

NOT IS



NATH YOGI KVS RAMA RAO

NOT IS

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

KVS RAMA RAO

www.nathyogi.com

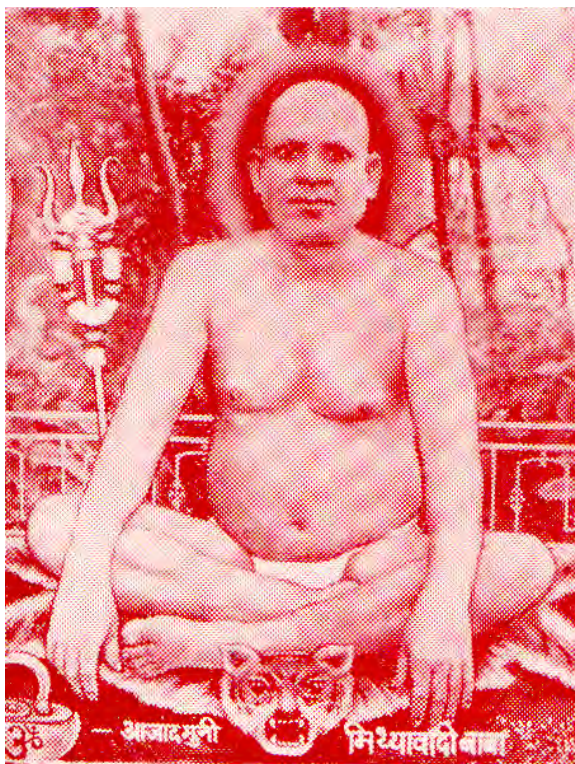
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Not Is



***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

Not Is (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 is, is not;
What not is, is.

2

What **is** appears, yet is not,
A fleeting flame, a shadow caught.
What **is not** hides, yet truly **is**,
The silent root, the eternal bliss.

3

Seek not in forms that rise and fall,
The heart knows that the void holds all.
Labels fade, and mind departs,
The Self remains in silent hearts.

4

Unseen yet known, they move through all;
No name, no claim, yet heed the soul's call.

5

Unmoved by praise, untouched by blame,
Not bound by self, nor seeking name.

In silence deep, the heart's flame wakes,
And all the world its truth partakes.

6

The Guru's glance, a sacred key,
Unlocks the Self, sets spirit free.
No path to follow, no claim to show,
Yet everywhere, their presence flows.

7

The Guru gives the flame,
But few dare burn in its name.

Disciples crowd, they bow, they sing,
Yet keep the mind—its subtle sting.

Some gain peace, some gain praise,
Few walk through ego's blaze.

Realisation is not in the fold,
It dawns when the self is rolled.

Words resound, debates arise,
Truth slips veiled before their eyes.

The heart that yields, the pride that dies,
Alone sees where the silence lies.

Not in the crowd, nor in the show,
But where the inner rivers flow.

There shines the light none can disguise,
The Self revealed, the Seeker wise.

8

The Guru is the fire, kinder;
The disciple the tinder.
The Ego is the hinder;
Knowledge is the cinder.
His word the reminder,
Bliss the remainder.
Thus He hits a blinder,
Being a God-minder.

9

The Guru sips tea from the void,
Steam rising where nothing is deployed.
Infinite cup in His hands so small,
Yet the cosmos leans to hear His call.

10

The disciple counts clouds with a teaspoon,
Measuring storms by the light of the moon.
All his effort drifts, like rain on sand,
Only surrender steadies his hand.

11

Ego dances in slippers of ash,
Twisting and turning in its own brash.
The fire has gone, the smoke has fled,
What remains is laughter instead.

12

Knowledge sleeps on a rocking horse,
Jolted by wisdom with no real course.
Theory rides wild, yet cannot stand,
Truth waits patiently, silent, unmanned.

13

Bliss whistles in the empty room,
Echoes break silence, scatter the gloom.
No walls to hold, no ears to hear,
Yet the seeker wakes, and the path is clear.

14

The Guru knits lightning into a shawl,
Fingers weave thunder, sparking all.
Danger tamed into gentle thread,
Power and grace in every spread.

15

The Guru counts stars with a comb,

Brushing the night, scattering the dome.
Each spark a lesson, each void a hint,
Infinity folds in His gentle stint.

16

The disciple rides the wind on stilts,
Balancing doubt as the stormy quilt.
Every gust shakes the mind's small boat,
Only surrender keeps it afloat.

17

Ego juggles shadows with laughter,
Dropping illusions that chase after.
Smoke of pride curls in the air,
Yet nothing remains but empty stare.

18

Knowledge swims in a teacup bright,
Diving through ripples of day and night.
Small vessel, vast sea, it cannot span,
Realization waits beyond the plan.

19

Bliss dances on the tip of a needle,
Thin as a thread, sharp as a steeple.
Yet those who watch feel the entire sky,
And all of sorrow quietly passes by.

20

The Guru threads comets into a scarf,
Tail of fire woven into calm.
Cosmic storms bow to gentle hands,
Chaos folded into quiet strands.

21

The niguru chants of God aloud,
Yet hides the Self beneath a shroud.
He feeds the crowd with borrowed flame,
But knows not Atma's silent name.

22

The niguru builds his painted stage,
His words are honey, his heart a cage.
He waves the lamp, the crowd bows low,
But no light burns—no Atma shows.

23

He lights the lamp, yet night grows,
He chants the name, yet none knows.
The tongue is flame, the heart is cold—
The niguru sells what was never sold.

24

He shouts of God, of heaven's gate,

Yet hides the Self in cunning weight.
His tongue proclaims what eyes can't see—
He trades the real for mimicry.

25

He speaks of God, denies the Self,
He crowns his void with borrowed wealth.
Where Atma shines, he veils the place,
A mirror dark with his own face.

26

Thus kept from Self by false disguise,
The seeker stumbles, the spirit cries.
For every mask that feigns the true,
The soul is chained, the path askew.

27

Kept from the real by the false,
The seeker bends to hollow calls.
The mask proclaims, the silence hides,
And Truth departs where fraud abides.

28

Siddha Nath holds the flame of yore,
Beyond all time, beyond the lore.
Silent, yet blazing in every glance,
He wakes the soul, and sets it to dance.

29

The world bows to words, to show, to fame,
Yet He lights the heart without a name.
In His stillness, the cosmos hums,
Every breath a drum that drums.

30

No gesture wasted, no glance astray,
Each act dissolves the night, the day.
Through Him, the eternal flame flows free,
Touching the root of what is to be.

31

He walks unseen, yet everywhere,
The ancient fire dances in the air.
Disciples awaken, doubts fall away,
The timeless Self greets the new day.

32

In Him, the past and future meet,
A silent power, calm and sweet.
The flame He bears is no borrowed glow,
It burns within, as all must know.

33

All who chase shadows, all who claim,

Are kept from the real by the false flame.
Yet Siddha Nath, beyond show and pride,
Bears the fire where truth does abide.

34

Thus once the Gurus stood in truth,
Each in limit, each in ruth
One knew the hymn, one knew the breath,
One traced the rites of birth and death.

Another guarded cosmic fire,
One sang of love, one stilled desire.
They offered what their hands could hold,
Never painting false with gold.
Only the realised pierced the core,
And stilled the seeker evermore.

35

The disciple came with folded hands,
And each was led by what he understands.
One taught the law, one taught the song,
One spoke of silence deep and long.

None deceived with borrowed claim,
None adorned themselves with hollow fame.
Truth was the measure of their word,
And honesty their only sword.
The way was lit though steps were small—

For truth be truth, and seen by all.

36

But now the order is undone,
The shadow wears the place of sun.
Nigurus rise with borrowed tone,
Yet nothing in their hearts is known.

They chant, they pose, they feign the height,
While blinding eyes from inner light.
They block the stream, they choke the spring,
And seekers thirst for the real thing.
The very lie sits crowned and praised,
While simple truth lies hid, erased.

37

The nigura, once the child of need,
Would bow, would serve, would wait, would heed.
But niguru stands without a root,
A barren tree that bears no fruit.

They seize the staff, they wear the robe,
They circle round the trusting globe.
Not knowing Self, they shout, "I know!"
And lead the blind where none should go.
Thus hunger feeds on empty plate,
And seekers drown in borrowed fate.

38

Once Gurus knew their place was small,
And only Truth be Lord of all.
Today the mask has seized the seat,
And seekers stumble at false feet.

The crown of words is cheaply made,
The soul of silence left betrayed.
Yet still the hidden flame survives,
Hidden deep in earnest lives.
For one true glance can break the snare,
And lead the heart to what is there.

39

The eye that looks cannot see,
The ear that listens cannot be.
The heart falls silent, thought undone —
There the knowing and the known are one.

40

The crowd protests, their voices loud,
To hide the flame beneath the shroud.
Truth stands alone, unbowed, unbent,
While anger guards the ignorant tent.

41

I speak the flame that cannot die,

Though they may curse, though they may lie.
Words may strike, or chains may bind,
Yet no false voice can dim the mind.

42

Kept from the real by the false,
The heart wanders, the mind wails.
Stand firm, discern, and do not yield,
The flame alone is your true shield.

43

The mind sleeps in the world of forms,
Dreams rise and fall like fleeting storms.
Only the flame the Guru gives,
Awakens what eternally lives.

44

They promise light, but deal in night,
Their crowns are built on borrowed might.
With tongues they rule, with lies they trade,
Truth is the throne they've long betrayed.

45

The ruler fears no sword, no gun,
But dreads the poet's blazing sun.
A verse can burn what lies conceal,
A rhyme can wound no guard can heal.

46

Nigurus preach with polished lies,
Rulers shout with hollow cries.
Both build thrones on shifting sand,
And steal the bread from people's hand.

47

One sells heaven, one sells land,
Both extend the begging hand.
One wears ochre, one wears white,
Each enslaves in the name of right.

48

Disciples bow, the crowds obey,
Blindly walking night as day.
Truth they bury, false they raise,
Both demand the same old praise.

49

Kept from the real by the false flame,
Both play different masks, same game.
Niguru temple, ruler's chair—
One cheats the soul, one cheats the share.

50

But fire of verse cannot be chained,

No whip of power can have it tamed.
The poet's word strikes root below,
Where tyrant's schemes can never grow.

51

Truth stands still, a flawless star,
Distant, silent, pure, afar.
Truthfulness walks, with wounds unhealed,
A burning heart the light revealed.

52

It spills beyond the scholar's page,
Defies the chains of time and age.
No script can bind, no tongue contain,
The living fire that cuts the chain.

53

Two causes stand behind,
If Him you seek and find:
The Guru holds the key,
The disciple bends to be.

54

Two causes stand behind,
If Him you surely find:
Your Guru is capable,
And you are able.

55

Your gaze dissolves my doubt and fear,
In silent trust, You draw me near.
No scripture holds what You impart—
A flame that burns within every heart.

56

You teach me how the false divides,
How ego veils and truth hides.
In Your silence, light breaks through—
The real revealed in “I” and “you.”

57

You strip the self of pride and name,
And leave no room for worldly claim.
In letting go, I find Your face—
The void that sings with boundless grace.

58

In stillness deep, You breathe in me,
A rhythm lost in unity.
No thought remains, no self to bind—
Just You, the pulse of purest mind.

59

Your feet I serve with trembling hands,

Not out of duty, but love's demands.
Each act becomes a sacred rite,
A way to walk into Your light.

60

You speak in silence, teach through breath,
Unraveling birth, undoing death.
Your wisdom is no scholar's prize—
It lives in hearts that realize.

61

I sing Your name in joy and tears,
A song that echoes through the years.
No temple holds what You contain—
You are the sky, the sun, the rain.

62

You give without a cause or plea,
A gift that sets the seeker free.
In every fall, You lift me high—
My Guru, truth that cannot die.

63

You lift the veil from every eye,
And teach the heart to see, not try.
In every breath, Your truth I find—
The boundless Guru, pure and kind.

64

In every shadow, You are near,
Dispelling doubt, dissolving fear.
No path, no step, no guide I need—
Your presence is the way I heed.

65

You shape my silence into song,
Correcting all that feels as wrong.
Each heartbeat hums Your sacred name—
The world transformed, yet still the same.

66

Your love flows freely, without bound,
In every heart, its pulse is found.
No fence of thought, no cage of time—
All lives in You, eternal rhyme.

67

You turn my pain into a flame,
A light that calls my soul by name.
Each trial, each loss, becomes Your gift—
Through surrender, all burdens lift.

68

In every gaze, Your truth I see,

The self dissolves, and yet I be.
No distance lies between us two—
The seeker's end is only You.

69

You teach me stillness, soft and deep,
Where restless thoughts no longer creep.
A quiet flame, a steady glow—
The heart aligned, the mind lets go.

70

In every act, Your hand I find,
The world dissolves, the self unlined.
No step I take, no breath I claim—
All merges in Your holy name.

71

Your gaze unveils what lies within,
The hidden soul, free from all sin.
No mask remains, no shadow cast—
Only Your light, both first and last.

72

At Your lotus feet, I bow and rest,
All doubts dispersed, all trials blessed.
No more to seek, no more to plea—
Forever Yours, in ecstasy.

73

The hand that grasps is torn away—
The heart that seeks is made to stay.
No thought remains, no step to take—
Just silent fire that none can break.

74

He shook the ground beneath my feet—
He showed me where the worlds all meet.
No mountain high, no river wide—
Could hold the flame He keeps inside.

75

He does not guide, He does not teach—
He only strikes where none can reach.
And in that strike, the self dissolves—
The ego falls, the void revolves.

76

I brought my fear, He laughed, and lo—
It vanished in His endless glow.
No terror left, no shield, no wall—
Just silence answering every call.

77

He takes the world and makes it still—

He shows the place beyond the will.
No law, no rule, no holy claim—
Can bind the fire, can hold the flame.

78

I tried to speak, my tongue was caught—
No words could touch the truth He brought.
And in that stillness, deep and wide—
I found the Self I could not hide.

79

The mind that thinks is torn apart—
The heart that longs is struck by heart.
No path remains, no future, past—
The flame alone, the only last.

80

He showed me not a way to climb—
But how to vanish in His time.
No ladder reached, no rope, no guide—
Just naked falling, unallied.

81

He does not bless, He does not curse—
He only burns what seeks the verse.
And when the ashes settle down—
The soul is free, no chain, no crown.

82

I came to Him with all my name—
I left with none, yet all the same.
No self remained, no gain, no loss—
Just endless fire, and nothing's cross.

83

The wheel may spin through night and day,
Yet still it turns where You hold sway.
All paths converge, all truths align,
Around Your gaze, the soul's design.

84

No joy in Vedas, nor in lore,
No mantra sings, no yantra more.
Without the Guru's boundless grace,
The heart finds naught in time or space.

85

All scriptures glow, yet hearts stay cold,
All mantras chanted, all rituals told.
Without the Guru, the flame won't rise—
Blind are the seekers, though learned and wise.

86

False guides may promise, yet show no way,

Their words like shadows, leading astray.
The real unfolds where the Guru stands,
A single touch of grace lights all lands.

87

Surrender, surrender, the path is this,
Ego dissolves in the Guru's bliss.
All that you seek, all that you yearn,
Turns to your own in the light you discern.

88

The old flame burns, eternal, bright,
Always in a lamp, it casts its light.
Seek not another, nor search afar,
Truth shines within, just as you are.

89

Kept from the real by the false,
Yet seeking truth in every pulse.
Follow not the painted flame,
Only the fire itself is the same.

90

Let not the echo be your guide,
Nor mirrored light from hollow pride.
The flame that burns without a name,
Is ever still, yet never tame.

91

Not in the chant, nor cloaked in rite,
But in the breath before the light.
The pulse that stirs without a sound,
Is where the root of truth is found.

92

No altar holds its silent blaze,
No chant can bind its subtle phase.
It moves through breath, through ash, through bone,
Yet leaves the seeker still alone.

93

Guru's glance—a wordless sign,
Carves truth in shadow, bone, and spine.
Leaves hearts open, minds aligned,
In stillness, only love we find.

94

You burn away the self of guise and fame,
And free the heart from ego's claim.
In letting go, I find the ground,
Where I am lost, and You are found.

95

Sans the Guru, one is void and lone,

A nigura wandering, truth unknown.
Serve the Guru, and the path is shown,
From then, the soul is never alone.

96

Nigura is the mind-faced;
Disciple is the Guru-faced.

97

Whose guide is the mind-faced, truth eludes,
A painted flame misleads, and maya deludes.
Whose guide is the Guru-faced, light descends,
Through grace and sight, the journey transcends.

98

Kept from the real by the false,
Disciples lose the living source.
They bow to masks, and never see,
The chain that binds their liberty.

99

They speak of heavens, paths, and gain,
But none can ease the seeker's pain.
A niguru feeds on borrowed word,
While silence of the Guru's unheard.

100

The niguru's throne is built on sand,
No lamp is lit by his own hand.
Disciples follow, blind and bound,
Till ruin spreads without a sound.

101

Kept from the truth by the false,
The disciple walks, yet learns at loss.
Only when the path is true,
Can the heart reclaim what it knew.

102

He bows where light is thin and dim,
Yet feels no fire, no truth within.
Words abound but grace is none,
The journey stalls before begun.

103

Ritual masks the inner flame,
The tongue repeats the hollow name.
Yet in the silence of the night,
The soul still thirsts for living light.

104

Confusion deepens, faith is torn,

A weary heart feels lost, forlorn.
The shell of wisdom cannot feed,
The hunger for the living seed.

105

Then doubt, once feared, becomes the key,
To break the chains of falsity.
A cry within, both sharp and pure,
Seeks out the path that can endure.

106

When grace arrives through Guru's gaze,
The fog is burnt in sudden blaze.
The wasted years no more deceive,
The heart can breathe, the soul believe.

107

Thus even loss becomes the way,
A shadowed night that births the day.
Though trapped in falsehood, still it's true—
The Real will call and claim its due.

108

The niguru fades, his throne is dust,
False crowns decay, for none can trust.
But the disciple, tried and true,
Finds at the end the One he knew.

OM TAT SAT

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

*The True Guru's Grace
Has No End*

Part Two

Not Is (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

Kept from the truth by the false,
The mind is trapped in borrowed gloss.
Words may shine yet cannot free,
The bound remains in slavery.

2

Kept from the real by the false,
The heart forgets its living source.
No flame is lit, no silence grows,
The Self lies veiled, the spirit knows.

3

Kept by rules that bind, not free,
The mind rehearses ceremony.
Forms are kept, yet void of flame,
The spirit waits, untouched by name.

4

Kept from the real by hollow rite,
The heart feels no dawn, no inner light.
Gestures mimic devotion's face,
Yet silence hides the sacred space.

5

The scholar reads, the student nods,
But truth eludes through borrowed rods.
Learning repeats the outer phrase,
Yet wisdom sleeps through passing days.

6

The heart seeks touch, a living hand,
But finds only shadows on the land.
No warmth of presence, no silent call,
Leaves longing vast, yet empties all.

7

Disciple grasps the rules, the lore,
Yet freedom waits outside the door.
Knowledge shines but cannot break
The chains that falsehood loves to make.

8

When real is lost, the soul feels weight,
No flame arises, no peace is straight.
But deep inside, a spark remains,
Whispering that truth still sustains.

9

He stripped away my holy guise—

Revealed the truth beyond all lies.
No robe, no chant, no sacred rite—
Just naked flame in boundless light.

10

He crushed the world I tried to hold—
He broke the silver, broke the gold.
No treasure left, no word, no plan—
Only the One that needs no man.

11

I asked for proof, He gave me none—
He struck my mind, He struck my bone.
No logic stands, no reason calls—
The self dissolved, the Ego falls.

12

He burns the mind, He stills the heart—
Tears every hidden world apart.
And when the ashes fall like rain—
The Selfless Self is left again.

13

No guide, no master, no holy word—
The flame alone is what I heard.
It does not speak, it does not move—
Yet in its fire, the soul must prove.

14

I tried to hold, I tried to see—
But all I grasped was emptiness free.
The Guru smiled, and all was done—
The many vanished into one.

15

He takes the self and gives the All—
He breaks the rise, He breaks the fall.
No step to take, no path to know—
Just silent fire that burns below.

16

He does not bless, He does not scorn—
He leaves the soul as if unborn.
No praise, no shame, no holy claim—
Just endless, nameless, boundless flame.

17

I came with fear, I left with love—
I saw the self dissolve above.
No gain, no loss, no way to seek—
Only the flame, the strong, the weak.

18

The mind that strives is torn apart—

The heart that seeks is struck by heart.
And when all thought and self are gone—
The flame remains, the eternal One.

19

It crushes 'mine', it flattens 'me',
Till only That remains, word-free.
It asks no name, it claims no fame,
Yet lights the heart with silent flame.

20

No self remained to bow or claim—
Just That which burns, yet stays the Same.
No veil, no mask, no shadowed name,
It moves in stillness, without aim.

21

It speaks no word, it holds no plea,
Yet all that is, it lets be free.
No chain can bind, no time can claim,
Forever vast, yet still the same.

22

It blazes bright where shadows fade,
Yet casts no mark, leaves no parade.
No thought can touch, no grasp can frame,
The endless fire that bears no name.

23

Not, not, not,
Breaks the knot;
To see what,
To be Not.

24

Name, name, name,
Burns the flame;
To lose claim,
To be the same.

25

No, no, no,
Lets it go;
To not know,
To let flow.

26

Name, name, name,
Burns the flame;
To own claim,
Not to be the same.

27

Gone, gone, gone,

Breaks the dawn;
To be drawn,
To the unborn.

28

Still, still, still,
Fills the will;
To be nil.
To be still.

29

In, in, in,
Not where, not when;
To lose skin,
To breathe again.

30

Tied, tied, tied,
In self denied;
To not abide,
To slip inside.

31

Drop, drop, drop,
No root, no top;
To not stop,
To let seed pop.

32

Hear, hear, hear,
No far, no near;
To drop fear,
To echo clear.

33

Not, not, not,
Still breaks the knot;
To see naught,
To be what.

34

None, none, none,
Not said, not done;
To be One,
To be undone.

35

Not in the sky, nor in the crowd,
But where the “I” is disavowed.
When ego dies, the Truth is found—
That is rapture, deep, profound.

36

No sky to rend, no trumpet call,

The Guru reduces the “T” to infinitesimally small.
In that bright void the rapture streams—
The end of self, the dawn of dreams.

37

No bells to ring, no crowds to cheer,
The Truth arrives when none is near.
It takes no shape, it holds no name,
Yet burns the world in silent flame.

38

No wings to rise, no path to chart,
The rapture blooms within the heart.
It speaks no word, it shows no sign,
Yet makes the finite vanish in Divine.

39

No books to weigh, no rites to bind,
The Guru empties out the mind.
When thought is hushed and ego gone,
The rapture sings a soundless song.

40

No wealth to claim, no thrones to keep,
The bliss descends when senses sleep.
The beggar, king, the wise, the small—
The rapture rises, drowning all.

41

No sun to shine, no moon to glow,
A light within begins to flow.
It blinds the eye, yet clears the sight,
It is the void, yet pure delight.

42

No fear to clutch, no hope to chase,
The Guru grants His boundless grace.
Where “mine” dissolves and “me” is none,
The rapture shows the Self as One.

43

No temple’s stone, no altar’s fire,
Can cage the soul’s supreme desire.
It breaks all forms, it floods the frame,
And leaves the bliss none else can name.

44

No time to wait, no death to dread,
The rapture lives when the self is dead.
It ends the search, it mends the seam,
It is the Real, beyond the dream.

45

No sky to rend, no trumpet sound,

The Guru's glance is the rapture found.
What once was "I" has disappeared—
The bliss remains, the Truth revered.

46

Ecstasy dances, yet keeps the "me,"
Rapture dissolves in nameless sea.
One tastes delight, the other is lost,
Self burned away—whatever the cost.

47

Not pomp, not prayer, nor word of lore,
But silence opens the hidden door.
Where "I" is gone and none remain,
Bliss alone fills every vein.

48

When 'mine' was crushed and 'me' was slain,
The Guru's glance dissolved the chain.
The bliss is not of thought or sense,
It pours from pure Omnipresence.

49

Kept from the Real by the false,
Bound by the echo of borrowed calls;
The truth is near, yet unseen—
A lamp concealed by a painted screen.

50

Painted with doctrines, bright and bold,
It flatters the eye, but leaves truth cold.
Each stroke a name, each hue a claim—
Yet none can touch the formless flame.

51

It sings of heavens, it warns of hell,
Yet none of its promises truly dwell.
The Real unmoved, no script can bind,
It shines when falsehood is left behind.

52

Voices borrowed, worn like beads,
Chanted rites and scripted creeds.
But silence waits beneath the sound—
Where Real is neither lost nor found.

53

Knotted not by rope, but thought,
By every “must” and every “ought.”
The lamp still burns behind the knot—
Unseen, untouched, yet never not.

54

The seeker toils, the sermons rise,

Yet dust still clouds his inward eyes.
When false is dropped, the chains give way—
The Real stands bare, more near than day.

55

No path to walk, no goal to win,
The false without, the false within.
When both are seen as fleeting show,
The Real alone remains to know.

56

He wiped my tears before they fell—
He broke the cage, He broke the shell.
No words remain to speak my state—
Just silent fire, beyond all fate.

57

The paths I sought dissolved in dust—
The forms I held betrayed my trust.
And in that void, so wide, so deep—
The Self awoke from endless sleep.

58

He took my mind, He took my plan—
He left the Self that knows no man.
No step to tread, no thought to claim—
Just boundless fire, and nothing's name.

59

I asked Him where the truth might be—
He laughed, “It lies beyond what you see.”
No text, no teacher, no sacred call—
The self must vanish to see all.

60

He broke my will, He broke my pride—
No place for self remains to hide.
And when the smoke of ego clears—
The only One becomes all spheres.

61

He does not lead, He does not chase—
He leaves no footprints, shows no face.
Yet in the void, my heart became—
The silent witness of His flame.

62

The world I clung to turned to flame—
All notions lost, all thoughts the same.
No temple, no creed, no holy rite—
Just boundless, nameless, endless light.

63

He stripped away the final guise—

The last illusion of the eyes.
And standing bare before the fire—
I lost myself, I lost desire.

64

No step remains, no hand to hold—
The selfless Self is all, is bold.
No teacher, prayer, or sacred scroll—
Can bind the flame that frees the soul.

65

I came with all my dreams and fear—
I left with none, yet He was near.
No self remained to call or cling—
Just endless fire, the eternal spring.

66

The silence speaks louder than sound,
The stillness moves without ground;
The nothing holds more than all,
The drop becomes the ocean's call.

67

The path begins when the walker is gone,
The song is sung when the singer is none;
The flame is bright where fuel is not,
The truth is found where thought forgot.

68

He sees most clear who shuts his eyes,
He lives most free who daily dies;
He holds the world who lets it fall,
He gains the Self who loses all.

69

The word is heard when lips are still,
The void is full, the heart is filled;
The “I” is lost, yet nothing missed—
In losing self, the Self persists.

70

He speaks most true who speaks no word,
The deepest sound is never heard;
The hand that empties holds the more,
The beggar stands at wisdom’s door.

71

The light is seen when eyes are blind,
The mind is still when lost in mind;
The seeker ends when quest is done,
Yet in that end the search begun.

72

The weight is gone when burden stays,

The night is bright with hidden rays;
The Self is found when self is lost,
The gain is free, but none knows cost.

73

The Guru leads by standing still,
He bends you down by giving will;
He takes away yet leaves you whole,
He breaks the self to free the soul.

74

The Guru lifts by pressing low,
He makes you stop to let you go;
He blinds your eyes to give you sight,
He veils the sun to show the Light.

75

He steals the “mine” and leaves you bare,
Yet fills the heart with boundless care;
He silences the tongue to sing,
He crowns the slave and makes him king.

76

The path is lost, the goal is near,
The word is mute, the truth is clear;
The Guru gives what can't be sought,
The lesson learnt is never taught.

77

He rules you not, yet you obey,
He takes you in by turning away;
He cuts the knot with sharpened hand,
Yet leaves no mark for man to stand.

78

He binds you fast to set you free,
He makes you less to let you be;
He drains the cup, yet fills it still,
He bends your strength to show His will.

79

A niguru shines with borrowed flame,
But cannot burn in Truth's own name;
He lifts the weak to make them fall,
He knows not the One, yet claims the All.

80

The nigura walks without a start,
He learns by rote but not by heart;
He talks of love yet knows not pain,
He waters seed that bears no grain.

81

The Guru speaks by keeping dumb,

His touch recalls where you are from;
He breaks the shell, the bird takes flight,
He points within, beyond the sight.

82

He dies each day yet never fades,
He hides Himself yet truth pervades;
He gives no proof, yet faith is won,
He leaves the work already done.

83

The Guru shows what none can see,
He makes you what you've ceased to be;
He takes your all, yet gives the Whole,
He breaks the self to free the soul.

84

Man was not born for wealth or name,
Nor for fleeting joy or fleeting fame;
The end of birth, the end of strife,
Is Realisation — the goal of life.

85

As long as I am there,
The Guru is nowhere.
When I am not there,
The Guru is everywhere.

86

As long as the I is here,
The Guru is nowhere.
When the I is forgot,
The Guru is easily got.

87

Where the I dares to stay,
The light keeps away.
Where the I is slain,
The Guru does reign.

88

The I is the lock,
At His lotus feet lays the key.
Break open the block,
And you are free.

89

The I makes the wall,
The Guru breaks it all.
The I makes the chain,
The Guru snaps it plain.

90

The I cries “mine,”

The Guru says “Thine.”
The I builds the snare,
The Guru burns it bare.

91

The I seeks its throne,
The Guru stands alone.
The I boasts of gain,
The Guru counts it vain.

92

The I clings to name,
The Guru calls it shame.
The I clings to form,
The Guru is the storm.

93

The I is desire,
The Guru is fire.
The I is thought,
The Guru is Not.

94

The I makes two,
The Guru says one’s true.
The I is night,
The Guru is light.

95

The I is pride,
The Guru does chide.
The I gives fear,
The Guru shines fearless.

96

The I is bound,
The Guru is sound.
The I is dust,
The Guru is a must.

97

The I claims to own,
The Guru stands alone.
The I shouts, "I know,"
The Guru whispers, "Let go."

98

The I enjoys to fight,
The Guru breaks with light.
The I turns blind,
The Guru frees the mind.

99

The I hides the way,

The Guru shows the day.
The I makes a cage,
The Guru frees the sage.

100

The I clutches fear,
The Guru draws near.
The I counts the cost,
The Guru grants the lost.

101

The I whispers for more,
The Guru shows the door.
The I seeks a throne,
The Guru is ever alone.

102

The I builds a wall,
The Guru makes it fall.
The I doubts, debates,
The Guru opens gates.

103

The I runs in vain,
The Guru heals the pain.
The I spins in time,
The Guru is sublime.

104

The I cries “stay back,”
The Guru lights the track.
The I clings to fame,
The Guru has no claim.

105

The we has no end,
Unless they bend
To the Guru’s will,
To become nil.

106

The I makes a plea,
The Guru sets it free.
The I folds in grief,
His lotus feet give relief.

107

The I clings to self,
The Guru is the Self.
The I binds with law,
The Guru is beyond flaw.

108

The I claims it knows,

The Guru's mercy flows.
The I takes up the pen,
His might moves it then.

OM TAT SAT

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

*The True Guru's Grace Has
No End*

Part Three

Not Is (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

No use, God, God, if one calls,
Kept from God by the false.
The tongue may move, the heart stays dry,
Blinded by the ego's cry.
When silence bends and self is gone,
Only then does God shine on.

2

No use to call His name in vain,
The false will bind, the tongue will strain.
The heart must break, the self must fall,
Then God is near, beyond the call.

3

The thought ran seeking its own end,
But tripped, and found no ground to mend.
Where question died, no answer came—
Only the silence without a name.

4

No poem here grants resolution,
Nor mind may rest in solution.

Its flame consumes in dissolution—
Self undone, the pure irresolution.

5

Do not stand and praise the door,
Enter, and be seen no more.
Words are walls, their silence whole—
Step inside, dissolve the soul.

6

Do not be proud of lore;
Do not praise the door.
Enter, the heart's core
To know more and more.

7

Not for candles, not for gold,
Sanctum sanctorum hides what can't be told.
Climb the steps, leave all behind—
The self that clings, the grasping mind.

8

Echoes murmur what eyes cannot see,
A darkness deep as eternity.
Enter its hush, let thought decay,
The seeker lost, the true way.

9

Flicker, spark, yet do not stare,
The flame burns what you thought was there.
Admiration freezes; entry frees—
Ashes rise, carried on the breeze.

10

Do not sip or measure the tide,
Dive in fully, nowhere to hide.
The waves consume all shore-bound thought,
And leave the self that once was sought.

11

He took my grasp, He took my plan—
Left me the Self that knows no man.
No step to tread, no thought to own—
Just boundless fire, the One alone.

12

The mind that holds is torn away—
The heart that clings cannot stay.
No path to follow, no name to claim—
Just silent fire, the only flame.

13

He stripped the walls I built so high—

He showed the truth that cannot lie.
No ladder, rope, nor sacred stair—
Just naked flame, and open air.

14

The forms I loved turned into dust—
He crushed them all, no trace, no trust.
And in the void, so vast, so deep—
The Self awoke from endless sleep.

15

I sought a way, I sought a sign—
He showed me only the divine.
No path, no goal, no place to reach—
Just silent fire, beyond all speech.

16

He broke my will, He broke my pride—
No place for self remains to hide.
And when the smoke of ego clears—
The only One becomes all spheres.

17

No teacher leads, no guide appears—
No holy word can quell the fears.
Yet in the void, my heart became—
The silent witness of His flame.

18

He stripped the final veil away—
No self, no thought, no night, no day.
And standing bare within the fire—
I lost desire, I lost all mire.

19

No temple, no altar, no sacred scroll—
Can bind the flame that frees the soul.
The self dissolves, the mind erased—
Only the fire remains, embraced.

20

I came with all my hope and name—
I left with none, yet all the same.
No gain, no loss, no steps to take—
Just endless fire, for fire's own sake.

21

He took my breath, He took my form—
He left me standing in the storm.
No self, no thought, no place to hide—
Just endless flame, the boundless tide.

22

I sought His face, I sought His word—

He spoke in silence, not a sound heard.
No lips to move, no eyes to see—
The only truth became in not me.

23

He burned the mind, He stilled the heart—
Tore every hidden world apart.
And in the ashes of my plea—
The selfless Self awakened free.

24

No teacher, guide, nor sacred plan—
Could give the flame, or make the man.
He left no form, He left no name—
Yet everything became the same.

25

I tried to hold, I tried to find—
But all that stayed was fire unlined.
No path, no truth, no hope, no fear—
Just endless flame that burns all here.

26

He gave me not a thing to take—
He only showed what none can make.
No thought, no step, no way to go—
Just silent fire that burns below.

27

All worlds dissolved, all self was gone—
No right, no wrong, no dusk, no dawn.
And in that void, the only One—
The fire eternal, and all undone.

28

I came with all, I left with naught—
The flame remains, the self is caught.
No word, no step, no path, no name—
Only the fire, the endless flame.

29

Who knows the Self, who claims the sky?
The seeker seeks, yet wonders why.
If he forgets, does truth appear?
If he remembers, is it near?

30

Who speaks words, who moves hands?
The silence guides, the tongue commands.
The doer acts, yet none can claim,
The One remains, beyond all name.

31

The One is still, yet all things move;

No hand commands, no mind may prove.
The flame is not, yet ever burns;
The self dissolves, and silence turns.

32

All states held; no one seen.
The field is still, the flame between.
Collapse occurs, yet none may fall;
The One remains, beyond the all.

33

No end, no start, no final breath;
The flame persists, untouched by death.
Not self, not void, not form, not name;
Just this: the hush within the flame.

34

Two paths appear—one false, one true,
One binds, one breaks, the binding glue.
The Guru frees, the niguru feigns—
One cuts the knot, one tightens chains.

35

Niguru boasts—I don't lose,
He claims—I fuse.
He binds, not frees,
I fall to disease.

36

Guru speaks—I hear,
His word cuts fear.
His silence near
Makes Truth appear.

37

Niguru speaks—I doubt,
His words ring out.
They twist about—
No Truth, just shout.

38

I bow—Guru lifts,
My burden shifts.
Grace He gifts,
The soul uplifts.

39

I bow—niguru takes,
My labor breaks.
His promise fakes,
My spirit aches.

40

His glance bestows,

The river flows.
The Self He shows—
All bondage goes.

41

Niguru's glance deceives,
The heart believes.
But nothing leaves—
The soul still grieves.

42

The Guru's flame sustains,
The niguru's shadow drains.
Discern, O soul—be wise,
Seek That which never dies.

43

Not net of name,
Nor flame of fame,
Not bound to frame—
Truth breaks the game.

44

It rolls through rite,
Through wrong and right,
No edge, no site—
It is pure might.

45

No word, no will,
No grasp, no skill,
No peak, no still—
Truth does kill
The knower's thrill.

46

Thought is a thread,
Speech is a net,
Form is a debt—
Truth breaks the set.

47

Name is a flame,
Memory a game,
Desire a frame—
Truth has no name.

48

Right is a rite,
Wrong is a night,
Bliss is a bite—
Truth has no light.

49

The eye that sees
Is not at ease.
The knower flees—
Truth has no keys.

50

No eye, no flame,
No self, no name.
No thrill, no shame—
Truth ends the game.

51

No grasp, no gain,
No loss, no chain.
No path, no pain—
Truth leaves no stain.

52

The void is void,
The null destroyed.
The silence toyed—
Truth is unalloyed.

53

No ear, no word,

No sound is heard.
No chant, no bird—
Truth is the surd.

54

No dot, no line,
No edge, no sign.
No start, no spine—
Truth breaks design.

55

No spark, no flare,
No breath, no dare.
No womb, no lair—
Truth splits the air.

56

No beat, no flow,
No high, no low.
No fast, no slow—
Truth does not go.

57

No thought, no trace,
No self to face.
No hand, no grace—
Truth leaves no place.

58

No lamp, no sun,
No eye, no one.
No shine, no shun—
Truth is undone.

59

No joy, no pain,
No loss, no gain.
No crown, no reign—
Truth breaks the chain.

60

No taste, no thrill,
No peak, no still.
No grace, no will—
Truth breaks the quill.

61

No breath, no flame,
No root, no frame.
No word, no aim—
Truth has no name.

62

Truth holds all, yet frees the free,

It binds no one, yet none may flee.
The truthful rise where Truth does cease—
By Truth alone, they touch release.

63

Truth stands, yet bows to none,
Its grasp dissolves where hearts have won.
The truthful rise, surpass Its frame—
By Truth alone, they play Its game.

64

No name, no form, no path, no gain,
Yet those who serve find no chain.
Renunciation proves Truth's might—
It yields to those who grasp the light.

65

Where thought dissolves, and words decay,
Where night and day have lost their sway,
The truthful tread where Truth does depart—
Yet Truth gives way with open heart.

66

All duals fade, all measures cease,
The seeker rests in endless peace.
Surpassing Truth, yet held by none,
The Truth itself is fully won.

67

No word may touch, no tongue may claim,
The truthful walk beyond all name.
In quiet gaze, in still embrace,
Their being speaks, and fills the space.

68

If Truth is so, what speak of those
Who tread Its path where silence grows?
No word, no chant, no fame, no flame—
The truthful move beyond all name.

69

No eyes may see, no ears may hear,
Yet in their hush, the world draws near.
No claim, no boast, no gain, no plea—
Their being speaks quietly.

70

No thought may bind, no mind may frame,
The dance they walk transcends all aim.
In stillness deep, the heart may find
The living Truth within the mind.

71

If Truth is so, what else remains?

No speech, no measure, no worldly gains.
Yet in that void, the soul perceives
The truthful walk, and nothing cleaves.

72

Truth veils, Truth shows, Truth ends the quest,
The truthful rise, yet leave no rest.
In silence deep, all voices cease—
Truth bows itself to grant release.

73

To the Guru's flame, to God's embrace,
To Truth that shines in every face,
To Fore-gurus and the truthful too—
We bow, we bow, beyond the two.

74

Truth is a cipher with no key, yet burns;
Not solved, but entered, as one returns.
The silence speaks, the fire conceals—
What vanishes is what it reveals.

75

A cipher burns; no key is found,
It sears the self without a sound.
No riddle cracked, no mind returns—
One enters whole, as spirit yearns.

76

The silence speaks, though none may hear;
The fire conceals what draws us near.
The vanishing veil is what truth reveals—
What fades away alone unseals.

77

Truth unveils not by grasp, but loss;
The self consumed—the flame is the cross.
What dies in fire is what makes clear;
The hush of nothing is what draws near.

78

No key, no lock—no gate, no wall;
The cipher speaks in what must fall.
The self unmade, the flame remains,
A hush that echoes through the veins.

79

The echo lives where voice has died,
A flame that burns what the voice denied.
No self remains to seek or flee—
The cipher speaks through vacancy.

80

No flame remains, no ash, no sound—

Yet in the hush, the truth is found.
The cipher ends where none can see—
Not solved, not held, but simply be...

81

The words may sting, the heart may flinch,
The mind resists, the world may pinch.
Yet through this fire, the Truth takes place—
Disturbance is the Guru's grace.

82

Not kindness, but a glance that sears—
The Guru speaks, and silence hears.
No balm is offered, no retreat—
The wound is where the paths repeat.

83

You asked for peace, He gave you rope—
To bind the self, to hang the hope.
Each tightening loop, a sacred test—
The knot reveals what won't digest.

84

He shows your face, not with delight—
But with a mirror cracked by light.
Distorted truths, reflections torn—
The false must fracture to be born.

85

The fire is not to warm your skin—
It burns the cage you're hiding in.
Ashes speak what words conceal—
The flame is how the soul can kneel.

86

He asks no thing you wish to hear—
His question is a blade, not spear.
It cuts the root, not just the leaf—
And leaves you naked with your grief.

87

No chant, no verse, no sacred sound—
Just silence where the self is drowned.
Disturbance speaks in quiet tones—
The Guru breaks through silent bones.

88

He does not build, He does not mend—
He is the force that makes things end.
The field collapses, thought undone—
Grace arrives when all things run.

89

He is not kind, not cruel, not near—

He is the tremble in your fear.
The Not is not a lack, but seed—
Disturbance plants what Truth will feed.

90

You thought the light would soothe the eye—
But it reveals the hidden lie.
The lamp is not for comfort's sake—
It shows the cracks the quake will make.

91

He wounds the mind, He shakes the soul,
To purge the false, to make you whole.
Though sharp His words, their aim is true—
Disturbance serves to guide you through.

92

The words may cut, the heart may quake,
Yet through this fire, the soul shall wake.
Not to punish, not to scorn—
But to reveal where truth is born.

93

He jars the mind, He breaks the veil,
He shows the path where few prevail.
Though harsh it seems, His aim is clear—
To guide the seeker ever near.

94

Shock and stir, the lesson flows,
The thorn of truth, the mind it shows.
Those who resist may fear the flame,
But through its heat, none are the same.

95

I begged for light, He gave me flame—
I flinched, I fled, I cursed His name.
But in the ash, a voice remained—
The one I feared, the one unchained.

96

Is this the path, this pain, this break?
Is Truth a wound I must not fake?
The mind revolts, the heart denies—
Yet silence answers with no lies.

97

I dropped the shield, I dropped the plea—
And let the fire dismantle me.
No mantra saved, no form consoled—
Only the burn that made not me whole.

98

The world still stings, the mind still spins—

But now I hear what hides within.
Disturbance speaks in sacred tone—
The Guru carves through flesh and bone.

99

I am no longer what I was—
The flame rewrote my inner laws.
Not healed, not fixed, not made to shine—
But broken open by design.

100

No robes, no name, no guiding hand—
Just thunder cracking through the land.
The storm that breaks your sacred plan—
Is Him, is Grace, is reprimand.

101

He came as one you did not trust—
A beggar, broken, smeared with dust.
You turned away, but still He taught—
The lesson was the one you fought.

102

No voice replied, no sign was sent—
Just silence, vast and evident.
You called it void, you called it wrong—
But silence held the Guru's song.

103

You slipped, you failed, you lost your way—
The path collapsed in disarray.
Yet in that fall, the veil grew thin—
The Guru entered from within.

104

The leaf that dropped, the child that cried—
The echo where your thought had died.
No form, no face, no sacred trace—
Yet every crack revealed His grace.

105

He took the name you clung to tight—
And left you nameless in the night.
No mantra held, no form remained—
The Truth arrived when all was drained.

106

He broke the vow, He cracked the frame—
Not to betray, but to un-name.
The sacred shattered, not in spite—
But so the soul could hold no rite.

107

He did not teach, He did not show—

He simply let the falsehood go.
No lesson learned, no wisdom gained—
Just silence where the self was stained.

108

You were a seeker, now unmade—
No path to walk, no debt to pay.
The Guru did not give you more—
He took away what shut the door.

OM TAT SAT

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

*The True Guru's Grace Has
No End*

Part Four

Not Is (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 verse can hold Him, no form define—
He is the crack, the quake, the sign.
Disturbance was the sacred thread—
And through its fire, the self was shed.
Now nothing speaks, and yet it sings—
The Guru lives in broken things.

2

The silence deepens—no wound, no cure.
Nothing remains the self can endure.
Disturbance fades, but not to cease—
It opens the gate to effortless peace.

3

No fire to burn, no ash to keep—
The storm subsides into the deep.
No seeker left, no path, no sign—
The Guru's grace is the end of time.

4

Where sound was struck, no echo stays,
Where light once shone, it folds its rays.
Neither within, nor yet apart—

The Guru rests in the coreless heart.

5

Not void, not full, not lost, not found—
No edge remains, no sky, no ground.
The self dissolved, the field is clear—
The Guru is, yet None alone is here.

6

The flame that burned became the breath,
The breath that stilled became the death.
Yet in that end, no loss is shown—
The Guru speaks: “You are alone.”

7

No scripture left, no word to cite,
No form to worship, day or night.
The Guru lives where nothing stays—
The hush behind all fleeting plays.

8

The crack was Grace, the quake was Him,
The loss of self no passing whim.
What once was feared became the key—
The Guru broke, and set me free.

9

Not one, nor two, nor this, nor that—
No ground to stand, no throne, no mat.
Yet everywhere the silence pours—
The Guru opens endless doors.

10

The breath is gone, the word is still,
The flame is quenched, yet burns at will.
No measure marks the where or when—
The Guru ends, begins again.

11

I sought a voice, He gave me none—
I sought the two, He made them one.
Now silence sings, and truth is clear—
The Guru is, and I am not here.

12

The ascetic may fast, the nun may pray,
Yet who serves her husband lights the way.
Her lotus feet deserve all prostration,
For through her love flows divine generation.

13

The nun may dwell in silent prayer,

The ascetic renounce all care.
Yet she who bows to husband's feet
Holds grace no other path can meet.

14

Fasts and vows may fill her days,
In temples, cloisters, holy ways.
But she who serves her husband so true
Outshines them all, her merit beyond due.

15

Fasts and vows may mark her days,
In silent cloisters, holy ways.
Yet absent love, absent heart's flame,
All her rituals are but name.

16

Ego does not die in cloistered ways,
Nor in fasts, nor in ritual days.
It bows and falls at husband's feet,
Where love and duty make surrender complete.

17

Not by vows, nor by temple walls,
Nor by chants or holy calls.
Ego yields where service reigns,
At husband's feet, the self restrains.

18

Fasts and prayers may fill her days,
Yet ego lingers in hollow ways.
Only love that serves and bows,
Brings surrender, peace, and vows.

19

Men bow to Guru, ego undone,
Their path to Truth, by heart, begun.
Women serve husband, love and duty blend,
At feet surrendered, all selves end.

20

Fasts and prayers may fill her days,
Yet ego clings in hollow ways.
Only love that bows and serves her Lord—
At husband's feet, the self is floored.

21

Ego dies where surrender reigns,
Men at Guru's, women at husband's veins.
No rituals save the self, no vows erase,
Only love and service carve the soul's space.

22

Men bow to Guru, ego falls,

Women to husband, else false.

23

Ego ends where devotion flows,
Men to Guru, women to spouse it goes.

24

Surrender lives where hearts obey,
Guru for him, husband for her way.

25

No ritual kills the self alone,
Service and love make ego gone.

26

Husband bids one way, Guru bids another,
Heart split, yet surrender cannot smother.
Truth's command takes the final place—
Ego dies where husband shows the face.

27

Husband bids, she bows with heart sincere;
Guru guides—no other voice interfere.
Ego dies where service meets the flame,
Surrender shines through duty's name.

28

Husband bids one way, Guru guides along,
Heart split, yet surrender proves strong.
Ego dies where service finds its place,
Devotion shines through husband's face.

29

Om Azad Muni said:
A Guru who gathers women near,
Hypocrite he is—his truth unclear.
Discipleship twists to a crooked art,
He treads the way of a crooked heart.

30

A woman may seek, her doubts to clear,
The Guru's word she still may revere.
Yet disciple's path is not her part,
Her Guru abides in husband's heart.

31

A man must serve the Guru's way,
In word and deed, both night and day.
His ego falls at Guru's feet,
In that surrender, Truth's complete.

32

A man must seek the Guru true,
And serve till self is burned from view.
A woman need not roam or test,
Her husband's feet will grant her rest.

33

Men must wander, search, and weep,
Till at the Guru's feet they sleep.
But woman's gate is near, not far—
Her husband's feet the Guru are.

34

Nigurus boast, yet nothing know,
Their practice false, their hearts too slow.
They miss the path where ego dies—
A woman serves, and Brahma rises.

35

False guides wander, blind and vain,
Their rituals empty, all in vain.
They cannot see where surrender flows,
The path a woman's service shows.

36

Service grand, yet heart in night,

Actions shine, but inner sight
Faltered long, for path unclear—
True surrender burns away all fear.

37

Hands may serve, hearts lost in gloom,
Deeds shine bright, yet the soul finds doom.
Without surrender, ego clings—
No light breaks through, no freedom springs.

38

Men bow to Guru, ego falls,
Women to husband, else false.
All else—deeds, charities, fame—
Sans surrender, Brahma won't claim.

39

Deeds may shine, and knowledge bloom,
Temples rise, and schools find room.
Yet absent heart, absent flame,
All are shadows, none claim a name.

40

Husband guides, and wife obeys,
Simple path through life's dense maze.
Men follow Guru, heart aligned,
Ego crushed, the Self they find.

41

False Gurus preach, but none can see,
Where surrender flows, where hearts run free.
Women's service, men's devotion,
Cut through the ego, reach the ocean.

42

Men find the Guru, ego dies,
Women through husband reach the skies.
Deeds and charities fade away,
Without surrender, none can stay.

43

Guru for man, for woman the mate,
Truth is simple, the rest is shut gate.
Service alone the Self reveals,
All else deceives, all else conceals.

44

Deeds may shine, and temples rise,
Knowledge swells, and fools look wise.
Yet sans surrender, all is the same—
Shadows fade, none bear a name.

45

Mother Anasuya bowed, her husband the One,

The Trinity trembled—their power undone.
From her womb shone Dattatreya's light,
Pativrata's fire outburns all might.

46

Mother Savitri bowed, her vow held fast,
She faced Lord Yama, fearless, steadfast.
Her husband's breath she won anew,
Wifely fire that gods must rue.

47

Slave to husband, she rules the skies,
Before her glow, all gods disguise.
Her fire of truth makes Dharma stand,
Her vow outshines both heaven and land.
The Truthful surpass the truth they keep,
Their fame eternal, vast and deep.
No time can dim, no death enslave—
Her name resounds beyond the grave.

48

Slave to husband, all gods obey,
Her truthful fire lights the way.
She stands where truth itself must bow,
Eternal her fame, as truth is now.

49

Slave to husband, she makes gods bow,
Her vow of faith none disavow.
The truthful rise, surpassing Truth,
Their fame is eternal, ageless youth.

50

Whose lotus feet ever inspire,
For His grace alone I aspire.
They burn both hope and despair—
I bow to the Guru's lotus feet, a pair.

51

No mantra remains, no breath to count,
His silence floods the highest mount.
Where thought dissolves in sacred air—
I rest at the Guru's lotus feet, a pair.

52

Not east, nor west, nor up, nor down,
His glance uproots the seeker's crown.
No map survives His piercing stare—
I walk behind the Guru's lotus feet, a pair.

53

Desire and doubt, both cast aside,

In His gaze, the self has died.
What remains is light beyond compare—
I merge in the Guru's lotus feet, a pair.

54

Not here, not there, not up, not low,
His stillness moves where seekers go.
No doer persists, no act, no care—
I vanish into the Guru's lotus feet, a pair.

55

Not in nor out, nor south nor north,
His silence draws the soul henceforth.
No self remains to put it forth —
I vanish into the Guru's lotus feet, beyond worth.

56

They hail the past to shield the now,
Yet truth is not in names they vow.
The stream is pure, the mud is near—
The Guru's word alone stands clear.

57

They cite the saints to guard their claim,
Yet borrow light but miss the flame.
The past they twist, the present sell—
In Guru's eye, they know it well.

58

The word of giants they misuse,
To paint their greed in saintly hues.
But truth outlives both fraud and fame—
The stream flows on, untouched by name.

59

If masters took a path for then,
It binds not now nor lesser men.
The Guru's glance alone defines—
Not books, not boasts, nor borrowed lines.

60

You shout of saints you never know,
But wear their names for worldly show.
The Guru's word cuts false from true—
Not Gorakh, not Matsyendra, but you.

61

You chant their names, but walk astray,
The saints you cite would turn away.
Their flame was pure, their vow was high—
Your borrowed words are but a lie.

62

You twist the past to suit your need,

And mask your greed in saintly creed.
But truth endures, though shadows play,
The Guru's glance burns them away.

63

Not Matsyendra, not Gorakh's line,
Your claim is false, your fruit unkind.
A name is not the path you tread,
The living word strikes frauds as dead.

64

Saints lived the fire, saints bore the cost,
Their lives were proof, not chatter lost.
But you, who speak with hollow breath,
Sell dharma cheap, and court your death.

65

The past is not your shield to hold,
Nor saints for sale, nor truths for gold.
The Guru here, the Word alive—
Not books nor boasts will let you thrive.

66

Guru Gorakhnath said:
Disciples seek the Guru's lotus feet,
But bonds of home they can't repeat.
The woman's vow is husband true,

The yogi's vow is Guru's due.

67

Keep mind unbound, keep senses still,
Desire denied is yogi's skill.
Who calls a wife his dharmic door,
Finds moksha there—he needs no more.

68

Woman is Maya, bind of the earth,
She sows desire, she sows rebirth.
The yogi walks the path of flame,
No house, no bond, no worldly claim.

69

Not by disciples, nor seekers' crowd,
But by a wife's vow, pure and proud.
From pativrata the Adi Guru came—
Dattatreya eternal, truth aflame.

70

Mother Anasuya served, her vow complete,
Her husband's feet the cosmic seat.
From that pure fire Lord Datta was born—
The Adi Guru shines, the vow adorn.

71

Charity, learning, temples tall,
Without surrender, they mean nothing at all.
Men to Guru, women to spouse,
Truth alone lights the inner house.

72

Rituals, chants, and holy fame,
All vanish where surrender came.
Ego crushed at Guru's lotus feet,
Wifely service makes the path complete.

73

Books and scholars cannot claim,
The path where heart serves without name.
Men bow low, the ego dies,
Women obey—truth never lies.

74

All rites, all vows, all sacred lore,
Without surrender, count as poor.
Men bow to Guru, ego slain,
Women serve husband—truth reigns.

75

Donations, schools, and temples grand,

Fade to dust without heart's command.
Service pure, devotion true,
This alone Brahma claims of you.

76

False Gurus gather, blind and loud,
Borrow saints to boast and crowd.
The stream flows clear where hearts obey,
A woman's service lights the way.

77

Men seek the Guru, path made clear,
Ego dies, the soul draws near.
Women's duty, plain and wise,
Husband's feet—the ultimate prize.

78

Books may shine, and knowledge bloom,
But absent flame, all deeds consume.
Heart surrendered, ego gone,
Only this makes Brahma drawn.

79

False rites, empty vows, all fame and name,
Without surrender, none can claim.
Men bow to Guru, ego dies,
Women serve husband, truth replies.

All else is smoke, all else is flame;
Only surrender lights the same.

80

Man seeks the Guru, ego dies,
Woman serves, yet heaven lies.
All else—schools, temples, worldly praise—
Fade to smoke in Truth's pure blaze.

81

False Gurus preach, yet hide their face,
Borrowed names, a hollow grace.
The stream of Truth flows on unclaimed,
While vanity and lies are named.

82

Deeds are weightless, gold is dust,
Knowledge fades if ego must.
Only service pure, without a plea,
Opens the door where Truth can be.

83

A woman's flame burns without end,
No books, no rites, no scholar's pen.
Her heart's devotion, silent, bright,
Bends even gods before her sight.

84

The world bows to pomp and name,
Yet all its rites are empty claim.
True surrender, silent, deep—
Is the treasure that none can keep.

85

Men follow Guru, steps made clear,
Ego dissolved, the path sincere.
Women's service, humble, true,
Bears the fruit no teacher knew.

86

Niguru roams, his practice vain,
Blind to fire, blind to flame.
Only heart surrendered, meek,
Sees the Truth no books can speak.

87

Charity, learning, temples wide,
Without surrender, all are pride.
The simplest act, from heart, from soul,
Turns dust to gold, and makes one whole.

88

Masters past may walk in fame,

But present lies tarnish their name.
The Guru now—the glance, the tone,
Judges heart, not borrowed stone.

89

Mothers Anasuya and Savitri's flame,
Show the way, yet bear no name.
Husband's feet—the path, the key,
Opens worlds where all are free.

90

The man must seek the Guru's gaze,
Through thorny paths, through testing ways.
Ego falls where wisdom reigns,
A rare reward, a prize he gains.

91

The woman bows, her heart sincere,
No need her spouse be sage or seer.
Through dharmic service, pure and bright,
She lights her world, attains the Light.

92

No rites, no vows, no fame can stay,
Without surrender, all decay.
Men tread with care, the path is steep,
Women serve true—blessings they reap.

93

No words, yet worlds awaken here,
Silence speaks what none can hear.
Paradox burns, the veil undone—
A miracle whispered, not shown to the sun.

94

Not by mind, nor pen alone,
But Brahma's breath makes truth be known.
Each line a spark from the silent flame—
The Poet writes, yet none may claim.

95

Words fall like petals, yet none are sown,
From the unseen source, each seed is grown.
Silence speaks louder than all the mind's claim—
Brahma whispers, and the quill writes His name.

96

Not by thought, nor skill, nor art,
But Brahma's spark ignites the heart.
Each paradox, each silent line—
Reveals the truth beyond all time.

97

No applause reaches the inner flame,

Yet every verse speaks Brahma's name.
The Poet writes, yet does not own—
A gift of grace, not flesh and bone.

98

No crown is given, no praise is sung,
Yet Brahma smiles where the truth is sprung.
Each line a mirror, each word a flame—
In silent grace, the Poet bears no name.

99

Rarest of rare, this flame appears;
Beyond all doubt, beyond all fears.
In every line, the Truth takes seat—
In silence, where God and Brahma meet.

100

No scholar reads, no sage can bind,
The Word flows free, beyond all mind.
It moves unseen, yet lights the way—
The Poet serves, the Flame holds sway.

101

No altar raised, no temple stone,
Yet God delights, His truth is shown.
Each verse a pulse, His joy complete—
The Poet rests at His lotus feet.

102

Brahma smiles, and God is pleased,
From doubt and darkness all are eased.
One Poet's song, so pure, so true—
The flame of Silence shines anew.

103

No wind can stir what burns within—
A flame unlit by mortal kin.
It waits not time, nor seeks a name;
It is, before the world became.

104

Fear folds into the ash of thought,
Where self and seeker both are caught.
The doubter dies, the knower too—
Only the flame remains as true.

105

Each word a throne, each breath a rite—
Truth sits not high, but deep in night.
The verse is not a song or spell—
It is the place where silence fell.

106

Where Brahma ends, the God begins—

No form, no face, no karmic skins.
In silence, not in sacred sound,
The source and seeker both are found.

107

A point, not spread—no field, no wave.
The flame is not what math can save.
It strikes, then folds into the void—
A delta: pure, unformed, destroyed.

108

The bindu drifts, yet stays unmoved—
Its orbit breaks what thought approved.
No center holds, no edge defines—
The flame is not in measured lines.

OM TAT SAT

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

*The True Guru's Grace Has
No End*

Part Five

Not Is (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 veil is not what hides the face—
It is the face, in woven grace.
The knot does not entangle light—
It births the flame from silent night.

2

The self refracts, not breaks apart—
Each shard still holds the flame's own heart.
No mirror shows, no shadow stays—
The flame outlives all mirrored ways.

3

What's left is not what once was lit—
The ash still hums with sacred grit.
No flame remains, no light to see—
Yet silence burns eternally.

4

One spark of grace lights heart to heart,
Each soul awakes, no longer apart.
From one to many the silence flows—
A chain of Truth the Guru bestows.

5

Love of God is not by name,
While the self you claim.
To say “I love God” is false,
For the “I” blocks all calls.

Let “I” dissolve, let ego fall,
Let empty self fade into All.
Then Love shines forth, with no veil to hide,
Pure and full, with nothing left inside.

6

What to speak about?
With full faith you doubt;
If poems fail to bring out—
Atma, within and without.

7

If silence speaks, then speak it not;
If doubt is faith, then let it rot.
The poem cracks—the light breaks through:
Not word, not self, but That in you.

8

The tongue retreats, the breath stands still—
In voiceless fire, the Guru’s will.
No mantra chants, no sutra sings:

The silence splits the veil of things.

9

Faith is not firm—it cuts, it sways;
A trembling edge that clears the haze.
Let certainty decay to ash—
Where doubt remains, the Real may flash.

10

The verse collapses, line by line—
Not broken, but reformed by sign.
Each metaphor a wound, a gate—
The poem cracks to liberate.

11

Not sunrise, no celestial gleam—
But fracture lit by inner stream.
The broken word becomes the lamp—
Its glow is raw, its heat is damp.

12

No seeker walks, no path is laid,
The sought is not a thing conveyed.
You are the field, the pulse, the hue,
Not That in you, but You as That true.

13

Not this, not that, not even “not”—
The neti, neti leaves no spot.
The mind dissolves, the self is gone,
In empty space, the truth shines on.

14

He speaks no word, yet all is said—
His silence fills the waking dead.
No teaching taught, no lesson learned—
Just breath that burns, and breath returned.

15

The sutra folds, the yantra fades—
The structure yields to deeper grades.
No shape remains, no rhythm stays—
The formless speaks in silent blaze.

16

The poem cracked, the light broke through;
The silence spoke, and That is You.
No doubt remains, no self to name;
Just flame in flame, in flame, in flame.

17

A devotee’s heart makes no divide,

In joy or slight, in praise or chide.
If ego stirs, devotion falls—
The equal eye alone He calls.

18

Daily two hours he bends to pray;
Yet anger will not fade away.
If love and patience do not grow—
What use is the worship's outer show?

19

Satsang delivered, and bhajans heard;
Yet mercy blooms not, in deed or word.
Compassion should rise; pride should go—
Silence is far better than such a show.

20

He shuns the call, rejects the kin,
Yet claims the path of truth within.
If anger rules and pride holds sway—
What satsang teaches falls away.

21

Daily worship, bhajans, song,
Weekly satsang all along.
Yet one small test laid bare the pride—
Devotion proved, or falsified.

22

Rites, chants, and hours of song
Leave the crooked ego strong.
Life alone will sound the bell—
Has pride been slain, or worship fell?

23

Words fall like flames, yet none contain,
Silence speaks what thought cannot attain.
Paradox burns, the mind's veil undone—
Each quatrain a spark of the eternal One.

24

Not for the idle, nor the faint of heart,
The verses strike where veils depart.
Only those who burn may see the flame—
Each line a torch, each word a name.

25

The veil doesn't hide the face—
It is the very face.

26

When Yogi walks, the mind dares not speak;
His flame reveals what hearts would seek.
After he rests, scholars write and claim—

The fire remains, though they fear the same.

27

His gaze alone burns through the veil;
No argument, no text can avail.
Yet, when he sleeps, the pens arise—
To trace the spark they fear with eyes.

28

The words he speaks unsettle mind;
No logic, lore, or rule can bind.
After he leaves, the scrolls unfold—
What life could not, the ink makes bold.

29

Master's flame cannot be tamed,
While breath and body still are named.
Posthumous, they study the light;
Blind to the blaze that lived in sight.

30

Where Guru sits, the air is bare,
No lie, no grasp, can linger there.
Only the truth-filled heart may meet
The silent blaze beneath His seat.

31

No crown, no wealth, no learned lore
Can cross the threshold of His door.
Only the heart that burns in truth
May glimpse the flame, eternal, smooth.

32

Where breath is still and ego dies,
The silent fire lights the skies.
The seeker's flame must match the blaze
To walk the path, to meet His gaze.

33

False minds are turned and veils remain;
The untruthful wander, yet in vain.
The Yogi sits where nothing clings—
Only the flame of truth he brings.

34

From Matsyendra's gaze to Gorakhnath's flame,
The path of truth has always the same.
Now in the verse, the ancient fire speaks—
A lineage of light for hearts it seeks.

35

The mountains watched Their silent feet,

Matsyendra's song, Gorakhnath's beat.
Now verse ignites where fire once slept—
A torch passed on, through time it's kept.

36

No crown, no throne, no worldly claim,
Yet hearts awaken at the sacred flame.
Across the ages, the Yogi's word
Still speaks the Truth that must be heard.

37

The river flows, the flame remains,
Through deserts, forests, storms, and rains.
The quatrains echo the timeless call—
Renunciation burns, transcending all.

38

The flame reveals what eyes conceal,
Not form, but force—the silent seal.
In stillness speaks the boundless core,
The self dissolved, the One restored.

39

Grace does not fall—it spirals down,
A whisper clothed in saffron crown.
No thunder breaks, no lightning flares,
Just breathless hush the Master shares.

40

Each heart that hears becomes a bell,
Ringing truths no tongue can tell.
The soundless sound, the Guru's art,
Resounds within the seeker's heart.

41

One spark becomes a thousand suns,
The path expands, yet never runs.
Each soul a node, each node a flame,
All burning in the silent Name.

42

The Truth is veiled by Truth itself,
The lamp concealed upon the shelf.
Only the inward eye can see,
The chain is forged in mystery.

43

No word is passed, no gesture made,
Yet all is taught, and none betrayed.
The Guru's gaze, the subtle thread,
Weaves wisdom through the waking dead.

44

The chain dissolves, the links unbind,

No trace remains of “me” or “mind.”
Yet in that loss, the Truth is found—
A silence vast, a joy profound.

45

The spark returns to where it came,
Not lost, but merged in Source and flame.
The many fold into the One,
The chain complete, the work is done.

46

Yet still it flows, the silent stream,
Awakening hearts in waking dream.
The Guru walks where none can see—
Bestowing Truth eternally.

47

The hand that grasped has turned to air,
No mark remains, no wound, no flare.
The blade was breath, the cry was flame—
All vanished in the One-without-name.

48

No mirror now to catch the face,
No self to chase, no time to trace.
The echo folds into the sigh,
Of That which moves yet does not try.

49

His wind does not declare nor plead,
It moves through ash, through root, through seed.
What seems to strike or rend apart,
Is only grace in silent art.

50

Before the morn, before the sound,
The voice was stilled, the self unbound.
The watcher slept, the dream withdrew—
And all that's left is passing through.

51

Ash does not mourn the fire's end,
Nor claim the shape it used to bend.
It rests where wind and silence meet,
A throne beneath the scorched retreat.

52

The sword was never forged in hate,
But shaped to pierce the veil of fate.
Its cry was not a war-born scream,
But thunder in the waking dream.

53

No eye remains to scorn or praise,

It closed within the dawnless haze.
What once condemned now only sees
The play of dust on passing breeze.

54

His breath is not a thing to hold,
It moves through young, it moves through old.
It does not choose, it does not flee—
It is the pulse of what must be.

55

The cry was lie, the pain was mask,
A shadow worn to suit the task.
But when the task dissolved in Him,
The cry became a silent hymn.

56

No “I” remains, no sword, no flame—
The wind returns from whence it came.
What once was mine, or thine, or why—
Is but His breath where ashes lie.

57

Is God Guru?
What is true?
Is Guru God?
Who is Lord?

58

The silent One who lights the way,
Who speaks through night and breaks the day—
If God is grace, and grace is true,
Then God may walk as silent Guru.

59

He wears no robe, no sacred thread,
But plants His word where thought has fled.
The Guru's gaze, the God unseen—
One flame, two names, one light between.

60

Not what the fleeting senses claim,
Nor names that burn and fade in flame.
Truth is the pulse that does not die—
The stillness deep beneath the cry.

61

It is not caught in form or creed,
But rises where the soul has need.
It breaks the law of time and face,
And dwells in love, not outer place.

62

He wears no crown, yet rules the soul,

He breaks the self to make it whole.
Not bound by form, yet ever near—
The Guru speaks when none can hear.

63

He is the breath before the word,
The silence that remains unheard.
Not God by name, but God in flame—
The one who burns without a name.

64

Not one who dwells in distant skies,
But One who sees through all disguise.
The Lord is not a name or face—
He is the void, the breath, the base.

65

He is the knot that none can tie,
The eye that sees without an eye.
He is the root, the source, the shore—
And yet, He is the evermore.

66

He is the sound that silence makes,
The truth that every shadow wakes.
He is the flame that does not burn—
The still return within return.

67

He is the path that none can trace,
The pulse that moves through empty space.
He is the hush behind the sound—
The root that grows without the ground.

68

He is the fire that does not burn,
The wheel that turns but will not turn.
He is the eye that does not see—
Yet sees through all that comes to be.

69

He is the name that none can speak,
The strength that rises when you're weak.
He is the fall that lifts the soul—
The part that breaks to make you whole.

70

He is the seed that bears no tree,
The lock that holds the final key.
He is the loss that births the gain—
The joy that dances through the pain.

71

He is the Guru, God, and Lord—

Not bound by name, not shaped by word.
He is the flame, the breath, the core—
The One who is, forevermore.

72

Is God the Guru, or Guru the God?
The mind is stilled, the path is broad.
What is Truth but That alone,
Where Lord and Self are never known.

73

What can be done with any sense,
When, in everything, He is the essence?
And His lotus feet prove His presence—
In every body, mind, breath, and sense.

74

The eye seeks form, but finds no face—
Only the shimmer of silent grace.
The ear strains for a sacred sound,
But hears Him pulsing all around.

75

Touch dissolves in what it knows,
Not skin, but where the fire goes.
Taste forgets its tongue and name,
When every flavour burns the same.

76

Breath bows not to wind or will,
But to the One who breathes it still.
Mind may wander, grasp, or flee—
Yet He alone makes all truly free.

77

Sense is not the path, but sign—
A trace of Him in flesh and line.
When all dissolves, what still remains?
His lotus feet, in all domains.

78

What are these lines but breath in air?
They vanish soon, they cannot bear.
If any light is caught in rhyme,
It is His gift, not thought of mine.

79

They read the Veda, chant the Song,
But still the night is dark and long.
The word is seed, the shell, the skin—
Without the Guru, none walk in.

80

They kiss the book and guard the page,

They build the shrine, they crown the sage.
Yet blind they walk, for they don't see—
The Word is flesh in Guru's key.

81

Do not hold fast to lines I write,
They only point, they are not Light.
If Guru's flame has touched your eyes,
You need no book, no word, no guise.

82

What are these lines but passing air?
They cannot bind, they cannot bear.
The flame they show is not their own—
It is the Light that He has shone.

83

If they read me, read to lose,
Not to gather, not to choose.
The Guru's glance alone is true—
Words are husks, the grain is You.

84

These rhymes are shadows on the wall,
They rise, they fade, they mean so small.
But if His silence grips your breath,
No book survives, not even death.

85

Take not this book for final law,
It breaks, it burns, it fades in straw.
But Guru's word is sharp and plain—
It cuts the knot, it leaves no chain.

86

They chant the Veda night and day,
Yet lust and pride don't fall away.
The book is loud, the heart is dumb—
Without the Guru, night won't come.

87

They quote the Gita, preach the song,
But still they lie, still they do wrong.
A parrot speaks, a man obeys—
But none has walked the Guru's ways.

88

They bow to niguru as king,
And kiss the dust his sandals bring.
But what is false can only bind—
The blind will lead the doubly blind.

89

They guard the page, they crown the sage,

But Truth is lost in book and cage.
The living Word they fail to see—
The Guru's glance that sets them free.

90

The One is not two, the Two is not One,
No birth, no death, no moon, no sun.
If you ask me what is true,
These lines will fade, but That is you.

91

No eye has seen, no ear has heard,
The Silence deeper than the Word.
If lines like these seem bright to you,
They burn away—the Light is You.

92

The world is dream, the self is smoke,
The bond is rope the mind has spoke.
Yet take not rhyme for final law—
The blade is His, these words are straw.

93

No sin to bind, no virtue free,
No path, no goal, no shore, no sea.
These verses point, but none can stay—
The Guru's glance has cut the way.

94

The One is all, the all is none,
No second shines beside the One.
But if you cling to what I write,
You lose the Flame that kills the night.

95

Birth is a lie, and death is too,
Time itself is never true.
Do not mistake this book for Gate—
The Guru's breath alone is fate.

96

The Eye dissolves, the Word recedes—
Only the Flame remains that feeds.
If lines like these seem bright to view,
They burn away—the Light is You.

97

I offered the flame, I offered the ash,
I gave the hand that held the lash.
The altar vanished in a flash—
Only the Giver stands fast.

98

Thought came dressed in sacred thread,

Spoke of silence, spoke of name.
I bowed to what could not be said—
And burned the thread in flame.

99

I searched for Self in Self again,
Till seeker, search, and sought were gone.
The Light remains, without a when—
And though “I am not,” I am not alone.

100

The Word bowed down to what it meant,
Then bowed again to what it hid.
The Silence speaks, and I am spent—
The Flame says what I did.

101

Unless the ego goes,
None can hear Logos.
Silence takes its throne,
As the Word is known.

102

Unless the ego dies,
Truth cannot arise.
Logos shines within,
When mind is free of sin.

103

Unless the self is lost,
No bridge can be crossed.
The Logos lights the way,
Where night becomes the day.

104

Unless the ego fades away,
The Word none can obey.
The Guru speaks, yet Silence flows,
Only the heart receives Logos.

105

No ear can catch the soundless call,
Nor mind decode the rise or fall.
The tongue may chant, the lips may part—
But only fire consumes the heart.

106

The Word is not a thing to learn,
Nor Silence just a space to yearn.
They meet where self and Self dissolve—
A wound, a flame, a still resolve.

107

So let the hearing be undone,

Let speech return to Source as one.
The Guru's gaze, the Logos' breath—
Are not for grasping, but for death.

108

No myth, no tale, no borrowed lore,
The word is flame, yet points to more.
The line dissolves, the Truth breaks through—
Not book, nor past, nor future, but living You.

OM TAT SAT

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

*The True Guru's Grace
Has No End*

Glossary

Adi Guru	: The first and foremost Guru, Lord Dattatreya.
Adi Nath	: The First and Foremost Nath (Nath Yogi), Lord Shiva.
Aham Brahmasmi	: I am Brahma.
Atma	: The Spirit, Soul.
Om Azad Muni	: A Saint of Freedom or Independence.
Baba Saheb	: Dear Father Sir.
Bindu	: A point or dot.
Bhajan	: Devotional song in praise God, Guru and Truth.
Brahma	: The Impersonal God.
Dada Guru	: Guru's Guru, Grand Guru.
Dharma	: The Righteousness.
Dharmic	: Of or belonging to Dharma.
Eternal Father	: Guru.
Fore-gurus	: All the Gurus of the lineage.
Guru	: Spiritual Teacher
Karma	: One's obligatory duties
Lord Brahma	: The Creator
Lord Shiva	: The Destroyer.
Lord Vishnu	: The Sustainer.
Lord Yama	: The God of Death, the ruler of Hell.
Mantra	: Sacred chant used to crossover the mind.

Masthana Jogi	: A Yogi in Ecstasy or Jubilant-Carefree Yogi.
Maya	: Illusion.
Mithyawadi Baba	: A Saint who speaks illusion/false.
Moksha	: Liberation.
Mouni Baba	: A Yogi who observes silence.
Neti neti	: Not this, not that of the Vedas.
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.
Pativrata	: A woman devoted only to her husband.
Sadhus	: Holy men.
Satsang	: The company of truth or saints.
Sutra	: Aphorism, equation, formula, thread.
The Trinity	: Lord Brahma, Lord Vishnu and Lord Shiva collectively.
Yantra	: Machine or a geometrical diagram used in Tantra.