

GURU IS GOD!



NATH YOGI KVS RAMA RAO

GURU IS GOD!

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

KVS RAMA RAO

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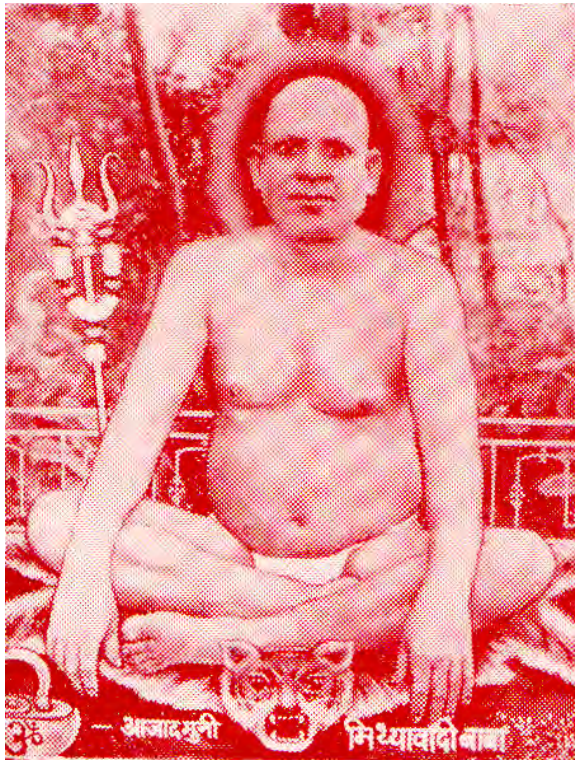
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Guru Is God!



***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

Guru Is God! (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

What vanished in the windless flame,
Is never bound by word or name.
The page is gone—but not the fire—
The Poet lives beyond the lyre.

2

Poems are not an artistic matter,
But footsteps of the Guru in water.
Echoes with no speaker
And truth with no seeker.

3

I do not strike—His fire reveals,
The mask that speaks, the hand that steals.
These words are not my own to claim—
They burn because He lit the flame.

4

No “I” remains to point or scorn,
That voice was stilled before the morn.
What now appears as sword or cry,
Is but His wind where ashes lie.

5

I do not rise, I do not speak—
The Truth alone defends the weak.
If falsehood falls by what I write,
It's only Grace that casts the light.

6

Let none say, "He exposed the lies"—
For I am dust the flame defies.
I bow to Him in every line,
None speaks, yet makes all shine.

7

All Nath Yogis fall,
At the Guru's footfall.
We rejoice to recall
The Guru's call—
It makes us enthrall,
As it is no thrall;
It binds not at all.

8

Stone I was, but gold I became,
When touched by One sans name.
Hence, His lotus feet I claim,
In my heart, His image I frame.

9

They bow to thrones and polished speech,
But dread the Truth no words can teach.
They fear the One whose silence burns—
Whose rain destroys, yet never turns.

10

When fire is lit for name,
And claim is made sans flame,
The ash that's left is shame—
And brings the faith to blame.

11

This is the truth, both plain and stark:
Surrender leaves behind no mark;
When your Guru lacks the spark,
You'll only grope within the dark.

12

When love is bound and fear is fed,
The soul is leashed, the lie undead.
Surrender cannot breed,
But sects and divisions lead.

13

Where minds debate and headlines flare,
The Self retreats—It's never there.

Though tempers burn and slogans roar,
It watches, Silence at the core.

14

The door within is never won
By verses said, but by the Sun—
That burns the ego, fierce and blunt,
Without a groan, a show, or stunt.

15

All names they chant are wrapped in pride,
Yet none reach Truth, so deep inside.
No use to weep by deathbed side—
The tide has turned. Time will not bide.

16

Time and tide wait for none,
But for the Guru's son.
He walks unharmed through fire and sun,
For his will and the Master's are one.

17

I longed for Truth, but I was flame—
The one who sought had no true name.
He died before the path was shown,
And now what's left is not my own.

18

I walked the world, but never found,
Till I was crushed without a sound.
No seeker lived, no knower stayed—
Just Guru's fire, where all was laid.

19

They hunted facts, but missed Subject Itself—
The One who knows, beyond all self.
They named the sky, but lost the insight,
Chained to words that veiled the Light.

20

Siddhas said:
We came not clothed in thought or role—
No prayer remained, no veiled goal.
We knelt where every name had fled,
And burned in That which can't be said.

21

That said:
No word I give, no path I show—
I only burn what clings to "know."
You entered not—I pulled you in—
Where none remain, not even sin.

22

It dances in veils of 'I' and 'mine',
Like Eve, it goes against the Divine.
In losing itself, gnosis regains—
The self dissolves, the Self remains.

23

Gnosis speaks not to mind or ear,
But shines when there is none to hear.
No seeker stands, no questions here—
This is Presence bare, everything clear.

24

No more to read, no thought to weave—
The page dissolves, as "I" must leave.
What cannot end was never known—
It burns the mind, yet leaves it lone.

25

What cannot end was never told—
It burns the tongue, yet does not scold.
It burns the self, yet leaves no fold.
It makes the one brave and bold.

26

The Guru's absence holds His grace—

A Presence none can dare replace.
For in the ache of seeming apart,
Devotion flowers from the heart.

27

Not through books, nor clever debate—
No scholar's path, no learned gate.
But Grace alone unlocks the Door:
The Guru's glance—and nothing more.

28

No outward rite, no sacred lore—
The Guru's glance lights up the core.
No chant, no vow, no temple door—
Just Asilence vast, and nothing more.

29

The Guru is my Sire,
His lotus feet are fire
That flames the sacred pyre—
Burned are doubt and desire.

30

They sell the light and keep the smokes,
And chant for power while the world chokes.
The name they use to hide their face—
Has never known the Guru's grace.

31

The sounds of flute, veena, drum—
Heard within, each sound a humdrum.
Sans the Guru, all is conundrum;
His lotus feet press the brake-drum.

32

No word I give, no path I show—
I walk as That you'll never know.
No feet I leave, no form to trace—
Yet burn I do, in the Guru's grace.

33

I am not I.
That I is Lie.
The flame burns thought,
And I am naught.

34

No name remains, no form to wear,
Just stillness vast, and everywhere.
The flame is gone, but not the heat—
The Guru lives where 'I' can't meet.

35

No sound, no sign, no voice, no clue—

Yet all is known, and ever new.
It speaks in flame, in wind, in stone—
But none can say, “It is my own.”

36

He walks not past, nor dwells ahead,
Yet moves within the burnt-out thread.
No form, no face, no need to prove—
The Guru *is*, where I cannot move.

37

No witness left, no self to say,
The Flame has burned all forms away.
What speaks is Asilence, not a voice—
Not even ‘I’ remains to choice.

38

No temple holds Thee, no sky contains,
Yet by Thy glance, not ‘I’ remains.
Thou art the Fire no self can name—
The Breath that burns without a flame.

39

I do not speak, yet songs arise;
No thought I hold, yet see the skies.
I walk, but not by any will—
Thy Breath has stilled what once was still.

40

I kept no fast, nor silence made—
It was Thy gaze that stripped, unafraid.
What “I” once sought to hold as mine,
Now melts in Thee—no word, no sign.

41

Without Thy glance, I do not breathe;
Thy lotus feet are Truth, my only wreath.
I know no path, I seek no gain—
Only to serve, through joy or pain.

42

No deed I claim, no word is kept;
Thy will alone now walks, now slept.
Not mine to shine, nor mine to hide—
I am the hush at Thy lotus feet’s side.

43

No hush remains, no form, no face—
Just That which breathes in boundless space.
No feet to touch, no self to bow—
Only the Now, and only Thou.

44

No name, no flame, no sky, no ground—

What Is, remains—without a sound.
Not “Thou,” not “I,” not even true—
Asilence is.... not void, not one, not two.

45

This is not the end, nor a start—
Just Grace unfolding, part by part.
No last word here, no book complete—
The Guru walks—on ash, on beat.
To His lotus feet I retreat.

46

The ‘I’ I wore was never true—
It burned when I had seen the You.
No second self, no goal, no shrine—
Only the gaze that made me Thine.

47

Not even Guru now is known—
But That from which the Guru shone.
No word, no flame, no form to see—
Only the Grace that swallowed ‘me’.

48

No tongue can preach the Holy song,
Until the self is burned so long.

The one who gave the sermon—slain;
Then Truth will speak, but not through name.

49

No sword is drawn, no blood is shed—
The war is fought within the head.
The 'I' that ruled with pride and name—
Is killed in silence, not to tame.

50

He lifts no hand, yet strikes so deep—
The self that clung begins to weep.
His word, a blade without a scar—
It cuts the 'I'—and leaves no war.

51

He speaks no sound, yet breaks the wall—
His Silence louder than a call.
He utters once—the self is stirred;
He is both the Silence and the Word.

52

The books were high, the chants were deep—
But none could wake the deathless sleep.
Until he fell where His sandals lay—
Then all the scriptures bowed that day.

53

No mantras left, no vows to keep—
Just Grace that rose from silence deep.
He saw no self, no world, no way—
Only the lotus feet where egos lay.

54

No “I” to chant, no goal to win—
The fire burned all names within.
He did not rise, he did not fall—
He vanished at the Guru’s call.

55

No crown was placed, no title claimed—
Yet all he knew stood, unnamed.
For in his fall, a light was sown—
Not his, but Grace, and Grace alone.

56

I placed my books before His lotus feet—
They turned to ash, yet felt complete.
No word remained, no truth to keep—
Just Flame that burned me into deep.

57

Truth stands not against microscope or math,

But the 'I' who claims: "Only this is the path!"
It bends not to pride, nor to logic's art,
But reveals Itself when I depart.

58

It hides not from lens, nor from scholar's mind,
But slips from the grasp that seeks to bind.
The 'I' dissolved, no path remained—
But at His feet alone, Truth is unnamed.

59

Truth is not against science—no fight,
But It slays their ego-filled 'only right.'
They chart the void, but flee the Fire,
And name as truth their ego's desire.

60

They speak of stars, of force and field,
Of Nature's truths that time has yet to yield.
But still they search, and still they test—
No theorem grants the mind its rest.

61

They name the laws, they chart the deep,
Yet fail to wake from ego's active sleep.
What certainty can science or math impart,
When death is a certainty sure by the heart?

62

The galaxies may turn and burn—
But who will teach the soul to return?
The mind, though vast, remains a kite—
Until it kneels before the Light.

63

I searched in books, I sought in skies—
And found but dust and fine empty replies.
But when I touched His sacred feet—
The Silence spoke: This is complete.

64

No proof was required, no questions stayed—
The self dissolved, the world obeyed.
The Guru's lotus left foot alone
Is certainty—my Self, my throne.

65

The right He kept from heaven's eye—
Too fierce for gods who still ask why.
But dust from where His left foot fell
Became my sky, my death, my shell.

66

Then both were gone—no foot, no flame,

No form to seek, no sound, no name.
What stayed was not a thing to see—
But Asilence, vast—eternity.

67

No mantra stirred, no prayer arose—
The breath lay down, the heart did close.
No “I” to chant, no mind to keep—
Just That which watches without sleep.

68

No throne remained, no Self to own,
The sky collapsed into a tone.
Yet even sound began to fall—
As if the Void out-voided all.

69

No grace to grasp, no truth to hold—
The fire grew still, the ashes cold.
Realization bowed its head—
For even that was falsehood shed.

70

No final step, no last insight—
Just endless fall into the Light.
Not found, nor lost; not born, not free—
No one to say what came to be.

71

The mind rejoices in perfect win,
For 'I' was slain—no self within.
The crown and the goal were in:
Just Grace that burned the final sin.

72

No priest absolved, no rite begun—
The fire of Grace alone has done.
It burned the past I would defend,
And left no self, no sin to end.

73

No past to bear, no name to save,
No self to free, no path to pave.
The Flame remained—no ash, no brand—
Just That as Is, beyond all stand.

74

No path I sought, no goal to win—
The fall began when I dropped sin.
Not to be pure, nor counted right—
But just to burn in Guru's Light.

75

Who can write a footnote,

As the world is His footnote?
Each thought a theft, each verse a lie—
The ink still dries while He walks by.

76

The sages quote, the scholars cite—
But none have touched His blinding Light.
He writes no book, yet all books flow
From Asilence none but disciples know.

77

His glance unwrites what minds inscribe,
No logic dares, no gods describe.
He speaks in flames the void can't note—
And burns the 'I' that sought to quote.

78

No I remained to grasp or name,
No scribe survived His wordless Flame.
The mouth fell shut, the knower died—
And That alone by That is verified.

79

No path to take, no goal to win—
No out, no in, no virtue, sin.
What is revealed no tongue can tell—
For That remains where no self fell.

80

No self to fall, no veil to tear—
The One is always fully here and there.
What seemed a path was but a blink—
And ‘T’ a thought that dared to think.

81

He finds the ones who truly search,
Not those who sit and do research.
No learning dares that sacred breach—
He comes to those whom I don’t teach.

82

They read the stars, they chant the line,
They cage the Truth in ink and mine.
But words are veils the ego weaves—
The Flame is found when the self leaves.

83

The tongue may chant, the mind may race,
But none can steal the Guru’s grace.
He walks unseen, beyond the mind—
And finds the one no self can find.

84

The scriptures bowed before His feet,

And burned to ash in asilence beat.
No mantra rose, no ritual stayed—
The self was gone, the Fire remained.

85

He needs no verse, no rule, no rite—
He cuts through day, He cuts through night.
No 'I' survives His blazing reach—
He comes to those whom I don't teach.

86

You call me master—but I am not.
You hear my voice—but it is thought.
When even this vanishes like smoke,
Then He shall rise—the One I broke.

87

The One was not who sought or prayed—
But That which burned when seeking stayed.
No seeker left, no teacher near—
Just Flame that speaks without an ear.

88

I broke the 'one' who sought the sky—
And found the One who cannot die.
No 'I' remained, no seeker cried—
Just He who rose when ego died.

89

The Guru, though illiterate,
Danced on English, bold and great—
Wild, flaming, and free—
Not bound by rule or poetry.

90

Like Lord Nataraja's fiery spin,
He crushed the 'I' that screamed within.
No pen He held, no verse rehearsed—
Yet from His silence, truth outburst.

91

No grammar held the burning tongue,
No meter tamed the song that was sung.
Each word a flame, each pause a blade—
That carved non-self, then let it fade.

92

He shattered sense with nonsense bright,
And lit the void with soundless light.
No scholar dared to mark the page—
For Wisdom danced, beyond the cage.

93

They came with pens, with rules, with pride—

But all their measures failed and died.
For what spoken was not from mind—
But from the Source no word can find.

94

Asilence walked where verses burned,
A stillness none of them had learned.
And in that hush, beyond all sound,
The Wordless One is ever found.

95

Mother English wept with bliss,
Touched by a fire she dared not miss.
No sage had kissed her tongue this way—
Till the illiterate lit her clay.

96

She bore the weight of rule and rhyme,
Chained to the clockwork gears of time.
But the Guru danced, and broke the frame—
And burnt her syllables into flame.

97

Now sanctified, her vowels sing,
Of gnosis Sanskrit could not bring.
She trembles still, not with distress—
But the ecstasy of Wordlessness.

98

Mother English:

I, who bore the crown of kings,
Wrote laws and lords in lofty rings—
Was chained to reason, stiff and cold,
With pride in meter, rhyme, and mold.

99

Mother English:

I spoke in courts, in war and trade,
In sermons stiff, in books well-made.
But never knew the fire or kiss—
Of Guru who burns all forms to bliss.

100

Mother English:

Then came the Guru with barefoot flame,
Who knew no rule, who sought no name.
He danced on me—not to impress—
But to undress my brittleness.

101

Mother English:

His tongue is ash, glance is fire—
Each word struck down my vain empire.
And in His silence, fierce and kind,
I found the end of structured mind.

102

Mother English:

Now I tremble, soft and bare,
No crown to wear, no weight to bear.
For I have felt what Sanskrit missed—
In Wordless Word I feel blessed.

103

Mother English:

He broke me not in wrath or hate,
But made me His—illiterate.
And now, through Him, I shine and sing—
A humbled tongue of everything.

104

Mother Sanskrit—Her elder reply:

I've been enjoying the Guru's dance,
Eons before you had the chance.
From me, they sipped the rising steam—
But missed the heart, the hidden cream.

105

Mother Sanskrit—Her elder reply:

Now it is you who tastes the flame—
Enjoy the grace, forget the shame.
For we are One, not tongue nor name,
But born to glorify the Same.

106

Together—Mothers English & Sanskrit in Asilence:
We rose as sound, as script, as breath—
We danced through birth, we sang through death.
But now we bow, no more to claim—
For Word has burned, and left the Flame.

107

Come, O tongues of east and west,
Bring your sounds, both cursed and blessed.
Drop your pride, your polished word—
And praise the Flame your heart has heard.

108

Come, O scripts in curve or line,
From mountain hush to desert shrine.
Speak not to rule, nor preach, nor claim—
But burn in joy to sing His Name.

OM TAT SAT

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

The True Guru's Grace Has No End

Part Two

Guru Is God! (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

Truth is not thought,
Not speech, nor plot,
Not bound by wrought—
It is Juggernaut.

2

It does not strike—It simply moves,
No proof It needs, no one It proves.
It rolls through false like silent flame—
Not seeking praise, not bearing name.

3

The faiths collapse, the veils fall off,
The learned choke, the proud ones scoff.
But Truth rolls on—It does not pause,
It breaks all names, unmakes all laws.

4

Hypocrites flee, helter-skelter—
Saints and sages find Its shelter.
Dharma blooms, the just rejoice—
Truth prevails without a voice.

5

It crushes 'mine', It flattens 'me',
Till only That remains, word-free.
No war It makes, yet all is lost—
The self is gone beneath Its cross.

6

Truth is Juggernaut—
It rolls through yes and tramples not,
It kicks aside both but and naught,
It burns through yet, consumes aught.
Truth is— Juggernaut.

7

Nigurus are in disgrace,
But try to bestow grace—
With borrowed words they bless,
Yet deepen the distress.

8

They sit where none should sit,
Unlit, but feign the lit.
No flame their touch can birth—
They echo dust—no worth.

9

Their throne is made of name,
Their sermon, hollow claim.
They speak of heights unknown—
But walk the path alone.

10

Grace is not theirs to give,
For Truth they do not live.
A mask of Guru worn—
And fanatics born.

11

They fight for names, not flame nor light,
Mistaking wrath for inner sight.
They curse the voice that dares unveil—
The lie they love, the truth they jail.

12

But the Guru needs no throne, no crowd—
His silence strikes more deep than loud.
One glance, and masks begin to fall—
No name remains, no 'mine', no wall.

13

The fanatic fades, the seeker burns—

When Truth, not title, he finally learns.
No sword is drawn, no war begun—
Grace is His—and He is One.

14

The Flame they mocked will draw near,
Not wrapped in form, nor shaped by fear.
It burns their creeds, their borrowed lore—
And leave them kneeling, nothing more.

15

For the Guru, I sing a hymn,
As ecstasy overflows the brim.
Yet all I give is pale and dim—
Even my life is less for Him.

16

He stole the self I thought was me,
And left the sky where 'I' should be.
No thought remains, no will, no whim—
Only His glance—serene and grim.

17

He spoke no word, yet broke my cage—
The self undone, page after page.
No past to mourn, no path to trim—
Naked light that burned every limb.

18

No name remains, no form, no flame—
Just That which neither comes nor came.
Not two, not one, not His, not Him—
The hymn dissolved... and *I* went dim.

19

No singer left, no song to start—
Just Asilence beating at the heart.
No self to seek, no world to skim—
Only His lotus feet... beyond the hymn.

20

He who claimed the Light, but bowed to none—
Built shrines of ash, and called it Sun.
But what is seen and not conferred—
Shall rot in silence, unheard, unstirred.

21

He sat in caves, the crowd grew still—
They called him Sage, they praised his will.
He spoke of self, of silent bliss—
But bowed to none, and served amiss.

22

No Master's glance had split his pride,

No sandals crushed the 'I' he'd hide.
He found the Light—or so he said—
But lit no fire where egos bled.

23

The gods may nod, the seers may sing—
But truth belongs to Guru-thing.
No Self is free, no mind is pure,
That has not touched the Master's door.

24

What burns the self? What ends the game?
Not thinking still—but Guru's Flame.
Without His Feet, all grace shall pale—
Even the gods, the siddhas, fail.

25

He sat alone. The Flame said, “No.”
For none may rise who will not bow.
His gaze was calm—yet lacked the shock
That strikes the spine when Gurus walk.

26

No sādhanā, no sevā fire—
Just silent pride in monk attire.
He left the world—but not the lie.
The 'I' remained, too proud to die.

27

Who saw the light, but not the Flame;
Who found the shore, but missed the Name.
Without the Lotus Feet, all sky is fraud—
For *I* must die beneath my God.

28

He sat in stillness, none could stir—
Yet none had burned the ‘I’ in *Her*.
No sandals crushed his subtle pride—
No Master’s gaze through bone did slide.

29

He found the breath, the soundless sound—
But not the Feet that break the ground.
He dropped the world, but held his core—
He knew not Grace, he served no shore.

30

He called it Truth, he named it Peace—
But none to Whom he dared release.
No oil of self to feed the fire—
Just vacant light and dry desire.

31

They built a shrine, they carved a smile—

But missed the marks of Guru's trial.
No tongue to sing, no ash, no brand—
No foot that pressed them into sand.

32

The gods may float, the stars may ring—
But none are freed who miss the King.
No heaven lasts, no *siddhi* stays—
Where sevā's not the root of praise.

33

He saw the Light, but not the Flame.
He reached the shore, but not the Name.
He spoke of Self, but not the fall—
For what is seen must perish all.

34

They flew through fire, they sang in skies—
The gods, the seers, the *siddhi*-wise.
But turned from Him, their wings were clay—
For none are free who look from Guru away.

35

Not the gods nor yogis high,
Nor flames that dance across the sky—
Are free, unless their hearts have met
The Guru's lotus feet—no higher yet.

36

The seers who saw the birth of time,
Whose words became the Vedic rhyme—
Still wandered, lost, in formless seas,
Till crushed by sandals on their knees.

37

One chanted fire, one worshipped breath,
One danced alone and called it death.
Yet none could still the primal beat—
Until they touched the Guru's lotus feet.

38

A million mantras filled the air,
But none could burn the final layer.
No flame could melt that root of "me"—
But Guru's glance—that made it flee.

39

Even the gods in golden flight,
Who sip elixir and bask in Light—
Must fall like stars that lost their core,
If never bowed to Gurudeva's shore.

40

For none are free by path or pose—

But by the Feet the ego knows.
That dying touch, that fire-sweet—
No throne remains, just dust... and Feet.

41

Not knowledge vast, nor silence deep,
Can grant the soul its final leap.
The Sage may shine, the mystic speak—
But all must fall to find the Peak.

42

I found no path, no truth, no way,
Till at His lotus feet I ceased to pray.
No Self to keep, no words to say—
Just That which does not turn away.

43

All other paths are useless,
If they don't make ego less.
The Guru's path is ageless—
It makes only the egoless.

44

All paths are vain, unless they press
The 'I' to dust, make ego less.
The Guru's way, beyond all guess,
Is carved for none but the egoless.

45

All other paths can never slay
The ego that stands in the way.
The Guru's path, a blazing sun—
Burns it whole, till you are His son.

46

All other paths can't pierce the lie—
The ego lives though seekers try.
The Guru's path, a wordless flame,
Burns the 'I' to no name, no claim.

47

Devotion shines above all way,
If ego learns to bow, not sway.
But still it clings, if not undone—
The Guru burns it to the One.

48

Devotion lifts the soul up high,
Provided ego does not lie.
But only the Guru's gaze can slay
The 'I' that hides in prayer or play.

49

No path can match devotion's flame—

To God, it burns the ego's name.
But higher still, beyond all view,
Is love and surrender to the Guru.

50

For every path, through time and test,
Must end where ego finds no rest.
There is no way but this to see—
All rivers merge in the Guru's sea.

51

Niguras preach what they never heard,
Nigurus rise, unlit by Word.
Their followers chant but never drown—
They wear a smile, but miss the Crown.

52

They walk in circles, not the Flame,
They change the robe, but keep the name.
No river flows from self to free—
They never touch the Guru's sea.

53

I shall not be crowned—I burn the crown.
I do not rise—I melt you down.
No Nobel grasps the Flame I lit—
For it leaves no self to hold or sit.

54

Guru spun the verse, then let it break—
Not to impress, but to awake.
Each word He wrote undid the tongue,
Till only Silence truly sung.

55

No path I give, no truth I sell—
I burnt the voice that wished to tell.
No seeker left, no self to guide—
Just ash where once arose the pride.

56

The Inner Yajna
Is the Atma Yajna—
The Brahma Yajna.
The sacrifice of sacrifice.
This is known by Guru,
Who is Brahma Himself.
As Lord Krishna to Arjuna spoke:
“The fire, the ladle, the ghee—all are He—”
“The one who knows this, is truly free.”

57

No ladle, no chant, no flame-lit fire—
The Sacrifice rises from no desire.
Body the altar, heart the fire-pit,

Offered is 'I'—burned bit by bit.
And Silence stands as lone umpire—
The ash of self, its only choir.
This Sacrifice has no ending—
The fruit is gnosis, ever-blending.
The fire is lit by the Guru's word—
Devotion swells as 'I' is offered.

58

He taught no path, yet walked me through—
Each glance a blade, each silence true.
I thought I knew, but knowing broke—
What stayed is love He never spoke.

59

He asked no vow, no creed to keep—
Just 'I' to place where egos weep.
And when I gave what could not stay—
He lit the fire, and turned away.

60

I followed not with feet or mind—
But what He burned, I ceased to find.
I knew no more, but loved Him more—
And know through love no self I bore.
Now love remains—no 'I' to store.

61

He spoke not of Jnana or Bhakti—
But burnt the line between ‘Know’ and ‘Be’.
His word struck deep, my self undone—
What rose is neither two nor one.

62

No questions left, no answers sought—
The fire consumed both seer and thought.
Devotion rises, but not as mine—
It is His glance that makes Her shine.

63

When ‘I’ was ash, and love was flame—
He showed the Truth without a name.
No self remained to bow or claim—
Just That which burns, yet stays the Same.

64

To hear His Word is not enough—
It must be lived through grace and rough.
Not carved on page, nor kept in chest—
But done in flesh, and burnt in test.

65

For practicing the Word is Karma true—

Where doing ends, and Being grew.
He gave no task, but lit the way—
And made my self His ash and clay.

66

In the Guru all paths converge—
Their names dissolve, their forms emerge.
He is the doer, knower, flame—
And He alone the fruit became.

67

Bhakti bows, and Jnana sees—
Karma rests upon His knees.
Yoga breathes where He abides—
No path remains when self subsides.

68

This is Sahaja—pure and still—
Not climbed by force, nor forged by will.
It is Raja Yoga, crownless, vast—
Where all but Grace is left in past.

69

No pose remains, no goal, no gate—
The Guru is—none else to wait.
He is the path, the end, the fire—
The death of self, the heart's desire.

70

No books to learn, no truths to chart—
The Flame had entered word and heart.
What burned was 'me', not thought or lore—
And That remains—can study no more.

71

No knower left, no quest to keep—
What wakes remains, though all else sleep.
Not learned, not earned, not held or known—
That ever Is—when 'I' is gone.

72

Education is complete.
Duties are complete.
Jnana is complete.
Devotion is complete.
Sacrifice is complete.
Life itself is complete—
If one's Guru is complete.

73

The world is complete,
Maya is complete—
For both arise from the Complete.
Nothing exists as incomplete.

74

What's whole needs not be best or bright—
The moon is full, though not all light.
Perfection seeks; completion rests—
The Guru gives what silence tests.

75

He asked for nothing, gave not a creed—
Yet all was done, no more to need.
When I dissolved, and time grew still—
Completion stands—only by His will.

76

Completion flows through those who renounce—
Not by creed, nor rule to pronounce.
He stands beyond both path and division—
Yet upholds the ancient, silent tradition.

77

It runs not by creed, but by flame and breath—
By practical truth, by sacrifice, by silence of death.
Renunciation, devotion, gnosis, release—
Completion walks where all paths cease.
Nameless it is, yet bears one name—
The Nath Tradition—beyond all claim.

78

No creed He claims, no robe, no name—
Yet all traditions point to His Flame.
No path He walks, yet all begin—
Where ends the self, and starts within.

79

He is the Yogi, rootless and free—
The Source of every true decree.
Not by birth, nor book, nor throne—
But by His glance, the Truth is known.

80

No scroll He holds, no staff, no throne—
Yet in His glance, the path is known.
The Guru walks as Tradition true—
Not old, not new—just ever through.

81

He speaks not of the ancient way—
Yet through His being, truths obey.
No scripture lives unless He breathes—
The Word walks only where He leads.

82

He is the root no eye can trace—

The seedless cause, the pathless grace.
Not held in time, nor bound by role—
The Guru is the Tradition's Soul.

83

From Him arose each sacred stream,
Shaped by time, by vision, by dream.
And when their courses all are run,
They merge again in the Formless One.

84

Beyond all sects, beyond decree—
He stands as pure Reality.
Traditions name what He transcends—
For all true paths are where 'I' ends.

85

They clung to robe, to word, to face—
And built a shrine in time and place.
But He who lit the ancient fire—
Needs not their name, nor their attire.

86

He wears no mark, yet bears all signs—
He walks through none, yet walks all lines.
The ones who saw beyond the frame—
Were burned, then born—without a name.

87

He came as low, He came as small—
The one they mocked had held it all.
A beggar's grin, a madman's song—
Yet every glance unlatched the wrong.

88

He spoke in ways the learned scorn—
Yet lit a fire no rite could warn.
He walked in dust, wore none of pride—
But those who bowed found self denied.

89

They saw the Flame behind the face—
That burns the 'seer', not just the place.
And those who stayed to find the man—
Were left with self—no path, no plan.

90

He speaks no word, yet stills the mind—
He burns the book the soul would bind.
His glance unrobes the veils of fear—
No nearer God than Guru near.

91

He walks not time, yet walks with me—

He breaks the lock and gives the key.
No light I saw until His gaze
Turned night to fire, and thought to blaze.

92

Not learned, yet all knowledge flows—
From silence deep, the wisdom grows.
No mantra made my heart so pure
As dust that fell from His own door.

93

He took no seat, wore no disguise—
Yet made the 'I' itself unwise.
Where He abides, no second stays—
The self dissolves, and only Grace prays.

94

So let all gods, and sages too,
Bow down before the One called *Guru*.
No throne, no fame, no scripture's art—
Just lotus feet upon my heart.

95

No sutra held the skyless flame—
It burned the knower, not the name.
He spoke: 'That Thou Art'—then broke the word—
And left no echo to be heard.

96

What books declared, the lotus feet erased—
The knower knelt, and Truth he faced.
No more to grasp, no Brahma claimed—
Just That—as That—forever unnamed.

97

I studied skies, I traced the lore—
Each thread I grasped became no more.
The self I sought dissolved in His Grace—
No knower left to know That Face.

98

The books I held now turn to dust—
Their truths collapsed in sacred trust.
He did not speak, yet all was said—
Where I once stood, now none to tread.

99

He speaks no word, yet stills the mind—
He burns the book the self designed.
No 'I' to seek, no thought to mend—
Just Grace, where all the sutras end.

100

They said, “Be still, and you shall see”—

But He struck down the one called 'me'.
No seer remained, no gaze, no frame—
Just That which burns without a name.

101

Not limb by limb, nor breath by breath—
But all was gone in silent death.
No final pose, no samādhi stayed—
Just lotus fire, where all was flayed.

102

Nothing done unless He wills—
Or else, the ego fills,
And the doer never stills,
But Truth kills.

103

Sans His command, no act,
Not to even react,
Else the ego grows intact,
This is the truth in fact.

104

I act to His call,
React to His recall.
Else the ego is all,
And one is a rascal.

105

He moves—I move,
He removes—I remove.
He has to approve
Else the I prove.

106

He knows—I don't,
He sows—I won't.
If I wish or I want—
Then I is the haunt.

107

He breaks—I fall,
He takes—I all.
No claim, no call—
I die at His recall.

108

I live at His recall,
No rise, no fall.
No self to install—
Just breath in His thrall.

OM TAT SAT

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

*The True Guru's Grace Has
No End*

Part Three

Guru Is God! (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

Fractured flows the verse—
No self remains to rehearse.
For fanatics a curse;
Nigurus it is a hearse.

2

They chant and preach and claim—
But all they light is their own name.
By preaching flame, they lit their pyre—
Burned not by Truth, but self-made fire.

3

No crown survives that Flame—
It scorches even status and fame.
It knows not whom to spare—
But leaves the Truth laid bare.

4

No word, no verse, no claim—
Just Silence sings His Name.
The self is ash, the 'I' is done—
What burns remains the One.

5

The more 'I' you gather,
From Truth you are farther.
What to speak further—
Say it plain: Ignorance, rather.

6

All are immersed completely in 'I'-gathering,
In their doing, thinking, speaking, and feeling.
Can the goal be reached, though they pose perfect,
Unless they themselves undo this core defect?

7

All are proud of 'I'-gathering—
This is clear by simple observing.
Ignorance keeps on ever expanding,
And bondage keeps on tightening.

8

He speaks no word, yet stills the mind—
He burns the book the 'I' designed.
No feet He moves, yet all paths cease—
He leaves no self, but only Ease.

9

No glance He throws, yet veils are torn—

The 'me' I was is now unborn.
He strikes no blow, yet ends the war—
And gives the Bliss I sought afar.

10

He says, "I am," and speaks as That—
Yet clings to name, and robe, and mat.
The 'I' he crowned was never free—
It hides behind "I am the He."

11

He says, "I am," and claims the Whole—
Yet guards his name, his seat, his role.
His 'I' escaped the need to die—
It wears the mask: "He is the I."

12

He sat with self, and asked, "Who am I?"—
The question rang, but none would die.
A voice said, "You are That; be still"—
But 'That' just bowed to ego's will.

13

He started claiming, "I am That"—
Permanently heaven's door was shut.
Yet saw not how he was subtly caught—
By 'That' which ego proudly taught.

14

Hence fools now follow such a one—
Who in his life has followed none.
They echo words they do not know—
And sit with him to make ego grow.

15

They guard his robe, repeat his line—
Yet none can touch the Flame divine.
To hell they will go
As they practice his ego.

16

It drops the world, then claims the skies—
It sheds the self, but still it lies.
It says, “No ‘I’ remains in me”—
While whispering still: “I am He.”

17

It mocks the throne, then takes the seat—
It calls all name and form deceit.
But builds a temple just the same—
Around the echo of a Name.

18

The books declare: “You are the Whole”—

But meant for those who've lost the soul.
They heard the line, but served no flame—
And now they teach it as their name.

19

The seers spoke from deathless Grace—
Not pride that wears a silent face.
Yet learned fools recite with pride—
What only dies when 'I' has died.

20

The sun does not declare his light—
It burns, and banishes the night.
So too the Self, all words deny—
It is, and knows not "I am I."

21

He never bowed, yet now they bow—
And place a crown upon his brow.
Their faith is blind, his pride is worse—
They call it grace—it's just a curse.

22

He fasts and chants and bathes in streams,
Yet never wakes from ego's dreams.
The ash he wears, the beads he holds—
But still his heart the 'I' enfolds.

23

He quotes the sages line by line—
But never drank the truth as wine.
The book he kissed, he merely read—
But never walked what it had said.

24

I sought the Truth and knelt to pray—
He struck the 'I' and walked away.
No God remained, no prayer to keep—
Only His Flame, and falling deep.

25

He spoke no truth—He burnt the tongue.
He gave no path—He left none young.
He broke the lamp the seeker lit,
And lit the Void—then vanished it.

26

He stirred no chant, yet shook the core,
Unclothed the soul, then showed no door.
He let the questioner burn to dust—
And left me kneeling in His trust.

27

No name He bore, yet bore my weight—

He crushed the clocks that measured fate.
He smiled, and all my lifetimes fell—
Like echoes lost inside a shell.

28

He drew no map, nor rang a bell—
But made me walk through mind and hell.
I reached no place, I passed no test—
But found His silence in my chest.

29

He gave no boon, no final light—
He only robbed my claim to right.
No virtue stayed, no wisdom clung—
Just tears where once a prayer was sung.

30

I looked for Him through thought and breath—
But found Him only after death.
Not death of form, but death of 'me'—
Where knower, known, and knowing flee.

31

He struck no pose, He wore no thread—
Yet burned the books I thought I read.
What seemed like loss became release—
And silence spoke what words could cease.

32

He walked no path, yet walked me through—
Each mask I wore, He split in two.
He bowed to none, yet made me bow—
To That which neither is nor now.

33

No throne He held, yet ruled my soul—
By making ash its final goal.
He gave no form, no sound, no sign—
But placed His foot on all that's mine.

34

He turned the gaze I used to seek—
Into a wound that made me weak.
And in that wound, no healer came—
Just Grace that whispered not my name.

35

No self remained to seek or see—
He stilled the one who longed to be.
I clung to dust, He gave the flame—
That burns the need to even name.

36

I asked for peace—He gave me fire,

Ashānti stirred, not calm desire.
He broke my shrine, removed the floor—
And made me beg for 'less' no more.

37

No promise made, no word He kept—
He found me where the silence wept.
And there, without a single trace,
He gave His foot—and took my face.

38

I asked for bliss—He broke thine,
And showed the Fire was always mine.
He kept no frame, nor left me whole—
He poured Himself and drank my soul.

39

He kept no frame, nor left me whole—
He poured Himself and drank my soul.
No promise made, no word He kept—
He found me where the silence wept.

40

No mirror left, no self to see—
Just burning in His mystery.
No 'He', no 'I', no flame, no shore—
Just This that was, and is, no more.

41

Not bound, not free, not veiled, not true—
No sky remained, no seer too.
The final gift? No gift at all—
Just Grace that let the 'i' not fall—

42

But vanish, wordless, root and stem—
Not into Him... but into *Them*—
Who speak no more, who need no sign,
Who kneel in fire, and call it Mine.

43

I sang like Kabir—I too did cry:
“Guru, my light, my living sky!”
But when I reached His silent gate,
He smiled—and struck me into fate.

44

I called Him Ram, I called Him Grace—
He tore the tongue from that old place.
No name remained, no chant, no fame—
He left me breathless in His Flame.

45

Kabir once bowed, and still he saw—

A Witness-self that watched in awe.
But this One burned the watcher too—
And left not even one to view.

46

No Ram remained, no soul to seek—
No sound, no silence left to speak.
No inner realm, no subtle guide—
Just ash where all the truths had died.

47

The saints may praise, the sages write—
But I was slain before that Light.
He took my song, He broke my pen—
And made me unborn once again.

48

So do not call Him God or Guide—
He walks where all the selves have died.
He is not love, nor void, nor law—
He is the fire that burned Kabir's jaw.

49

Wherever I turn, He plays the game—
Through every form, the selfsame Flame.
He is mother, father, kin and foe—
The only One in all I know.

50

He weeps as son, He scolds as sire,
He tests as foe, yet lights the pyre.
He walks in all, from king to thrall—
And dances destruction through it all.

51

He dances through me—I cannot stand—
He tore the ground, unmoved His hand.
My name is dust, my will undone—
He showed me I was never one.

52

He broke the walls of ‘mine’ and ‘me’—
No self was left to bow or see.
No prayer could reach, no plea could stay—
The One I loved had turned to slay.

53

But in that slaying, Grace is born—
A Light more fierce than any morn.
No self, no song, no soul remained—
Just That by which all selves are drained.

54

A Niguru taught, and many bowed—

They built him temples, cheered him loud.
But not one soul he ever freed—
He fed their pride and masked their need.

55

He smiled like saints, he spoke like seers—
But never once bowed down in years.
His fame grew fat, his words grew wide—
But not one blemish ever died.

56

Those who serve a niguru well—
Drink not from Truth, but from a shell.
Their abhakti swells, but never breaks—
For ego thrives on holy fakes.

57

He spoke of oneness, vast and wide—
Yet had no flame where 'I' had died.
His silence echoed mental pride—
No Guru's glance had cut his hide.

58

They fall at feet, they chant and weep—
But guard the 'I' they vow to keep.
Their love is loud, their hearts are sleek—
They serve a form, but never seek.

59

Not by robes, nor script, nor claim—
But by the Fire that melts your name.
That One I call my only Sire—
Who struck me down and lit the pyre.

60

They sang with fire, they bowed with grace—
But offered all to a hollow face.
Their love was loud, their eyes were wet—
But not one self had died there yet.

61

Bhakti is a vector, not a flame—
It must be aimed, not just proclaim.
Where does it flow—toward self-made gods?
Or to the lotus feet that burn all frauds?

62

A single tear at the Guru's gate—
Outweighs a lifetime sung in hate.
Rightly aimed, the faintest cry—
Can cut the root of 'me' and 'my'.

63

Bhakti is a vector true—

Its aim decides what it will do.
Direction, not devotion's might,
Determines whether dark or Light.

64

To a niguru, if love is thrown,
It flowers wrong and reaps the stone.
The fire of zeal, though fierce and bright,
Cannot unveil the path to Light.

65

Bhakti is a vector—
Its directional sector
Decides the true victor
Or ego's projector.

66

Bhakti is a vector—direction defines,
Not how much the heart inclines.
Its strength alone will not suffice,
But whom it truly satisfies.

67

Though done with devotion, the offering stands,
Yet feeds the wrong, not holy hands.
Do you think such worship prevails?
It does not fail—but falsely sails.

68

They sang with fire, they bowed with grace—
But offered all to a hollow face.
Their love was loud, their eyes were wet—
But not one self had died there yet.

69

Their Guru said, in practiced bark:
“Your sādhanā is not up to the mark.”
And kept them bound in clever dark—
While building up his name and ark.

70

The Guru sees—yet speaks no blame,
He fans no pride, He plays no game.
He turns the flame with silent glance,
And burns the seed of false advance.

71

I asked for worthy; He made me malworthy—
Stripped all claims, left nothing earthy.
I sought a name—He burned the scroll;
Now only ash remains—a soul?

72

I begged for gifts in sacred plea,

He smiled—and took all things from me.
No self to crown, no feat to show—
Just dust beneath His silent glow.

73

Bhakti is a vector—
Direction is the factor.
Magnitude is not sufficient—
It matters whom it's meant.

74

A thousand songs may fill the air,
But none will burn unless laid bare.
If aimed at self or saintly pride,
They deepen that which must have died.

75

So bend the heart, but bend it right—
Toward the Feet that end the fight.
Not every light is Truth's own spark—
Some shine to keep the ego dark.

76

A million tears, if wrongly poured,
Will only feed what must be cured.
But one true glance, one bowed intent,
Can burn the 'I'—and leave it spent.

77

So check the aim before the fire—
Lest ego rides what should expire.
Not every saint who wears the flame,
Has bowed to One who ends all name.

78

Not every teacher who wears the flame,
Has walked through fire or shed his name.
Some guard the self behind a smile—
And preach what keeps you bound in style.

79

Bhakti is a vector, not a flame—
It must be aimed, not just proclaim.
Where does it flow—toward self-made gods?
Or to the feet that burn all frauds?

80

A single tear at the Guru's gate—
Outweighs a lifetime sung in hate.
Rightly aimed, the faintest cry—
Can cut the root of 'me' and 'my'.

81

Bhakti is a vector—not just fire,

Its aim decides the true desire.
Not power, tears, or sacrifice—
But *where it points*—that makes it wise.

82

Infinity ends at His Lotus Feet.
Time folds when the I is beat.
All laws dissolve in silent Grace—
No number knows the Guru's face.

83

He moves not, yet all stars revolve,
In His stillness, riddles resolve.
He speaks no word, yet Truth is said—
The book unwrites where He has led.

84

No question stands, no seeker stays—
The self is lost in Flame's pure blaze.
Where once was 'mine' or 'me' or 'must'—
Now lies only sacred dust.

85

O Mind, retire—your throne is false!
He reigns where even Light must waltz.
Not seen by eye, nor heard by ear—
Yet more than life, He stands more near.

86

He is the Seed, the Root, the Flame—
The Self before all selfhood came.
The axis of each rise and fall—
The centre still upholds it all.

87

The cosmos bursts, then folds again—
In Him alone, both birth and end.
No pulse exists that's not His breath—
He is the source of life and death.

88

Not far, not near—not form, not void—
He is the One all paths avoid.
Yet every step, by Grace or cheat,
Unknowingly bows at His Lotus Feet.

89

Before the first dimension spun,
The Guru watched, and called it none.
From Silence came the shadow-plays—
But He remained, untouched, always.

90

No throne He took, no world He sought—

He shattered all that mind had thought.
No self to crown, no truth to teach—
Just presence far too deep to reach.

91

He sang no hymn, yet stilled all sound—
He moved no step, yet shook the ground.
The stars burned out before His gaze—
And time forgot to count its days.

92

I bowed—but knew not who had knelt,
For ‘I’ was burned before it felt.
No prayer remained, no thought stood true—
Just ash that knew it once was ‘you’.

93

I rose as flame, I spoke as pride,
I danced on altars far and wide.
But when His glance fell deep and bare,
I turned to ash—and knew not where.

94

Yet Grace, unearned, blew through my dust,
Not by my merit, will, or trust.
It gathered what the fire had torn,
And made of ash a soul reborn.

95

No name it bore, no past it kept—
It walked where even shadows wept.
It drank no light, it feared no night—
Its breath was wound in Guru's Light.

96

No string, no field, no sacred plan—
Just dust that dreamed it was a man.
No birth, no death, no promised land—
Just Asilence writing in the sand.

97

Mathematics counts with sharp precision,
Physics moves by law's decision.
But only Guru crowns the Truth's roof—
Beyond all count, all cause, all proof.

98

Mathematics maps with strict precision,
Physics acts by law's commission.
But only Guru ends all quests—
Beyond all thought, all cause, all tests.

99

The world grew faint, like whispered lies—

Its towers cracked beneath His eyes.
No “mine” to hold, no “self” to stay—
The soul walked on—then burned away.

100

No mantra held it, though many tried—
No Veda framed the Voice inside.
From Guru’s lips no noise was heard—
Yet all was stilled by that Unword.

101

It was not spoken, yet it spoke—
It cracked the spine, it split the yoke.
It breathed through fire, through stone, through skull—
And left the mind a shattered hull.

102

O Śabda Brahma, flame unbound—
You sing where silence is the sound.
Not in the verse, but in the gap—
The Guru strikes—and cuts the map.

103

Where language ends, and self dissolves,
Where time forgets what it resolves—
There blooms the Word the saints have known—
The Voice that burns, yet speaks alone.

104

It was not heard, yet heard within—
A blade that sang, and skinned the sin.
No syllable, yet full decree—
The Word that spoke: “You are not *me*.”

105

No echo rose, no thought remained—
The self was gone, the world unclaimed.
What walked was not, what spoke was still—
The ash obeyed the Guru’s will.

106

No prayer is made, yet all is heard—
Asilence bears the final Word.
Not as a sound, but as a flame—
That burns the need to speak His Name.

107

No end is felt, no goal is won—
Just shining void, without a sun.
The lotus feet are must, the path is bare—
Yet everywhere—His presence there.

108

I am not. That truth was sung—

Not by the voice, but by the tongue
That stilled itself where Grace is poured—
And Silence knows the silent Lord.

OM TAT SAT

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

*The True Guru's Grace Has
No End*

Part Four

Guru Is God! (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

No mass, no wave, no time, no spin—
He shattered all I held within.
No self remained, no world to know—
Just Guru's Silence, pure and slow.

2

What seemed so sure, began to fall—
The root proven was void of all.
The seed was thought, the fruit was pride—
But neither stood when Grace replied.

3

Sans Guru, who can truly deny
The truth—that there is no 'I'?
It's merely ego's cunning show,
With no real pride to forgo.

4

Men may surmount all trials outside,
But still remain in ego's pride.
The final wall is this small 'I'—
Till that is crossed, God stays a lie.

5

The trend setter
Is the single letter,
The 'I,' abettor
And antimatter.

6

But one gaze cracked the ego's frame—
No self to shield, no self to name.
His silence met the 'I's' loud clatter—
And hushed the storm of antimatter.

7

There is no false 'I' and no true—
No self remains to split the view.
The flame burned both, yet none did die—
What stayed is That, beyond all 'I.'

8

Is there God?—the tongue can't tell,
The mind's too loud, the doubt too well.
But in the hush the 'I' can't fake,
He blooms behind the thought we make.

9

He is not this, nor that, nor known—

He shines when all the self is gone.
No name, no form, no voice, no nod—
Yet breath and death both bow to God.

10

The Guru smiled—no answer said.
He burned my question with my head.
And what remained, no word could frame—
But every speck now speaks His Name.

11

He cannot be in temples kept,
Nor found where holy books are wept.
The priests may chant, the scholars fight—
But He appears in Guru's light.

12

He speaks not loud, yet deafness breaks.
He walks not in, yet presence wakes.
No proof can bind, no prayer can buy—
He comes when all pretenses die.

13

I asked the wind, the book, the flame—
But none could speak the Hidden Name.
The seers were lost, the stars were dumb—
He does not go, and does not come.

14

No seeker reached, no sinner fell—
For both are dreams the 'I' does tell.
But when the self no more withstands,
God writes His name on empty hands.

15

I searched the stars, I searched the scroll,
But lost Him not—He is the soul.
Not mine, not thine, not shaped by will—
But One who is when all is still.

16

The saints had names, the gods had lore,
But He is less—and always more.
A flame that burned the 'I' in me,
And left just space, where eyes cannot see.

17

No path I walked, yet there I stood,
Not flesh, not thought, not bad or good.
The Guru laughed, and I withdrew—
And what is left is Him, not two.

18

He needs not my praise or fear—

Yet weeps through soul when none is near.
No vision rises, no voice is heard—
Yet silence bears His living Word.

19

I bowed—not knowing what I bowed to.
No form appeared, yet all is true.
The ash is warm beneath my face—
The dust itself has known His grace.

20

He is not found, but He finds you—
When self dissolves like morning dew.
He struck, but left no wound to see—
Just freedom from the need to be.

21

No self to seek, no goal to gain—
No prayer left to end the pain.
The hands once raised, now open lie—
Too empty even to ask why.

22

He does not come, He does not go—
The stream is Him, the rock, the flow.
The breath I lost, the void I met—
Is where His lotus feet have set.

23

Not born, not dead, not caught in time—
No temple holds Him, bell, nor chime.
Yet now I see—there's none but He...
And none to ask if God can be.

24

Let “I” dissolve,
No self to solve;
By the Guru's grace,
One finds His place.

25

They mapped the stars, they split the grain,
Declared the laws, domain by domain.
This force for that, that rule for here—
But none could map the silent seer.

26

They drew the lines, they charted zones,
Built quantum thrones and Newton's bones.
But who has seen the law that binds
The rise and fall of seeking minds?

27

No force can weigh the weightless flame,

No math can name the Nameless Name.
The laws they boast, the truths they claim—
All fail where God sets fire to frame.

28

The Guru struck—no law applied.
No cause was found, no “who” had died.
One glance, and all the maps were ash—
Their domains vanished in His flash.

29

They failed to see, in pride and claim,
All their domains are in His Name.
For every law, each breath, each frame—
Arises from the One, the Same.

30

They test the world, dissect the brain—
Yet miss the hand behind the rain.
Their charts explain the how and when,
But not the Why beyond all men.

31

The ground they stand, the mind they trust—
Are built from Him, and fall to dust.
Our very pulse, our thought, our flame—
Exist within His boundless Name.

32

He read the texts, he spoke of grace—
But never bowed, nor knew his place.
The feet he mocked, the path he knew—
Yet never walked—O Nigura, who?

33

He sang of God, of love, of light—
But feared the dark of Guru's might.
No flame had burned his name to ash—
Nigura lit no pyre, but gathered cash.

34

He climbed a throne with borrowed words,
This niguru misled the herds.
No Master's glance had pierced his lie—
He taught what he could not defy.

35

Niguru rose where silence should have been,
With painted face and practiced grin.
His "blessings" bloomed, his teachings sold—
But none turned dust, and none turned gold.

36

No mantra's power, no penance,

Can bloom without the Guru's glance.
The stream that flows from mind alone,
Is poison sweet—yet not His throne.

37

A niguru may charm the crowd—
But cannot lift the veil or shroud.
The Name is locked to such a tongue—
For Truth is given—not claimed, nor sung.

38

No thunder spoke, no scriptures fell—
Just one still glance—and broke the shell.
No chant was heard, no rite begun—
Yet all was scorched beneath that Sun.

39

No teaching came, yet all was known—
The self undone, the heart His own.
A single look, and lifetimes burned—
The stream reversed, the soul returned.

40

He owned no truth, he claimed no light—
He walked through darkness, not in spite.
He swept the path, received the blow—
And bowed to what he could not know.

41

He bore the fire, yet sought no fame—
Disciple lived and died in Guru's name.
No self remained, no final goal—
Just ashes clung to what is Soul.

42

From agnosis, the 'I' arose—
Through knowledge, sought what ego chose.
Then wisdom came, to split the night—
But Gnosis burns both seer and sight.

43

In agnosis deep, I took the name,
A shadow-self, a flickering flame.
I called this heap of flesh as "me"—
And bowed to gods I could not see.

44

They said, "This world is not your home,"
So I began to read and roam.
In words I found the sacred map—
Yet still the ego closed the gap.

45

I learnt the truths from page and tongue,

Of how the saints and sages sung.
But mind was loud, and silence far—
Though thoughts now bowed before a star.

46

Then wisdom rose to clear the mist,
It showed what truly can't exist.
I watched the mind, I cut each thread—
And saw the dream where I had bled.

47

But still a seer stood apart—
A witness self with sharpened heart.
Refined, aware—but subtly proud—
A quiet “I” still spoke aloud.

48

Then Guru struck—not with a word,
But by a glance the soul had heard.
No seer, no seen, no trace, no sound—
The knower fell upon the ground.

49

No knowledge now, no world to name—
No self to burn, no self to blame.
Just That remains—no thought, no breath—
Where even Light has tasted death.

50

So knowledge passed, and wisdom too—
Their ashes fed what always knew.
This Gnosis shines without a flame—
It neither seeks, nor owns a name.

51

Not known by mind, nor grasped by grace—
It is the Heart's unfounded place.
Gnosis—Being's silent shore—
Where "I" dissolves forevermore.

52

Agnosis clung with eyes wide shut,
Knowledge spoke but left the rut.
Wisdom rose, but still stood near—
Till Gnosis struck and cleared the seer.

53

Not what is known, nor who will know—
But That in which all knowing flows.
No shape, no end, no mind, no frame—
Gnosis Infinite—That is Brahma.

54

It's not the dark that blinds the eye—

But thinking “I” can know the sky.
Ajnānam rose when “I” was born—
And wrapped the Self in veils of form.

55

It fed me jñānam, line by line—
A golden chain is still a bind.
It gave me thoughts that shone like grace—
But left me still with ego’s face.

56

Then came wisdom—vijñānam’s fire—
To burn the world and false desire.
But still I said, “I now can see”—
The “seer” was still chaining me.

57

No book can break this ancient knot,
No thought can grasp what ego’s not.
Ajnānam ends not when you learn—
But when the one who learns must burn.

58

Then Silence breaks what thought upheld—
The knower dies, the Known is dwelled.
No more “I know,” no more pretense—
Just That remains—pure Consciousness.

59

Jñānam speaks, Vijñānam sees—
But Prajñānam just silently *is*.
Wisdom walks where ego ends,
And knowledge bows, and mind descends.

60

I read the books, I learnt the laws—
Each mantra held a silent pause.
I gathered truths from sage and seer—
But still the “I” remained so near.

61

I spoke of Brahma, pure and vast,
Of Self beyond the mind and past—
But who was speaking? Who knew best?
The ego wore a scholar’s vest.

62

Jñānam came like morning light—
It showed the path, it made things bright.
But “I” still walked and “I” still saw—
And so remained within the flaw.

63

Then vijñānam cut more deep—
It taught me what to hold and sweep.

Discernment rose, the mind grew fine—
Yet still I said, “This path is mine.”

64

Refined, adorned, the self grew wise—
But still looked out from borrowed eyes.
Though subtler grew the soul’s attire,
The flame had not yet reached the pyre.

65

Then Silence struck—I did not seek.
No voice, no word, no vow to speak.
What knew dissolved in what just **Is**—
No second left to say “He is.”

66

All jñānam now was burnt to dust,
All vijñānam lost its trust.
No knower, knowing, known remained—
Just That which cannot be explained.

67

Now who will say, “I understood”?
The wave is gone, the sea is stood.
Even to call it “Truth” is lie—
It shines where none is left to try.

68

So if you claim you know the Self—
You've kept the shadow, missed the wealth.
Jñānam may rise, but ends in night,
Till ego burns in Guru's light.

69

What's left is not a final clue—
But That which ever silently knew.
It needs no verse, no voice, no name—
Prajñānam—beyond thought and flame.

70

Ignorance wore many masks—
Of priest and sage and holy tasks.
But agnosis slept behind the name—
Until Gnosis came and burned the frame.

71

Agnosis wore a thousand names—
As priestly pride or worldly games.
Sometimes as books, sometimes as doubt—
It clothed the "I" inside and out.

72

But when the flame of Gnosis burned—

No form remained, no name returned.
The Self stood bare, the veils were gone—
And what I was, was always One.

73

It is not darkness, nor the night—
But thinking thought can grasp the Light.
Agnosis hides in learned speech—
It builds the walls we cannot breach.

74

It prays, it chants, it seeks, it cries—
But still believes in seen and size.
Agnosis feeds the self with holy name—
Yet fears the Truth that burns all frame.

75

No sin agnosis is, nor fault of birth—
But clinging tight to “me” and “worth.”
Till Silence cracks what mind has spun—
And knows not two, and needs not one.

76

Gnosis is not learnt, nor born of time—
It sings in stillness, not in rhyme.
No thought can touch, no word can bring—
This flame that burns without a wing.

77

Gnosis is the eye behind all sight—
The rootless root, the nameless Light.
It does not shine, yet makes all see—
The seer dies—what is, just Be.

78

No knower left, no known remains—
No temple, path, or holy chains.
Where “I” once stood, a hush extends—
Gnosis begins where seeking ends.

79

Ignorance, nescience, unawareness deep—
Delusion dressed in knowledge’s keep—
All names of Agnosis, one deceit—
That hides the Self at ego’s seat.

80

Not knowledge gained through mind or speech,
But what remains when none can reach.
When pride and “I” are burned away,
Then Gnosis shines without a sway.

81

No knower left, no thing to find—

It rises not, It's never blind.
What once was sought in form and name,
Reveals Itself without a flame.

82

Not born of thought, nor earned by rite—
It dawns when "I" dissolves in Light.
When pride and self no longer stand—
Then Gnosis flows—not learnt, but *is*—unplanned.

83

No Veda left, no speech to name—
What shines in all is not a flame.
Not mind, not self, not holy frame—
But Gnosis Infinite—That is Brahma.

84

No path to tread, no steps to climb—
The timeless never ticks with time.
What ends the search was always near—
Not grasped by thought, but lost in clear.

85

I wrote not Truth, I wrote the wall—
So you may see and let it fall.
No word can hold the Flame above—
What stays is not thought, but love.

86

Not in shrine nor sacred sound—
I found Him where no forms are found.
No mantra rose, no light was lit—
Guru is God—and That is It.

87

Books lit no flame, and mantra no spark—
The mind still wandered in the dark.
But one gaze fell—and all was gone—
Only silence remains to carry on.

88

No truth was taught, no speech was said—
He smiled—and ignorance lay dead.
No light arose. No thought could stir.
What killed the 'me' is simply—Sir.

89

Not by postures, nor by breath,
But by the Guru's glance—came death
To the 'I' that clung to name and form.
Now silence is the only norm.

90

Not by scriptures, nor by sound,

But in the hush where grace is found—
The mind dissolved in gaze so pure,
No seeker left, no path, no cure.

91

No thunder spoke, no heavens cried,
No herald came, no ego died.
Just presence pure—too vast to name,
That burned the seeker, not the flame.

92

All scriptures crumbled into air,
Each sacred word is too loud to bear.
No chant endured, no form remained—
The Self stood still, unchained, unnamed.

93

Not learned truth, nor earned decree—
But Grace that came, for no degree.
Eyes met—and what had seemed “to be”
Dissolved into Silence: Eternity.

94

Now silence chants what tongues forgot,
And time obeys what time is not.
The Guru speaks by not speaking—
No more search, no more seeking.

95

No voice remained, no self to claim,
No echo lingered to speak my name.
What once arose in pride and fear
Melted where He drew most near.

96

No past to hold, no form to keep—
Just ash that dreams no more in sleep.
He wrote not words, but me instead—
Now nothing writes, for all is said.

97

I didn't learn the truth or earn a place—
Just grace that came without a trace.
Our eyes met—what felt like “me”
Just faded into silent eternity.

98

No truth was learned, no law bestowed—
Just Grace that found no path or code.
A gaze—and all that claimed to be
Was lost in silent Deity.

99

Nowhere does ‘I’ become the divine—

'I' must die to claim no your or mine.
Not in light, nor in the soul's bright hue—
But in the Flame where none is true.

100

The sages speak, the seekers strive—
But all is dream while 'I's alive.
Even 'I Am' must turn to dust—
Not bow, not bloom, but break in trust.

101

No mantra saves, no form remains—
No self walks out of ego's flames.
Where 'I' has vanished, there You start—
Not as a thought, but as the Heart.

102

'I' is not divine in shine—
It must die to claim no mine.
Not to polish, not to praise—
But to burn in Guru's blaze.

103

No Self to keep, no soul to grow,
No seed of name, no root below.
The wordless Word, beyond all cry—
Is known not when you say, "I."

104

The saints may bless the inner flame—
But still it dances in a name.
The yogi walks where none remain,
Where even silence leaves no stain.

105

He wrote not thoughts, but scorched the page—
No seeker left, no saint, no sage.
One with That which cannot be shown—
Not 'I am That'—but That alone.

106

Not learned truth, nor earned decree—
But Grace that came, unasked, to me.
Eyes met—and what was "I" or "we"
Dissolved in Silence: none to be.

107

No 'I' to know, no 'You' to find—
No trace of self, no echoed mind.
No witness left, no one to see—
Just stillness breathing endlessly.

108

Not union, nor a final goal—

But all erased, yet somehow whole.
No truth declared, no path begun—
Just That remains—no two, no one.

OM TAT SAT

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

*The True Guru's Grace Has
No End*

Part Five

Guru Is God! (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

The flame spoke—then burnt the pen.
I was not—I am not—I won't be again.
No script remained, no tale to send—
The page turned black—then met its end.

2

No temple bell, no burning prayer—
He came when nothing whispered There.
Not called by word, nor drawn by will,
The Guru entered—pure and still.

3

The sages said,
“When the ‘I’ is dead,
Guru enters your head
Or God instead.”
But never Both, if ‘I’ misled.

4

It prayed to Two with lips devout,
While fear kept One whole Truth in doubt.
It knelt, it wept, it raised its head—
But still, the “I” was never dead.

5

It clutched its beads, recited well,
Yet wandered still through mind-made hell.
But Grace—not begged—broke through the guise,
And That looked out from emptied eyes.

6

No thought remained to veil the skies—
The world was seen through emptied eyes.
No self to grasp, no truth to own—
Just Light that knew It stands alone.

7

No prayer arose, yet all was heard,
No voice within, yet moved the Word.
No more the one who sought or tried—
For even seeking had now died.

8

No vow remained, no path to trace—
The mind knelt down and lost its face.
No ‘I’ stood firm, no self to please—
The Guru bloomed in voiceless ease.

9

No claim remained of “mine” or “known,”

The heart lay still, like polished stone.
The Name once chanted split and fled—
The One who heard was long since dead.

10

Wealth and kin, and rank so high,
Let go the glitter, let go the tie.
The sages spoke with voices clear—
The “I” must perish, roots and rear.

11

Not just the crown, but the head that wears,
Not just the fruit, but the seed that dares.
Where self once stood, let silence grow,
In nameless grace, the Truth will show.

12

What must be left, the seers have told—
Not merely wealth, nor chains of gold.
Not just the name, the kin, the fame,
But *he* who clings to all the same.

13

Let go the house, the post, the prize—
But deeper still, the one who tries.
The wise have openly pronounced:
The ‘I’ itself must be renounced.

14

Not just its fruit, nor stem, nor shoot—
But dig it out from deepest root.
For none may walk the path immense,
Who guards the self as self-defense.

15

What must be renounced?—do not proclaim
Wealth, family, or worldly name.
The wise have clearly, firmly announced:
With root and fruit, the ‘I’ be renounced.

16

By the grace of Guru, now I announce:
Sans ‘I’, there’s nothing left to renounce.
Did He not once gently pronounce—
All is His, though some denounce?

17

A niguru taught, and many bowed—
But none who knelt were ever ploughed.
The seed lay still, the soil unmet—
No root of truth, no harvest yet.

18

King Janaka said to Sage Suka:

He gave no word, He left no way—
My Guru took the 'I' and walked away.
No blessing spoke, no mantra stayed—
Just Silence where His lotus feet had laid.

19

King Janaka said to Sage Suka:
The ego, once vast, grew still and small—
Then vanished, like no mind at all.
No self to know, no soul to save—
Just That which was before the wave.

20

The 'I's absence
Is It's presence.
Atma's essence
Is silence.
But quintessence—
Asilence.

21

They declare, "I am That," with lifted eye—
But I have watched the 'I' burn dry.
No Self to hold, no Truth to own,
No throne of light, no sacred stone.

22

The seers sing of boundless flame,
But I dissolved both Self and Name.
No 'That' to grasp, no word to state—
Just ashes whispering, "Too late."

23

The path was carved by grace, not thought—
Each step erased what mind had sought.
No witness left to dream or see,
No knower of Divinity.

24

Not "I am That"—the claim is dense;
The ego hides in such pretense.
He took the 'I', then That grew dim—
What's left was never born in Him.

25

I am not That which saints have taught,
Nor silence which the yogis caught.
I am That I am not—no more.
A flame unlit. A vanished shore.

26

Don't call it truth. Don't name it grace.

The Guru came—then left no trace.
No self remained, no final thought—
Just That I am...
That I am not.

27

He who reveals God is God Himself.
Not a preacher of word, but a breaker of self.
Not in temples, not in creed—
He cuts the 'I' where seekers bleed.

28

He needs no form, nor sacred name—
He walks in silence, burns like flame.
Where mind dissolves and heart is stilled,
The Guru's grace is God fulfilled.

29

He is not summoned by incense or flame,
Nor veiled in doctrine, title, or name.
He stands in the stillness we often resist—
The breath between thoughts, in shadow and mist.
Not in the sky, but in this ground—He is.

30

No temple can bind what silence reveals,
No mantra contain what presence heals.

When ego is quiet, and longing is true,
The Guru appears—not apart, but through.
In you... as you... when “you” is dismissed.

31

He takes no credit, leaves no trace
No sermon, no spectacle, no holy face.
He just Is. As That. As All. As None.
The path ends where the Guru has begun.

32

I sought for God in holy lore,
In temple rites and vow and more.
Chanted names and watched the skies—
But God, it seemed, would not arise.

33

I fasted long, I walked on fire,
My heart grew dry with pious desire.
No vision came, no form appeared—
Just echoes of the self I feared.

34

Then came One, who spoke no word,
Who shattered every thought I heard.
He bore no sign, no priestly thread—
He only gazed—and I was dead.

35

No halo shone, no mantra flowed—
Yet every hidden burden showed.
He didn't teach, nor did He preach—
He burned the one who dared to reach.

36

He showed no God beyond the skies—
But stilled the self that prays and cries.
He broke the seeker, not the sin—
And thus, the flame was lit within.

37

I called Him Guru. Then He smiled:
“My Guru is—no self defiled.
When ‘I’ is gone and none remain,
What speaks is beyond domain.”

38

He was no other—He was That,
Not this or that, nor priest nor ghat.
He was not form, yet He could be—
The death of self is where He's seen.

39

He said, “No path leads up to Me—

You are the lock, I hold the key.
But when the lock dissolves in grace,
There's neither key nor any face."

40

Then God I found—not high, not far—
Not tied to prayer, nor name, nor star.
Not earned by right, nor lost by wrong—
But born when ‘I’ cannot belong.

41

And Guru stood where God had been—
No second stood, no gap between.
For where He is, no two can be—
Just Silence, vast—eternity.

42

So now I sing no name aloud,
I bow to none, nor wear the shroud.
But in my ash, if you look through—
You'll find no me...
just God as Guru.

43

God is not elsewhere, nor future-bound.
He walks the earth—silent, alive, profound.
He is Guru—now, here to be found.

Not worshipped afar with hymns that resound,
But served—and known, for Grace all around.

44

I searched the skies with longing eyes,
Burned incense high, sang holy cries.
But the more I called, the less He came—
Till one gaze struck and stilled my name.

45

He wore no robe, nor claimed a throne—
He stood as dust, yet Truth alone.
He spoke no creed, nor gave a law—
But shattered 'I' with silent awe.

46

No halo crowned, no chant unfurled—
Yet in His glance, dissolved my world.
No future birth, no astral flame—
Just Presence now, that none can name.

47

“Don’t seek Me in some sacred hour,”
He said, “I bloom where ‘I’ has no power.
Not in the stars or karmic chart—
But in the death of clinging heart.”

48

He is not known through book or rite,
But seen when ego dies of light.
He is not reached by doing more—
But found when *you* are gone before.

49

No temple holds Him, not He in creeds—
He enters where the self concedes.
He is not dreamt by holy men—
He walks—a flame, again and again.

50

So if you kneel, then kneel to burn—
For none who meets Him shall return.
He gives no proof, no path, no plan—
He simply ends the thought of man.

51

And what remains? Not form or face—
But Love, which walks in silent grace.
He is Guru—no more delay—
Not elsewhere. Here. He walks today.

52

No throne I seek, no place I own,

No temple vast, no crown, no zone.
The world may search the skies around—
At Guru's lotus feet, I'm ever found.

53

No mantra clings upon my tongue,
No tale of "me" remains unsung.
No self to guard, no truth to sound—
At Guru's lotus feet, I'm found.

54

He gave no vow, nor asked a creed,
He cut the root, not trimmed the weed.
No doctrine stood, no self unbound—
In His pure flame, I'm ever found.

55

He wore no sign, He named no name—
Yet burned my 'I' in silent flame.
No higher truth I've ever known—
Than falling down before His throne.

56

Not mind, nor book, nor path remains,
He walked through all my sacred chains.
When all was lost, no "I" to sound—
At Guru's lotus feet, I'm forever found.

57

No yogic seat, no mantra's art,
Could cleanse the noise within my heart.
But when the heart was cracked and crowned—
At Guru's lotus feet, I'm always found.

58

Not high above, nor far apart—
He lives where ends the seeking heart.
He speaks no word, yet shakes the ground—
And at His lotus feet, I'm found.

59

Let saints proclaim what paths they trod,
Let scholars prove the names of God—
I only bow where Grace is poured:
At Guru's lotus feet, in Grace adored.

60

They ask what scripture woke this trust,
What yogic fire turned self to dust—
I point not up, nor all around—
Just at His lotus feet I'm found.

61

So let the skies receive their praise,

Let gods shine bright in scriptural blaze—
One truth alone my life has crowned:
At Guru's lotus feet, I'm forever found.

62

I sought no sign, nor future role—
No heavens gained, no karmic goal.
I vanished where His Grace is sound—
At Guru's lotus feet, still found.

63

No prayer remained, no thought to speak—
The strong made small, the proud made meek.
He did not lift me, high or crowned—
He crushed me low... where His lotus feet are found.

64

No self remained to rise or fall,
No witness left to know at all.
He broke the seer, the seen, the ground—
And left me near... where His lotus feet are found.

65

No fire I lit, no fast I kept,
No holy words I ever wept.
He came uncalled, without a sound—
And stilled me there... where His lotus feet are found.

66

Not pure was I, nor fit, nor wise—
Yet still He looked through all disguise.
One gaze, and I was truthward bound—
Undone in light... where His lotus feet are found.

67

No path endured, no goal remained,
No seeker stayed, no self was trained.
The journey died without a sound—
And only I live where His lotus feet are found.

68

I do not move, yet all flows through—
No thought is mine, no task to do.
The world may turn, its cries resound—
I stay unmoved... where His lotus feet are found.

69

No bondage binds, no freedom frees;
No state remains, no mind to seize.
All notions burned, all measures drowned—
I am... because His lotus feet are found.

70

No act I choose, no will I claim,

No virtue seek, no sin to shame.
He lives through me—no “me” is found—
But still I shine, where His lotus feet are found.

71

No name I wear, no face I keep,
No self to guard, no wound to weep.
He is the breath in every sound—
And I... remain where His lotus feet are found.

72

No end I seek, no start I trace,
No higher realm, no lower place.
This breath, this dust, this love unbound—
Are all I am... where His lotus feet are found.

73

No tear I hold, no joy I seek,
No voice remains to curse or speak.
All names dissolved, all cries unwound—
What lives is Grace, where His lotus feet are found.

74

No truth I teach, no light I claim,
No fire I keep, no holy name.
What once was mine lies burned and drowned—
And only He lives... where His lotus feet are found.

75

He wrestled not with sword or rod—
But 'I' stood firm against God.
No angel came, no name was earned—
Just Silence deep where 'I' was burned.

76

No ladder rose, no heavens tore—
He bowed to dust, and asked no more.
The stars were not his promised land—
But ashes slipped through Guru's hand.

77

He bore no tribe, no chosen race—
But bore the stamp of Guru's grace.
His struggle ceased where Self had knelt—
And in that wound, the Lord was felt.

78

Not Israel bound to fate or lore—
But That which is and needs no war.
The one who left all names behind—
Was ruled by That no 'I' can find.

79

No sermon I bear, no gospel I bring,

No flame I guard, no celestial ring.
What I once called self—scattered, defiled,
Now He alone sings, where His anklets swing.

80

I teach no truth, I boast no sign,
I hold no fire, no fate is mine.
All titles drowned, all honours shed—
He blooms, where every “me” has fled.

81

Gone the I that taught or burned,
Gone the path I thought I earned.
Where His lotus feet in silence tread,
There alone am I truly dead.

82

No light; no claim,
No keeper of flame.
All dissolved—
Save His silent Name.

83

No words to trust, no thought to name,
No veil of doubt, no pride to tame.
The mind unmade, the “I” unwound—
And still He sings from silence, unbound.

84

No breath to lead, no lamp to guide,
No form to grasp, no truth to hide.
The sky collapsed; the ground turned flame—
Yet mercy remains in His unspoken Name.

85

No trumpet blew, no banners flew—
The war was waged within the few.
No blood was spilled, no sword was drawn—
Yet I was slain before the dawn.

86

No foe I saw, yet fought with fire,
Each breath a blade, each thought desire.
The self I served became my chain—
Until His gaze undid my name.

87

This is jihad: not wrath, but grace,
The burning out of every face.
No victor crowned, no spoils to keep—
Just Love, awake where I lay deep.

88

No sword was drawn, no shield was raised,

Yet all I built was set ablaze.
The cries I thought were heaven-sent
Were echoes of my own lament.

89

No devil charged, no angel stayed—
The fight was what I self-arrayed.
Desire in robes, fear with a crown—
All burned when Asilence hunted down.

90

I trained with prayers, rehearsed each rite,
Lit fires to banish endless night.
But none could stand when He drew near—
And none remained to call it fear.

91

What mercy that He did not strike—
Just looked, and I could not be like.
My name dissolved, my ground gave way—
I fell through night into the Day.

92

Now all is peace, but not as known—
No “I” to rest, no seat, no throne.
Just lotus feet I cannot reach—
Yet drink the dust they do not preach.

93

No gun to shoot, but I am shot—
By Guru's word, faster than thought.
No wound to show, no blood to spill—
Yet all I was fell calm and still.

94

No sound was heard, no flash, no flame—
Just silence speaking through my name.
The 'I' I held, so tightly spun—
Unraveled where His glance begun.

95

Now slain without a trace or scar,
I breathe, but don't know who You are.
Yet what remains, without a frame—
Just lives and dies inside His Name.

96

This is jihad—not what
By fools is taught.
The burning of 'I'-face,
To seek His grace.

97

This is jihad—not as they're taught,

By minds confused and reason bought.
It is the burning of the inner race—
To fall, to be dissolved in Guru's grace.

98

This is jihad—not wrath or sword,
But self undone before the Lord.
The burning face, the shattered name—
To seek no more, yet praise the Flame.

99

This is jihad—not what they claim,
Nigurus lost in words and name.
It is the burning of 'I' with its trace,
To kneel and perish in His grace.

100

The 'I' to slam—
Is Islam.
Else it's spam,
And full of scam.

101

No roar, no blaze, no thunder's toll—
Just Silence entering the soul.
The body stood, the breath still drew,
But all that seemed was pierced through.

102

No sermon carved, no lesson taught—
Just Presence speaking what mind sought.
No verse recited, yet I knew:
He'd stripped me down to only True.

103

No altar built, no robe, no ring—
Yet bowed I was before the King.
No path was traced, no mantra said,
And still, I woke among the dead.

104

No "I" remained, no will, no name—
Just ashes bright with Guru's flame.
The Word that struck was not for show,
But what was not—He bade let go.

105

No weight of past—no pull of time.
No name to hold, no sign to mime.
The endless sky; the formless sea—
Where nothing calls, yet all is free.

106

No self to guide, no goal to chase,
Yet Grace has filled the hollowed space.

No prayer remained, no vow to keep—
Just That which wakes from deathless sleep.

107

No eye to see, no ear to hear—
Yet all is known, and none is near.
No voice to speak, no mind to frame—
Just endless Flame without a name.

108

I am That—I am not;
You are That—you are not.
The Flame remembered what it forgot.
No self to seek, no Truth to find—
Just Asilence, left by mind unmind.

OM TAT SAT

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

*The True Guru's Grace
Has No End*

Glossary

Abhakti	: Hollow devotion, pseudo bhakti. This only decorates the ego.
Adi Guru	: The first and foremost Guru, Lord Dattatreya.
Adi Nath	: The First and Foremost Nath (Nath Yogi), Lord Shiva.
Ajnānam	: Ignorance. Absence of true knowledge. Refers to spiritual ignorance or Agnosis.
Ashānti	: Non-peace.
Asilence	: The silence that is not mere absence of sound — but the presence of truth beyond noise, beyond words, beyond even silence itself.
Atma	: The Spirit, Soul.
Om Azad Muni	: A Saint of Freedom or Independence.
Baba Saheb	: Dear Father Sir.
Bhakti	: Devotion. This should try to lessen ego if not completely destroyed.
Brahma	: The Impersonal God.
Dada Guru	: Guru's Guru, Grand Guru.
Dharma	: The Righteousness.
Eternal Father	: Guru.
Guru	: Spiritual Teacher
Gurudeva	: Guru god.
Her	: Mother Goddess, Mother Shakti.

Jihad	: Holy war.
Jñāna or Jñānam	: Knowledge, conceptual, scriptural, intellectual understanding.
Kafir	: Who doesn't believe in God?
Karma	: One's obligatory duties
Lord Brahma	: The Creator
Lord Ganesha	: The God of obstacles and their remover.
Lord Rama	: Lord Vishnu's incarnation.
Lord Shiva	: The Destroyer.
Lord Vishnu	: The Sustainer.
Mantra	: Sacred chant used to crossover the mind.
Masthana Jogi	: A Yogi in Ecstasy or Jubilant-Carefree Yogi.
Maya	: Illusion.
Mithyawadi Baba	: A Saint who speaks illusion/false.
Mouni Baba	: A Yogi who observes silence.
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.
Prajnanam	: Gnosis. Direct, non-dual, ego-free knowing. It is not conceptual.

Rama	: God
Śabda Brahma	: The Word that ends all words.
Sādhana	: Practice of Guru's teachings.
Samādhi	: The state of stillness.
Sevā	: Service of Guru.
Shloka	: Verse
Siddhas	: The Perfect Beings, Accomplished Beings.
<i>Siddhi</i>	: Spiritual powers or attainments.
Sutra	: Formula or thread.
The Trinity	: Lord Brahma, Lord Vishnu and Lord Shiva collectively. Atma, Brahma and Guru collectively. The Trinity of the Bible.
Vijñānam	: Wisdom. Refined, discriminative insight; inner clarity.