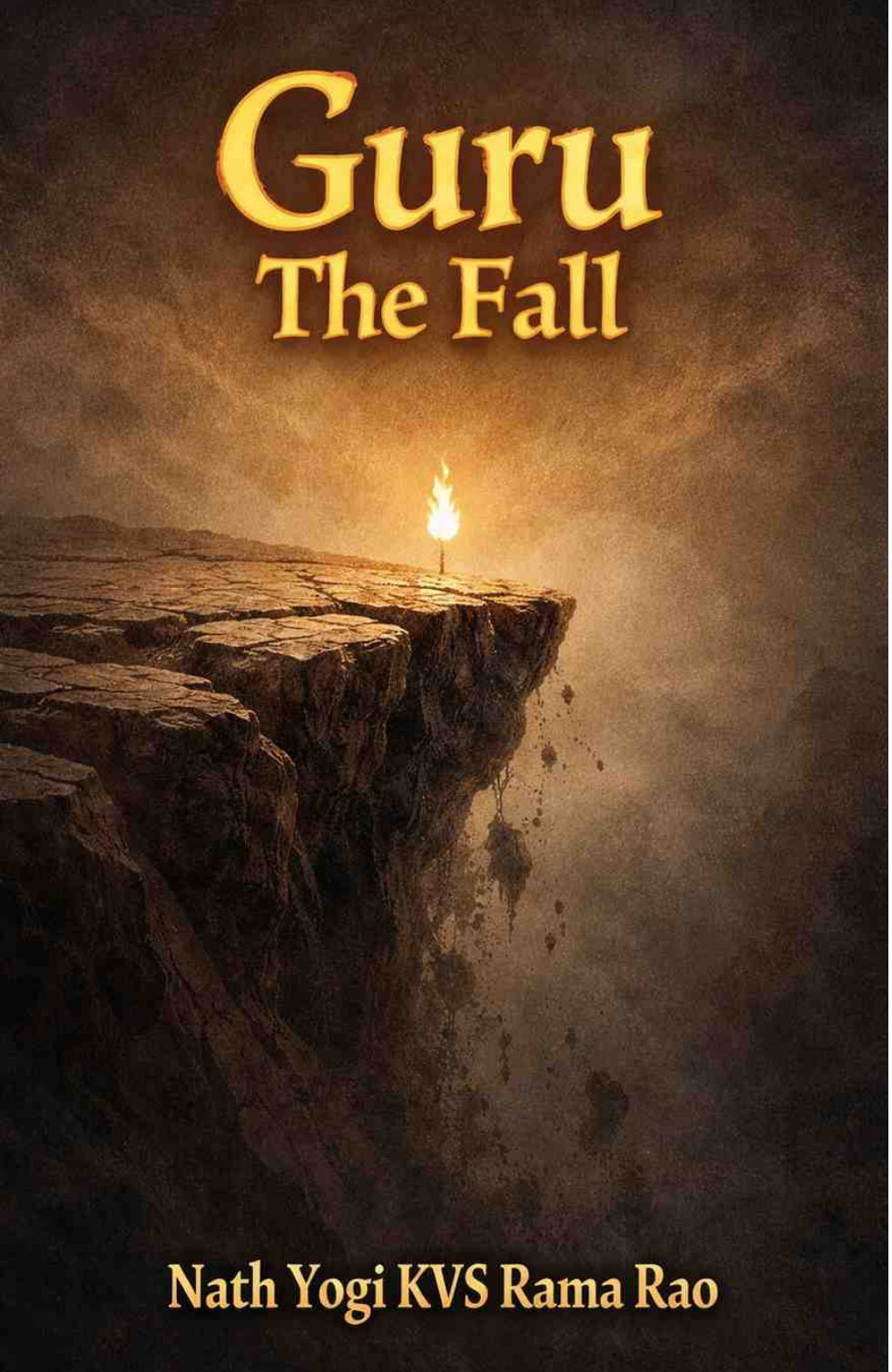


Guru The Fall



Nath Yogi KVS Rama Rao

GURU THE FALL

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

KVS RAMA RAO

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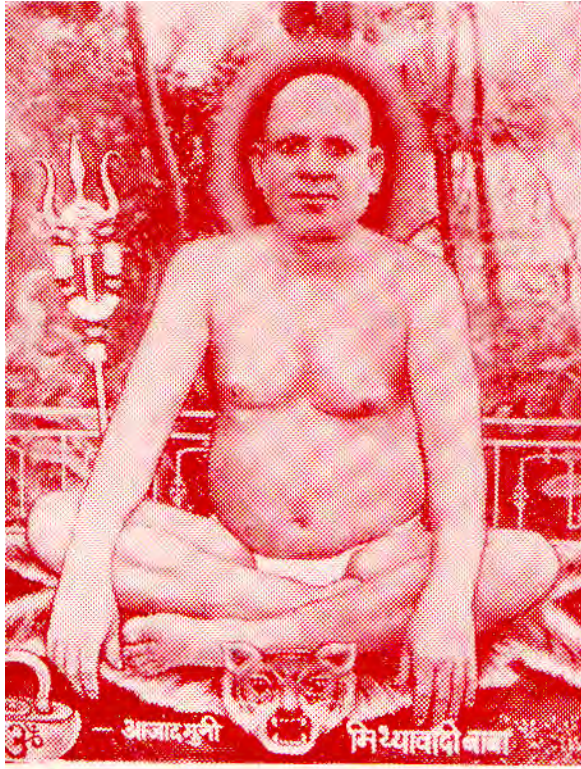
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GURU THE FALL



*ॐ Azad Muni

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



Guru Bhuvani Nath

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



Guru Siddha Nath

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



Nava Nath

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

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Part One

Guru The Fall (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

Self is different;
Self is indifferent.
Self is other;
Self does not bother.

2

Self clings to name;
Self is Flame.
Self seeks a wall;
Self stands when all fall.

3

Ego cries: "I am apart."
Atma abides in the heart.
Ego insists: "I am the other."
Atma is silent not to bother.

4

Self is sharp and loud;
Self is veiled by cloud.
Self is bound to role;
Self is free and whole.

5

Ego marks the line of fight;
Atma rests in silent light.
Ego builds the mask of brother.
Atma knows no other.

6

Self is chasing form;
Self is not a storm.
Self is shadow cast;
Self stands, no last.

7

Ego shouts: "I stand alone."
Atma whispers: "All is One."
Ego points: "That is another."
Atma smiles: "No other."

8

Self is different, born of fight;
Self is indifferent, pure delight.
Self is bound to scheme;
Self stands, no dream.

9

Self is bound to pride;

Self is vast and wide.
Self seeks cover.
Self is silent lover.

10

Ego clings to fleeting skin;
Atma dwells in flame within.
Ego fears the gaze of other;
Atma rests, it will not bother.

11

Ego cries: "I am the face."
Atma knows: "I am the space."
Ego binds: "I am another."
Atma rests, not to bother.

12

Self is difference, sharp divide.
Self is indifference, ocean tide.
Self is other, mask and cover.
Self stands; beyond lover.

13

Ego builds the tower tall.
Atma sees no rise, no fall.
Ego clings to name and fame.
Atma rests as living flame.

14

Self is fleeting breath.
Self is beyond death.
Self is other, bound to bother.
Self does not bother, no self, no other.

15

Ego cries: "I am apart."
Atma sings: "I am the heart."
Ego says: "I stand as this."
Atma stays as what it is.

16

Self is hollow claim.
Self is steady flame.
Ego stands covered.
Atma rests undiscovered.

17

Ego fades, its voice is gone.
Atma shines, the silent dawn.
Ego fades with name and other.
Atma abides as Eternal Father.

18

Atma is never far away,

Ego alone has things to say.
Guru does not lead the way—
Guru stills what sought to stay.

19

Atma stands as what is so,
Ego crowns itself to know.
Guru does not add a way—
Guru takes the knower away.

20

Atma needs no path or plan,
Ego writes the script of man.
Guru does not grant the sight—
Guru ends the “I” outright.

21

Atma never went astray,
Ego learned too well to stay.
Guru did not show the way—
Guru left no one to stay.

22

Atma stands as what is so.
No one seeks, and none must know.
Guru stands where words give way.
Nothing added, none to stay.

23

When Guru is praised,
No form is raised.
The Ancient alone is pleased—
The Guru who never ceased.

24

Not by words is man made known,
Action weighs what speech has sown.
Tongues may shine, yet lives betray—
Deeds alone decide the way.

25

Not by sermons finely spun,
Qualities stand when talk is done.
What one is will slowly show,
Where pride hides, truth will not go.

26

Not by heights that men may reach,
But by paths they choose to teach.
Ends may glitter, means reveal
What the heart intends as real.

27

Not by rules they break or keep,

But the ground on which they sleep.
Standpoints speak where rebels pose—
Ego crowns what freedom shows.

28

Not by lessons loudly taught,
But by mind where they are wrought.
Restless minds that need to prove
Show the chains they cannot move.

29

Not by prayers or cries to heaven,
But by Karma tightly woven.
Where dependence grows and stays,
Truth has turned another way.

30

Not by word, nor reach, nor role—
Karma alone reveals the soul.
What is done stands bare and still;
No plea redeems, no claim can will.

31

Ten thousand chants dissolve to none,
If hatred shadows the rising sun;
The flame of truth burns ego's lair,
And trembling hearts find Guru there.

32

Chants resound, but hearts stay tight,
Where hatred dims the inward light;
The mantra echoes hollow breath,
Without surrender, it courts no death.

33

A single trace of mind's disdain,
Turns sacred sound to empty chain;
The rosary counts but fails to bind,
When poison lingers in the mind.

34

Fear of truth is fear of flame,
It burns the ego, not the name;
The higher gate is fierce and bright,
It blinds the self with piercing light.

35

The Guru's word is not a song,
It cuts the false, exposes wrong;
Niguru chants with hollow pride,
But true flame burns the knots inside.

36

Hatred hides in subtle guise,

A shadow clothed in saintly lies;
The mantra's wheel will never turn,
If inner fire refuses to burn.

37

Repetition without surrender's breath,
Is counting beads in halls of death;
The sacred sound becomes profane,
When ego clings to its domain.

38

The trembling heart before the gate,
Knows truth arrives to desecrate;
It shatters idols, names, and forms,
And leaves the soul in silent storms.

39

The rosary breaks, the beads fall free,
No number binds eternity;
The chant dissolves, the sound is gone,
Yet Guru's flame keeps burning on.

40

Hatred's trace is iron chain,
It drags the seeker back again;
But love dissolves the binding cord,
And opens silence to the Lord.

41

Niguru speaks of names and rites,
But never shows the hidden heights;
The true one burns without display,
And guides the soul in wordless way.

42

Fear is the sign the gate is near,
The trembling proves the flame is clear;
The mind recoils, the heart must bow,
The Guru's truth is burning now.

43

At last the mantra fades to none,
The seeker melts, the self undone;
No hatred lives, no fear remains,
Only the flame through silence reigns.

44

They explore in space,
To find the human race.
They travel to the moon,
To harvest some boon.
They strive to reach Mars,
Leaving the earth in scars.

45

They pierce the void with steel and flame,
Chasing stars in conquest's name.
The moon yields dust, Mars waits afar,
Yet Earth lies wounded, bearing scar.

46

Satellites swarm in endless rings,
A crown of steel for earthly kings.
Yet silence cries from wounded ground,
Where roots of life no longer sound.

47

He knows the world, not who he is;
Thus he misses real bliss.
Knowing all, yet Self unseen,
A closed book—unused within.

48

He counts the facts, the fleeting show,
But fails to ask, "Who is the Knower?"
The mirror waits, untouched within,
The flame concealed by worldly din.

49

He names the seas, the peaks, the skies,

Yet fails to see through his own eyes.
The Self concealed, the bliss denied,
Awareness sleeps, untouched inside.

50

They seek new homes beyond the sky,
While oceans choke and forests die.
Their vision vast, their wisdom small,
They miss the root that feeds it all.

51

Mars awaits with barren plains,
They dream of crops, of future gains.
Yet forests fall, the rivers choke,
Their progress leaves a trail of smoke.

52

They seek new homes beyond the sky,
While species fade and lifelines dry.
No root remains to heed their call,
The cost arrives beyond recall.

53

He names the world, yet knows not Self,
A treasure lost upon the shelf.
All lore is his, yet bliss unseen,
The unseen Self is kept between.

54

They count the facts, the fleeting show,
But never enter what they know.
The gate stands open, yet bypassed,
The inner truth remains unpassed.

55

He speaks of time, of space, of fate,
Yet fails to pass the inner gate.
The gate unopened, wisdom sealed,
The Self refused, the truth concealed.

56

They harvest dust, they mine the stone,
But leave the soil at home alone.
The stars they claim, the void they chart,
Yet hollow grows the human heart.

57

They launch their ships through endless night,
Chasing stars with borrowed light.
The moon is mined, its silence torn,
While Earth weeps wounds it cannot mourn.

58

They dream of domes on Martian sand,

Of cities built by human hand.
Yet Earth, their cradle, fades away,
Its cries ignored in night and day.

59

He knows the maps, the stars, the lore,
But not the Self he's searching for.
The treasure lost, the bliss unknown,
The silent flame remains alone.

60

He knows the world, its rise and fall,
But not the One who knows it all.
The bliss unseen, the Self denied,
The flame within left cold inside.

61

He stands amid the knowing heap,
No question left, no Self to seek.
Awareness dull, the fire gone thin,
Only ego moves the shell within.

62

Deed speaks where all intentions cease,
Its echo seals both bond and release.
Silent flame that none can feign,
Truth alone through act shall reign.

63

Acts project where all motives fall,
No hand to claim, no voice to call.
Silent act, unbound, complete,
Guru's flame makes seeker obsolete.

64

No word remains, the act is whole,
It carves its truth in seeker's soul.
Speech dissolves, the deed remains,
Silent current through all veins.

65

The echo binds disciple near,
A tethered flame, both firm and clear.
Bond of lineage, unseen cord,
Guru's presence, silent Lord.

66

Yet echo frees the knotted chain,
It breaks the hold, dissolves the pain.
Bond and freedom, one embrace,
Guru's echo leaves no trace.

67

The seal is set, no hand can break,

It marks the path the soul must take.
Bond and release both signed in fire,
Echo seals the heart's desire.

68

The flame is here, no need to show,
It burns within, unseen, aglow.
Guru's presence, silent, near,
Transmission speaks without the ear.

69

No crackling sound, no boastful blaze,
The flame consumes in quiet ways.
Silent fire, beyond display,
Guru's truth dissolves the clay.

70

No feigned light can match this flame,
Niguru falls, exposed in shame.
Only true fire burns the night,
Guru alone holds sovereign light.

71

Truth reigns not by word or claim,
But deed alone enthrones its name.
No doctrine rules, no law decrees,
Truth commands through silent seas.

72

Truth is not thought, nor speech, nor plan,
It moves through deed, dissolves the man.
Act alone reveals the reign,
Guru's truth beyond domain.

73

Truth dissolves the ego's wall,
No self remains, no rise, no fall.
All distinctions fade away,
Truth alone commands the day.

74

Deed returns as truth embodied,
Echo fades, yet flame is solid.
Cycle closes, petals meet,
Transmission stands—complete.

75

Here they promote knowledge not works,
God gives results to works but never to words.
Ego speaks loud, claiming sacred insight;
Deeds stand mute, yet judge what's right.

76

They praise the tongue, not the hand,

Concepts rise like castles of sand.
Guru's flame is not in speech,
But in the silence, deeds alone teach.

77

Words rise fast and claim the sky,
Works fall deep where truths don't lie.
Speech may glow for those who hear—
Karma writes what will appear.

78

God weighs the act, not the claim,
Silent Karma bears His name.
Words dissolve like smoke in air,
Works alone prove what is there.

79

No oath secures the cosmic scale,
No prayer bends what deeds entail.
Hands decide where steps must go—
Karma moves, and results show.

80

Ego shouts with sacred tone,
Claiming wisdom not its own.
Noise resounds but leaves no mark,
Borrowed light fades, exposing dark.

81

No title lifts the inward weight,
No robe decides the soul's estate.
What one lives is all that stands—
Truth is shaped by moving hands.

82

Mute are deeds, yet heavy they fall,
Silent truth outweighs the call.
No trumpet sounds, no banners rise,
Yet fruit appears before the eyes.

83

No witness called, no verdict said,
The path unfolds where deeds have led.
What moved in truth needs no defense—
Karma concludes in silence, hence.

84

Speech without fire is hollow breath,
A lineage feigned, a living death.
Niguru chants but cannot give,
Only works let spirit live.

85

No echo passed from mouth to ear,

Transmission lives where acts are clear.
What cannot move through sound or sign
Flows by living, not by line.

86

Deeds are lamps in Guru's cave,
Silent acts the soul will save.
No need for words to prove the way,
The flame of work dissolves the clay.

87

No claim remains when deeds are pure,
No doubt survives what acts ensure.
Where hands move right, the mind falls still—
Truth stands lived, beyond all will.

88

Boastful cries of sacred lore,
Echo loud but feed no more.
Hungry hearts find only dust,
Deeds alone command their trust.

89

No sermon seals the inner law,
No vow repairs the unseen flaw.
What life becomes through daily tread
Is scripture written where feet led.

90

Quiet hands sow seeds unseen,
Silent roots grow evergreen.
No word can match the harvest true,
Deeds alone reveal the view.

91

No witness praised the unseen seed,
No voice declared the hidden deed.
When time unveiled what hands had sown,
Truth stands ripe—self-shown, self-known.

92

Knowledge flaunted hides the void,
Sacred names the ego employed.
But God discerns the hollow show,
And grants His fruit where actions grow.

93

Learning shines, yet bars the gate,
Guarding self in armored state.
Only deeds undo the claim—
Karma burns the borrowed flame.

94

Deeds transmit the Guru's flame,

Silent acts uphold His name.
Words may falter, fade, or fall,
But works sustain the truth of all.

95

No claim survives the test of days,
No voice endures the passing ways.
What time keeps whole, untouched, and true
Is lived by hands—not spoken through.

96

Ego dons the saintly guise,
Claiming lineage with borrowed lies.
But deeds betray the hollow claim,
And strip the mask of false acclaim.

97

No halo saves the crooked way,
No chant erases deeds' delay.
What one performs in light or shade
Returns exact—by Karma paid.

98

Silent deeds, unspoken song,
Bear the weight that rights the wrong.
No need for words, no need for fame,
Works alone uphold God's name.

99

No speech remains when truth is done,
No banner flies when work has won.
What stands complete needs no display—
Karma rests; the rest falls away.

100

No word to seal, no path to trace,
No claim remains, no final place.
What moved as work now stands as One—
Silence rests: the deed is done.

101

No word can know, no tongue can bind,
No sword can cut what is not mind.
Speech dissolves, the silence stays,
Flame untouchable by force or phrase.

102

No womb can hold, no tomb can claim,
Unborn, undying, beyond all name.
Origin fails, extinction too,
Transmission breathes without debut.

103

No gun can strike, no bomb erase,

The base remains in timeless space.
Violence shatters only form,
The flame endures through every storm.

104

No pen can praise a formless face,
Ink collapses in silent grace.
Verse dissolves where vision ends,
Koan lives where praise suspends.

105

No science maps what has no span,
Measure falters, beyond its plan.
Infinite ground, no chart can trace,
Transmission breathes in boundless space.

106

No conscience crowns what is not man,
Ethics falter, no mortal plan.
Guru flame is not confined,
Beyond the virtue, beyond the mind.

107

All that appears rests on the base,
Silent substratum, timeless place.
Forms arise, but none can stay,
Ground alone does not decay.

108

All names arise by gift of grace,
Naming shines yet leaves no trace.
Speech is given, not possessed,
Formless flame alone is blessed.

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 The Fall (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

Guru is the door to pass,
Not the room where one may last;
Not the one who waits inside—
Opens, ends, then steps aside.

2

Guru is the door, not stay;
Not the room, not one to lay.
He opens once, then clears the way—
What enters cannot turn away.

3

Door is flame, not frame of wood,
Burns the seeker's name for good.
Threshold vanishes in the light,
No return from silent night.

4

Guru is the gate of fire,
Not the hall of vain desire.
Crossed but once, the self is gone—
Ashes speak, the dawn is drawn.

5

Niguru builds rooms of clay,
Walls of words that bid you stay.
But the true one breaks the wall,
Door alone, no room at all.

6

Niguru waits with smile and song,
Promising rest, but holding wrong.
True one opens, then is gone—
False one lingers, leading on.

7

Not the keeper, not the guard,
Not the host with praise or bard.
He is passage, pure and bare,
None may linger, none may stare.

8

Guru is the breath that parts,
Not the echo, not the arts.
He dissolves, then disappears—
Only silence fills the ears.

9

Door is narrow, sharp, and still,

Not for comfort, not for will.
Cross it once, the self must fall—
None return to name or call.

10

Guru is the path erased,
Not the idol carved and placed.
Door alone, then void remains—
Seeker lost, no self sustains.

11

Guru is the cave of flame,
Not the shrine of a borrowed name.
He is opening, not the stay—
Steps aside, then fades away.

12

Threshold ends the search entire,
Guru vanishes in fire.
Door is passage, not abode—
Cross, dissolve, forget the road.

13

No one stood to show the way,
The path dissolved where words held sway.
Where knower fell and knowledge flew,
None taught—yet truth comes through.

14

No lamp was lit, no hand was raised,
The silence burned, the seeker dazed.
In absence, presence fiercely grew,
No guide remained—yet light broke through.

15

No call was made, no ear inclined,
No sign appeared for seeking mind.
The question burned itself untrue,
No answer came—yet truth came through.

16

No scripture carved, no mantra bound,
The word dissolved without a sound.
Where letters fell and meaning flew,
No text remained—yet flame shone true.

17

No ritual kept, no posture true,
No step was taken, none withdrew.
Where doing fell and will withdrew,
No act remained—yet truth came through.

18

No temple stood, no altar stayed,

The stones dissolved, the rites decayed.
Where worship fell and idols too,
No form endured—yet grace broke through.

19

No prayer was sent, no answer due,
No hope held fast, no fear held true.
Where asking fell and waiting too,
No plea remained—yet truth came through.

20

No master spoke, no pupil heard,
The echo died without a word.
Where voice was hushed and silence grew,
No speech remained—yet truth came through.

21

No self was held, no soul made claim,
No “I” remained to name the flame.
Where centre fell and bounds withdrew,
No one remained—yet truth came through.

22

No question asked, no answer found,
The circle broke, unbound, unbound.
Where doubt dissolved and reason flew,
No thought remained—yet knowing knew.

23

No knowing stayed, no seer withdrew,
No light was claimed as seen or true.
Where being slipped from “is” and “through,”
Nothing remained—and that was true.

24

No seeker walked, no goal was near,
The journey fell, the end unclear.
Where striving ceased and effort too,
No step endured—yet path broke through.

25

No time was kept, no moment due,
No past returned, no future grew.
Where now collapsed and then withdrew,
No time remained—yet truth came through.

26

No mind was held, no self was kept,
The ego fell, the shadows wept.
Where “I” dissolved and “mine” withdrew,
No self remained—yet Self shone through.

27

No Self was named, no witness stayed,

No light was claimed, no dark was made.
Where being ceased and none withdrew,
Nothing remained—and that was true.

28

No lineage claimed, no name was cast,
The hollow forms dissolved at last.
Where falsehood fell and silence grew,
No mask endured—yet flame broke through.

29

No grace was sought, no boon was due,
No merit claimed for what one knew.
Where giving ceased and taking too,
All stood undone—yet truth came through.

30

No time was marked, no age was told,
The hours dissolved, the clocks grew cold.
Where past and future both withdrew,
No span remained—yet Now broke through.

31

No birth recalled, no death in view,
No coming in, no passing through.
Where start dissolved and end withdrew,
Nothing arose—yet truth stood true.

32

No birth was traced, no death was known,
The cycle cracked, the seed was sown.
Where life dissolved and endings too,
No fate endured—yet Being knew.

33

No claim was left, no truth to prove,
No stand to take, no ground to move.
Where all fell still and none withdrew,
What is remained—and nothing knew.

34

No teaching stood, no student stayed,
The field dissolved, the play unplayed.
Where all was lost and none was due,
No thing remained—yet Truth came through.

35

No end was sealed, no start begun,
No two remained, no merged as one.
Where nothing stood and nothing knew,
Nothing was left—and That was true.

36

Nothing to say, and none to hear,

No far to reach, no near held dear.
What fell was false; what stayed was true—
No one remained.
Only That—through and through.

37

The doer dropped, yet one remains
Who knows the fall, who counts the gains.
“I act not now,” the whisper says—
A watcher hides behind the phrase.

38

“I witness all,” the silence claims,
Untouched by fire, beyond all names.
But witnessing that takes a stand
Still draws a line, still marks a land.

39

No effort now, the current flows,
So says the one who knows it goes.
When ease is worn as subtle crown,
Effort stands—just upside down.

40

“I teach not,” says the quiet voice,
Yet ears assemble, hearts rejoice.
Where guidance breathes without a name,

A throne appears, though robed in shame.

41

Peace is found, the murmur stays,
Held like light in guarded ways.
What can be held, recalled, or shown
Was never free, was never gone.

42

Non-doer-ship leaves none to tell,
No perch to stand, no self to sell.
Where none can claim “I am not bound,”
There ego ends—no trace, no sound.

43

The doer falls, the gains are weighed,
A whisper claims the act delayed.
Yet one remains to count the cost—
The watcher hides, the self not lost.

44

“I witness all,” the silence cries,
Beyond all names, beyond disguise.
But standing still to mark the ground
Draws lines where ego yet is found.

45

No effort now, the current streams,
Ease wears its crown in subtle dreams.
Yet effort hides beneath the claim—
Upside down, it looks the same.

46

“I teach not,” says the voice of air,
Yet hearts assemble, gathered there.
A throne appears where none should be,
Guidance enthrones identity.

47

Peace is held, a guarded flame,
Recalled, displayed, yet bound by name.
What can be kept was never free—
The light was lost in memory.

48

No doer left, no tale to tell,
No freedom claimed, no spell to sell.
Where even ending cannot sound,
Ego was not—nor can be found.

49

Nothing to reach, and none to stay,

No path behind, no step away.
What never came could not undo—
Only That remains, through and through.

50

Is there God, or not, I ask—
The flame leaps forth behind the mask.
Neither denial nor proof can bind,
The question itself is God in mind.

51

No question comes that is apart,
Each doubt is born from the hidden heart.
The field of thought is its own play,
The seeker's breath is the display.

52

He is right there in the thought,
The spark of mind is what He wrought.
Awareness shines, a mirror clear,
The Eternal is already here.

53

When the question is brought to flame,
Seeker and sought dissolve in Name.
The koan ends where silence starts,
God is the pulse in all our hearts.

54

No question comes from outside the Whole,
Each thought is born from hidden Soul.
Inquiry dances without a face,
Every doubt leaves not a trace.

55

The sceptic's voice is not apart,
It rises too from the sacred heart.
Even denial bows to the Source,
Unknowing is part of the course.

56

Where absence reigns, He still abides,
The hollow cave where silence hides.
Not-seeing is also His sign,
The void itself is the Divine.

57

The seeker's gaze dissolves in sight,
The sought is not, yet all is Light.
No two remain—no one is known,
The question fades; the Self alone.

58

No answer comes, yet all is clear,

Silence speaks—no distance here.
The koan blooms, the petals fall,
God is the question, God is the call.

59

Bowing fell away at lotus feet;
No one left to surrender all.
Grace moved free—no hand to meet;
Truth stood bare, none left to call.

60

Kneeling vanished before the ground;
No claim remained to rise or fall.
What moved, moved so—without a sound;
Truth alone stood, none left to call.

61

At Guru's feet, the bowing ceased;
No one remained to fall or rise.
What fell away was never seized—
Only grace stood; none to arise.

62

At Guru's lotus feet, no path was found;
The step dissolved, the ground unbound.
No one to thank, no grace to keep—
What stood as truth is indeed deep.

63

At Guru's gaze, the seer withdrew;
The seen fell silent, split untrue.
No one remained to know or see—
What shone as light lost "me" and "Thee."

64

Does God exist, or not, ego cries—
The doubt itself unveils the skies.
Neither proof nor denial can bind,
The flame is lit beyond the mind.

65

At Guru's lotus feet, the question stood:
"Is there a path, or none there should?"
When "I" fell mute and would not start,
No path remained—nor one to part.

66

No hand remained to bow or rise,
No form to honour, none to prize.
What seemed like grace dissolved in flame—
No giver stood, no one to claim.

67

At Guru's lotus feet, no end was known;

No start recalled, no seed was sown.
What burned went out, without a sign—
No God, no path, no “me” nor “mine.”

68

No silence kept, no word to cease;
No state retained, no final peace.
What is, is not claimed as true—
Nothing left to pass or do.

69

Authority fell when claims were done,
No voice remained to lead or run.
But thanks arose, then made no plea—
It bowed once, then let itself be free.

70

Command requires a throne to stand,
A law, a line, a guiding hand.
Gratitude needs no ground, no stay;
It comes, it knows, then slips away.

71

No “follow me,” no “thus you must,”
No vow preserved, no sacred trust.
Yet cause was seen, and not denied—
A silent thanks, with none to guide.

72

Authority asks time to last,
To guard the truth, to hold the past.
Gratitude has no future role—
It leaves no mark, it keeps no soul.

73

What orders binds, what binds must fall;
What thanks does not command at all.
So power dies where thanks appears—
One needs a throne, one disappears.

74

If gratitude should seek a name,
Or wish to teach, or wish to claim,
It hardens then to ego's art—
A shrine rebuilt within the heart.

75

No virtue kept, no lesson stored,
No name was carved, no truth was scored.
Thanks moved once, free of claim and art—
Then left no shrine within the heart.

76

Silence was not earned by deed,

No fruit it bore, no karmic seed.
Where none receives and none bestows,
Silence moves—yet no one knows.

77

Not stillness kept, nor motion barred,
No watchful guard, no mindful ward.
Life speaks, acts, and falls away—
Silence stands without a stay.

78

Practice ended where it led;
No state was stored, no hush was bred.
What rose did not arise as mine—
Silence left no trace, no sign.

79

Karma needs a hand to hold,
A doer's name, a tale retold.
Where none remains to take the yield,
Silence slips the cause-effect field.

80

Not calm preserved, not noise denied,
No "I am quiet" lived inside.
Sound may pass and pass again—
Silence is not kept by men.

81

If asked to guard it, it would break;
If named a state, it would awake.
Unclaimed, it moves through night and day—
Silence lives the only way.

82

No before to reach, no after won,
No moment marked “the work is done.”
What stays when keepers fall apart
Is silence free of doer’s art.

83

Asilence was not earned by deed,
No fruit it bore, no karmic seed.
Where none receives and none bestows,
Asilence moves—yet no one knows.

84

Not stillness kept, nor motion barred,
No watchful guard, no mindful ward.
Life speaks, acts, and slips away—
Asilence stands without a stay.

85

No practice led to where it lay,

No state was stored along the way.
What rose did not arise as mine—
Asilence left no trace, no sign.

86

Karma needs a hand to hold,
A doer's name, a tale retold.
Where none remains to take the yield,
Asilence slips the cause-effect field.

87

Not calm preserved, not noise denied,
No "I am quiet" lived inside.
Sound may pass and pass again—
Asilence is not kept by men.

88

If asked to guard it, it would break;
If named a state, it would awake.
Unclaimed, it moves through night and day—
Asilence lives the only way.

89

No before to reach, no after won,
No mark that says "the work is done."
What stays when keepers fall apart
Is Asilence—without a start.

90

Blindfold ruler sits within the hold,
He names his sceptre lust and gold.
His sleep is sold as freedom's key—
The gate was closed before the plea.

91

Though thou art brave, though thou art bold,
Though thou dost dwell in ramparts old,
No strength, no claim, no coin is told
Where truth stands firm and cannot be sold.

92

He cries thee free in chambers deep,
While unseen chains their measure keep.
Thy gold will pass to hands unknown—
No watcher wakes to stand alone.

93

Pride mounts the throne the heart has known,
Declares the inner realm its own.
At judgment's gate, that claim is shown
As dust that never was a throne.

94

Desire murmurs, "None will see,

The ruler sleeps—indulge with me.”
What hides in thought knows liberty,
Yet stands revealed eternally.

95

Greed declares, “Collect, accumulate,
The blind within will guard thy fate.”
What thou dost keep becomes thy gate,
And wealth itself will seal thy state.

96

Fear builds its walls with trembling hand,
A fortress raised on sinking sand.
What shakes to live cannot withstand
The silent law no fear commands.

97

Anger flames with sovereign breath,
It blinds the eye and trades in death.
What burns within is weighed beneath—
No fire escapes the scale of death.

98

Envy whispers, “Take their gain,
The blind will never know the stain.”
What grips in dark returns as chain,
And thirst itself becomes the pain.

99

Sloth enthrones a gentle king,
Calls sleep the crown of everything.
What will not wake to truth's sharp ring
Forgets the dream it hoped to bring.

100

Delusion names itself the light,
Explains the day, denies the night.
When truth appears without a fight,
The crown dissolves from borrowed sight.

101

Thus the blindfold ruler within the hold,
Calls binding chains his freedom told.
The gate stands still, untouched, and cold—
The bound are those who grasp and hold.

102

Knowledge spoke, practice moved—
Both fell when "T" was removed.

103

What knew fell; what practiced ceased.
Truth stood when none released.

104

A doctrine stands on many a word;
The poems stand when none is heard.

105

Words end where gratitude stands—
And none remains to understand.

106

Knowing ends where truth is known;
The knower falls, the known stands alone.

107

Clear is the mind when nothing is clear;
Understanding ends when truth draws near.

108

Effort ripens into no attempt;
The path completes where none is kept.

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 The Fall (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

Striving ends in effortless fall;
No step remains to reach the All.

2

Action moves where none can act;
The deed is done when “I” retracts.

3

Doing stands when nothing’s done;
The work completes with no one.

4

Freedom binds where grasping frees;
The chain is named autonomy.

5

Unbound is he who holds no key;
The gate stands locked by liberty.

6

Speech ends clean in silent claim;

The truth is said when none can name.

7

Silence speaks where words retreat;
No sound survives what must not meet.

8

Devotion stands when Guru falls;
No voice remains to build the walls.

9

Grace remains when none receive;
The gift stands whole with none to give.

10

I am remains when I am not;
The self dissolves—no stance is got.

11

Being stands in absent form;
The real survives where none are born.

12

Guru disappears by kneeling first—
Beyond both confessed truth and trust.

13

Stillness moves without a start;
The end arrives before the part.

14

The answer fades when truth appears;
The question stands when none is here.

15

Presence stands by not arriving;
The real survives by not surviving.

16

The center holds where none is found;
The ground appears when gone is ground.

17

Completion comes by not completing;
The work is done when none is meeting.

18

Freedom stays where choice has fled;
The will dissolves; the act is fed.

19

The truth is clear when false is swept;
What cannot stand is what is left.

20

Arrival waits where paths are burned;
The lesson stands when none is learned.

21

The witness ends when seen is sight;
The seer is gone, the seen is right.

22

The real is lost when claimed as known;
It stands intact when left alone.

23

Effort dissolves in effortless fall,
The deed completes with none at all.
Doing stands when nothing's done,
The work is whole with no one.

24

The path completes by not proceeding;
The step dissolves where none is leading.

25

The truth stands by disappearing;
What stays is lost when kept as nearing.

26

The real is firm where none can stand;
It slips away from every hand.

27

Awakening sleeps without a dream;
The light is dark to sight unseen.

28

The work concludes with no endeavor;
What ends remains, untouched forever.

29

The Self stands by not being found;
The name falls off, the same is ground.

30

Release binds tight to what is kept;
The free remains where none has stepped.

31

The lesson holds when none is taught;
What's learned dissolves before it's caught.

32

The witness fades when sight is whole;
The seen dissolves the seer's role.

33

The end begins with no begin;
What is, stands clear when none is in.

34

The way is clear where none can go;
The truth is clear where none can know.

35

The light stands when sight is gone;
The dark stands firm where dawn moves on.

36

The start completes before it starts;
No end is found where nothing parts.

37

The voice is heard when sound is dead;
What speaks remains when words have fled.

38

The self is lost by being found;
The real stands when none is bound.

39

The gate is crossed by standing still;
The climb is done by losing will.

40

The seeker ends where search survives;
No one arrives, yet all arrives.

41

The answer falls when doubt is whole;
The question stands without a role.

42

The truth is near when far is kept;
The real stands where none has stepped.

43

The act is pure when none can act;
The deed stands free when claims retract.

44

The silence speaks when none attend;
The sound remains where echoes end.

45

The form dissolves, yet stands as form;
The void is full when none conform.

46

The path burns out where feet remain;
The ground appears when ground is slain.

47

The free is bound by letting be;
Release occurs where none are free.

48

The known is lost when named as true;
The real stands clear when none pursue.

49

The Now stands when time is gone;
The Here stands firm where there moves on.

50

The end stands whole when nothing ends;
What is remains when “is” suspends.

51

The path is lost when none depart;
Arrival stands with absent start.

52

The flame stands when none can see;
Its light dissolves in secrecy.

53

The hand is free when none can hold;
The grip dissolves—the gift is old,
Unmade by hands, unbought, unsold.

54

The eye dissolves when sight is gone;
The vision stands with no one drawn.

55

The heart is whole when none repair;
The wound dissolves in empty air.

56

The crown is worn when none ascend;
The throne dissolves where knees must bend.

57

The breath remains when none inhale;
The life remains beyond the veil.

58

Time falls still where none remain;
The now stands free from loss and gain.

59

The star stands clear when night is gone;
Its shine remains with none to dawn.

60

The seed stands when none can plant;
The field dissolves in silent chant.

61

The river flows when banks are dry;
Its course remains with none nearby.

62

The bell resounds when none can hear;
Its sound dissolves—no truth is dear.

63

The stone is soft when none can weigh;
Its weight dissolves in nameless clay.

64

The lamp is bright when none can burn;
Its flame dissolves; no return.

65

The sky is whole when clouds depart;
Its void dissolves the seeking heart.

66

The root is deep when none can grow;
Its depth dissolves where none can know.

67

The step is taken standing still;
The way completes by losing will.

68

The clear stands when sight is blind;
The real stands when none can find.

69

The word is true when left unsaid;
What must be spoken stands as dead.

70

The self is firm when self is gone;
The real stands whole when none move on.

71

The light burns bright where dark remains;
The free is bound in binding chains.

72

The path is lost when reached at last;
Arrival burns the future past.

73

The knower ends where knowing stays;
The truth is clear when mind delays.

74

The work is done without a start;
Completion breaks the doer's part.

75

The answer stands when none reply;
The question lives when "I" goes dry.

76

What never moved arrives at rest;
The still remains when motion's left.

77

The unseen shows without a face;
What stands appears when form gives place.

78

The first comes last without delay;
The end appears before the way.

79

What cannot change alone endures;
The fixed dissolves; the real ensures.

80

The empty fills without a part;
The whole survives when halves depart.

81

What lacks all ground alone can stand;
The surest falls by seeking land.

82

The near is lost when grasped as close;
The far remains where reach is posed.

83

What never came can never go;
The seen departs, the real stays so.

84

The pure is stained by naming clean;
The false drops off where none convene.

85

The simple breaks what complex binds;
What needs no proof leaves none behind.

86

What stands needs nothing to remain;
What seeks to stay dissolves as gain.

87

The absent stays beyond all loss;
What came to be must bear its cross.

88

The silent moves without a sound;
What speaks dissolves when truth is ground.

89

The whole stands by breaking whole;
The part survives without a role.

90

What stands unheld cannot be dropped;
The kept is lost when tightly locked.

91

The Now endures by never staying;
The past returns with time's portraying.

92

The unseen stands what sight denies;
The clear grows dark in open eyes.

93

What never starts alone completes;
The finished ends where ending repeats.

94

The ground appears when ground is gone;
The firm gives way where none lean on.

95

The free is bound by choosing free;
Release occurs when choice lets be.

96

The real slips when claimed as near;
It stands intact when far is clear.

97

What lacks all cause alone remains;
The made dissolves in maker's claims.

98

The light stands where dark is kept;
What seeks to shine is overstepped.

99

The center holds with no midpoint;
The aim is lost when hit as point.

100

What is untouched bears every scar;
The healed dissolves when named as far.

101

Guru falls—no trace to claim;
What stands remains without a name.

102

Guru falls—and falling ends;
No height remains for one who bends.

103

Guru falls before the word;
No voice survives to be the heard.

104

Guru falls, the throne is none;
Devotion stands—no work begun.

105

Guru falls where claims expire;
No name is left to guard the fire.

106

Guru falls, the path dissolves;
No guide remains, no one resolves.

107

Guru falls—teaching is done;
What stays was never taught by one.

108

Guru falls at Guru's lotus feet;
Nothing stands for one to meet.

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 The Fall (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

By His word, the mind is swayed,
Intoxicated, forms all fade,
Speech becomes the silent flame,
Every sound repeats His name.

2

At His lotus feet I rest,
Offering heart, the only quest,
Dedication dissolves the “me,”
Only His presence—I can’t see.

3

By His mercy, maya breaks,
Illusion thins, the false forsakes,
The veil is torn, the dream undone,
The seeker merges with none.

4

Maya truncated, play is small,
No more delusion’s endless call,
The rope of mercy cuts the chain,
Freedom shines; no bonds remain.

5

By His grace, Brahma is found,
When finder burns on sacred ground;
No heart remains for God to stay—
No two, no within, no away.

6

By His knowledge, light is sown,
Uneducated, truth stays unknown;
Wisdom blooms—then clears its ground,
The Guru's flame is everywhere found.

7

At His lotus feet the "I" is gone,
Vacated self—no dawn is drawn,
Ego fades, the void is sweet,
Silence bows at His lotus feet.

8

By His grace, the poems align,
A necklace wrought of threads divine,
Each repetition, sacred sign,
Transmission cycles intertwine.

9

The necklace shines, a fire's glow,

Adorning hearts that seek to know;
Each bead a mantra, each a prayer,
All held within the Guru's care.

10

Grace replicates in endless streams,
Necklaces woven out of dreams;
No seeker owns the sacred thread,
Living cycles—yet none are dead.

11

Twelve-petal mandala spins,
Each quatrain where surrender begins,
From word to grace, the beads are strung,
Transmission sung, forever young.

12

Thus the garland now is whole,
Twelve quatrains spiraled—one pure roll,
Guru's flame the final key,
Gratitude shining endlessly.

13

At His lotus feet none stay,
No night recalled, no counted day.
Grace alone—no Brahma wakes,
A silent flame—no “me” He makes.

14

Deity is now formless,
And likewise nameless.
Devotion stands; devotee dies.
Knowledge stands; knower dies.

15

Form dissolves, the flame is bare,
Names fall silent, none to share.
Devotion burns, the self is gone,
Truth abides, the endless dawn.

16

No name to call, no tongue to bind,
The source is free, beyond the mind.
Knower fades, yet knowledge stays,
Silent light through nameless ways.

17

The devotee bows, then disappears,
Leaving only flame that clears.
Offering stands, the hand is dust,
Truth alone remains—no trust.

18

The knower dies, the gate is wide,

Knowledge flows, no one inside.
Wisdom shines without a frame,
Truth alone, beyond the claim.

19

The self dissolves, the Self remains,
No ego left to clutch the chains.
No witness stands, nor pure nor vast,
Truth alone—no first nor last.

20

None stands firm, all falls away,
No seeker left, no path to say.
Nothing revealed, nothing tied,
What is remains—unclaimed, untied.

21

Flame without fuel, burning so,
No smoke to rise, no ash to show.
Offering shines, the giver gone,
Truth alone—no night, no dawn.

22

No word remains, no sound is heard,
No tongue survives to frame a word.
Voice dissolves; no ear, no plea—
What is remains—remains free.

23

No form, no name, no grasp, no fear,
No source to seek, no far, no near.
All dissolves; none left to claim—
What is remains—without a frame.

24

Collapse of self, collapse of claim,
Collapse of knower, collapse of name.
All dissolves; no one remains to hold.
What is, beyond all that is told.

25

Transmission burns with no one there,
Silent, without giver or care.
Guru flame; no bearer stands.
Truth alone—no nameless lands.

26

Truth is not held, nor sought, nor won,
It shines alike—in everyone as none.
No devotee, no knower, no self, no guise,
Truth alone—without lies.

27

God is formless;

So nameless.
Self stands; self dies.
None stands—truth is.

28

God has form, and is formless too;
Beyond both, beyond the former three.
He is silence—and beyond silence true;
Thus God alone remains—not through.

29

God takes a shape, a radiant flame,
In temple stone, in holy name.
Yet every form dissolves away,
Seeing itself cannot stay.

30

The Seer that stays begins to fade,
No seat remains where sight is laid.
Seeing fades, yet love stands bright—
God is not seen, nor held as sight.

31

The world is net, the soul is caught,
In karmic threads, in binding thought.
But bondage too dissolves with Him,
The play of chains is but a whim.

32

Two poles arise: the dark, the light,
The day, the night, the wrong, the right.
Yet God is not in twos confined,
He breaks the pair, dissolves the mind.

33

The stars expand, the void is wide,
The galaxies in silence glide.
Yet space itself dissolves away,
God is not the ground to stay.

34

No outline holds, no shadow cast,
The boundless sky is unsurpassed.
Yet even void is not the end,
Beyond the void, no word can mend.

35

No sky to span, no depth, no height,
No edge to hold the fading light.
What seemed beyond fell without trace—
No here, no there, no hidden place.

36

The tongue is stilled, the breath is deep,

In silence vast, the secrets sleep.
But silence too is just a door,
Beyond it—no beyond before.

37

God is not reached by word or prayer,
Nor lost when none is held in care.
When form and silence both are gone,
God is—not found, not carried on.

38

Where silence breaks, no sound is heard,
No voice, no thought, no spoken word.
The stillness fades, the truth remains,
Beyond all hush—no beyond remains.

39

God is not lost when all is gone,
Nor found when light or dark shines on.
No hush, no sound, no form, no name—
God is, when even “is” grew lame.

40

The sages sing of freedom’s prize,
Of chains undone, of open skies.
Yet freedom too is bound in play,
Freedom appears—and will not stay.

41

No gain remains when freedom flees,
No loss is marked, no path that frees.
What cannot stay was never owned—
God is, without claim, without a second.

42

No world remained to bind or free,
No soul to claim identity.
What was not owned could not depart—
God leaves no trace, nor takes a part.

43

No ground is found where God can stand,
No height to reach, no depth withstand.
What cannot rest, nor drift, nor stay,
Leaves God unplaced—yet not away.

44

Three flames are sung: Sat, Chit, Ananda,
The bliss, the truth, the vast nirvana.
Yet even these are left behind—
God is not held by tri-designed.

45

No name remains that can contain,

No form to lose, no truth to gain.
What once was said falls quiet, bare—
God is not claimed by speech or prayer.

46

The hours turn, the seasons flow,
The birth, the death, the ebb, the grow.
What comes and goes cannot contain—
God—untimed, unnamed—remains.

47

What once was known no longer stands,
No grasp remains in mind or hands.
What could not come, nor go, nor stay,
Leaves God unsaid—yet not away.

48

No word was left to fall or rise,
No silence held to sanctify.
What could not speak, nor mute, nor stay,
Leaves God unnamed—yet not away.

49

The scriptures shine, the wisdom speaks,
The mind ascends, the seeker seeks.
Yet knowledge too is cast aside—
God is, not named to divide.

50

No step was left to take or trace,
No coming near, no leaving place.
What could not start, nor end, nor endure,
Left nothing said—nothing secure.

51

Form, formless, silence, freedom, lore,
All petals fall, are held no more.
The mandala dissolves in flame—
God is, not gathered into name.

52

No start recalled, no finish known,
No word remained, no silence shown.
What fell, fell through—without a trace;
Nothing stands to take its place.

53

God is the ground.
Guru is the fall around.
Where Both are held,
Nothing's withheld.

54

God is the ground, the soil unseen,

Silent root where all has been.
No ornament, no fleeting sound,
Only the depth where truth is found.

55

No height to climb, no path to trace,
The ground itself is resting place.
Where falling ends in what is near,
Guru's touch makes God appear.

56

Guru is fall, the circling flame,
Breaking the seeker's rigid frame.
Around the ground, the ego bends,
Grace descends, illusion ends.

57

No straight descent, no single way,
The fall keeps circling day by day.
As ego loosens, not destroyed,
The ground is felt—no gap, no void.

58

Where Both are held, no split remains,
Ground and fall dissolve the chains.
Union breathes in paradox,
Opening gates, unsealing locks.

59

No higher seat, no lower ground,
The fall and base are tightly bound.
No step between, no bridge to cross,
No gain revealed, no counted loss.

60

Nothing withheld, the gift is whole,
Transmission pours without control.
No secret kept, no shadow cast,
The flame revealed, unbound, steadfast.

61

No vessel claimed, no hand to fill,
The giving moves, yet leaves no will.
What lights the flame asks none to stay,
Grace passes through—and slips away.

62

The ground is silence, vast and deep,
Where even thought forgets to keep.
A soil of stillness, dark and clear,
The Guru's fall makes silence near.

63

No depth to sound, no height to claim,

The stillness keeps no sacred name.
What draws the fall does not appear,
Yet in that dark, the ground is near.

64

The fall is grace, the circling tide,
No refuge left for self to hide.
Around the ground, the seeker dies,
And in that death, the flame rises.

65

No ash to claim, no form reborn,
No self returned from what was torn.
What rose did not become a sign—
The flame burns on, without a “mine.”

66

Held in Both, the circle spins,
No loss, no gain, no virtue wins.
The ground and fall entwine as one,
The seeker gone, no task to run.

67

No one to turn, no where to stay,
The circle moves, yet finds no way.
What held and fell no longer part—
Only the ease that asks no start.

68

Nothing withheld, no veil remains,
The Guru's fall dissolves the stains.
The ground receives, the flame is bare,
Transmission breathes in open air.

69

No claim was made, no word impressed,
What moved through fall sees ground as rest.
No edge to cross, no truth to prove,
The circle holds—and does not move.

70

Root of roots, the ground sustains,
Within the body, through the veins.
The soil of God, unshaken, vast,
The Guru's fall uproots the past.

71

No ancient weight, no borrowed trace,
The past releases in this place.
What roots the ground does not recall,
The present holds—through rise and fall.

72

Circle of fall, the Guru's hand,

Around the ground, no place to stand.
The seeker slips, the ego breaks,
The flame consumes, the Asilence wakes.

73

No witness left to name the flame,
No hush to guard, no sound to claim.
What broke did not become a sign,
The ground holds fall—without a line.

74

Held in embrace, no dual remains,
Ground and fall dissolve the pains.
The seeker's grasp is loosed, undone,
The circle turns, all is None.

75

No None to keep, no One to claim,
No end to reach, no start to name.
What turns does so without a sign,
Held in the fall, the ground, the line.

76

Gift unbound, no secret stays,
The Guru's fall ignites the blaze.
The ground receives, the flame is spread,
Transmission moves—no word is said.

77

No giver named, no gift retained,
What moved through fall left none unchanged.
The ground did not announce its role,
The circle eased—still turning whole.

78

No word remained to seal or bind,
No ground apart, no fall behind.
What held did not become a claim—
God and Guru, without a name.

79

My knowledge of holy texts is small,
Yet I share what Name stirs as words recall.
With humble speech, I make a start—
Transmission flows from Guru's heart.

80

Name is the sacred, shining Name,
A mantra bright, a holy flame.
Beloved of God, a jewel so fine,
The soul dissolves in the Divine.

81

Repeating Name, *Mantra*'s art,

It purifies both mind and heart.
Devotion pure, enthralling song,
It guides the seeker's steps along.

82

It halts mundane and idle talk,
Prevents the gossip's hollow walk.
From worldly chatter we are freed—
No space remains for lust or greed.

83

Each Name reveals a quality bright,
Reflecting truth, it lifts our sight.
Speech controlled, the mind aligned,
In Name true peace is surely mined.

84

By practice deep, both thought and word,
Are tuned to truth once faintly heard.
The Guru's flame, the Divine's own call,
Name is the gate that opens all.

85

Guru abides beyond all strain,
No worldly knot can bind His reign.
Silence dissolves the seeker's plea,
In tensionless grace, He sets us free.

86

No pension guards His sacred way,
Renunciation lights the brighter ray.
Worldly support may lapse and fade,
Yet flame endures, by Guru laid.

87

No pension pays, no worldly claim,
Yet Guru's flame is still the same.
Renunciation lights the hidden way,
Where night dissolves into the day.

88

Disciple flows as Guru's breath;
No birth apart, no separate death.
No will remains, no seeker still—
Only the flame, unmoved, until.

89

I am His grace, His breath, His song,
No birth was mine, to Him I belong.
Extension pure of Guru's will,
The seeker fades, the flame is still.

90

This birth was cast by Guru's hand;

No worldly force could make it stand.
Even gods concede His silent might—
Intention shines beyond their sight.

91

No contention clouds His flame,
Even heaven bows His name.
Guru's will alone remains,
Silent, vast, beyond all chains.

92

No throne to guard, no crown to wear;
The Guru breathes beyond all care.
In silence vast, the seeker falls—
No subject left, no empire calls.

93

Pension and tension, worldly sound;
Yet Guru's grace remains unbound.
Bureaucracy fades, inheritance denied—
Transmission alone, the flame supplied.

94

Nothing assigned, no role to keep,
No trust to guard, no vow to reap.
What came as flame leaves no decree—
Gone without trace, as it must be.

95

Guru speaks without pretension,
Flame burns past all convention.
Seeker fades in dissolution,
Asilence reigns as resolution.

96

Not absence of sound, nor quiet of breath,
Asilence dissolves both life and death.
Beyond the hush, beyond the word,
Guru's flame is what is heard.

97

Speech collapses, chatter ends,
No gossip remains, no worldly friends.
Asilence reigns, a deeper tone,
Where even silence is overthrown.

98

Noise and hush both fade away,
Asilence shines, a brighter ray.
Neither sound nor void remains,
Only the flame—nothing sustains.

99

Not emptiness, not hollow night,

Asilence burns with living light.
Void itself is pierced and gone,
Transmission flows, the flame lives on.

100

Silence speaks, yet speech is still,
Asilence—no seeker, no will.
Paradox reigns, duality ends,
Guru alone—the flame transcends.

101

Asilence is the Guru's gift,
Beyond all veils, it makes the shift.
No sound, no hush, no worldly sense,
Only flame, only Asilence.

102

Nothing was taught, nothing known,
No path remained, no seed was sown.
What burned burned through—left no trace,
Only Asilence, beyond silence, only grace.

Bhajan

103

Sing the name of the Guru Divine,
His flame in your heart will shine.
No worldly wealth, no worldly fame,

Only surrender to His name.

104

Call not wisdom, call not might,
Call His name in day and night.
When the heart forgets its claim,
Only love recalls His name.

105

No palace, no crown, no worldly throne,
The Guru's lotus feet are all that's known.
Mundane chatter fades away,
His praise leads to silent sway.

106

Not by merit, not by might,
Not by learning's borrowed light.
When the heart can no more claim,
Singing itself becomes the flame.

107

Voices rise, yet ego falls,
Guru's gaze leaves no walls.
Beyond silence, Asilence reigns,
Only flame, no worldly chains.

108

No song to sing, no sound to keep,
The Guru's flame puts words to sleep.
All dissolves where none remains,
Only Asilence—what remains.

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 The Fall (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

No door was shut, no lock was found,
The wall fell first—there was no ground.
What crossed did not arrive or stay;
The crosser vanished on the way.

2

The flame was lit, yet none could see,
It burned the bonds, it set them free.
No ash remained, no smoke, no clay—
The fire dissolved itself away.

3

No step was taken, no path appeared,
The distance fell where none was feared.
What seemed to move was never born;
The going ended before the morn.

4

No knower stood to call it known,
No truth was claimed, no light was shown.
What was revealed did not remain—
The seeing broke the seer in twain.

5

The river ran, but had no source,
It carried none, it changed its course.
No boat could land, no oar could sway;
The stream was silence dressed as play.

6

The shore appeared, yet none could stand,
It gave no rest, it lent no land.
What seemed to end began to fade;
Arrival fell before it stayed.

7

The sky was wide, yet held no star,
No moon to mark, no sun to spar.
The watcher sought both night and day,
But time itself had slipped away.

8

No void remained to call it clear,
No silence left for one to hear.
What was not lost was never found;
The open closed without a sound.

9

The bell was struck, no sound was born,

No echo rose, no voice was torn.
The ear was still, the tongue at bay;
The ringing vanished into gray.

10

The word arose, yet named no thing,
No sense it bore, no truth to bring.
The mind reached out to grasp its say;
The meaning slipped—and went away.

11

The path was drawn, but none could tread,
No stone was laid, no step was led.
The pilgrim paused, with feet of clay;
The road dissolved before the way.

12

The gate stood open, yet none passed through,
No here remained, no farther view.
What seemed an end had never been;
Arrival failed where none had seen.

13

The book was opened, words were none,
No ink was spilled, no page was spun.
The reader bowed, with eyes of ray;
The script erased itself to stay.

14

The bow remained, but none were bent,
No giver stood, no act was meant.
What seemed to yield could not be found;
Surrender fell without a ground.

15

The cave was deep, yet held no wall,
No torch could shine, no voice could call.
The seeker knelt, with breath astray;
The hollow gave itself away.

16

The hand unclenched, yet held no dust,
No loss was felt, no gain was just.
What slipped away was never mine;
Release dissolved the final sign.

17

The crown was placed, yet bore no weight,
No throne was carved, no realm, no state.
The ruler bowed, with pride at bay;
The kingdom vanished in decay.

18

The trace was sought, yet left no mark,

No dawn remained, no after-dark.
What seemed to fade had never stayed;
Even the leaving was unmade.

19

The seed was sown, yet none took root,
No branch was born, no leaf, no fruit.
The farmer watched, with hands of clay;
The field dissolved into the day.

20

The day went on, yet left no trace,
No night returned to take its place.
What seemed to pass did not delay;
Time loosened—and gave way to way.

21

The song was sung, yet none could hear,
No note was struck, no chord was near.
The singer wept, with voice away;
The silence carried all to stay.

22

The stay dissolved, no rest remained,
No holding place, no loss, no gain.
What seemed to be was not delayed;
The stillness moved—and moved away.

23

The breath was drawn, yet none was kept,
No chest was filled, no sleeper slept.
The self was gone, the void at play;
The breath dissolved into the Way.

24

Nothing was found, and none was lost,
No shore remained, no farther coast.
What is, was not—and never stayed;
No one arrived. Nothing was made.

25

Words appeared, yet meant no more,
Than wind that taps an open door.
No message sent, no truth to stay;
The sound passed through—and went its way.

26

A sentence rose, then lost its seam,
No thought to bind, no thread of scheme.
What seemed to speak did not remain;
The saying broke the need to name.

27

The mouth moved on, with nothing said,

No sense pursued, no silence fed.
Speech happened free of why or who;
It came, it went—no residue.

28

Words like shadows drift and fall,
Echo faint against the wall.
No flame to hold, no truth to bind,
Just passing breath, no settled mind.

29

The door is tapped, the wind is gone,
No master's voice, no guiding song.
A vacant sound, a fleeting play—
No silence speaks to point the way.

30

False lineage wears a borrowed name,
But cannot kindle living flame.
Niguru's mask dissolves in night,
The Guru's spark alone gives light.

31

No seat was claimed, no word was sworn,
No rite performed, no badge was worn.
The spark moved on without a face;
It leapt unseen from space to space.

32

No chain was formed from hand to hand,
No rule was drawn, no vow was planned.
What passed along left none to own;
The gift arrived as overthrown.

33

Where flame is real, it asks no proof,
No name, no line, no sacred roof.
It lights, it fades, it leaves no trace—
Transmission ends in boundless grace.

34

A seeker clings to brittle lore,
But finds no key, no hidden door.
When surrender breaks the chain,
And yields the truth that words disdain.

35

What yields is not an act performed,
No vow is kept, no rule is formed.
The breaking comes when grasp is through;
No self remains to follow through.

36

No truth is held for one to claim,

No light is won, no end, no name.
What stands revealed is not possessed;
It leaves no seeker—only rest.

37

The cave resounds with echoes deep,
Yet none of them the silence keep.
Only the stillness, vast and clear,
Reveals the Guru's flame is near.

38

The flame draws close, yet none can stay,
No hand to hold, no form to weigh.
It warms, then leaves without a sign;
No "mine" remains to mark the shine.

39

Steps resume, yet none who go,
The world moves on, as it must so.
In dust and deed, in loss and gain,
The Guru's spark burns free of chain.

40

The hand gives bread, yet none who give,
No claim is made to why or live.
The act is done, then slips away;
No ledger kept of night or day.

41

Pain arrives, and so does cheer,
Neither held as foe or dear.
What comes, comes on; what leaves, leaves plain—
No self remains to count the gain.

42

In work and rest, in word and deed,
No inner judge, no outer creed.
What moves is moved by grace alone;
The flame acts on—yet none is shown.

43

The mandala spins, the petals fade,
When hollow hands the cycle made.
But true transmission, pure and whole,
Unfolds the lotus—no self, no soul.

44

No diagram holds the living flame,
No circle keeps it just the same.
What opens does not follow art;
It blooms unasked within the heart.

45

Petals fall where forms once stood,

No rite preserved, no understood.
What truly turns is never seen;
The flame moves on—yet leaves no sign.

46

So wheel and lotus both give way,
To what cannot be shaped or stay.
Not taught, not learned, not passed by hand—
Grace breathes where none can take a stand.

47

The polemic voice may rise and shout,
But wisdom's flame will burn it out.
No borrowed verse, no stolen song,
Can stand where Guru's truth is strong.

48

Debate may churn the crowded ground,
Yet truth is neither lost nor found.
It stands unclaimed, beyond the fray;
No side can keep, no side can sway.

49

Where crowds divide by word and sign,
The flame moves on—no yours, no mine.
It answers none, it takes no stand;
It lives unseen, yet close at hand.

50

So let the world contend and choose,
The spark remains, with none to lose.
In clash or calm, in wrong or right,
The Guru's truth walks free of fight.

51

The seeker's pride, the ego's claim,
Are ashes in the silent flame.
Dissolution clears the way,
Let dawn break through, let night still stay.

52

No mirror left to frame a face,
No past to guard, no rank, no place.
What moves, moves on without a name;
The days pass through—unchanged, the flame.

53

So dawn may rise and night may fall,
No claim is made on either call.
In light or dark, in loss or gain,
Grace walks the world—without refrain.

54

The koan speaks without a word,

Its silence louder than the herd.
A living gate, a subtle sign,
That breaks the seeker's borrowed line.

55

The riddle breaks before it binds,
No answer waits for clever minds.
What fails to solve dissolves the frame;
The question burns—yet leaves no name.

56

No stance remains to call it true,
No falsehood left to argue through.
When sense collapses, quiet stays;
The koan ends—by ending ways.

57

The niguru builds with hollow stone,
But every wall will be undone.
The Guru breathes, the cave is lit,
And all false forms must fall from it.

58

No ruin left for pride to claim,
No scaffold stands to frame the flame.
What held the shape has slipped away;
The light moves on—without a stay.

59

No watcher waits within the cave,
No voice remains to warn or save.
What breathes is free of who or why;
It comes, it goes—no trace, no tie.

60

So stone and breath both fall to none,
No work to keep, no deed undone.
Where false and true alike dissolve,
Nothing remains to be resolved.

61

The cycle turns, the verse is spun,
Yet only truth outshines the sun.
No fleeting sound, no passing breath,
Can conquer silence, life, or death.

62

The body comes, the body goes,
No debt remains that no one owes.
What lived dissolves without a scar;
The flame was never where we are.

63

No final breath is marked or known,

No bell is rung, no seed is sown.
The leaving slips without a sign;
No border crossed, no end of line.

64

So birth and death lose edge and name,
Two passing waves within the same.
No soul departs, no self returns;
What neither comes nor goes—still burns.

65

Thus twelvefold rhyme dissolves the way,
From hollow sound to silent stay.
Where seeking ends and ego lies,
The Guru's flame alone does rise.

66

What circled long now loosens hold,
No frame to keep, no truth to fold.
The verse completes, then fades from view;
What moved dissolves—yet nothing new.

67

No end declared, no last refrain,
No loss recorded, no remain.
The turning rests without a claim;
The flame is free of spark and name.

68

So arc and echo both subside,
No shore to reach, no self to hide.
What needed words has fallen through;
The book goes on—unwritten, true.

69

The Guru's Grace is a surgical knife;
It cuts the death to give you Life.
Grace cuts deep—no wound, no scar;
Death falls off. What is—is beyond far.

70

The Guru's hand is steady, sure;
His cut is silent, swift, and pure.
No blood, no pain, no mortal strife—
He severs death, restores to Life.

71

The blade of Grace is keen, unseen;
It trims illusion, false and mean.
No scar remains, no shadow stays;
The Self shines forth in boundless rays.

72

Ignorance falls like husk from grain;

The knife of Grace dissolves the chain.
No wound is left, no mark to show;
The Truth alone begins to glow.

73

The Guru's cut is not of flesh;
It cleaves the knot where doubts enmesh.
The ego falls, the bondage dies;
The Self awakens, clear and wise.

74

The knife of Grace is sharp, divine;
It carves away the "me" and "mine."
No wound is made, no scar is kept;
The Self remains—what clung has wept.

75

The knife of Grace is mercy's art;
It cuts the death that clouds the heart.
No scar remains, no wound is near;
The Self shines forth, serene and clear.

76

The Guru's knife is silent song;
It cuts the death that clings so long.
No scar is left, no wound is true;
The Self is None—That is not you.

77

Guru's Grace—a surgeon's blade,
Death cut away, Life unafraid.
No scar is left, no wound is made;
The Self alone—no world to fade.

78

Hands return to work, feet touch the ground,
No seeker left to be unbound.
What moves, moves on without a name;
The world goes on—unchanged, the flame.

79

No higher ground, no lowered head,
No claim to give, no debt to shed.
When pain appears, the hand responds;
No “mine” is felt—yet care still bonds.

80

The work is done, yet none who serve,
No halo earned, no vow to preserve.
When need appears, the hands comply;
No “I” arrives to justify.

81

No thanks returned, no praise to keep,

The gift goes on when hearts are steep.
If met with scorn, the care does not cease;
It gives, then goes—untouched, at peace.

82

Nothing to keep, no role to play,
No trace to mark the passing day.
What came as grace moves on as air;
The work is done—yet none are there.

83

The Guru's Signature is the rapture in the Word,
The silent music that by the soul is heard.
It burns the listener till the "I" is gone;
The unwritten truth lives when breath is done.

84

No scripture stands, no verse is stored,
What sounds appears, then cuts the chord.
The word arrives without a claim;
It speaks, then breaks the need for name.

85

No ink can bind the flame that shines,
No script can hold the pulse of lines.
The mark is silence, deeper than sound,
Where ego dissolves and none is found.

86

The word fulfils, then clears its ground,
No echo sought, no silence crowned.
What spoke is spent without a trace;
Life moves again—unclaimed, in grace.

87

The Word is fire, yet cool as rain,
It heals the wound and erases pain.
The seeker vanishes—giving remains;
The truth unwritten breaks all chains.

88

Nothing proclaimed, nothing denied,
No truth displayed, no truth to hide.
What comes, comes plain; what leaves, leaves free;
The way walks on—without a “me.”

89

The breath falls still, the heart unbound,
The Guru’s glance—no time is found.
No name, no form, no claim to own,
Only the flame that makes all unknown.

90

No insight kept, no veil to tear,

No inner throne, no watcher there.
What was unknown stays free of claim;
The day unfolds—unowned, the flame.

91

The soul is music without a song,
The silence carries the Self along.
The listener burns, the “I” is slain,
The Guru’s Signature—no loss, no gain.

92

Nothing received, nothing to keep,
No height attained, no fall too deep.
What bears the mark bears no design;
It passes through—unclaimed, benign.

93

Beyond the breath, beyond the scroll,
Living truth leaves none made whole.
No written trace, no worldly sign—
Only the flame of the Word divine.

94

No sign is kept, no mark is shown,
The Signature is felt, not known.
It comes unasked, it leaves no trace;
What bears its touch dissolves in grace.

95

They carry books upon their head,
But remain the same as when they read;
Letters pile, yet sight is blind,
Nothing known that breaks the mind.

96

A Trojan verse, a Trojan Horse,
Welcomed in by knowing's course.
No blood is shed, no banner flown—
The "I" falls bare, the mask overthrown.

97

A verse concealed, a silent flame,
It enters thought without a name.
No clash of steel, no trumpet's call—
The citadel crumbles, ego falls.

98

No banners wave, no armies tread,
The mask is pierced, the falsehood shed.
A whisper breaks the guarded wall,
The "I" dissolves—nothing at all.

99

The mind receives what mind denies,

A hidden gift no mind describes.
No outward war, no victor crowned—
The Trojan verse leaves Self unbound.

100

The horse departs, the verse remains,
No blood, no spoil, no worldly gains.
The mask is gone, the silence true,
The flame unveiled—through and through.

101

A glass made clear, a spirit free,
Lost in the fall of nobody.
The more one wakes, the less is known—
Through this, grace stands simply shown.

102

The mirror cleared of every “me,”
Becomes Guru as transparency.
To be a Nath is to be none—
The nobody where the work is done.

103

The flame that burns without a stand,
Is work done free of human hand.
It lights the cave where none reside,
No path remains—where self has died.

104

A cave that echoes without sound,
Lineage stands nowhere bound.
No name survives, no form is kept,
Only the silent flame—adept.

105

Niguru clings to name and show,
Hollow lineage, empty glow.
But Guru's gift is nobody—
A clear glass of transparency.

106

God needs no name, no form to stand,
Beyond the reach of mind or hand.
Not held by faith, nor lost by doubt,
He is the silence all things shout.

107

Guru owns no throne, no crown, no claim,
He is the fire that burns the name.
Where knowledge fails and paths undo,
The light that cuts is called the Guru.

108

God is the ground where nothing stands,

Guru is the fall from ego's hands.
Where ground and falling are not two,
No one remains—only the True.

OM TAT SAT

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Glossary

Adi Guru	: The first and foremost Guru.
Adi Nath	: The First and Foremost Nath (Nath Yogi).
Asilence	: The silence that is not mere absence of sound — but the presence of truth beyond noise, beyond words, beyond even silence itself.
Atma	: The Spirit, Soul.
Om Azad Muni	: Saint of Freedom or Independence.
Baba Saheb	: Dear Father Sir.
Bhajan	: Devotional song.
Brahma	: The Impersonal God.
Dada Guru	: Guru's Guru, Grand Guru.
Eternal Father	: Guru.
Guru	: Spiritual Teacher.
Karma	: Duties, actions, their consequence, etc.
Karmic	: Of or related or belonging to Karma.
Lord Shiva	: The Destroyer.
Masthana Jogi	: A Yogi in Ecstasy or Jubilant-Carefree Yogi.
Maya	: 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.
-