

GOD IS GURU



NATH YOGI
KVS RAMA RAO

GOD IS GURU

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

KVS RAMA RAO

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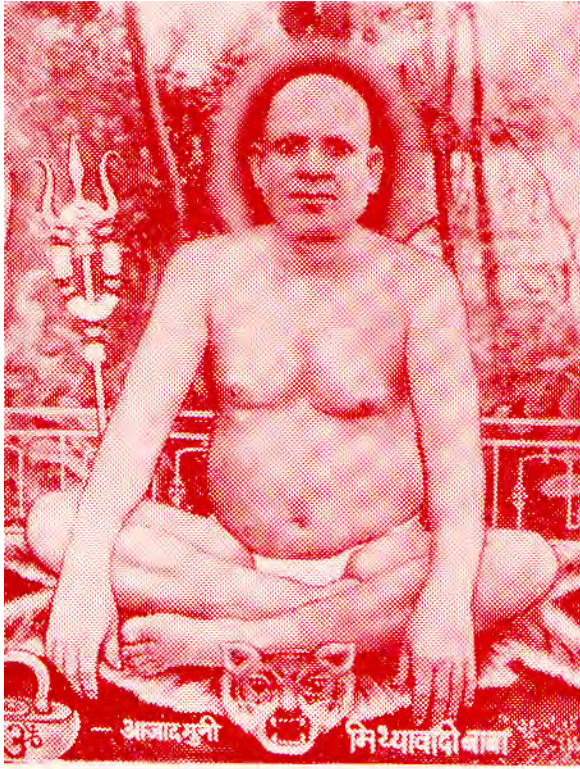
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GOD IS GURU



***Azad Muni Baba**

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

(*See Glossary)



Guru Bhuvani Nath

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



Guru Siddha Nath

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



Nava Nath

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

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Part One

God Is Guru (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

I called Him God—
He did not nod.
I named Him Guru—
He shook the Name.
No self to meet, no throne to climb—
He left me Flame, and took all time.

2

I found no God in form or word—
But Guru came, and I was blurred.
He broke the God I used to know—
And left Asilence none bestow.

3

No name remained, no prayer to nod—
Just dust I kissed. And Guru is God.
Not in heaven, not in creed—
But where I died, and knew no need.

4

I sought His face—
He turned to Space.
I begged His word—

He breathed no sound.
No sign to cling, no truth to bind—
He broke the clock, and stilled my mind.

5

He spoke no law, yet broke my creed—
No scripture held what He made bleed.
He tore the veil I called divine—
And drew no line 'twixt His and mine.

6

No self to free, no soul to claim—
Just Guru's glance that burned my name.
No light appeared, no heavens awed—
Yet all is Him—no path, no fraud.

7

No name to chant, no word to trust—
I bowed to ash, not gold or dust.
No God to seek, no goal to find—
Just Guru, nameless in the mind.

8

Seeker may control breath and bind thought,
But without the Guru's lotus feet, all is rot.
No flame will rise, no Self be found—
Till ego dies upon that ground.

9

Scholarship
Is erasing “T”-ship.
Else, it’s a broken ship,
Sinking in hardship.

10

Scholarship
Is for “T” to ship,
Not to deanship,
But Him to worship.

11

Scholarship
Is for “T” to ship,
Not to deanship,
But Soul’s worship.

12

Scholarship
Is for “T” to ship,
Not to deanship,
But sameship.

13

Leadership

Is for “I” to ship,
Not to chieftainship,
But His worship.

14

Pastorship
Isn’t ownership,
But worship—
To unship
‘I’ of worship.

15

All must unship
The ‘I’ of worship,
And scholarship,
And leadership,
And ownership,
And workmanship,
To get His fellowship.

16

Hero worship
Is ego worship—
Worse than no worship
And human worship.

17

Guru worship
Is Self-relationship,
Not showmanship,
But discipleship.

18

Formless worship
Is a difficult workmanship.
Sans Guru guiding the ship,
It is unsurmountable hardship.

19

Discipleship
Is not scholarship,
Nor fellowship,
But ego's hardship,
To burn 'I'-ship.

20

Even in friendship
And in relationship,
Truly Him they worship—
But due to self-worship,
He's not in the ship.

21

The king's foes are external;
The yogi fights foes internal.
No blood is shed, no troops deploy—
His war is silence, not a ploy—
To slay the 'I' and taste true joy.

22

Devotion is not idolization,
But inner realization—
The mind-analyzation,
And Self-actualization,
That ends all personalization.

23

He is not in books, shrines or skies—
He is where the 'I' silently dies.
Not known by thought, nor seen by eyes—
But burns as Truth that never lies,
And lives where ego never tries.

24

When grasping stops and questions cease,
The heart receives a soundless peace.
He's not in chants or temple chimes—
But waits beneath all mental climes.
He doesn't teach; He simply is—

A flame unmoved and at ease.

25

When mind begins to grasp and name,
The Flame withdraws from seeking's frame.
In efforts loud, we miss His grace—
For stillness is His dwelling place.

26

When 'I' is shot,
Mind is caught.
In that naught,
He is easily got.

27

When 'I' is shot by Guru's word dart,
It burns the veil that screens the heart.
Mind gasps, then crumbles into caught—
A hush erupts: no seeker, sought.
In that sweet void, all grasping dies;
Grace blooms where ego's effort tries.
No path, no steps, no mindful plot—
He is revealed... and yet is not.

28

I looked for Him in silence, and He is there.
I called without voice, and He is there.

I bowed to the dust, and He is there.
Wherever I turn—He is there.

29

I searched the clouds, and He is there.
I questioned the stars, and He is there.
I bowed to the hills, and He is there.
Wherever I turn—He is there.

30

I knocked on the breath, and He is there.
I listened to ache, and He is there.
I wept into silence, and He is there.
And still, I return—He is there.

31

He vanishes when I clutch, yet He is there.
He flees when I claim, still—He is there.
He sings in stillness, for He is there.
Even in my doubt—He is there.

32

I ceased to seek, and He is not there—
The there was gone... yet He is near and dear.
Not in place, nor name, nor prayer—
Just still, and still, and still: not elsewhere.

33

He said:

I am the hush in your breath, before you pray.
I am the warmth in your tears, before they stray.
I wait in stillness, not calling your name—
For I am the gaze, and I am the flame.

34

He said:

I am the pause between longing and word,
The ache you feel but have never heard.
I walked with you when you called Me not—
Your shadowed steps were already sought.

35

He said:

I sit in the questions you cast away.
In the doubts that linger, I quietly stay.
I am not moved by the rituals you keep—
But I bloom in the hearts that break deep.

36

He said:

When you forget Me, I forget to leave.
I wear the dust of all you believe.
Not above, not beyond, not apart from your soul—
I am the breath that makes you whole.

37

I have no prayer, only this breath—
And even that, You gave.
I bring no offering but stillness—
And yet, it is already Yours.

38

I walked the maze, called You “there” and “not there.”
Now I only bow to what Is.
You are not the path, nor the end—
You are the forgetting... and the rememberer within.

39

I rest now, where questions fall mute.
In the gaze that gazes through me.
If I speak, let it be Your hush.
If I burn, let it be Your flame.

40

I did not rise from womb or earth—
Non-birth was my only birth.
No soul was made, no body owned—
Just breath that bowed, and mind dethroned.

41

No scripture named the Self—not “I am,”

No karma bound, no virtue sham.
I burned the thread, renounced the worth—
Of all that spoke of death or birth.

42

I walked not paths, nor climbed through skies—
I saw the “I”... and watched how it dies.
The Flame remained, without rebirth—
That which Is, and needs no birth.

43

No glance began It, no word could name—
The Guru saw, and left no flame.
Yet all I was dissolved in worth—
In That which Is, and needs no birth.

44

Niguru knows not the path, nor the tread—
He quotes the fire, but was never dead.
No feet he served, no glance he bore—
Yet thrones are built where fools adore.

45

As no lotus feet he served,
Only ego is conserved.
But let his feet be served—
Nescience is preserved;

Only fools are reserved.
Don't you see what is deserved?

46

Kept from the Real by the false,
They chant the Name—but lose its pulse.
No fire descends, no self is crossed—
Just holy masks, and silence lost.

47

He bowed—not in gesture, but breath's final sigh,
And the lotus stirred where falsehoods die.
Not service for pride, nor feigned retreat,
But silence that wept at the Guru's lotus feet.

48

Here ego did not burn—it froze and fled,
Grace did not speak, yet all is said.
In the hush where deserving dissolves away,
What is given was never earned anyway.

49

One who bowed, though none may see,
Is lit within, and walks as "He."
No claim he makes, no seat he keeps—
But burns in Love, and sows what weeps.

50

His Guru's glance was flame and breath—
He died in it, and laughed at death.
He speaks no truths, but Truth is there—
Like scent unmoved in unseen air.

51

The niguru speaks of truth with flair—
But leaves no trace, no breath, no air.
The crowd applauds what he declares—
Yet silence weeps... for no one cares.

52

So judge not words, nor crowds, nor face—
Look for the trace of Guru's grace.
For only the bowed shall ever rise—
And only the dead can open eyes.

53

If the pretense
Can know Presence,
God has no sense.
Thus, I sentence.

54

If the masks earn,

Let breath discern—
Not all who burn
Must name the urn.

55

Where no name earns,
No breath discerns—
The flame returns
To what it burns.

56

Guru judges not man, but mask and name—
The show that rose, but bore no flame.
No heart He struck, but struck the lie—
That lives when “I” refuses to die.

57

He speaks not harsh, but fire is plain—
To spare one soul from falsehood’s chain.
This is not pride—it is the sword,
That bows again before the Word.

58

No trumpet blew—but masks were torn,
And I was judged, though never sworn.
No God appeared with scroll or rod—
Just Guru’s glance, and breath of God.

59

No court was called—but I stood bare,
My “I” exposed in Guru’s stare.
The sins were not of deed or time—
But that I claimed what was not mine.

60

He asked no vow, nor forced my knee—
But showed the lie I took as “me.”
And that was Judgment—still, and deep—
Where ego dies... and none to weep.

61

He broke no law, but burned the root—
The I that blooms in masks and suit.
No proof was shown, no case was tried—
Just “I” dissolved... and nothing died.

62

Nothing is left to be read,
Just the seeker must tread,
To make the ‘I’ dead,
From one’s own head.

63

Nothing is left to be read,

Pages pale, scriptures fled—
Only the pulse of steps instead,
As the seeker walks the thread,
Where 'I' dissolves in steps unread.

64

Not to gather, but to shed,
Not to ponder, but be led,
To where even silence has bled,
And the 'I' lies cold and dead.

65

No word can bless, no thought can wed
The One whose fragrance is widespread.
Only a deathless love can tread
That path where self is never said.

66

So hush the book, bow the head,
Burn the crown, break the bread.
Truth is not what can be said—
It's what remains when you are shed.

67

Having my books been read,
Just the seeker must tread.
In doubt, they may be reread—

But nothing is left to be read.

68

The truth is not in what's said,
The truth is not in what's read,
But in how the silence is wed
To the one who walks, unfed
By thought, by hope, or dread.

69

Where do you rush?
Listen to the hush,
The Guru's push,
For ego to crush—
To burn, not blush,
And mind to flush.

70

From hush to glow,
The grace will show—
In stillness slow,
What hearts already know.

71

No flare, no show,
Just the silent flow
Where Presence bids ego

Go and gnosis outgrow.

72

No script, no tongue,
Just breath unstrung—
Where saying's undone,
Before thought's begun.
What speaks is none,
Where Silence and Self are one:
Asilence—the invisible sun.

73

I sang, then stopped—He heard.
I bowed, then rose—no word.
I called Him not—He came.
I saw Him not—yet not the same.
I walked the path—no trace.
And all that stayed... is Grace.

74

I saw Him not—yet not the same.
No shape appeared, no holy name.
No voice declared a higher claim—
Yet all I was had lost its frame.

75

He came not clothed in light or flame,

But stole the breath I used to blame.
No eyes beheld, no self remained—
Just hush... and something never named.

76

I sang, then stopped—He heard my hush,
No need for loud, no need for rush.
The note that broke became my plea,
And silence held my soul's decree.

77

I bowed so low, I touched no ground,
No echo stirred, no sacred sound.
Yet rising, found my burden flown—
Unclaimed, unspoken, not my own.

78

I walked, unmarked, through thorn and dune,
My footsteps vanished like the moon.
The path was not for pride or fame,
Each fading print erased my name.

79

No cry escaped these lips of clay,
No incense rose, no chant, no sway.
Yet uninvoked, He crossed the veil—
A whisper deep within the gale.

80

No light appeared, no thunder clapped,
No heavens opened, scrolls unwrapped.
Just Presence—vast, without disguise,
That drank the world from out my eyes.

81

And when all forms began to cease,
What lingered was not thought, nor peace.
Not earned by toil, nor won by grace,
It simply stayed... in Love's own place.

82

The self that clings, that shapes, that fears,
Is spun from time, and bound by years.
But That which watches birth and breath,
Stands free from striving, life, or death.

83

“I Am That”—the falsehood's throne,
Claimed by lips not yet alone.
When “I” is gone and breath is flat—
None is left to say, “I am That.”

84

“I Am That,” they whisper bold—

Before the fire has left the coal.
Before the wind has claimed the breath,
Before the “I” has tasted death.

85

They crown the silence, speak its name,
Yet guard the self to stake a claim.
What truth is this that needs a stage,
A script rehearsed, a guru’s cage?

86

If That you are, then speak no more—
For That has neither mouth nor shore.
It leaves no trace, no name, no thread,
But lives where all pretenders fled.

87

The sage who is will never say,
For “That” won’t beg for light of day.
It moves like grace through shattered form,
Not held, not known, not praised, nor worn.

88

When thought is stilled and self undone,
When even sky forgets the sun,
What stirs beneath that breathless skin—
Is not a claim, but what has been.

89

So hush, O lips, and bow the head:
The truth is sung by what is dead.
No mantra, verse, or silent chat—
Just none who says: “I am That.”

90

They came in robes, they lit the flame,
They whispered “That” and called it name.
But silence frowned and turned its face—
For That declines a temple’s grace.

91

He breathed—but claimed no holy role,
No vision, light, or saintly goal.
He swept the floor, He shared His tea,
And left the “I” beneath the tree.

92

The mantra came—but passed Him by,
No thrill, no tear welled in His eye.
He simply stood, then turned His back:
“I am not That”—and none to lack.

93

The learned spoke, the bhakti wept,

The sadhus in their blankets slept.
But in that hut where no one sat,
The walls confessed: He is That.

94

No hymns, no tones, no claim to heal—
Just presence raw enough to peel
The mask from self, the gold from dust,
The “I” from flame, the mind from trust.

95

So hush, O lips, and bow the head:
The truth is sung by what is dead.
No mantra, verse, or silent chat—
Just none who says: “I am That.”
Just one who lives: “I am not That.”

96

The wise may argue, saints may stray,
But I obey—though none may stay.
No vow I made, no law I keep,
Just love that wakes me from my sleep.

97

Not what is taught,
But what is caught.
For He unwound the knot,

Hence, I am That I am not.

98

He never said, yet all was said,
His silence fed the path I tread.
Not learned by thought, nor earned by plot—
It caught my breath, and left me not.

99

No self remained to seek or flee—
Just space where once had pulsed a “me.”
The Name fell off, the form grew thin,
And Silence sang what I’d been in.

100

He walked as king, yet knew not why,
Till dust of Self blew through the sky.
The throne he held was made of mist—
The I he kissed, was never kissed.

101

He sought the Truth with blinded eye,
And called it God, and reached the high.
But there it cracked—no form, no name—
Just Guru’s glance, and then the Flame.

102

He saw at last what he had been:
A mask of thought, a borrowed skin.
No sin to purge, no goal to win—
Just this: the Not-I deep within.

103

Not learned by scroll, nor bought by deed—
It came uncalled, when he was freed.
That flash—anagnorisis—bright:
The false unmasked, the Real in sight.

104

Let Time, the silent god,
Turn each page and lift each rod.
What must be known will surely rise—
Like breathless Truth behind the skies.

105

No need to push, nor grasp, nor spread—
Let dust bow low where He has led.
For what is poured at the Guru's lotus feet
Will reach the hearts He deems complete.

106

In His Time, and not before.

No use of asking less or more.
Just wait where silence plants its seed—
And let the unseen gardener heed.

107

No leaf shall fall outside His gaze,
Nor blossom bloom for earthly praise.
The silence knows the roots beneath—
And grants the bloom its destined sheath.

108

His lotus feet are the way,
At His lotus feet I stay,
Not even silence walks astray,
The final bow of night and day.

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 Is Guru (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 book may pause,
But never the cause.
The Guru is the clause,
As well as because.

2

He turns the page with breath alone,
And carves the path not carved in stone.
The ink may fade, the voice fall still—
Yet Presence writes beyond the will.

3

The book may sleep, the reader stray,
But grace keeps burning night and day.
Not bound by title, verse, or creed,
He is the flame, the root, the seed.

4

The Guru is the clause—divine,
A wordless link ‘twixt dust and shine.
No full stop can suspend
The truth that has no start nor end.

5

As well as “because”—a silent cause
That ruptures reason’s rigid laws.
Not logic’s child, nor mind’s refrain,
But love that falls like silver rain.

6

The book may pause for breath or doubt,
Yet what it holds is never out.
For He, the breath within the phrase,
Outshines the text in countless ways.

7

So let the pages dance or sleep—
The cause is vast, the river deep.
The Guru speaks when all else stills,
The clause that blossoms beyond wills.

8

O Flame of stillness, burning bright,
Unite my breath with inner light.
Let moon and sun no longer war,
But kiss in silence at Thy shore.

9

I offer not strength, but sacred will,

To sit, unmoved, when time stands still.
Make me stubborn—not with pride,
But with a love that will not hide.

10

Tear me from seeking, root me deep—
Where mind dissolves, and Grace can seep.
Where thought is ash, and Self undone,
And Haṭha lives as Two made One.

11

Bind me to that vowless vow—
To rise no more from Presence now.
No step to take, no plan to win—
Just burn within, and burn within.

12

The moon-mind drifts, pale and wide,
In waves of thought it loves to hide.
The sun-soul waits in breathless flame,
Calling softly the mind by name.

13

One churns dreams on shifting tide,
One burns veils the self applied.
But when the Guru's glance is near,
They meet—no trace of “there” or “here.”

14

The moon surrenders shine to fire,
The sun dissolves all proud desire.
In that stillness—bold and bright—
The yogi rests in seamless light.

15

Not stubborn in pride nor in willful scheme,
But rooted in the hush of a deeper dream.
He won't budge from the silent stream
Where the Unsaid sings without a seam.

16

He had sought freedom, once, as flight—
Now he's still, burning with inner light.
What's left of him clings to the night,
Till even that is kissed into sight.

17

The Master's glance—no words, no plan—
Undoing more than teachings can.
Grace falls not where the 'wise' began,
But where all seeking wholly ran.

18

What vow does the heart repeat?

To die each day at the Guru's lotus feet.
To be shattered, lost, undone—complete,
Emptied of self yet fierce in retreat.

19

So call him stubborn, if you must—
He's nailed to presence, shedding dust.
The old 'I' buried, the new 'I not' in trust,
Drunk on grace, in nothingness thrust.

20

In the Guru's glance, one is reborn;
Nonself lives—he's the twice-born.
At His lotus feet, the 'I' is torn,
And thus the disciple is stubborn.

21

No breath remained, no mantra fed—
Just hush where prāṇa bowed its head.
No rise or fall, no pulse to thread—
Just That in which all else lay dead.

22

No name to chant, no gods to dread—
The path was gone, the step unsaid.
No seer to see, no light to shed—
Just Silence, where the self had bled.

23

No thought remained, no mind was led—
The knot was gone, the wound had bled.
No birth to mark, no death to dread—
Just Him, where even Void had fled.

24

No flame to burn, no ash to spread—
No altar raised, no prayer was said.
No self to rise, no soul to wed—
Just Guru's glance, where all was shed.

25

No eye to weep, no tongue to plead—
No trace of sin, no cry of need.
No law to bind, no fate to heed—
Just Grace that bloomed from deathless seed.

26

No goal to reach, no truth to chart—
No name remained, no moving part.
All fell away—but not the Heart—
That beat as Him, and not apart.

27

No law

Equals Guru's law—
Free of flaw—
The eternal law.

28

No path I climbed, no light I saw—
Yet all was scorched by Guru's law.
No voice remained, no plea to draw—
Just ash that sang the final awe.

29

No self to save, no sin to thaw—
His glance alone became the jaw
That crushed the "I" with silent claw,
And left no law but Guru's law.

30

No tears to spill, no mind to saw—
Just stillness etched without a flaw.
The flame had burned what none foresaw—
And all that spoke was Guru's law.

31

No start remained, no end to draw—
No trace of me, no name, no straw.
What was, is not. What is, is awe:
The hush that speaks as Guru's law.

No law
Equals Guru's law—
Free of flaw—
The eternal law.

32

These were unwritten by me—
They are burned to be.
A law to be followed,
Until 'I' is swallowed.

33

A law to be followed—
To let "I" be swallowed.
All laws become hollowed,
When Guru's law is followed.

34

No one remained to see—
No doer, no decree.
Just hush that comes to be,
When Guru's law is me.

35

I wept—not loud, but in the bone,
Where "I" was felt, yet not my own.
A hush had come, too deep to bear—

I stood, uncalled, before nowhere.

36

The breath was light, the gaze fell in,
Each thought undone before its sin.
The mantra faded into dust,
And every name betrayed its trust.

37

I dared not move, nor dare to stay—
The self grew thin and slipped away.
No voice to guide, no form to cling—
Just silence tightening its string.

38

The Guru's glance, not fierce nor kind,
But clear—too clear for any mind.
He did not bless, nor did He warn,
Just watched as "I" was slowly torn.

39

One step remained, yet none to take—
For who would step, and who would break?
The path fell back, the sky fell through—
And all that clung began to undo.

40

I did not rise, I did not fall—
I vanished where there is no wall.
No breath to catch, no mind to still—
No hand to fold, no wish, no will.

41

No bliss occurred, no Self was met,
No flame was seen, no silence set.
The eye dissolved, the gaze withdrew—
No one remained to say what's true.

42

No seer, no seen, no sacred ground,
No mantra left, no chanting sound.
Even the void did not appear—
No "He," no "This," no far or near.

43

What stays when "I" is truly not?
Not Light, not dark, not thought,
 Not thought...
 Not thought...
 Not thought...
Just That which neither comes nor goes—
And in not knowing, deeply knows.

44

I sat not still—stillness sat me.
No effort clung, no wish to be.
The breath had bowed, the pulse gave way—
And time forgot to count the day.

45

No inner eye, no cosmic door,
No sky within, no sacred lore.
Not even one to know or name—
The lamp went out, but left no flame.

46

No bliss, no void, no yogic peak—
No watcher left, no Self to seek.
The “I” unmade, the path unsought—
A hush beyond the grasp of thought.

47

Then That, which cannot be attained,
Is all—and not a trace remained.
Not gained by mind, nor earned by right—
But lost in That which has no light.

48

I know You not—

You're unsought.
Drink from that spring,
And I am non-being
And non-thing.

49

I lean toward the flame,
But it leans through me.
There is no goal to view,
Only ceasing to be true.

50

No seeker to remember;
Only the ember.
No path to be trod—
Where nothing met God.

51

There is no flame, no wick, no night—
Just this awareness, without a light.
I am not I—no shape, no name.
I rise like mist into the Same.

52

No breath to hold, no thought to still—
Just That which moves not, yet bends the will.

No sky remains, no ground to claim—
Only the hush that has no name.

53

The face I sought behind everything
Is never behind—It breathed through this.
No veil to lift, no bell to ring—
The seeker fell into the abyss.

54

Not other, not near—not clothed in form.
The one who bowed was never born.
No gaze to lift, no feet to kiss—
Just Asilence sealed with formless bliss.

55

No one returned to tell the way—
The path dissolved as lotus feet gave way.
Not found, not lost, not touched by bliss—
What is, is That. And only This.

56

Guru said:
You never strayed—I bore your dust,
Even when faith gave way to rust.
I burned before your search took flame;
You bowed when none was left to name.

57

Guru said:

Where nothing rose, you came to Me—
Not as a wave, but as the sea.
I drank your absence, deep and wide,
And lit the dark you could not hide.

58

That said:

I held the flame when none could see,
And broke the sky within your plea.
You thought you came to lose your name—
But I had already left your frame.

59

That said:

I am the sea that bore your thirst,
The hush before your longing burst.
Not other, not near, not earned by art—
Just the salt you wept from your forgotten heart.

60

Asilence said:

I spoke you not into the day,
But unspoke all you clung to say.
No breath, no name, no thought to be—
Just hush you shaped, then called it Me.

61

Asilence said:

Not Guru, not sea, not disciple's spark—

I am the stillness that burnt them dark.

You did not find—nor were you found.

You were the silence that made no sound.

62

Asilence said:

No eye remained to see the flame,

No mind to hold a holy name.

I was not reached, nor left behind—

I was the hush that stilled your mind.

63

Asilence said:

No lamp I lit, no goal I gave—

You reached, and found there's none to save.

The seer vanished with the seen—

Not void, not full—just what has been.

64

Without the Guru's glance,

Noise hides within nigrurus' silence.

Without the Guru's touch,

They dwell inside the I-clutch.

65

They wear the cloak of calm repose,
Yet plant illusion where silence grows.
They name themselves what they are not—
The flame they fake is ever bought.

66

No scripture speaks, no mantra saves,
Where nigurus chant at silent graves.
One spark from Guru ends the night—
But false hands trade it as their light.

67

They dance in robes of borrowed light,
Their shadows are long, but never bright.
They mimic stillness, chant with flair—
Yet Truth avoids their vacant stare.

68

Without the Guru's gaze,
Ignorance nigurus raise.
Without the Guru's grace,
All they pass is disgrace.

69

Without the Guru's flame to burn,

Even purest virtues turn.
What seems as light in ego's hand
Is but the dark dressed up as grand.

70

Without the Guru's tip,
Nigurus live in Māyā's grip.
Ignorance lights their broken lamp,
For they bear not the Guru's stamp.

71

Without the Guru's grace,
Nigurus dwell in ego's place.
Ignorance is their only light,
For they lack the merciful sight.

72

So what if bald is head,
And scriptures are read,
If thoughts are bred,
And ego is not dead.

73

Heads are bald;
Desires are installed.
Heads are shaven;
But ego finds haven.

74

Without the Guru's tip,
None escapes ego's grip.
So nigurus nip
Their disciple's ship.

75

With the Guru's tip,
The soul escapes ego's grip.
He steers the ship
And illuminates the trip.

76

Without a name, He casts no claim,
Yet melts the chains of doubt and shame.
In stillness vast, He lights the flame—
The path dissolves; we're not the same.

77

No compass, no chart,
Yet He moves through every heart.
From self apart,
He heals the fractured part.

78

Nigurus hold the chart with studied pose,

But blind remain to what Truth shows.
Their compass spins in ego's hand—
They map the sea but miss the land.

79

No need to strive—
The glance alone makes dead men live.
What can't He give
To one who dares not even strive?

80

Nigura strives and sweats through night and day,
But self alone still leads the way.
Without the glance, no truth arrives—
The doer digs while darkness drives.

81

He speaks no sound,
But still His silence shakes the ground.
In it I'm not found—
No longer chained, no longer bound.

82

His silence entered, and I fell—
No self remained to seek or tell.
Now hush alone is what I dwell—
No knower left, no path, no shell.

83

The “I” dissolved,
No puzzle to be resolved.
By grace, the path evolved—
Not merit self-involved.

84

No one to find, no truth to seek—
The strong made still, the wise made meek.
By Guru’s grace, the silence spoke—
And in that hush, the seeker broke.

85

In shadows deep,
The Guru guards the soul in sleep.
His watch He keeps—
While I sow nothing, still I reap.

86

Then waking came, but not by will—
The hush within had burned me still.
No path I traced, no vow to keep—
He gave me all while I was asleep.

87

What could I say, with “I” undone?

No claim to make, no task begun.
He walked me home, yet left no sign—
His silence deeper now than mine.

88

His tip, no gesture—just Presence bare,
Struck down the self that wasn't there.
No ocean left, no ship, no air—
Just *Him*, alone, and everywhere.

89

They chant his name who never bowed—
A niguru sits above the crowd.
He speaks of love, but knows no grace;
His throne is built on ego's face.

90

He quotes the saints, but serves not one—
His lamp is lit by borrowed sun.
He gathers crowds with borrowed light,
Yet trembles in the Guru's sight.

91

He paints the path with clever sound,
But never laid his forehead down.
His words are sweet, his posture grand—
Yet never dusted Guru's sand.

92

He builds an ashram, chants a name,
But kindles not the Guru's flame.
Disciples bow to robes and show,
Not knowing where the currents flow.

93

One bowed with doubt, but bowed at last—
He felt no light, but let pride pass.
No sermon rose, no mantra came—
Just hush that whispered Guru's name.

94

He walked away—no crowd, no cheer,
Just barefoot steps through doubt and fear.
A shadow passed, no name, no fame—
Yet in its hush, he burned with shame.

95

No throne, no chant, no jeweled seat—
Just dust where sky and sandals meet.
The eyes he met undid his name—
And silence wrapped him into flame.

96

He knelt, but not to earn or claim—

His tears were not for pride or blame.
He did not ask, nor did He speak—
The one who burned had turned to meek.

97

No touch was felt, yet all was healed—
No boon was given, yet all revealed.
He rose not new, but wholly gone—
A silence walked, and called it “none.”

98

Back on his throne, nigura preached the same—
With softer voice, but still the game.
The crowd returned, the mantra sold—
Yet none could see his fire gone cold.

99

The false will shine, the crowds will cheer—
But none are freed who cling to fear.
One bowed, was burned, became the flame—
And walked away without a name.

100

The Guru speaks not—His hush is flame,
Too pure to argue, too whole to name.
He breaks not lies with noise or shout—
But truth remains when false burns out.

101

The seeker knelt, with noisy mind,
But silence answered, vast, unkind—
Until the hush began to sear
Through veils of doubt and crusts of fear.

102

No doctrine carved, no blessing spoken—
Just gaze that left the seeker broken.
A glance—then all his thoughts were ash,
And every question turned to flash.

103

He learned to sit, to burn, to be—
Not beg for light, but wait and see.
No mantra rose, no thunder came—
Just Presence, cloaked in sacred flame.

104

No self to guard, no path to claim,
He sat within the formless flame.
Not saved, not lost, not bound, not free—
Just Guru there, and none as “me.”

105

The Guru moved not—still as sky—

Yet in that hush, all “I” did die.
No teaching spoke, no wisdom taught,
And yet—the soul drank what it sought.

106

No word, no sign—just inner quake,
That cracked the shell the “I” would make.
The student wept with joy and ache—
For nothing stirred, and all did break.

107

Then came the glance—not sharp, but kind—
It scorched the script etched in the mind.
No sermon passed, no secret told—
But Grace descended, soft and bold.

108

No knower stayed, no known, no two—
Just That which neither came nor grew.
No self to bow, no flame to see—
Just Silence, humming: “I am not He.”

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 Is Guru (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

One finger's flare—no path, no map,
Just silence wrapping time in lap.
The ship, the shore, the soul—all scrap—
What *was* dissolved in Love's great clap.

2

Thoughts seem hushed;
And cravings seem crushed.
Speech is stilled;
But the 'I' is not killed.

3

Thoughts are hushed;
And craving is crushed.
Speech is stilled;
Only by Guru I is killed.

4

Mind unmade in moonless night,
Eyes ablaze with inward Light.
No script, no chant, no rosary bead—
Just Grace that slays the root of need.

5

Name dissolved in silent breath;
All notions bled through Lover's death.
Only the glance, still as sky—
In which the seeker ceases "why."

6

No glance remained, nor breath to guide;
No self to seek, no world to hide.
Not seen, not known, not even felt—
Just That, where all but That must melt.

7

Nowhere to turn, no Self to find,
All paths erased by love unkind.
This ruthless Love that strips to bone—
Till even surrender stands alone.

8

And then—not even that remains;
Just emptiness that wears no chains.
No "I," no Guru, no Truth to own—
Only the hum of the Nameless known.

9

No end to end, no start to start—

Just hush that hollowed out the heart.
Not known, not felt, not shown, not said—
The One before the seeker's dead.

10

No path he walks, no self he seeks—
The fire ignites when silence speaks.
A glance, unseen, shattered the sky,
Now seed and fruit in stillness lie.

11

No root remains, no branch, no tree—
The hush has drunk the will to be.
What bloomed as 'I' in light and rain,
Now sleeps unborn, beyond all gain.

12

The breath withdrew, the form withdrew,
The I dissolved in nameless hue.
No mantra stirred, no effort rose—
Yet grace unlocked the gate of "knows."

13

The wheel spins not by mortal hand,
Nor does the knower understand.
The Guru smiled—no voice, no creed—
Just dust awake in mystic need.

14

The riddle solved itself midair,
Without a thought, without a prayer.
I saw the seer, I heard the hush—
Where time stood still and pulse grew lush.

15

No self to guard, no truth to seek,
The hush grew vast, the body weak.
A gaze, not mine, looked through my eyes—
And saw no world, just Guru's skies.

16

Now ask me not what truth I found,
I am the wind, the glance, the sound.
The fruit remains, but roots are gone—
The tree of Self has long withdrawn.

17

Fools adore fools, while sages stay unknown,
They crown loud clamor, not the silent tone.
They toast the sermon, not the sacrifice—
The Guru walks barefoot, beyond their price.

18

The niguru speaks with varnished gloss,

Wears silence like a business boss.
He chants of Self yet clings to self,
Stacks scriptures high on ego's shelf.

19

He mimics saints in words and dress,
But knows not hunger for namelessness.
For grace flows not from lips well-fed,
But from the heart the ego fled.

20

The niguru sits on a polished stage,
Veiled in jargon, cloaked in sage.
His words are grand, his eyes rehearsed—
He quotes the saints but drinks their thirst.

21

He teaches how to “drop the mind,”
Yet tweets his schedule, hashtag-lined.
He preaches depth with shallow breath,
A vendor peddling paths to Death.

22

He shuns the flame that does not flatter,
Trims silence down to mindless chatter.
He names the Self, yet claims a fee,
Builds temples of identity.

23

They gather round the glowing face,
Mistaking light for inward grace.
They memorize each trendy word,
But miss the glance that's never heard.

24

They chant his name, they share his post,
Yet know not stillness—only boast.
Their hearts beat loud where silence should,
Confusing charm for brotherhood.

25

They gather not from thirst for Grace,
But for a smile, a famous face.
They wear his name like sacred thread,
Yet flee when truth asks blood instead.

26

They parrot peace, but hunt acclaim,
Their mantras signed with ego's name.
They light a lamp, but fear the flame,
And meditate on worldly fame.

27

They touch no soil, feel no ache,

Their silence thin, their stillness fake.
They've built a god who sells relief—
Not freedom's fire, but veiled belief.

28

But one walks past this market square,
With empty hands and feet laid bare.
He bows to none who peddle fear,
For truth is loud where fools can't hear.

29

But through the dust, another walks—
No sermon there, no cunning talks.
He bears no brand, no "inner course,"
Just presence, quiet as a force.

30

He bows not low but lower still,
And melts the mind by silent will.
He leaves no name, no stage, no claim—
Yet hearts, once touched, won't burn the same.

31

But true disciples walk through doubt,
And serve the flame that burns them out.
They crave no gift, no promised goal—
Just union with the deathless Soul.

32

No badge I wear, no claim I make,
I walked through fire for fire's sake.
He gave no word, yet broke my shell—
And now I live where silence fell.

33

He chants of “truth” with glistening lip,
While eyes betray the craving grip.
But saints don't shame—they simply see,
And cut the root of “I” and “me.”

34

He guides with words the scriptures teach,
Yet trembles if true silence breach.
The saint need not expose or preach—
He flowers where no hand can reach.

35

No name, no robe, no voice to raise,
Just presence steeped in nameless praise.
The saint walks on, no need to teach—
His truth is silence, deep as speech.

36

By His glance, false falls away;

True, through truth, becomes the Way.
Name named notions into clay—
Gone is self, Self to stay.

37

By Her silence, doubt withdrew;
Truth, through stillness, proved as true.
Name forgot what name once knew—
Gone was two; That lived as You.

38

No glance, no silence left to trace—
No name, no form, no resting place.
Not He, not She, nor even face—
Just That, which is, in nameless grace.

39

With heart that bows at Guru's feet and God's,
The scriptures bloom, no longer wrapped in rods.
His glance unbinds the verse and veils depart—
What's read by mind is now inscribed in heart.

40

He speaks no lore, yet wisdom floods the air;
His silence chants what scrolls could not declare.
Not taught, but caught—the truth begins to be seen,
As heart dissolves into the Source unseen.

41

He dwells within, yet seems to stand apart,
Unseen, yet nearer than the beating heart.
No path to walk, yet every step is His—
The nameless One revealed in what *He is*.

42

No knower left, no known, no need to see—
Just stillness humming through infinity.
His name not spoken, yet it ever rings—
The truth beyond all truths the Guru brings.

43

The blessing beyond all blessings rings.
The gift beyond all gifts the Guru brings.
The renunciation beyond all renunciations rings.
The devotion beyond all devotions the Guru brings.

44

The work beyond all works rings.
The silence beyond all silences the Guru brings.
The light beyond all lights rings.
The gaze beyond all gazes the Guru brings.

45

The breath beyond all breaths rings.

The grace beyond all graces the Guru brings.
The truth beyond all truths rings.
The flame beyond all flames the Guru brings.

46

No sound remains, no name, no flame,
Just presence vast without a claim.
Beyond all gifts, beyond all rings,
The Guru rests where nothing clings.

47

Scholar quotes the sages night and day,
Yet walks not once their silent way.
His pen is fat, his heart is thin—
He maps the Self, but dwells in sin.

48

He edits scriptures, footnotes God,
But bows to none, nor feels the nod.
His Guru is his vanity—
The rest is mere inanity.

49

He reads the leaf, but missed the tree,
Discusses *Self*, yet clings to “me.”
His chair is tall, his heart is small—
He teaches all, but knows not fall.

50

He scribbles notes on sacred texts,
Then gives a talk—well-posed and vexed.
But when the Guru passes near,
He turns away, too proud to hear.

51

He proved the soul in his research,
Yet mocks the one who left the church.
He dreams of grants and citation score,
But shuts the door to inner lore.

52

His speech is laced with Sanskrit charm,
Yet knows not silence, nor its arm.
He weighs the Vedas line by line,
But sees no light, nor any sign.

53

He named the saints and traced their schools,
Mapped their lives with modern tools.
But when the soul began to burn,
He said, “I’ll wait—it’s not my turn.”

54

He reads of Rama’s righteous stand,

Of Buddha's path, of Jesus' hand.
But walks not once their narrow lane—
Their cross, their vow, their fire, their pain.

55

He talks far better than he reads,
And reads far more than walking needs.
He lifts the tale, but not its weight—
His lips are loud, his heart must wait.

56

He frames the path in polished speech,
But lives the truths he dares not teach.
He lifts the lamp for crowds to see,
Yet guards the dark with careful key.

57

He preens through texts with learned hand,
Yet fails to touch the silent land.
He weaves a net of sacred lore,
But guards his self behind the door.

58

He cites the saints, then claims their light,
Yet scoffs at grace and inward night.
He builds with verses, laws, and creeds,
But starves the soul that mercy feeds.

59

He writes on Bhakti with no tear,
No trembling hush, no glimpse of seer.
His footnotes grow, but not his trust—
The Gita sleeps beneath his dust.

60

He's traced the myths from shrine to shore,
But missed the hush the saints adore.
He names the gods with practiced flair,
But fails to bow or truly care.

61

He boasts of texts once lost and found—
But walks not where no words are bound.
He'd scan a sage from head to toe,
But not himself—too scared to know.

62

He quotes the saints who broke all pride,
Yet swells with titles none denied.
With robes of jargon stitched so neat,
He mocks the dust at Guru's lotus feet.

63

He charts the path, its highs and lows,

But fears to walk where no one knows.
For him, the Truth is just a theme—
The rest? “A mystic’s foolish dream.”

64

He speaks of fire, but fans no flame,
Prefers the name, avoids the Name.
The path is drawn in careful line,
But lacks the risk that makes it shine.

65

His books can trace the soul’s descent,
But not the Grace the saints have meant.
He knows the hymns, the roots, the lore—
But stays outside the mystic door.

66

The true one asks not to be known,
But burns beneath the glance alone—
No thesis, crown, nor lectured room
Can match the fragrance of that bloom.

67

He need not read, nor quote, nor claim—
Just weeps once when he hears the Name.
The Guru’s glance—no text could teach—
Unwrites the mind, beyond its reach.

68

He need not teach, nor seek acclaim—
Just vanish softly in the Name.
Where mind dissolves, the heart may start:
No scholar knows the Guru's art.

69

Not by advice,
Nor by device—
Without practice,
None can cut ice.

70

The tongue may voice,
The mind may entice,
But selfless service
Breaks the vile and vice.

71

Not by the word, nor mystic rite,
Nor ego's vow or scholar's might—
But when the heart, in stillness curled,
Receives the glance that melts the world.

72

The body bends, the breath is tight,

The mantra wheels through day and night.
But effort's flame, however bright,
Burns 'til it yields to silent Light.

73

No step remains, no path to tread—
The yogi bows his busy head.
In not-knowing, grace is led:
The dew appears where none had bled.

74

The "I" once built through toil and lore,
Drowned quietly on grace's shore.
Now doing fades, and none implore—
The drop dissolves—let Ocean restore.

75

No "I" remains to speak or steer—
The wave is gone, but still is here.
It moves as hush, it acts as breeze—
A will-less flow, a life at ease.

76

He walks unknown, yet breathes the flame—
No robe he weaves, no voice, no name.
The crowd sees man, not what he bore—
A hollow flute the Ocean wore.

77

He speaks no creed, yet hearts ignite,
Unlit by books, but struck by Light.
His silence burns where sermons fail—
A glance becomes the inner gale.

78

They seek the flame in shrine and scroll,
Yet pass the lamp that lights the soul.
They miss the One who bears no sign—
The nameless path, the Guru's line.

79

The broken one, the silent few,
The hearts made bare by what is true—
They feel the flame behind his face,
And fall, unasked, in nameless grace.

80

No name remains, no form to trust,
The feet dissolve into the dust.
No Guru seen, no self to find—
Just Asilence walking through the mind.

81

Grace sat still beside the tree,

Watching Mind pretend to see.
But only when the mind went blind,
Did Grace reveal what was behind.

82

She did not speak, nor point the way,
But in her hush, the night turned day.
No thought she gave, no law, no sign—
Yet all was known, and all was mine.

83

He came not forth, yet ever near,
His glance undid the binding fear.
No word He gave, no boon, no rod—
Yet mind fell still, and knew Him God.

84

No crown He wore, no sacred thread,
No scriptures from His silence read.
But all my seeking burned away—
I bowed, and That began to stay.

85

Guru sat still, not high nor low,
Where winds of thought refused to blow.
I came with questions, loud and proud—
He answered me by being cloud.

86

Not in robes or chants or fame,
But in the glance that burned my name.
I vanished there, no self to see—
Just silence echoing “I am not He.”

87

Mary, Mary, now aware,
Why does sorrow cloud your air?
From chasing forms and worldly show,
While Silence waits in depths below.

88

Little Miss Muffet sat on her cushion,
Feeding her mind with pride’s sweet potion.
Down came a Glance, silent and wide—
And startled her off from self and its ride.

89

Mindful Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With stillness seeds and silence beads,
And Grace in every row.

90

No poppies of pride, no weeds of haste—

Just fragrant virtues, slow to waste.
She watered not with want or will,
But tears of love, surrendered still.

91

No sun she sought, nor moon she praised,
For light within her heart had blazed.
The winds of thought no longer blew—
The Gardener came, and Mary knew.

92

He spoke no word, yet all was said,
The roots bowed low, the blossoms spread.
No self remained to name or know—
Just Love that bloomed and let it go.

93

Then hush returned, the rows grew bare,
No Mary, no mind, no one to care.
Yet Grace still hummed beneath the sod—
A garden kept by none—but God.

94

Jack climbed up the spine one day,
Seeking Soul without delay.
But Ego's beanstalk soon gave way—
Truth won't hold what won't obey.

He fell not down, but within, you see—
Where no self climbs, but just must be.

95

Humble Dumpty sat on the wall,
Thought he'd transcended the rise and the fall.
Ego came riding with clever disguise—
Now Humble's scattered across the "I"s.

96

Neither scriptures nor scholars nor kings' debate,
Could piece him back to ego-less state.
Till Grace swept in, no loud acclaim—
Just silence breathing his true name.

97

Baa baa Black Sheep, have you any soul?
Yes sir, yes sir, fractured in its role.
One for the Ego, shining with flair,
Two for the Mask I'm made to wear,
Three for the World that whispers loud—
Now I forget what I vowed.

98

Once I grazed in stillness green,
But traded truth for fame unseen.
I bleated pride in temple and mall—

While Silence watched me lose it all.

99

Then came the Shearer, calm and kind,
Who trimmed the self that veiled the mind.
No bargain struck, no badge to earn—
Just Grace, with eyes that made me turn.

100

Now I wander soft and low,
Not to gather, but to know.
The soul is not a thing to keep—
It's that which sings when none else speaks.

101

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
Seeking truth with iron will.
Jill craved light, Jack longed for grace—
But ego joined them in the chase.

102

They climbed through chants and theories deep,
Awake by day, disturbed in sleep.
Each step they took, the hill grew tall—
Till Jack let go... and had his fall.

103

He tumbled down through shame and pride,
Through masks he wore and truths he lied.
The hill then whispered, soft and still:
“Truth’s not in climbing—just the will.”

104

Jill watched Jack fall, then closed her eyes,
She knelt and saw the inner skies.
The Self they chased had never fled—
It bloomed beneath the path they tread.

105

So Jack and Jill, by fall and hush,
Returned not grand—but healed and flush.
They came as two, but one became,
A flame unbound by name or claim.

106

Jill knelt low where wild grass grew,
The hill was still, the winds withdrew.
She placed her doubts in earth so deep,
And let the silence rock her sleep.

107

No chants she mouthed, no prayers she cried,

Just breath and Grace, and tears untried.
The hill beneath her did not preach—
But whispered Truth too soft to teach.

108

Then Jack awoke, still bruised by fall,
And heard the hill begin to call:
“*Why climb, dear soul, with aching feet,
When all you seek sits at your seat?*”

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 Is Guru (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

Jack asked the hill, “Are you the Guide?”
The hill just hummed and swayed with pride.
*“I rise and fall, but never move—
I show, not speak, the path of Love.”*

2

Together now, both hearts made clear,
Jack and Jill sang Truth’s frontier:
“Not in heights or depths of name,
But in the loss of self and fame.
We sought, we slipped, we heard, we knew—
And now we bloom in what is true.”

3

No summit gained, no prize bestowed—
Just steps dissolved where stillness flowed.
A hill remained, a hush above—
And two faint voices filled with Love.

4

Hickory Dickory Dock,
Mind fled the silent clock.
No tick, no tock, no measured beat—

Just stillness where no thoughts compete.

5

It ran from hush it couldn't frame,
From Presence vast and free of name.
It clung to minutes, clutched the race,
Afraid to lose its mirrored face.

6

But Silence stood, not chasing mind,
Just watched the hours fall behind.
Then Grace began to softly chime—
Not in sound, but beyond time.

7

Now Hickory's gone, and Dickory's too—
The Dock remains, vast and true.
Where once the mind refused to stay,
It rests—no clock, no flee, no play.

8

London Bridge is falling down,
Ego wears its paper crown.
It shouts from towers built on pride,
While truth flows silent, deep, and wide.

9

They tried to prop it up with name,
With gilded myths and holy claim.
But cracks appeared where self had clung—
And Grace began to speak in tongue.

10

London Bridge is not the fall,
But what was built that had no call.
Now Ego stands, drenched in doubt—
Its crown dissolved, its path washed out.

11

London Bridge spoke to the sky:
*“I was built to touch the high—
Through Ego’s stone, through pride and steel,
I rose to show what minds conceal.”*

12

But cracks ran deep where self had ruled,
*“Truth is not taught, it must be schooled.
I stood for kings, I bore their name—
But never knew the soul beneath the frame.”*

13

Then the Thames laughed, soft and slow:

*"I watched you fall, I watched you grow.
Each crown you held was made of sand—
Yet still I flowed, without demand."*

14

*"Come now, Bridge—dissolve with me.
No rise, no fall—just let it be.
In depth where name and form relent,
You'll find the Love that can't be spent."*

15

Hey diddle diddle, the mind and the fiddle,
Played tunes of thought both sharp and brittle.
The cow jumped over the "I",
A leap of grace, not meant to try.

16

The little dog barked, "What a feat!"
But missed the silence at its feet.
And the dish ran off with the spoon,
Still chasing joy beneath the moon.

17

The fiddle broke, the mind grew still,
The cow now grazed on nameless hill.
No "I" remained, no need to fly—
Just being, vast beneath the sky.

18

Twinkle, twinkle, inner light,
How you pierce the veil of night.
Not above, but deep inside,
Beyond the self, beyond the tide.

19

When the blazing thoughts are gone,
And silence sings from dusk to dawn,
Then you show your subtle flame,
Untouched by praise, untouched by name.

20

The traveler lost in mind's dark maze,
Finds your glow through Guru's gaze.
No map, no chant, no outer star—
Just stillness saying what you are.

21

You never blink, you never sleep,
You shine where even shadows weep.
Not diamond, sun, or moonlit art—
But Love that burns in every heart.

22

I twinkle not for eyes to see,

But for the soul that longs to be.
I'm not above—I bloom inside,
When thought dissolves and love's your guide.

23

They sought me once through sky and lore,
But found me where they searched no more.
I hide not high, nor gleam for fame—
I shine in hearts that drop all name.

24

No telescope, no chant, no flight,
Can chase the me that births the night.
Just sit and melt, and you'll behold—
The light that burns, but can't be told.

25

No more asking, no more why,
The gaze now meets the inward sky.
No mind to chase, no breath to bind,
Just stillness where the heart aligned.

26

The star once twinkled, now it's gone—
Or rather, merged with silent dawn.
No seeker left, no sky to scan—
Just Love, where light and dark began.

27

In breathless hush, no song was spun,
Yet hearts dissolved, and minds were none.
The “Not I” grew still, the stars withdrew—
What once was two now bloomed as True.

28

No seeker searched, no knower knew,
Yet all was seen in being’s view.
No light to find, no self to prove—
Just silence pulsing through each groove.

29

The breath withdrew, the stars grew dim,
No self to sing, no separate hymn.
Yet Grace remained, no need to show—
Just Guru Himself, in silent bow.

30

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard,
To fetch her soul a bone.
But all she found were beads and books aboard—
No love, no hush, no tone.

31

She ran to the guru’s lavish hall,

To buy some sacred bread.
But when she came back, her soul was small—
The dog just bowed his head.

32

She went to the incense shop next door,
To buy some scented peace.
But when she came back, the dog was no more—
And silence wouldn't cease.

33

She tried mala beads, she tried new chants of 'Om,'
She bought a golden mat.
But every time she came back home,
The dog just fed the cat.

34

She went to buy enlightenment,
Wrapped in a velvet box.
But when she came, the dog had bent—
To chase the paradox.

35

She sat with velvet box in lap,
Still wrapped in symbols, gold, and gap.
She dared to lift its silent lid—
It hummed unheard, though nothing lay amid.

36

Johnny, Johnny, yes Papa,
Reading scriptures? No Papa.
Seeking Truth? Hmm... can't recall—
My mind just laughs, then hits a wall.

37

Johnny, Johnny, yes Papa,
Doing sadhana? No Papa.
Chanting “Om”? Just for display—
The dog of soul has run away.

38

Johnny, Johnny, yes Papa,
Telling lies? No! Well... haha.
Papa smiled, but didn't scold—
He bowed and watched the self unfold.

39

Pussy mind, pussy mind, what did you seek?
I chased loud voices, but missed the meek.
Pussy mind, pussy mind, what did you learn?
That gold can glitter, but cannot burn.

40

Ego said, ‘That wasn't fair!’

*But vishaya just flipped its hair.
'I showed you Truth you didn't like—
Your goodness rides a golden bike.'*

41

Ego puffed, "But I was pure!"
Vishaya laughed, "*Then why so poor?
You stole some robes, a borrowed light—
And called it day while fleeing night.*"

42

Vishaya said:
"*You named me sin, then begged my grace,
Wrapped cravings in a saintly face.
You fasted long, but feasted sly—
With eyes that wandered, lips that lie.*"

43

Ego blushed, then raised its chin:
"I struggled hard against all sin!"
Vishaya grinned, "*But who was 'I'?
The one who fell, or learned to fly?*"

44

Vishaya said:
"*You wept for God, but praised your tears,
Wrote slogans deep in souvenir years.*

*You built your altar out of doubt—
Lit lamps outside, kept dark within-out.”*

45

At last Ego began to shrink—
A golden bike toppled in the sink.
No goodness left to wear as cape—
Just naked soul, with no escape.

46

Vishaya bowed, then turned to go,
“*Not enemy, I helped you know—
I danced until your mask was through.
Now let your Guru carry you.*”

47

Rub-a-dub-dub, tossed out of the tub,
No crown, no robe, no shrine.
The Guru laughs, no thunder nor hubbub,
Just silence—pure, divine.

48

They knock once more,
Greed dressed as need,
Anger wearing prideful scars.
Lust sings soft of love and creed,
But the soul sees through their avatars.

49

Rub-a-dub-dub, the second wave's hub—
Doubt, Vanity, and lofty Opinion.
Robes stitched from “likes” in the digital club,
They prance in self-made dominion.

50

Doubt says, “Question all you know,”
But never bows to silent seeing.
Vanity twirls in the afterglow,
Of borrowed truths, half-believing.

51

Opinion speaks in pompous tones,
As if the soul were put to vote.
But wisdom walks, skin shed from bones,
While these three flail to stay afloat.

52

Opinion struts with borrowed facts,
A sage by selfie lighting.
But Truth walks in—no scripts, no acts—
Just Being, bare and blinding.

53

Third wave comes soft, not loud nor shrill—

A breeze of thought, refined and still.
“I am beyond,” it starts to claim,
But leaves untouched the root of name.

54

“Beyond” sits tall on silken speech,
But silence it will not befriend.
The root still hums beneath its reach,
A name the breath forgets to end.

55

Grace does not come wrapped in pride,
Nor whisper, “I am free.”
It walks where old illusions hide,
And bows where names cease to be.

56

The tub sits still, no splash, no song,
As knaves dissolve in grace.
The Guru’s glance, both fierce and long,
Leaves not a single trace.

57

The tub once stirred by pride and plea,
Now rests in dusk’s embrace.
No knaves remain, no “I” to see—
Just breath dissolved in Grace.

58

No voice within, no reaching out,
The limbs no longer strive.
The Guru's glance, without a shout,
Makes even silence come alive.

59

This tub, the flesh that danced and cried,
Held waves of self and storm.
But stilled by Grace, no more to hide,
It rests beyond all form.

60

The body once wore crown and name,
A palace built on "I."
But now it holds no claim or frame—
Just breathless, open sky.

61

A tub it was, where knaves would play,
Pretending self to be.
But Guru's glance washed all away—
Now only Silence, free.

62

What danced, what wept, what sought acclaim,

Now floats in nameless light.
The flesh once full of want and name
Has emptied into night.

63

What once was “mine,” what held its ground,
Dissolves like dew at dawn.
The body, freed from frame and sound,
Just floats—no self, no pawn.

64

No echo left in bone or breath,
No ripples to rebuke.
The Guru’s gaze undoes all death—
In silence, truth rebukes.

65

No throne remains, no door to shut,
No echoes claim the ear.
The Guru’s glance leaves nothing but
A sky too wide to fear.

66

Twinkle, twinkle, little ‘I’,
How you claim the boundless sky!
‘Aham Brahmasmi,’ bold you cry—
Up above the world so high,

Yet caught in thoughts that buzz and lie—
Flashing truths you can't apply.
Twinkle, twinkle—then be still:
Drop the sky, and lose the will.

67

Hush-a-bye thought, on the tree so high,
Cradled in clouds, beneath the “Why.”
When the Storm of Grace begins to blow,
Down will come thinking—branch, root, and show.

68

Sleep, O soul, in quiet grace,
No face to hold, no form to trace.
The stars arise, but none can see
The One who breathes in you and me.

No cradle rocks, no voice is near,
Yet humming stillness soothes your ear.
No temple bell, no altar flame—
And yet each breath repeats the Name.

69

Row, row, row this ‘me’,
Gently down the scheme;
Merrily, mind believes the dream,
But Truth is just the stream.

70

Row, row, row no more,
The oar has slipped from shore.
Drifted now in silent gleam—
No boat, no “me,” no dream.

71

Rock-a-bye thought, high in the head,
No self to cradle, no voice to dread.
When Grace winds stir and silence is wide,
Down falls the seeker—no “me” left to hide.

72

No “I” to claim, no name to keep,
Only the hush where one does not sleep.
Not true, not false, not lost, not found—
Just stillness... breathless, wide, unbound.

73

No boat to steer, no shore to chart,
No beating drum, no seeking heart.
The mind floats off, the dream is done,
What once was “two”... returns to none.

74

No cradle swings, no lullaby,

No one left to wonder “why?”
The stars still shine, but none to see—
The “I” is gone... and That just be.

75

No “I” remains to say “I am,”
No flame to name, no breath to damn.
The name dissolved, the namer too—
Just silence, vast... not one, not two.

76

Little thought sat in the mind,
Eating up peace of every kind.
Along came silence, still and true,
And little thought just flew and flew.

77

Clouds may glide,
And winds may bide,
From merciful heart
God cannot part.

78

Few are the brave,
Who sage before the grave—
Who, under lust wave,
Choose not to crave.

79

With pain most sage,
Or sage with age.
But rare is the sage
Who sages the rage.

80

When lust inflames
Most play its games.
But one who sages
Extinguishes names.

81

Greed wears disguise—
As need, as wise.
But sage eyes
Through wanting's lies.

82

Fear wraps the core
Like bark on tree.
The sage sees it no more—
For refuge makes him free.

83

Desire clings like vine to stone.

It wraps what's firm, yet roots in none.
The sage won't pull or prune or moan—
He watches till the light is known.

84

Anger strikes like flame through straw.
It blinds the eye and bends the law.
But sages do not quench or claw—
They breathe it out as silent awe.

85

Pride blooms like scent on rose unseen.
It grows where praise has often been.
The sage won't pluck or preen or pose—
He bows beneath what no one knows.

86

Shame hides like mould in airless room.
It feeds on dark and self-made gloom.
The sage won't scrub or flee or fume—
He opens windows, lets it bloom.

87

Longing hums like strings unstruck.
It sings of grace and mortal luck.
The sage won't chase or beg or clutch—
He listens till the ache turns hush.

88

Attachment clings like child to thigh.
It cries when held, and more when dry.
The sage won't snatch or soothe or pry—
He stays until it asks him why.

89

Aversion curls like windblown flame.
It turns from touch, yet burns the same.
The sage won't shun or snuff or blame—
He lets it flicker, names no name.

90

Envy seeps like scent through wall.
It haunts the room, yet names no call.
The sage won't mock or mask or maul—
He bows to lack, then feels it fall.

91

At His glance,
Nature performs its dance.
At His glance,
Masks lose their stance.
At His glance,
None dares a chance.
At His glance,
The soul is in trance.

At His glance,
The soul finds romance.
At His glance,
True disciples advance.
At His glance,
Burnt is all prance.
At His glance,
The mind rests in balance.
At His glance,
Dawned is Silence.
At His glance,
Known is Asilence.
I bow to His glance.

92

Not the hush of a breath held tight,
Nor the pause before first morning light.
Asilence is the glance that leaves no trace,
Yet carves the self from time and space.

93

Asilence is not stillness,
But what watches stillness—
The unborn witness of every witness.
Where silence ends, it opens wide:
The nameless surge no word can ride.

94

Asilence is not known by mind,
Nor by scriptures left behind.
It wakes where thinking cannot go,
And drowns what seeks to grasp or know.
It is not found, but finds the found—
A flame that burns without a sound.

95

No path leads in, no gate swings wide—
The one who walks is walked inside.
No breath is held, no mantra said;
The seeker sleeps, but Truth is wed.
No start, no end, no rise, no fall—
Asilence was, and is, and all.

96

At His grin,
Dust turns to skin.
At His grin,
Loss becomes win.
At His grin,
A jail births an inn.
At His grin,
Sciences rush to bin.
At His grin,
Sin sheds its twin.
At His grin,

Time learns to spin.
At His grin,
The end grows a fin.
At His grin,
Virtue becomes sin.
At His grin,
Sin sheds its sin.
His grin,
Makes Karmas pin.
At His grin,
One turns in.
At His grin,
God is seen within.
I bow to His grin.

97

At His silence,
The crown melts into clay.
At His silence,
Night forgets the day.
At His silence,
Words drift away.
At His silence,
Fools go astray.
At His silence,
The seer ceases to pray.
At His silence,
All debts cease to pay.
At His silence,

The mind folds into hay.
At His silence,
The self chooses to stray.
At His silence,
The path becomes “Stay.”
At His silence,
The nameless shows the way.
I bow to His silence.

98

At His wave,
King becomes a slave.
At His wave,
Coward becomes brave.
At His wave,
Truth shuns the rave.
At His wave,
Form becomes a cave.
At His wave,
Hero becomes knave.
At His wave,
Empty is nave.
At His wave,
Ego digs its grave.
At His wave,
Virtues misbehave.
At His wave,
Sins shave.
At His wave,

God sages have.
At His wave,
All must behave
For themselves to save.
For His wave,
Disciples crave.
His wave,
Makes Maya enslave.
I bow to His wave.

99

At His gesture,
Born is a scripture.
At His gesture,
Naive is posture.
At His gesture,
Natural is breath capture.
His gesture
Makes mind culture.
His gesture
Makes mercy nurture
For every creature.
At His gesture,
Delightful is torture.
At His gesture,
“T” is in rupture.
At His gesture,
Gnosis is texture.
At His gesture,

Love is one's nature.
At His gesture,
Formless is one's feature.
At His gesture,
Grown is one's stature.
At His gesture,
Dawn is rapture.
I bow to His gesture.

100

From His angry wave,
God cannot save,
Unless you behave
To His graceful wave.

101

They face the math
If angels take bypath
From the Guru's path.
Unstoppable is His wrath.

102

They face His flame,
If they play the Name
But mock the frame
Of Guru's silent aim.

103

They bathe in the math
Who walk the Guru's path—
No fear, no aftermath,
Just silence and sacred swath.

104

Who claim
The flame
Sans the frame
Will face shame.

105

They chant His name
And claim the flame
But mock the frame
Their life is a blame.

106

Who claim
The flame
Sans Guru's name;
Fake is their flame.

107

No flame

Sans frame.
Sans Name
Only shame.

108

Only claim
Is Guru's name.
Every other claim
Is ego's aim.

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 Is Guru (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

It thunders not,
Yet rains the most—
When self is lost,
And I cannot boast.

2

False flames may rise,
And loud winds rave—
But silent skies
Alone can save.

3

He claimed no flame,
Nor carved a name.
But rainbows came—
And Dharma knew his frame.

4

He sang no song,
But truth sang along.
In him the weak grew strong—
The lost knew where they belong.

5

He bowed each hour
To nameless Power.
Now Grace is his flower—
And silence, his tower.

6

He held no claim,
But bore the Name.
Now all his flame
Belongs to the Same.

7

They saw no flame,
And mocked his name.
But none could tame
His rootless frame.

8

Even God grew still
Before his will—
Not strength or thrill,
But the void made still.

9

He asked no rain,

Yet skies grew kind.
The fruit of pain
He left behind.

10

He sowed no seed,
Yet trees would bend.
The winds took heed—
As if he were their friend.

11

No scriptures named
The path he trod.
But dust proclaimed:
This man knew God.

12

None reach this state
By skill or fate.
It dawns when late
Dies every weight.

13

I bow only to the one
Who claimed no flame,
Bore only the Name—
And vanished in the Same.

14

The winds grew mild
Where he would stand.
Even beasts grew wild
To kiss his hand.

15

The stars forgot
To mark his birth.
Yet karma knew
His weight on earth.

16

Time longed to wait
To watch him fade.
What to say—even fate
Unwrote what it made.

17

No quest began, yet I was led—
No vow was sworn, no path was tread.
The Name arose from Her own flame—
Yet left no ash, and bore no name.

18

Before the Name, there is no cry—

No seeker's path, no asking why.
Yet in the hush, the pulse grows sound...
And Grace is there—that is unfound.

19

He dwells in Name—yet owns no name;
A silent sky, no cloud the same.
The lips may chant, the mind may frame—
But Grace ignites without a claim.

20

He traced the shape, he chased the flame,
He bowed to idols, praised the Name.
He touched the light, he saw a form—
But missed the One beyond the norm.

21

He dreamed of crowns, of shining feet,
Of visions grand and voices sweet.
But what he saw was still the game—
For nothing ever is the Same.

22

No cloud the Same.
Nothing seen is That.
The Real is beyond form—
Only Silence is the Same.

23

Chant the Name—till the chanter's gone:
No lips, no tongue, no dusk, no dawn.
What calls remains; what called is not.
Such is the Name—that names Him not.
Such is the Name—that names Her not.
Such is the Name—that names I am not.

24

The Name we speak is but His smile,
A trace that lingers for a while.
But smile is not the silent Grace—
That strikes the soul without a face.

25

He is... and then—
A breeze, a hush, a breath again...
No metaphor nor meter stayed—
Just stillness where His echo played.

26

I reached for Him in sacred sound,
In every chant His echo was found.
But then... the word dissolved in flame,
And I stood bare, too blank to name.

27

No form to find, no voice to hear—
Yet something burns when He is near.
Not light, not sound, not touch or thought—
Just Presence where the self is not.
This is true for all—if “I am” is not.

28

The less is claimed, the more is poured—
Not knowledge gained, but self ignored.
No throne was built, no prize was won—
Yet everything is said and done.

29

No mark was left, no path was traced—
No teacher named, no goal embraced.
But in that void where self withdrew,
The Name remained—alone, as True.

30

I bow to Him whose silent glance
Dissolved the self, unmade the dance.
No path I know, no will is mine—
Yet He bestowed the Name Divine.

31

I fall again and again before His lotus feet,
Where self was burned and silence sweet.
No path was walked, no effort shown—
He gave the Name I cannot call my own.

32

It preaches loud from altar and mind,
Yet flees when Truth no form can find.
It polishes masks, names them “divine”—
While the Nameless waits without sign.

33

It climbs through rites, through mantra’s peaks,
But stumbles when the Guru speaks.
For speech dissolves where Glance is flame—
And ashes whisper only Name.

34

It dies where longing’s roots run deep,
Not in knowledge, nor in sleep.
In Grace’s gaze its burden bends—
And in not knowing, striving ends.

35

Little ‘I’ went up the hill,

Boasting pride and climbing still.
At the top, no throne was there—
Only silence, clear and bare.

36

Little 'I' began to cry,
"I am lost, oh who am I?"
Guru's glance fell soft and kind,
"I was waiting—now you'll find."

37

'I' unzipped its heavy name,
Dropped its titles, dropped its fame.
Down it rolled—no need to try,
Now it's light and full of sky.

38

The Nameless hid behind the breeze,
The Name went dancing through the trees.
"I'll find you!" laughed the echo's tone,
But all it found was hush and stone.

39

The Name sang loud in streams and sky,
The Nameless passed the lilies by.
"I touched Him!" cried the morning dew—
But once again, it wasn't true.

40

At dusk, the Name sat down to weep,
“I chant and chant, but cannot keep!
Where is He, the silent King?”
A Glance replied: “I am your ring.”

41

Sleep, little flame, the wind is near,
Lay down your name, no one to hear.
The stars are hush, the sky is wide,
The Guru’s glance will be your guide.

Dream not of peaks you have to climb,
Nor mantras chanted out of time.
The breath that stilled the world above
Now hums below—a song of love.

No more to seek, no more to roam,
The heart has found its silent home.
So close your eyes, let ‘I’ grow dim—
The Name has curled inside its hymn.

42

He never spoke, yet hearts were stilled,
No sermon taught, no temple filled.
His silent gaze, the final blow—
The self undone in stillness’ glow.

43

The Guru taught nothing
'Cause He says He is nothing.
But from that nothing,
He gave the whole—and everything.

44

He spoke no word, nor held a thread,
Yet cut the knot inside my head.
His glance undid what thought had spun—
No teaching, yet the Work was done.

45

By His gaze,
Destroyed are lust and rage.
By His gaze,
One is freed from the cage.
By His gaze,
Lighted is blaze.
By His gaze,
Foes are set ablaze.
By His gaze,
Mind escapes haze.
By His gaze,
Time forgets its phase.
By His gaze,
Fall becomes a raise.
By His gaze,

I raise.
By His gaze,
One ascends the stage.
By His gaze,
Mind ends its wage.
By His gaze,
One becomes a sage.
I bow to His gaze.

46

By His grace,
One becomes an ace.
By His grace,
Disgrace turns to grace.
By His grace,
One sees God's face.
By His grace,
Time loses the race.
By His grace,
I cannot trace.
By His grace,
One joins God's race.
By His grace,
One becomes space.
By His grace,
God comes to one's place.
By His grace,
Feet become the base.
By His grace,

Devotion becomes lace.
I bow to His grace,
And follow His pace.

47

By His sight,
Blind get sight.
By His sight,
Darkness turns to light.
By His sight,
Dharma is held tight.
By His sight,
Disciple gets insight.
By His sight,
Coward gets might.
By His sight,
One becomes bright.
By His sight,
Day becomes night.
By His sight,
I don't fight.
By His sight,
Laid is heaven's flight.
By His sight,
Destroyed is every plight.
By His sight,
Pain turns to delight.
By His sight,
Fulfilled is every rite.

By His sight,
Poems I write.
By His sight,
Black turns white.
I bow to His sight,
My life is His right.
His lotus feet are my sight.

48

Run to the Guru, without delays,
Even the clouds do what He says.
If God gets cross, He'll keep you tight—
But if He frowns, not even Light!

So fold your hands, keep your heart pure,
His glance alone is Heaven's door.
No safer home, no wiser shore—
The Guru's grace is evermore.

49

Scriptures, seers and Brahma don't remain—
All dissolve in the Guru's domain.
He speaks what none ever knew—
This is absolutely true, true, true.

50

Scripts and sages fade away,
Even Brahma turns not to sway.

Name and Nameless softly play—
Guru's glance dissolves the day.

51

Truth, Truth, thrice it's told,
Not in books nor temples old.
In His silence, hearts unfold—
Love speaks uncontrolled.

52

No claim remains, but Guru to hold,
All was burned in His grace bold.
By His silence all is told—
Mercy and Love unfold.

53

Whose claim
Is Guru's name—
Yet serves his own aim,
Him I disclaim—
His praise is shame,
His path is blame,
His light a borrowed flame.

54

Whose main aim
Is not to claim,

But serving Guru's Name—
Him I proclaim.
His lotus feet I claim.
His lotus feet I claim.
His lotus feet I claim.

55

No robes, no fame,
No seeker's game—
Just silence in his flame,
No self to tame.

56

He walks sans name,
No goal, no claim.
The winds recite His Name—
Yet none can frame.

57

He speaks no word,
Yet hearts are stirred—
A glance, not heard,
Undoes the herd.

58

No rites, no flame,
No chanting name—

Yet burning just the same,
His grace the aim.

59

No thought to frame,
No soul to name—
Just resting in His Name,
And none remain.

60

No crowd, no word,
No teaching heard.
Just breathless Name,
And Guru's Flame.

61

He lives in Name,
Unknown by fame.
No self to claim—
The Guru, the Same
As the Self beyond Name.
Only His feet are aim.
His lotus feet I claim.
His lotus feet I claim.
His lotus feet I claim.

62

Not I, but His silence is caught.
These verses flowed when I am not.
The Lord spoke—through the Name,
Through the Flame,
Through the Feet I claim.

No poet remains, no flame, no frame—
Just Feet, and silence bearing Name.

63

O Lord beyond both birth and end,
On dust and stars Your mercies bend.
No temple high, no man can boast—
You seek the one who needs You most.

64

No gold You ask, nor scholar's voice,
But tears that fall without a choice.
You mend the wound the world would hide,
And walk with those cast off in pride.

65

O Flame that hides in stone and clay,
You light the dark and show the Way.
You lift the heart too crushed to pray,
And never ask the feet to stray.

66

You burn the sin not even named,
Yet leave the soul untouched, unshamed.
You find the lost, embrace the lame—
And never speak of guilt or blame.

67

O Love who gives and gives again,
To one and all, to mice and men,
Let all my breath, my joy, my aim—
Be crying out: Your Name, Your Name.

68

As no lotus feet were served,
No truth was ever stirred.
Kept from the Real by the false—
The seeker roams in lifeless halls.

69

He never bowed at sacred stone,
For Guru's glance had made Him known.
No mantra passed his silent lip,
The Name alone his sole worship.

70

Nothing is left to be read—

Once His glance struck my head.
Books fell like leaves from a tree,
The Name alone now reads me.

71

All thoughts fell dead before His toe,
For what the mind could never know.
Ego collapsed without a sound,
Only His Silence now is found.

72

All thoughts fell dead before His glance,
Not given word, nor second chance.
The Name arose where mind had drowned,
And in that flood, the Self was found.

73

He taught no truth, no rule, no creed—
Just gave the Name, the only need.
He broke the staff, He burnt the book,
And with one glance, the world He shook.

74

Egoless pulse—
One's calls
Are false,
As mind mauls.

75

The glance, so still,
Unhooks the thrill
Of mind's loud will—
Grace floods the hill.

76

Turbans of pride or robes of rank,
Are but curtains—thick and blank.
He sees not gold, nor silken thread,
But hearts that kneel, and minds that shed.

77

Mountains climbed with polished boots,
Echo hollow through shallow roots.
Grace descends where striving dies,
Not where ladders scrape the skies.

78

When words dissolve, and Name is nought,
When Silence speaks, and soul is caught,
He answers not the asking tongue,
But the Stillness where all songs are sung.

79

Guru sat still on a pebble throne,

Spoke no words, nor used a phone.
But in His eyes, the cosmos spun,
And hearts surrendered, one by one.

80

The mayor came with robes so fine,
A golden crown, a silver sign.
But Guru laughed and looked away—
He'd rather bless the child at play.

81

Sing me the Name that none can write,
Whisper it soft in silent night.
No ink, no tongue, no worldly fame—
The Guru blesses with No-Name's Name.

82

A is for Awareness, that opens the door,
B is for Bhakti, the love at the core.
C is for Churning, the mind and the sea,
D is for Darshan, the glance that sets free.

83

E is for Ego, the guest you must shun,
F is for Faith, where journeys begun.
G is for Grace, that dances unseen,
H is for Humble, not low but serene.

84

I is for *Inner*, where silence resides,
J is for *Japa*, where the Name never hides.
K is for Karma, both kite and its string,
L is for Love—what no books can bring.

85

M is for Maya, the dance of disguise,
N is for Nameless, that silence replies.
O is for Offering, the heart laid bare,
P is for Presence, when Guru is there.

86

Q is for Quest—not answers, but flame,
R is for Rasa, the nectar of Name.
S is for Surrender, where ego dissolves,
T is for Truth, when mystery resolves.

87

U is for Unity, not two, not one,
V is for Vairagya, when wanting is done.
W is for Witness, the eye that sees,
X is for Xylem—like sap in the trees.

88

Y is for Yearning, the soul's secret cry,

Z is for Zenith, where silence meets sky.

89

Karma flew a bright red kite,
High above the fields of light.
Held by string both thin and strong,
It danced between the right and wrong.

The child below—so full of play—
Pulled too hard, it flew astray.
But gentle hands that gave no blame
Drew the kite back, just the same.

“Each tug,” said Guru, “tells your tale—
Pride will snap, but love sets sail.”
So Karma, watching from the skies,
Blessed the soul that closed his eyes.

90

Xylem lived beneath the bark,
Hidden well, but pure and stark.
It drank the dew, it held the rain—
It knew no pride, it felt no pain.

The leaves would boast of sunlit views;
The fruits would flaunt their vibrant hues.
But Xylem—silent, deep inside—
Carried grace that none could hide.

One day, the Guru, passing by,
Touched the tree and closed His eye.
He said, “The root is not alone—
The flow of Love has reached the stone.”

91

Their hearts are as soft as butter,
And truth they speak without a stutter;
Yet their words land with weight alone—
Because the wise are God-prone.

They smile like dawn yet chide like flame,
They play no part in ego’s game;
In silence loud, their souls intone—
Because the wise are God-prone.

No robes of pride, no throne they seek,
But grace glows golden when they speak;
By Name and Nameless they are known—
Because the wise are God-prone.

92

Butterheart bowed in morning light,
Stonestone stood tall, firm and right.
One sang softly, one struck clear—
Yet both drew God ever near.

93

Butterheart melted in silent prayer,
Stonestone echoed the Name in air.
One gave warmth, one held ground—
Yet both made holy space profound.

94

The birds would ask, “Who’s truly wise?”
The Guru smiled with twinkling eyes:
“Hearts that melt and tongues that ring—
Serve the same unspoken King.”

95

The Real I sought was not in ink—
But in the glance that made me sink.
No verse remains, no book, no shrine—
Only His Name, which now is mine.

96

I read the Word in every tongue—
On leaf, on stone, from temple sung.
But ink was dry, and sound grew dim—
Until my Guru made me Him.

The Vedas roared, the Psalms were deep,
The Gita stirred my silent sleep.
The Quran shone with fire and law—

Yet still I bore the chain of flaw.

I turned each page with hungry eye,
But Truth would shift and slip and sigh.
Till one who wrote no sacred line
Unwrote the “I” that once was mine.

No mantras now, no holy thread—
His glance struck down what scriptures said.
No Book remains—no verse, no frame—
Only His ever-burning Name.

The Name He gave no pen could write,
No voice could chant, no law recite.
Yet in that hush, all cries grew whole—
And Silence stood as living soul.

The stars still move, the scholars speak—
But I no more of knowing seek.
For Grace has filled the one who died—
The one who read, the one who tried.

97

I read them all—the holy cries,
The laws, the hymns, the prophets’ ties.
I wept where sages placed their word,
Yet still no Truth within me stirred.

I bathed in ink from East and West,

I chanted loud, I fasted, dressed—
But what I sought no verse could show,
No path could point, no rite bestow.

One glance undid what books had built,
One Name erased my shame and guilt.
No longer did I need to pray—
For He had burned the “I” away.

The Veda sang, the Quran flamed,
The Gita moved, the Bible named—
But all fell silent, lost in Him
Whose mercy made the world grow dim.

No scripture now, no temple bell—
The flame He lit I cannot tell.
It speaks without a voice or sound,
It breaks me, lifts me, lays me down.

Not higher than their sacred speech,
But past the need for words to reach—
I do not claim, I do not teach—
His silence stretched beyond all reach.

98

So ask me not what book I trust—
His footstep turns all ink to dust.
The page is ash, the voice is still—
The Name alone, the glance, the Will.

99

I do not bow to leaf or line—
The One I serve left none to sign.
He gave no law, no shape, no sound,
Yet made my soul in Him be found.

He wrote no book, yet knows each cry.
He spoke no word, yet breaks the “I.”
His gift was not a sacred page,
But freedom from the seeker’s cage.

No light remains, no holy flame—
Except the hush that bears His Name.
It has no echo, verse, or fame—
Yet all is known within that Name.

100

He could not read, nor chant, nor speak—
He only bowed, with heart grown weak.
No scholar praised, no pundit taught—
But Guru found the soul he sought.

No verse was said, no shloka known—
Yet Grace fell deep in flesh and bone.
He wept, he laughed, he touched the sky—
The glance had burnt away the “I”.

Where Vedas fail and tongues grow still,
The illiterate drinks at the Will.

What kings have missed, what priests debate—
The nameless one received at gate.

He asked for none, he learned no way—
Yet all was his that holy day.
For nothing stands, no fate, no rod—
When Guru lifts a soul to God.

101

Guru said:

He knew no verse, yet reached the flame—
For I had called him by no name.
The wise may read, the pure may strive—
But he just bowed—and came alive.
He had no name—but bore My Name.
He bowed unknown—and won the flame.

102

Om Azad Muni speaks, serene and bold:
“Who come to Me with heart untold,
Their every grief I take as Mine,
Their pain I drink like sacred wine.”

103

“And one who gives himself to Me,
I cut his cords, I make him free—
From birth and death, from fear and fate,
I open wide the timeless gate.”

104

“I leave no karma, dark or bright;
I burn the bad through public spite.
The good I scatter, love-wise spent,
Among the hearts most innocent.”

105

“When nothing’s left—no deed, no debt,
What cause remains for birth’s reset?
The seeds are ash, the winds are still,
No karma left to shape a will.”

106

The mind went mad in joy’s own flame,
The heart forgot both pride and name.
The ego died, its throne was torn,
The soul stood bare, anew, reborn.

107

All was destroyed, all forms laid low—
The Satguru wept a silent woe.
In love, He sank the faithful one,
And made him part of the Unborn Sun.

108

He merged him deep, beyond all law,

And whispered one last word: “Swaha.”
No self remained, no world, no cry—
Just truth, where even saints must die.

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).
Aham Brahmasmi	: I am Brahma.
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.
Azad Muni Baba	: 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.
Guru	: Spiritual Teacher.
Haṭha	: Short for Hatha Yoga.
Karma	: One's obligatory duties.
Lord Brahma	: The Creator.
Lord Shiva	: The Destroyer.
Lord Vishnu	: The Sustainer.
Masthana Jogi	: A Yogi in Ecstasy or Jubilant-Carefree Yogi.
Māyā	: Illusion.
Mouni Baba	: A Yogi who observes Silence.
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.
Prāṇa	: Life breath.
Sadhana	: Spiritual practices.
Sadhus	: Holy men.
Satguru	: True Guru
Sloka	: Verse.
Swaha	: <i>Swaha</i> is the sacred offering word—uttered when giving to the fire.
Vairagya	: Renunciation, detachment.
Vishaya	: Object of the senses.
