near—
One shines, None appear.

17

The gaze withdrawn, the breath set free,
No form remains to see;
The flame that shines as 'Not I'
Blends into None, the sky.

18

In every breath, His will I hear,

In every heart, His light is near;
No doer left, no deed to claim—
The Guru acts without a Name.

19

From Om the echoes came,
Till silence stilled the same;
Sound returned from where it came—
The Guru abides, without a Name.

20

The Guru is Om, the sound supreme,
The seed and silence of every dream;
Word and void in Him agree—
The Source of Soundless Unity.

21

Through the Guru's grace I came to know,
The sound that sounds and stillness flow;
In silence deep, all forms retire—
He is the seed, the sound, the fire.

22

The Elder walks, unseen, yet near,
His breath the sound all hearts can hear;
Nath or Brother—one flame, one call,
Guiding the Self that sleeps in all.

23

Unseen they stand, yet worlds align;
In silence works the hand divine.
Through form it moves, yet none can see,
The boundless shaping what will be.

24

Through the Guru's gaze the Self is known—
Word and void in Him alone.
He burns the script the mind has sown—
In silent flame, the seed is grown.

25

One flame burns in every race,
Hidden by names, revealed by grace.
The many fade, the None remains,
Unbound by forms, untouched by chains.

26

When night conceals the guiding star,
The flame within reveals who you are.
No light without can show the way,
But Self's own fire turns night to day.

27

Is self Self?

Is God Guru?
Is Guru God?
Is Guru Self?

28

The self is not the Self you seek—
It clings to form, it fears the peak.
But when it bows and burns away,
The Self alone remains to stay.

29

The Self is not a thing to find,
It waits behind the seeking mind.
No path can reach, no hand can hold—
It is the flame, both young and old.

30

God is not thought, nor carved in stone,
Not bound to temple, creed, or throne.
He is the breath before the name,
The silence wrapped in every flame.

31

Guru is not a robe or role,
But fire that burns the seeker's goal.
He speaks no creed, performs no show—
He is the death the self must know.

32

When God is Guru, speech is flame,
No doctrine taught, no claim to name.
His glance alone dissolves the wall—
The One who speaks, yet speaks not all.

33

When Guru is God, no self remains,
No seeker left to count the gains.
The one who asks is burned to ash—
What's left is That, beyond all clash.

34

The Guru mirrors, not reflects—
He shows the void the mind rejects;
Not image cast, but Self revealed—
The wound of "I" at last is healed.

35

The Guru is the Self made clear,
But only when no "you" is near.
When all distinctions fall and die,
The flame alone consumes the "why."

36

No answer stands, no seeker stays—

Just burning sky and formless blaze.
No God, no self, no Guru near—
And yet... the flame is always here.

37

The self dissolves in Self alone,
The Guru speaks what God has shown;
No second dwells where None abides—
The Truth in all as One resides.

38

Self, God, and Guru—one flame, one sea;
Names arise where None need be.
The wave bows down, the ocean near—
All is That, Guru clear.

39

Niguru mimics light with smoke,
He chants the name, but leaves you broke.
He offers form, yet knows no flame—
Not hiding it, but void of claim.

40

He wears the mask, but lacks the face—
No fire speaks through borrowed grace.
He names a line, but none beneath—
No living flame, just borrowed wreath.

41

Ego-self craves a softer fire,
Afraid of truth, of every desire.
Yet egoless flame consumes the breath—
No comfort lives within its death.

42

True Guru ends every quest,
Not with a word, but with unrest.
For in His gaze, all questions cease—
The mind undone, the heart in release.

43

Guru is not apart
From the heart;
He is the Self,
But never the self.

44

Guru is not apart from the heart,
No temple wall, no distant chart.
He breathes where longing dares to kneel,
A silent pulse the soul can feel.

45

He is the Self, not form nor face,

No robe, no name, no dwelling place.
He stands where thought begins to die,
The witness vast, the inner sky.

46

But never the self that clings to name,
Not ego's torch, not seeker's flame.
He cuts the thread of "I" and "mine,"
And leaves no trace, no shrine, no sign.

47

So bow not to the mask of lore,
But to the One who asks no more.
When the true Guru appears—
He burns the veil, then disappears.

48

Self is one;
Disciple is none.
God is One;
The Guru is None.

49

Self is one, not split nor spun,
No mirror cast, no second sun.
The flame is still, the knower gone—
What shines remains, what seeks is none.

50

Disciple fades, the role undone,
No path to walk, no race to run.
The feet dissolve, the name erased—
Only the breathless truth embraced.

51

God is One, not clothed in lore,
No temple gate, no sacred score.
He sings in silence, void of sound—
Not up above, but all around.

52

The Guru is None, not robe nor face,
No lineage stamped, no holy place.
He burns the name, the form, the throne—
And leaves the seeker all alone.

53

The Word ends where the Guru begins;
Sound fades where Silence reigns.

54

All *Yogas* meet where One is known,
The doer gone, the seed is sown;
Through Guru's flame the self is burned—

What's sought is seen, what's known returned.

55

Karma serves, Bhakti prays,
Jnana clears the veiling haze;
Yoga stills the mind's desire—
Guru unites them all in fire.

56

When all are one, and none remain,
No path to walk, no goal to gain;
The flame and fuel in silence meet—
The Guru rests where Self is complete.

57

When the Guru breathes through the disciple's heart,
Yoga ends where Grace takes part.

58

Without the Guru, none unite,
No flame can burn, no soul find light;
Through Him the self and Self agree—
The bound is loosed, the knower free.

59

He who acts without a Guru is blind;

For all Buddhas are the Guru's mind.
Only through the Guru, truth is found—
Without Him, one is forever bound.

60

I don't hold yoga postures,
Nor practice breath-captures.
I know not ego's rupture—
Purusha, Prakriti, or their nature.
Lust and anger I still endure—
For such is man's own nature.
Yet I am lost in sweet rapture,
As Guru's lotus feet I feature,
And they are my eternal signature.

61

I do not bend in *yogic* grace,
Nor chase the breath through inner space.
No posture seals, no *mantra* trace—
Yet Guru's glance dissolves my face.

62

I do not parse the *tattva* lore,
Nor split the One to count the Four.
Purusha, Prakriti—closed door.
I knock not. His lotus feet, I adore.

63

Lust and wrath still rise in me,
Not stilled by *tapas* or decree.
I do not claim to be anger-free—
Yet bow to the lotus feet—duality.

64

I do not chant with rosary beads,
Nor tally virtue, vows, or deeds.
My heart still hungers, still it feeds—
Yet in His silence, craving bleeds.

65

I do not seek the subtle light,
Nor pierce the veil with *yogic* sight.
I stumble still in wrong and right—
Yet His lotus feet eclipse my night.

66

I do not rise in *Kundalini*,
Nor float in trance or *Samadhi*.
No serpent climbs my inner tree—
Yet I dissolve in His decree.

67

I do not cleanse with sacred fire,

Nor fast to purge the base desire.
My vessel cracks, my limbs retire—
Yet His touch sets me entire.

68

I do not preach, nor do I teach,
Nor stretch the soul beyond its reach.
I do not grasp, I do not breach—
Yet His silence makes my speech.

69

I do not wear the saffron thread,
Nor smear the ash upon my forehead.
My rites are broken, vows unsaid—
Yet at His lotus feet, all rites are shed.

70

I do not climb the mountain steep,
Nor dive into the ocean deep.
I do not wake, I do not sleep—
Yet in His gaze, I cease to weep.

71

I do not know the sacred Name,
Nor trace the lineage, flame to flame.
I do not ask, I do not claim—
Yet branded am I by His flame.

72

I do not hold, I do not flee—
No merit, *mantra*, pedigree.
I am the dust beneath His knee—
And that alone is core of me.

73

I do not seek the Self to see,
For He alone beholds in me.
No two remain, no boundary—
The seer lost, the seen to be.

74

I do not wait for signs to come,
Nor chant the word to still the hum.
The silence speaks, the heart is numb—
For He alone is all and sum.

75

I do not call, I do not pray,
For He has never gone away.
No distance left, no debt to pay—
His gaze alone lights all my way.

76

All paths I walked now end in Thee,

All doubts dissolve, all “mine” and “me.”
No higher truth my heart can meet—
Than resting at Thy lotus feet.

77

The learned may clash in creed and claim,
Each guarding God by name and frame;
But all their storms fall at His lotus feet—
Where the Guru’s grace makes silence sweet.

78

The wise may scorn, the learned blame,
Yet all their fire returns as flame.
For none can wound, nor truth defeat—
The one who rests at the Guru’s lotus feet.

79

Devotion and knowledge meet,
At the Guru’s lotus feet,
Renunciation and action meet,
At the Guru's lotus feet,
Making the disciple complete—
Perfect, and outwardly replete.

80

He gives no coin, no golden store,
Yet grants what kings would beg for more.

The three worlds' treasure at His lotus feet—
Only the disciple owns complete,
When he lets his "I" delete.

81

I have no will, no wish, no say,
His glance alone commands my way.
The self once proud accepts defeat—
And bows forever at His lotus feet.

82

Devotion bows, knowledge kneels,
Where the silent lotus feels.

83

Action stirs, renunciation stills,
Both dissolve in Guru's will.

84

Mind unknots, heart unbinds,
Feet of flame unmake the binds.

85

Speech recedes, breath aligns,
Lotus feet erase the lines.

86

Seeker fades, the Giver stays,
Not by merit, not by praise.

87

Form is full, yet void within,
Guru's glance absolves all sin.

88

Outer wealth, no longer mine,
Repletion flows from Source divine.

89

Perfect not by worldly test,
But by resting in the breast.

90

No more choosing—path is One,
Where all opposites are undone.

91

Not attainment, not retreat,
Just the dust beneath His feet.

92

Cycle ends, yet never done,
Each petal births another sun.

93

Thus the disciple, whole and bright,
Walks as shadow of the Light.

94

Someone bowed to one who wore the flame,
Who spoke of truth, but sought for name.
His words were gold, his heart untrue—
The false can preach, but not renew.

95

He called him Guru, he served with zeal,
But love cannot make the shadow real.
The mask was kind, the gaze was cold—
No fire, no silence, no hand to hold.

96

Yet grace, unseen, began to stir—
Not from the man, but from the blur.
The pain of loss became his guide;
Through broken trust, the heart was tried.

97

Then silence whispered, “Turn within,
No outer light can cleanse this sin.
The Guru waits where Self is clear—
Not there, but here, He stands near.”

98

The false unmasked, the real drew close,
No name, no robe, no outer pose.
He burned the past, both wrong and right—
And made his blindness yield to Light.

99

He bowed again, but not to form,
No face, no creed, no saintly norm.
The Flame within received his tear—
At last the Guru’s feet were near.

100

Without discernment’s guiding flame,
Service becomes the binding chain.
Love turns blind, and faith deceived—
By falsehood served, the soul’s bereaved.

101

But once the mask of false is torn,

The pain reveals what truth has sworn.
Through tested fire, the heart is freed—
Love with discernment alone can lead.

102

My Father is my Guru's face;
My birth began in His grace.
From flesh to flame I grew—
The Self I see is only You.
This is true, true, true.

103

Truth is the ground I stand;
Consciousness, the guiding hand.
Bliss, the silent hue—
All three abide in You.

104

The heaven you seek is here,
The coming is already near;
Not one shall rise or fall—
The Self has embraced all.

105

The Bhakta loves, yet keeps apart,
The flame adored, not in his heart.
The Advaitin knows, yet dry the seed—

The Nath is burnt in Guru's deed.

106

No lover, knower, self, nor goal—
The Guru breathes within the soul.
When “Thou” and “I” in silence meet,
That is union—pure, complete,
At the Guru's lotus feet.

107

No thought remains, no wish to be,
The breath flows on eternally.
The seer, the seen, in stillness meet—
The Self revealed at the Guru's lotus feet.

108

All deeds dissolve, all vows release,
In His still gaze, both war and peace.
Renounce or act—one pulse, one beat—
All end and rise at the Guru's 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

God-Guru-Self (Part-3)

This work to my Guru I have dedicated,
By His grace alone, it was elevated.
It holds 108 poems—a divine necklace.
But how can I count
The divine garlands I mount
At His lotus feet, where grace is paramount?

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

*OM GURAVE NAMAHA
OM TAT SAT*

1

What if God be invoked,
Yet one is not yoked?
If to be His slave were His wish,
Then God would be selfish.

2

He makes no slave, He breaks the chain,
He burns the false, dissolves the pain.
Not one to rule, but One to be—
The Guru grants that liberty.

3

Worship begins the quest within,
Till self dissolves, and God is seen;
The Guru's glance unites the two—
What prayer sought, His touch makes true.

4

The self once bowed, now disappears,
No cry remains, no stream of tears.
The flame and light no longer two—
The Guru burns, the Self shines through.

5

You chant His name with fervent breath,
But cling to form, afraid of death.
The yoke is light, yet you resist—
A slave to self, not to the Myst.

6

If God demands your bowed-down head,
Then He is hungry, not the Bread.
The Giver gives and asks no chain—
His silence burns, beyond all name.

7

To yoke is not to serve in fear,
But melt the “I” that clings so near.
No master waits with whip or rod—
The yoke is love, and love is God.

8

When love no longer loves as two,
Nor seeks reward for what it knew,
The heart falls still, the seeker dies—
The Guru dawns, and Self replies.

9

No light descends, no vision gleams,

No sound is heard within the dreams.
Yet all is known, and none to know—
The Guru breathes, and all things flow.

10

No act remains, yet all is done;
The moon reflects the deathless Sun.
No doer moves, no seeker strives—
The Guru lives through all our lives.

11

Invoke, but let the self be slain—
Not by command, but by the Flame.
The One who gives without a need
Is God indeed—beyond all creed.

12

The Flame consumes, yet does not harm,
It burns the self, but leaves the charm.
No ash remains, no shadow's hue—
Only the Light, the ever-True.

13

Sans Guru you are blind,
As truth you cannot find;
The mind may seek, the heart may yearn—
But only through His grace you learn.

14

Without a teacher, none may learn,
Without a Guru, none discern;
All knowing turns to nescient light,
Only Grace bestows the insight.

15

The learned read, the scholars claim,
But words alone are not the flame.
The mind conceives, yet cannot span—
The Guru is the bridge between God and man.

16

Thought seeks to bind the boundless Whole,
Yet fails to grasp the seeing soul;
The knower's pride, the thinker's snare—
All vanish when His words declare.

17

What shines in books is dim and frail,
The truth once known leaves no trail;
For knowledge ends where Being starts—
The Guru writes on living hearts.

18

Seek not to think what mind can't hold,

The Self is silence, pure and bold;
When “I” falls still, the veil is torn—
And wisdom, not by thought, is born.

19

The knower dies, the known is gone,
What shines remains—the Only None;
No thought remains to weigh or prove—
The Guru’s being speaks as love.

20

Gnosis is not taught by rule or rite,
But seen within when mind is light;
The seeker’s doubt, the sage’s claim—
Both burn within the Guru’s flame.

21

Not gnosis held, but self undone,
Not many paths, but only one;
The fire of truth consumes the rest—
The knower sleeps, the known is blest.

22

He who would know must cease to be,
The eye must close the eye to see;
The Guru’s touch makes dark reveal—
The heart becomes the final seal.

23

When knowing ends, awareness stays,
No thought divides, no form betrays;
The silent One, the wordless call—
The Guru is the All-in-All.

24

Gnosis bows before His lotus feet,
Where being and knowing meet;
The Self, the world, the Guru—three—
Dissolve into None beyond non-duality.

25

Thus ends the path the mind began—
The knower gone, the known is man;
The Guru's glance, the final sight—
All knowledge lost in perfect Light.

26

The knowing died, and the knower too,
Only His lotus feet forever true.
No word remained, no world, no part—
Just Guru's love within my heart.

27

No God to seek, no name to call—

The Self alone, beyond the All.
Not found in prayer, nor lost in sin—
The knower knows by turning in.

28

No yoke to wear, no chain to break,
No dream to fear, no soul to wake.
The world appears, but none is bound—
The Self is still, and all is ground.

29

No worship leads to what you are—
No temple holds the deathless star.
The seeker fades, the search is vain—
The Self remains, untouched by name.

30

No Guru comes, no glance is cast—
The teaching ends, the test is passed.
No flame descends, no grace is poured—
The Self is whole, not needing more.

31

No chant, no breath, no sacred sound—
No *mantra* makes the Self be found.
The silence speaks, but none can hear—
The knower knows when none is near.

32

No God demands, no path is laid—
No karma binds, no debt is paid.
The doer dies, the deed dissolves—
The Self alone, as all evolves.

33

No fear remains, no love to lose—
No will to act, no self to choose.
The mind unknots, the thought is stilled—
The Self is Not, yet all is filled.

34

No two to love, no one to hate—
No self to guard, no other's fate.
The mirror breaks, the face is gone—
The Self is light, before the dawn.

35

No light appears, no darkness fades—
No time to pass, no truth that wades.
The knower knows, yet None can know—
The Self is not a thing to show.

36

No act to do, no goal to reach—

No word to say, no one to teach.
The knower rests, the known is None—
The Self is not beneath the Sun.

37

No self to slay, no flame to rise—
No God to please, no grand disguise.
The knower wakes, but None awake—
The Self is not a thing to evoke.

38

No ash remains, no charm to keep—
No dream to guard, no soul to reap.
The Self is not, yet None is That—
No knower lives, no name, no hat.

39

Sans Guru, one is blind—
As Self, none can find.
For self seeks self,
And Self knows Self.

40

The eye turns in, but sees its face—
A mask of light, a mirrored trace.
The seeker seeks, but cannot see:
The Self is not identity.

41

The lamp is lit by living flame,
Not by the mind that chants the name.
The true Guru does not explain—
He burns the knot, and ends the game.

42

When seeking ends, the Self remains—
Not grasped by thought, nor held in chains.
The one who sought dissolves in grace,
And finds no self, and knows no face.

43

Sans Guru, one is blind to light—
The eye turns in, but sees the night.
No map, no flame, no living guide—
Just echoes where the Self should bide.

44

The self seeks self, and spins the wheel,
Mistaking thought for what is real.
But Self is not a thing to find—
It dawns when seeking is resigned.

45

He chants the name, but holds no flame,

A hollow ask, a borrowed claim.
Niguru speaks, but does not burn—
The wheel turns on, no return.

46

The true Guru does not explain—
He cracks the shell, dissolves the name.
No doctrine, dogma, or debate—
Just silent fire to end the wait.

47

The seeker's face begins to fade,
No self to hold, no mask to braid.
The "I" dissolves, the mine is gone—
And Self remains, a silent dawn.

48

The mirror shows what cannot stay—
A form that shifts, then slips away.
But Guru's flame reveals the core—
Not seen before, not seen no more.

49

The eye that seeks is not the eye—
It sees the veil, but not the sky.
Only the flame can pierce the knot—
The Self is known when self is not.

50

To know the Self is not to know—
It does not come, it does not go.
It is the knower, not the known—
The flame that burns, the seed unsown.

51

No grasping hand can hold the flame—
It burns the grasp, it ends the game.
Surrender is the only key—
To vanish into what must be.

52

Each verse a gate, each gate a flame—
Not ornament, but sacred name.
The cycle spirals, not to teach—
But to dissolve the one who seeks.

53

Beware the one who speaks of Self,
But guards his name, his fame, his shelf.
The true one walks without a trace—
No claim, no face, no marketplace.

54

Sans Guru, one is blind again—

The cycle ends where it began.
But now the eye is not the same—
It holds no self, it holds the flame.

55

Search to find
Self through mind
Will leave one blind—
It is beyond mind.

56

Thought builds a cage of golden bars;
It shines like truth, but hides the stars.

57

The Self is sky, not mind nor lore—
No thought can reach Its silent core.

58

The mirror cracks when “I” looks in—
No face remains, no trace of sin.

59

Concepts burn in silent flame;
What mind can't hold has no name.

60

Seeker and sought are both untrue—
When mind dissolves, what's left is You.

61

Ask not the thought, nor chase the sound—
The Self is still, nowhere bound.

62

Mind says "I am," but knows not who—
The knower dies when That breaks through.

63

No path to tread, no goal to gain—
The one who seeks becomes the chain.

64

Drop the lamp, let darkness fall—
Only then is there no wall.

65

Beyond all time, beyond all mind—
The Self is not a thing to find.

66

The eye that sees cannot be seen—
To know the Self is to fall between.

67

So end the search, let Guru guide—
The flame you are was never outside.
Beyond all time, beyond all thought—
The seeker can never be sought.

68

The river ends where ocean starts;
The drop dissolves, yet never departs.

69

In Guru's glance, the mind is slain—
What dies is loss, what lives is gain.

70

The word He speaks ignites the heart;
No ear can hold what flames impart.

71

His silence tells what sound conceals—
The truth no scripture ever reveals.

72

When heart bows low, the veil is torn;
In that fall, the Self is born.

73

He is no form, yet form appears—
His grace resounds beyond the years.

74

All doubts retreat before His gaze;
The false dissolves in nameless blaze.

75

The breath He breathes becomes your own;
The life you lived was never known.

76

He lights no path, He is the way—
In His stillness dawns the day.

77

Who sees the Guru sees no two;
The seer is gone, the sight is true.

78

The name once heard now melts away;
What speaks remains, though none can say.

79

The eyes that saw now see no more—
The heart has found the unseen shore.

80

All questions fade, the knower sleeps;
In Guru's hush, the silence speaks.

81

No rise, no fall, no near, no far—
The boundless Self is all you are.

82

The breath returns to where it came;
The flame remains without a name.

83

Guru within, Guru without—
No in, no out, no shadow, no doubt.

84

He was, He is, He will not cease—
The pulse of void, the heart of peace.

85

In His still breath, all worlds dismiss;
The form of None—the heart of bliss.

86

The seen dissolves, the seer too—
What's left to say but only You?

87

No heaven waits, no hell to fear—
When Guru is, all else is clear.

88

The play of world to stillness bends—
In Guru's Self the seeking ends.

89

No sound remains, no thought can stay;
All merges in the nameless Way.

90

The hand that points, the heart that yearned—
Both vanish when the Truth is learned.

91

No birth, no death, no in-between—
Only the Self, forever unseen.

92

Guru and God are not apart—
One flame illumines every heart.

93

The mind bows down, the void is whole;
Grace alone becomes the goal.

94

Where speech would rise, silence replies—
The boundless looks through mortal eyes.

95

No “I” to lose, no “You” to gain—
The drop and sea are same again.

96

What once was sought now stands revealed—
The wound of search forever healed.

97

The circle ends where it begun—
Guru and Self are ever One.

98

The eye that looks is made of thought,
And what it sees is what it's not.
The mirror turns, the gaze dissolves—
No self remains, no self evolves.

99

The path is false, the goal a dream,
The seeker swims in *Maya*'s stream.
But when the stream forgets to flow,
The Self alone remains to know.

100

No *mantra* leads, no prayer ascends,
No ritual starts, no effort ends.
The Flame is not a thing to earn—
It burns the one who tries to learn.

101

The self that seeks is made of fear,
It clings to form, it won't draw near.
But when the clinging hand lets go,
The Self remains, the rest is show.

102

No God to please, no sin to cleanse,
No *karmic* debt, no moral lens.
The doer dies, the deed is none—
The Self is still, the play is done.

103

The world appears, but none is bound—
The rope is snake, the drum is sound.
The one who wakes does not arise—
He sees no world, no lows, no highs.

104

The Guru speaks, but not in word—
His silence is the truth inferred.
He does not teach, He does not try—
He is the Flame that burns the "I."

105

The Self is not a thing to find—

It is the ground of every mind.
It does not shine, yet all is lit—
It is the lamp, the flame, the wick.

106

No witness stands, no knower sees—
No breath to count, no mind to please.
The one who knows is not a man—
He is the space before “I am.”

107

The Self is not a second thing—
No throne, no crown, no God, no king.
It does not rule, It does not move—
It is the stillness none can prove.

108

So drop the search, and drop the seer—
The Flame is now, the Flame is here.
No self remains to seek or strive—
The Self alone is what’s alive.

OM TAT SAT

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

*The True Guru's Grace Has
No End*

Part Four

God-Guru-Self (Part-4)

This work to my Guru I have dedicated,
By His grace alone, it was elevated.
It holds 108 poems—a divine necklace.
But how can I count
The divine garlands I mount
At His lotus feet, where grace is paramount?

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

*OM GURAVE NAMAHA
OM TAT SAT*

1

Sans Guru, one will strive—
And think by doing thrive.
For self acts for self,
But selfless acts for Self.

2

The doer builds with pride and pain,
But dust returns to dust again.
Flame needs no hand to rise—
It leaps from Guru's silent eyes.

3

The mirror shows what karma projects,
Not what the flame reflects.
Without the gaze that burns the veil,
The seeker's works will always pale.

4

Climbing high with crafted will,
The mountain stays, the heart stands still.
But one who bows without a skill
Is lifted by the Guru's will.

5

Acts may shine in outer light,
Yet bind the soul in *karmic* night.
Only those that burn the rope
Are lit by Guru's silent hope.

6

Deeds done in name or fame decay,
But those in love are washed away.
When self no longer claims the role,
The Guru's will becomes the soul.

7

Beware the name that asks for praise,
Yet leaves the flame in smoky haze.
The true one speaks without a sound—
His silence shakes the hollow ground.

8

Not by vow nor sacred rite
Does one invoke the inner light.
But by the fall of self-made schemes
The Guru enters through our seams.

9

I did, I saw, I tried to be—

But “I” is just a lock and key.
When “I” dissolves, the flame is near,
And “Thou” becometh the only seer.

10

No scripture teaches the silent glow,
No *mantra* makes the current flow.
It comes when all is laid to rest—
The Guru lights It in the chest.

11

The less I do, the more to be done.
The race is lost, the flame has won.
In stillness, motion found its source—
The Guru rides no outer horse.

12

Not by blood nor temple name
Does one inherit Guru’s flame.
But by the ash of ego’s pyre
The true disciple walks through fire.

13

I brought my verse, my crafted song—
The Guru smiled: “You’re still too strong.”
I dropped the rhyme, the rhythm too—
And silence sang what I once knew.

14

The self that sought was never real,
The Self that gave began to heal.
And in the space where striving died,
The Guru's breath became my guide.

15

The hand may act, yet none is doer;
The flame within makes all things truer.
When "I" is gone, the work is done—
What moves is moved by only None.

16

The wind may blow, the leaves may sway,
Yet none can claim the breath's own way.
The Guru moves, yet seems so still—
His silence shapes the cosmic will.

17

His hand in mine, yet none between—
The doer gone, the act unseen.

18

Each step a prayer, each breath a hymn—
No temple found, yet all is Him.

19

The world revolves, the Yogi stays—
The Flame unmoved through changing ways.

20

No fruit to claim, no debt to pay—
The deed dissolves before the day.

21

He moves my hand, He speaks my word—
The Self alone is seen and heard.

22

The world may turn, but none is spun—
The deed is done before begun.

23

The wheel still moves, yet none revolves—
The heart unmoved, the world resolves.

24

Acts arise as waves from sea—
Who acts when all is unity?

25

He moves as all, yet rests as One—
The play is His, the player is None.

26

When self is gone
You become none.
Intervention of One
Makes you None.

27

When self is gone, one becomes none.
No trace remains—only the One.

28

Intervention of One, makes one None.
Not by seeking, but by being undone.

29

The seeker asks, the Giver burns.
False lineage speaks—true silence returns.

30

No word remains, no thought to mend—
The Guru's gaze becomes the end.

What once was sought now fades away—
The Seer alone, the single ray.

31

Sans Guru, one will strive—
And think by renouncing thrive.
For self renounces for self,
But selfless renounces for Self.

32

The seeker drops the outer shell,
Yet guards the throne where ego dwells.
He chants of loss, but seeks acclaim—
Renunciation forged in name.

33

He drops the world to gain the sky,
Yet clutches self in monk's disguise.
Renunciation worn as pride—
A mask the ego learns to ride.

34

False guides will barter sacred flame,
For names and robes and hollow fame.
They teach the self to self-deny,
But never teach the self to die.

35

To see the self and call it gone,
Is still to gaze and carry on.
Reflection is not dissolution—
Only Guru breaks delusion.

36

Sans Guru, mind will strive—
And think by silence thrive.
But thought repeats the same old song,
Till grace cuts through what's right or wrong.

37

When the Guru's glance consumes the clay,
The self-made path is burned away.
No vow remains, no act to shun—
Renunciation's work is done.

38

Renounce not things, but one who clings.
Not acts, but actor—cut the strings.
The selfless do not count the cost,
For what dissolves was never lost.

39

The Giver gives, not when implored,

But when the ask itself is flooded.
Renunciation is not plea—
It is the death of “give to me.”

40

The offering is not a trade,
Nor virtue stacked, nor merit weighed.
It is the ash of the I deserves,
The silent flame the Guru serves.

41

No renouncer stands, no goal ahead—
The path is walked when self is shed.
Renunciation births the One,
When twoness cracks and all is done.

42

He cuts the root, not trims the leaf.
He does not soothe, He brings the grief.
For only pain that breaks the core
Can open Self and close the door.

43

He who renounces renunciation
Has crossed the gate of true cessation.
No claim remains, no stance to hold—
Just silent flame, not renouncer bold.

44

Selfless renounces not to gain,
But burns in the Guru's silent flame.
No self remains to ask or vow—
Only the Giver, here and now.

45

Renunciation ends the game—
Not seeker's pride, but ego's shame.
Transmission flows when self is gone,
And Guru speaks: "You were the dawn."

46

Renounce the thought that you renounce,
The mind that counts, the self that pounce.
When even letting go is gone,
The Flame alone keeps shining on.

47

No vow remains, no choice to flee—
What is, is what must always be.
Renunciation fades in grace—
The Guru dwells in every place.

48

What to renounce?

What not to renounce?
What to denounce?
What not to denounce?
In all, It stands—the silent pronoun;
The Self has renounced every noun.

49

Niguru asks for sacrifice,
But gives no flame, no inner vice.
He trades the world for hollow form,
And leaves the soul untouched, un-warm.

50

The Guru burns without a word,
No bargain struck, no *mantra* heard.
Renunciation flows like breath—
Not chosen, but received in death.

51

To leave the world for gain is vain,
The self still clutches subtle chain.
The robes may change, the name may fade,
But ego hides in vows well-made.

52

She who drops desire to rise,
Still climbs within her own disguise.

The ladder built of holy deeds
Still serves the self, still feeds its needs.

53

The self that fasts to purify
Still watches self with inner eye.
Its hunger is a masked delight—
A shadow dressed in sacred light.

54

Renounce not things, but the renouncer,
Else the cycle births another bouncer.
The one who leaves must also die—
Not in body, but in “I.”

55

The Self that calls without a voice
Is heard only when there’s no choice.
No striving, seeking, grasping hand—
Just falling into the Guru’s land.

56

In the Guru’s gaze, all striving ends,
No path to walk, no rules to bend.
The flame consumes both saint and thief—
Renunciation past belief.

57

The hollow ask, the silent trade—
Niguru's path, devotion made.
But without fire, vows decay—
The self returns in finer clay.

58

The final gate is not a gate,
No choice, no vow, no *karmic* weight.
Renunciation is not done—
It is the deathless flame begun.

59

The self that chooses to abstain,
Still chooses to remain.

60

The Guru burns without demand,
Renunciation flows, not planned.

61

Niguru whispers: "Give it all,"
But takes no flame, gives no call.

62

In the Guru's gaze, all striving dies—
Not by effort, but by wise demise.

63

To name the self, and call its fall,
Is mind still naming, mind still wall—
As the mind missed the Guru's call;
Only at His lotus feet is ego's fall.

64

The wall that names will never break—
But the Guru's flame does not forsake.
It burns the name, consumes the frame,
And leaves no mind to guard the same.

65

No echo left, no self to name—
Just ash that sings the Guru's flame.
Not silence held, but silence made—
Where even light forgets the blade.

66

The vow to fall still guards the gate—
But the Guru's fire does not wait.
It strikes before the self can kneel,

And burns the hand that seeks to feel.

67

To name the fall is still to stand—
The naming mind still holds command.
But He who walks without a face
Will burn the name and leave no trace.

68

The seeker chants, the knower hides—
But both are masks the flame divides.
Where the Guru walks, no self survives—
Just ash that breathes, and not derives.

69

The wall of thought, the shrine of role—
Are kindling for the Guru's goal.
He does not teach, He does not speak—
He burns the name the mind would seek.

70

The mind that asks to be unmade
Still guards the self it wants to trade.
But the Guru's flame does not persuade—
It burns the root, not just the blade.

71

The fall is not a sacred feat—
It's not a song, nor vow, nor seat.
It's when the self dissolves complete
At Guru's lotus feet, in full defeat.

72

The name that seeks to name the end
Still hides the self it must defend.
But Guru's flame does not amend—
It breaks the wall the mind would tend.

73

Not by thought, nor vow, nor role—
The flame consumes what mind controls.
Where silence kneels, the self is whole:
Not named, not claimed, but made His soul.

74

The seeker speaks, the knower stalls—
But speech is mind, and mind installs
A throne of dust in mirrored halls;
The Guru breaks what ego walls.

75

To ask for fall is still to stand—

The asking hand still holds command.
Fall is not grasped, nor shaped, nor planned:
It's crushed beneath the Guru's hand.

76

The vow to fall is vow to rise—
Mind's clever trap in saintly guise.
But He who sees through all disguise
Will burn the vow and close the eyes.

77

The self that seeks to name its death
Still guards the flame with hidden breath.
Only when breath meets the Guru's depth
Is *Asilence* risen after ego's death.

78

The mind that chants, "I seek to fall,"
Still builds a shrine, still paints the wall.
But He who walks beyond the hall
Will strip the shrine and take it all.

79

The one who speaks of ego's end
Still guards the name, still plays pretend.
But He who does not break or bend
Will end the name—not just amend.

80

The fall is not a tale to tell—
It's not a verse, nor crafted spell.
It's when the self is crushed to shell,
And silence rings the Guru's bell.

81

The mind that seeks to name the fall
Still stands apart, still builds the wall.
But He who hears the Guru's call
Will kneel, dissolve, and lose it all.

82

The final fall is not a fall—
It's not a step, nor rise, nor crawl.
It's when the self is not at all—
Only Guru, only All.

83

The wall that names will never break—
But Guru's flame does not forsake.
It burns the name, consumes the frame,
And leaves no mind to guard the same.

84

The Guru's gaze—unchanging sun—

Dissolves the self till none is one;
No mind remains, no knower known—
Only the Seer, alone, alone, alone.

85

The mind had built a house of air,
Of dreams and deeds and deep despair;
But one soft touch of the Guru's lotus feet,
Made dust of all the mind nurtured sweet.

86

Now still I sit, the self undone,
No rise, no fall beneath the sun;
His presence spills where words retreat—
The deathless life at the Guru's lotus feet.

87

The call was faint, yet ever near,
The heart alone had ears to hear;
No name was heard, no thought was found—
But silence sang without a sound.

88

And when I turned, the self was small,
It bowed before the boundless All;
For in the Guru's glance I saw
The fall that frees, the self's last law.

89

I stood outside the temple gate,
Believing wisdom entered late.
But every wall my mind could build
Was softened, loosened, gently stilled.

90

Not by my knowing, nor my plea—
The heart lay open tenderly.
And in the hush, the longing ceased;
At silent lotus feet, the mind released.

91

The breath control,
The mind control,
The body control
Utterly fail for the soul
Is in the Guru's control.

92

The yogi may bind the breath in a jar,
But the Self rises from the self's char.

93

The body bends, the mind grows still,
The breath obeys the seeker's will,

Yet none can chain the soul's own flight—
It rests in the Guru's flame of light.

94

The body bends, the breath obeys,
Yet mind still weaves its secret maze.
But when the Guru stills the air,
No doer moves, for none is there.

95

Breath is bound, yet slips away—
The soul abides in the Guru's sway.

96

Mind is stilled, yet thought returns—
The soul is held where Guru burns.

97

Body bends, yet breaks with time—
The soul is tuned to Guru's chime.

98

Speech is hushed, yet pride will speak—
The soul is silent in Guru's peak.

99

Senses fast, yet hunger grows—
The soul drinks only what Guru bestows.

100

Vows are sworn, yet vows decay;
The soul is bound in the Guru's way.

101

Scriptures read, yet words mislead;
The soul is fed by the Guru's seed.

102

Pilgrims walk, yet feet grow sore—
The soul sits on the Guru's shore.

103

Fires are lit, yet ashes fall—
The soul is warmed by the Guru's call.

104

Crowns are worn, yet dust will reign—
The soul is crowned in the Guru's flame.

105

Wills are strong, yet strength will fade—
The soul is firm where the Guru laid.

106

All controls dissolve, undone—
The soul is one with the Guru, One.

107

Breath dissolves into the Guru's song,
The soul is carried where it does belong.

108

Mind grows still in the Guru's gaze,
The soul awakens in endless praise.

OM TAT SAT

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

*The True Guru's Grace Has
No End*

Part Five

God-Guru-Self (Part-5)

This work to my Guru I have dedicated,
By His grace alone, it was elevated.
It holds 108 poems—a divine necklace.
But how can I count
The divine garlands I mount
At His lotus feet, where grace is paramount?

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

*OM GURAVE NAMAHA
OM TAT SAT*

1

Body bows at the Guru's lotus feet,
The soul finds rest in bliss complete.

2

Speech falls silent, words grow few,
The soul resounds in the Guru's view.

3

Senses fade, their hungers cease,
The soul is nourished in the Guru's peace.

4

Vows dissolve, yet love remains,
The soul is bound in the Guru's chains.

5

Scriptures glow, yet point beyond,
The soul is written in the Guru's bond.

6

Pilgrims walk, yet journeys end,

The soul sits with the Guru-friend.

7

Fires burn, flames rise, yet ashes fall,
The soul is warmed by the Guru's call.

8

Crowns of pride are laid aside,
The soul is crowned in the Guru's tide.

9

Strength gives way, yet grace is near,
The soul is steady in the Guru's sphere.

10

All dissolves in radiant whole,
The soul is one with the Guru's Soul.

11

There is no *mantra* without a Guru,
No breath made pure, no path made true;
When breath and mind in silence meet,
The Self bows down at His lotus feet.

12

When the mind is ruled, no ruler stays;
The throne dissolves in the Guru's blaze.
The king, the crown, the rule, the reign—
All bow to Him, who burns the chain.

13

Without the breath control,
The mind won't still;
Without the mind control,
The breath won't still.
The two must meet,
Not one above—
At the Guru's lotus feet,
They merge in love.

14

God, the say,
Guru, the way,
Self, the bay,
Yet, All one ray.

15

Before the dawn, the silence stirred,
The void was pierced by primal Word.
No ear to hear, no tongue to tell,
Yet soundless sound in being fell.

16

The say resounds through form and name,
Each creature marked by hidden flame.
The echo calls, the seeker hears,
The voice of God dissolves the years.

17

Not written scroll, nor spoken breath,
But whisper rising out of death.
The say is seed, the say is ground,
The say is silence, yet profound.

18

The Guru walks, a flame in hand,
Illumining both sea and sand.
No other torch can light the night,
The way is walked within the light.

19

Across the gulf of doubt and fear,
The Guru builds a crossing clear.
No plank of wood, no stone array,
But living step becomes the way.

20

The seeker looks, the face is shown,

The Guru's gaze reveals his own.
No other guide, no map to say,
The self is found along the way.

21

The restless ship at last is still,
The bay receives without a will.
No storm can shake, no tide dismay,
The heart is anchored in the bay.

22

Beneath the calm, the waters keep
A silence vast, a fathom deep.
The sailor learns, with breath allayed,
The bay is depth that will not fade.

23

No voyage out, no quest afar,
The bay was never where we are.
The circle ends, the sails decay,
The self was always in the bay.

24

God, Guru, Self—three lights that seem,
Yet prisms of a single beam.
The colours fade, distinctions sway,
All merge into the one pure ray.

25

No speaker left, no path to tread,
No sailor, ship, nor harbour spread.
All names dissolve, all forms give way,
The light alone remains as ray.

26

The mandala folds, the wheel is stilled,
The seeker's thirst at last is filled.
No God, no Guru, Self to say,
Only the ray, the ray, the ray.

27

God is the call, the heart's first cry,
Guru the path, where self must die.
Self is the bliss no tongue can tell—
Where God and Guru in Silence dwell.

28

The primal Word resounds, unseen,
A breath before the worlds convene.
No tongue, no mouth, yet speech is made,
The silence sings, the soundless laid.

29

The flame that walks, the path made clear,

The living lamp that draws us near.
Not other road, nor map, nor sign,
The Guru's step is Truth's design.

30

The harbour waits, serene, untold,
A stillness deeper than the fold.
The sailor finds no shore apart,
The bay was always in the heart.

31

God, Guru, Self—three names that play,
Yet prisms of a single ray.
No seeker left, no path, no sea,
One light alone: infinity.

32

When God is sought, the Guru does appear;
When Guru is served, the Self is clear.

33

The mind preaches Self, yet plays its part—
It bids, "Give up self," to sound so smart.
But the preacher's self still hides within—
Thus the mind itself becomes the sin.

34

The mind proclaims, “Behold the breath!”
Yet struts upon its stage of stealth.
A mask of wisdom, words rehearsed—
The hollow preacher speaks the first.

35

“Give up the self!” the mind cries aloud,
To win the praise of the seeker's crowd.
But clever speech is not the flame—
It only multiplies the name.

36

Behind the sermon, ego hides;
A serpent coiled—its tongue divides.
The preacher bows, but bows in vain;
The hidden hard “I” still stakes its claim.

37

Thus mind revealed, the sin is clear:
It blocks the flame, yet feigns sincere.
The Guru's silence cuts the lie—
The false dissolves, the true will die.

38

No sermon speaks, no tongue is stirred,

The Guru's glance outshines the word.
Where mind would preach, the flame is still—
Transmission flows without the will.

39

No clever boast, no borrowed art,
The Guru burns the seeker's heart.
Not "give up self" as spoken law—
But Self dissolves in silent awe.

40

No ego hides, no serpent coils,
The Guru's touch unravels toils.
The "I" is gone, the mask undone—
The seeker sees there's only None.

41

No mind remains to block the way,
The flame consumes both night and day.
Where falsehood ends, the true does abide—
The Guru lives, the self has died.

42

It teaches, "Be still, and you shall see,"
Yet stirs within the mind's subtle plea.
When silence tolls, its voice is crossed—
The self that teaches is wholly lost.

43

The mind loves to polish, loves to gleam,
Reflects the Real, yet makes a dream.
The mirror shines but hides the Face—
Break the glass; behold the Space.

44

The mind once roared, “I am the guide!”
The Self replied, “You are the tide.”
It ebbed away, ashamed, withdrawn—
And left the sea to shine as dawn.

45

No preacher now, no preaching part,
The mind has bowed before the Heart.
The sound that once declared, “I know,”
Is drowned where timeless currents flow.

46

The intelligence shines, yet flickers still,
It bends to the mind's divided will.
But where all intellect and thinker cease,
The Truth abides in formless peace.

47

Discrimination draws the line,

Ego declares, “The false is not divine.”
But when the judge and judged are gone,
The Self alone keeps shining on.

48

The blind one cuts and calls it right,
His blade of thought divides the light.
But when the seer’s sword is through,
It falls—and joins the light it knew.

49

False sight divides and claims to see,
But blinds itself to unity.
True sight is where mercy resides—
No edge remains, the Heart abides.

50

Discrimination cuts the night in two,
Discernment is light—no dark, no hue.
Discrimination leans to light or shade,
The Heart alone knows what Truth is made.

51

Right discrimination clears the way,
Then bows to Light— self cannot stay.
When false and true no more contend,
The Heart alone remains, the end.

52

The Guru is Shiva personified;
Yoga is union impersonified.
Mind and breath are one—
Silence is None.

53

Sun is on the right,
Moon is on the left,
The fire where they meet,
At the Guru's lotus feet.

54

The radiant breath, the golden stream,
Flows outward bright, a waking dream.
Its heat sustains, its vigor burns,
Toward the center, the current turns.

55

Cool silver tide, receptive grace,
Soft inward pull, a yielding face.
It soothes the fire, it calms the flame,
Returning all to the silent Name.

56

Two rivers meet, entwined they flow,

A subtle braid the yogis know.
Where right and left in union blend,
The knot of duality finds its end.

57

Not worldly heat, but yogic flame,
Consumes the self, dissolves the name.
A spark unseen, yet fierce, complete,
It bows before the Guru's lotus feet.

58

The central path, long veiled, concealed,
By grace alone its gate revealed.
A silent river, straight and clear,
The axis where the gods draw near.

59

Coiled *Shakti* wakes, her gaze ascends,
The seeker's night to morning bends.
She rises not by mortal will,
But by the Guru's presence still.

60

The "I" is ash, the "mine" undone,
The false light fades before the Sun.
What once was grasped is now released,
The fire is fed, the soul is ceased.

61

The axis stands, the lotus throne,
Where flame and breath are not our own.
At the Guru's lotus feet the currents meet,
Transmission makes the circle complete.

62

Petals open, one by one,
Each a koan, each undone.
The heart expands, the void is sweet,
The lotus bows at the Guru's lotus feet.

63

No right, no left, no day, no night,
The two dissolve in single light.
Ha and *Tha* in silence rest,
The One revealed, the true made manifest.

64

The current climbs, the *chakras* sing,
The serpent soars on hidden wing.
Not effort's climb, but grace's rise,
The fire ascends, the self denies.

65

A thousand petals blaze above,

Yet bow again in downward love.
The cycle ends where it began,
At the Guru's lotus feet, the timeless span.

66

Guru is the path, the truth, the flame;
Without Him, any *Yoga* is but a name.

67

He burns the dross, reveals the core,
The silent Self, the boundless shore;
Without His glance, all *sadhana* vain,
A name repeated, but no flame.

68

Guru is the road, the steps, the stride,
The pilgrim's burden, the pilgrim's guide;
Without His lotus feet, the way is lost,
A map of dust, a name at cost.

69

He is the word that cannot lie,
The silent "Not I" that never dies;
Without His glance, all truths decay,
Mere echoes fading into clay.

70

He burns the husk, reveals the core,
The fire that opens every door;
Without His spark, no *Yoga* lives,
Only the shell that practice gives.

71

He speaks in stillness, vast and deep,
Where mind dissolves, and none can keep;
Without His hush, all chants are noise,
A hollow sound, bereft of poise.

72

One look, and lifetimes turn to ash,
The knots of karma split and crash;
Without His eye, the seeker gropes,
A blind man clutching broken ropes.

73

He is the breath that breathes in me,
The pulse of hidden unity;
Without His breath, breath-control
Is but a name, a lifeless role.

74

His word is *mantra*, seed of flame,
Not syllables but living Name;

Without His tongue, the chant is dry,
A parrot's call beneath the sky.

75

He is the void, the boundless space,
Where self dissolves without a trace;
Without His void, the yogi clings,
To forms that bind with phantom strings.

76

He is the mirror, clear and bright,
Reflecting Self as purest light;
Without His glass, the mind distorts,
And truth is lost in shadowed courts.

77

He plants the seed of deathless birth,
That flowers beyond the soil of earth;
Without His hand, no sprout will rise,
Just barren ground beneath the skies.

78

He is the shore where rivers cease,
The ocean's calm, the final peace;
Without His bank, the stream will roam,
Forever far from its true home.

79

He is the crown, the summit flame,
The end of seeker, path, and name;
Without His throne, all *Yogas* fall,
A tower built with a hollow wall.

80

The Guru stands, the axis still,
Around Him turns the seeker's will;
No orbit strays, no star is lost,
His silence holds the world's great cost.

81

To Him we turn, our compass true,
Each act aligned, each breath made new;
The pivot shines, unmoved, aware,
The wheel of time revolves in prayer.

82

In gravity of grace we rest,
The heart is steadied, deeply blessed;
No wandering thought can break the ring,
The axis hums, the center sings.

83

Praxis is dharma clothed in deed,

The Guru's work, the soul's true creed;
Not thought alone, but hands that serve,
The path is walked with humble nerve.

84

Seva becomes the living law,
The ego bends, the heart in awe;
Discipline ripens, steady flame,
Each act performed in Guru's name.

85

Sweet is the taste of self made small,
The servant's joy outshines the thrall;
In service done, the self is gone,
And bliss resounds when "I" is none.

86

The clause of self finds sense at last,
When Guru's word holds it steadfast;
The syntax bends, the sentence whole,
The disciple yields his fleeting role.

87

To bow the will, to yield the claim,
Is not defeat but merging flame;
The lesser clause dissolves in trust,
And bliss is born from ego's dust.

88

The burden lifts, the weight is gone,
The heart is light, the song is drawn;
In hypotaxis joy is found,
The soul in Guru's speech is bound.

89

Peace flows untroubled, calm and deep,
The storm is hushed, the waves asleep;
The fruit of service, axis, trust,
Is tranquil mind, serene and just.

90

Equanimity in every breath,
A freedom born from ego's death;
No rise, no fall, no grasp, no fear,
The stillness shines, the way is clear.

91

The circle closes, wheel complete,
The axis hums beneath our feet;
Ataraxis crowns the way,
And Guru's light dissolves the day.

92

Guru is flame in human guise,

Shiva's gaze through mortal eyes.

93

The seeker's mask is burned away,
Only the fire remains to stay.

94

To bow is practice, to serve is art,
The Guru chisels the seeker's heart.

95

No Guru, no disciple—only flame,
Silence inherits the holy name.

96

Yoga is union, faceless, vast,
The seeker's boundaries cannot last.

97

The "I" dissolves, the "mine" undone,
Union shines as the only One.

98

Breath and posture, steady, still,
The body bends to the formless will.

99

No yogi remains, no path to tread,
Union is none, the seeker is dead.

100

Mind and *prāṇa*, twinned in flight,
Each reflects the other's light.

101

Still the breath, the thought is gone,
Still the thought, no breath is drawn.

102

Count the pulses, guard the flame,
Breath and mind are one, the same.

103

No breath, no thought, no wheel to turn,
Only the void where none return.

104

Silence is not a sound suppressed,
But the womb where all is blessed.

105

No word, no thought, no trace remains,
The tongue is cut, the mind unchains.

106

Hold the stillness, guard the gate,
Silence ripens, none to wait.

107

None is fullness, none is all,
Silence answers the Guru's call.

108

Guru is Shiva, the flame made near,
Adi Nath whispers, the void made clear.
Breath dissolves, the mind undone,
Asilence crowns—the All is None.

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.
Advaita	: Non-duality, which teaches that the individual Self (<i>Atma</i>) and the Supreme Reality (<i>Brahma</i>) are not two but one.
Advaitin	: One who follows the doctrine of Advaita
Asilence	: The silence that is not mere absence of sound — but the presence of truth beyond noise, beyond words, beyond even silence itself. It is the silence rising from the ashes of ego.
Atma	: The Spirit, Soul.
Om Azad Muni	: A Saint of Freedom or Independence.
Baba Saheb	: Dear Father Sir.
Bhakta	: Devotee.
Bhakti	: Devotion.
Brahma	: The Impersonal God.
Buddhas	: Realized beings.
Chakras	: The subtle wheels in the body.
Coiled Shakti	: Kundalini Energy.
Dada Guru	: Guru's Guru, Grand Guru.
Dharma	: The Righteousness.
Eternal Father	: Guru.
Guru	: Spiritual Teacher.

Ha and Tha	: Solar and lunar nerves.
Jnana	: Knowledge or gnosis.
Karma	: One's obligatory duties. Or simply one's works.
Karmic	: Of or belonging to Karma.
Kundalini	: The Yoga of Kundalini and Chakras.
Lord Shiva	: The Destroyer.
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.
Moksha	: Liberation.
Mouni Baba	: A Yogi who observes silence.
Myst	: Divine Mystery.
Nath	: Short for Nath Yogi.
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.
Prakriti	: Mother Nature.
Purusha	: Spirit, the witness.
Sadhana	: Practice.

Samadhi	: Absorption.
Seva	: Service without “I”.
Tapas	: Penance. Severe austerity.
Tattva lore	: The intellectual study of reality — the systems, doctrines, or enumerations that attempt to describe “That.”
Tilak	: The mark (vertical) wore on forehead.
Yoga	: Union with Brahma or God.
Yogas	: All Yogas like Karma Yoga, Bhakti Yoga, Jnana Yoga, Kundalini Yoga, Hatha Yoga, Sankhya Yoga, etc,
Yogic	: Of or belonging to Yoga or Yogi.